

had never got over his wife's death. It seemed no place for me so I wandered about, and one Sunday came to your church, and there I saw you, and your eyes, like my mother's eyes, kept me. And I sat down and listened. People say that going to church does no good. One hears the same thing every time, and one's heart hardens to it. But they should have patience. I had heard that many times about the wicked man turning away from his wickedness, and never thought it could mean me till I heard your clergyman say it, and saw you look pitifully at me, and then I knew it must be read for me. And I want to turn from wickedness, and you will help me, I know. I want to see Mr. Morton, and ask him to forgive me for grieving my mother and going against him, and being jealous of my little brother. I would have gone to him myself, but I have grown so weak I could not walk, and my money is all gone. I have lain here a week, and I was afraid to die till I had told some one, and saved my soul alive. See, there is my mother's book, she gave it me when I last was at home; and from under the blanket he drew out a Prayer-book, and put it in Mrs. Devereux's hand. 'Read me something before you go,' he asked, 'a collect—I used to say them to my mother.'

Mrs. Devereux took the book, and, standing up by the sick boy, read the collect for the fourth Sunday in Lent. He listened with hands clasped.

'Thank you,' he said, 'now I only want to see my step-father and ask his pardon, and then I know God will forgive me for Jesus' sake. Will you be so kind as to send and fetch him?'

It was a painful, but not a difficult errand. Time and grief had softened Mr. Morton's heart; and he readily accompanied the messenger sent to call him to his step-son's bedside.

It had been thought unwise to move him, but every comfort the hall could furnish had been brought to the ruinous cottage. Still, Mr. Morton was deeply grieved at the evident poverty and want in which Mrs. Devereux had found him. He had frequently tried to discover and reclaim his lost step-son, but the boy had taken a fresh name when he had left his home, thus rendering inquiry fruitless. He freely assured the penitent boy that all was forgiven him, and seemed to think of nothing but how to best comfort him. No one, however, seemed able to do this but Mrs. Devereux, whom he connected in his mind with his dead mother. She hardly left him for the two days that life lingered, and when in moments of delirium he asked piteously for his little brother, she sent to the Hall for her own boy to quiet the sufferer. Both mother and child were present at the last, and when the slow breathing of the dