

and he was at once led out of the city to the top of a hill, where he was beheaded.

Not long afterwards, the good old Amphibalus himself was led, with nine others, to the place of death, where he suffered as bravely and patiently as his young friend and disciple had done.

When the terrible persecutions by the Roman emperors ceased, and the Christians enjoyed peace and liberty, a church, called St. Alban, was erected to the memory of Alban; and the old town of Verulam, where he had lived and died, was called by the same name, by which it is at present known.

### Not a Candidate

The story is told of Senator Vance, of North Carolina, the champion story-teller of the State, who has a broad stripe of Calvinism down his back, though he is not a communicant of the Church, that, riding along in Buncombe county one day, he overtook a venerable darkey, with whom he thought he would have 'a little fun.'

'Uncle,' said the Governor, 'are you going to church?'

'No, sah; not exactly. I'm gwine back from church.'

'You're a Baptist, I reckon, ain't you?'

'No, sah; I ain't no Baptist. De most of de bredren and sistern about here has been under the water.'

'Methodist, then?'

'No, sah; I ain't no Mefodis' nudder.'

'Campbellite?'

'No, sah; I can't arrogate to myself de Camellite ways of thinkin'.'

'Well, what in the name of goodness are you, then?' rejoined the Governor, remembering the narrow range of choice in religions among North Carolina negroes.

'Well, de fac' is, sah, my old marster was a heruld of the cross in de Presbyterian Church, and I was fetch' up in dat faith.'

'What! You don't mean it? Why, that is my church.'

The negro making no comment on this announcement, Governor Vance went at him again.

'And do you believe in all of the Presbyterian doctrine?'

'Yes, sah; dat I does.'

'Do you believe in the doctrine of predestination?'

'I dunno dat I recognize de name, sah.'

'Why, do you believe that if a man is elected to be saved, he will be saved, and if he is elected to be lost, he will be lost?'

'Oh, yes, boss; I believe dat. It's Gospel talk, dat is.'

'Well, now, take my case. Do you believe that I am elected to be saved?'

The old man struggled for a moment with his desire to be respectful and polite, and then shook his head dubiously.

'Come, now, answer my question,' pressed the Governor. 'What do you say?'

'Well, I'll tell you what 'tis, Mars Zeb. P'ze been libbin' in dis hyar world nigh on sixty years, an' I nebbet yet hyard of any man bein' lected 'thout he was a candidate.'

—Selected.

### Keeping Insulated

There are a thousand death-dealing currents of electricity playing around us as we live our lives out day by day. We must live among the forces of evil; we must be close to them, and rub up against them, and feel them touch us as they pass to and fro on their restless course. But we do not need to let them enter into our systems, or affect our nerve centers, or stimulate our wrong desires, or burn death into our hearts. We cannot dodge them, but we can be insulated from them. The insulation of God's presence in our lives, and his encircling care, is the only safeguard that will effectually keep these currents out of our lives. That insulation will not be forced on us; but we may have it, and keep it daily renewed, if we will seek it as eagerly as we would seek protection from physical death. The man who rises from his knees every morning after a season of loving re-creation of himself and all his purposes to God and God's service, and who renews his prayer silently many times in the thick of the day's turmoil, has wrapped himself about with a force through which no evil can flow. The insulation of God's presence fails only when we cast it from us.—Sunday-school Times.

### Work in Labrador.

WORD FROM HARRINGTON.

(Nurse Mayou, in 'Among the Deep Sea Fishers.')

Harrington Harbor,

Jan. 30, 1909.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Although I have not heard from you for some time, I feel sure that you will like to hear how we are getting on at Harrington. The doctor is the only one who has any hardships to endure. I sometimes feel ashamed to think how comfortably we are housed, while he on his trips, east, and west, is undergoing all kinds of privations and running into many dangers. He returned on Sunday from his first long trip of the season, having been away five weeks and having travelled with his dogs nearly three hundred miles. He came back looking as if he had been leading a strenuous life, and he had lost seven pounds. The pleasure of his trip consisted in the knowledge that he had helped a great many people, and in the possession of a splendid man as dog driver, one of unfailing good temper, unselfishness, and readiness to act in emergencies. The travelling was very bad; the snow was so dry and powdery that in spite of snowshoes they sank to their knees at each step. They also experienced several very bad storms, and in spite of the thermometer ranging from five degrees above to twenty-four degrees below zero, the boys were not safe, for the prevalent high winds blew away, or cracked the ice as soon as it formed, and this necessitated going overland and far inland in order to cross the large rivers and rapids. Both men and dogs brought back frostbites on faces and paws.

The doctor leaves again on Monday for a trip to the West. He is indefatigable in the performance of his duty and stays at home only just long enough to rest his dogs and answer his mail. His little three-year-old daughter said to him one day last summer, when he was just starting off again on the launch, 'Where is your home, anyway, father?'

I am finding the days all too short for all I want to do. My classes fill up all the spare time that I do not devote to patients, photography, and letter-writing. I have in my sewing-class twenty-six children who, at the present time, are learning to knit, make samplers, and cut out and make doll's clothes. All the bigger ones have learned to patch, darn, hemstitch, and make button holes. Fourteen come to the basket-making class in which they are intensely interested.

I have a cooking class for the girls who are too old or too much needed by their mothers to be able to go to day-school. They all seem to enjoy the weekly two hours very much, though I flavor my directions with some instruction in hygiene and physiology. My night school twice a week is well attended, and my nursing demonstrations for women are appreciated not a little.

The books we have had sent to us have been a great source of pleasure and instruction to both old and young. You would think on my class days that I kept a circulating library, so many books are exchanged at the end of the lesson. I sent a box of books last summer to the men at the Marconi station at Whittle Rocks, about eighteen miles away; they are so isolated that they are exceedingly glad to get some reading matter.

Thanks to our numerous friends' generosity, we were able to make a great many people happy at Christmas, four hundred and ten in all, from thirty-five miles west to one hundred east of Harrington. Some little ones who had never before seen, much less owned, a doll, were able to rejoice in the possession of one, and when it was one that went to sleep, the bliss was complete. Marbles, knives, pencil boxes, books, engines, blocks, boats, tools, checkers, and boards, delighted the boys; dolls tea sets, work-baskets, handkerchiefs, collars, belts, ribbons, and toy laundry sets, charmed the girls. Handkerchiefs, work-bags, woollen articles, and some charming teapots were given to the women, and to the men some splendid 'comfort-bags,' sent by the Women's Christian Temperance Union, books, and warm woollen articles.

At Harrington we had on Christmas afternoon recitations and songs by the children, after which I told them about the Flower Show and Exhibition I have planned for next September, and we then distributed the pre-

sents, which were handed out by Santa Claus. We invited all the men, lads, and boys to come in the evening, when we had hymns, songs, readings, and games, with refreshments, when, for the first time, ice cream was eaten in Harrington. I had bought a White Mountain ice-cream freezer last summer and found that ice-cream could be made most successfully with condensed milk and Bird's custard powder. I think it was approved of, for one guest consumed four saucerfuls, and another would have eaten more if he could have had it hot! The doctor had had to leave for the east on the previous Tuesday so again our Christmas was marred by his absence.

On the following Tuesday, Mrs. Hare, three of her children and I went to the Barachois to have the Christmas tree there. As it is four miles away we went 'on dog,' which means on a komatik drawn by dogs. Several of Harrington's young people went, too, and there were seven teams in all. We had a nice little entertainment of hymns, songs, readings, and recitations, and then distributed the presents with which we had decorated the tree.

A few days after I went to the Sound and gave them their Christmas tree there. When the time came to distribute the presents, I found that I, too, was to share; three frozen rabbits were given to me and made a most welcome change of diet. As the Sound is eleven miles away, I went 'on dog.' The sun was bright, but as there was a wind and the thermometer was at 12 degrees below zero, I had frequently to put my face under cover to keep my nose and cheeks from being frozen.

A ride on a komatik is very enjoyable for the dogs seem to delight in the run as much as we do. They are guided entirely by voice, neither whip nor rein being used. A good head dog is worth a great deal and makes or mars a team. Wonderful tales are told of head dogs which have saved their owners' lives by finding their way unaided through blinding storms over trackless wastes. An ideal team is composed of a mother and two or three successive litters of her pups. They will follow wherever she leads, and do not, as a rule, kill one another.

A most generous friend to the Mission, Mr. J. D. Patterson, of Woodstock, who, with his mother, Mrs. Patterson, has furnished us our operating room, supplied all the ward bedding, and given many other things, sent us by the last steamer, boxes of dried fruit, and two large pails of first-class candies, so that all the children, and many of larger growth, had, in addition to a present, a bag of good things.

EDITH MAYOU.

### Religious News.

D. J. Fleming, of Lahore, India, writes to the 'Presbyterian':

Some of you who are in study classes have written asking for information about Mohammedanism in India. Do you realize that the Mohammedan population of India is almost as great as the total population of the United States, and that as India's Emperor, King Edward is the greatest Mohammedan monarch in the world? Three things seem to stand out as noteworthy in the situation:

There is a general tendency toward progress and education. For decades, the backwardness of Mohammedans in all educational matters has been a by-word here. Recently, however, when Sir Louis Dane was laying the corner-stone of the new Mohammedan college of Lahore—its sign of the new spirit—he said that out of six Indians admitted within the last few years to the highest posts in the gift of the Government, five had been Mohammedans. Incidentally, it is significant that each of these five was educated in Forman Christian College. All over the province, girls' schools and boys' schools for Mohammedans are springing up, urged on by the enlightened members of the community, in spite of the indifference and opposition which pervades the Mohammedan masses.

There are numerous opportunities to attend summer conferences where missionary work is more or less definitely discussed, and plans are laid for an active campaign. There are this year six student conferences at various centers, an outgrowth of the one at Mount Hermon thirteen years ago, where the Student Volunteer Movement originated.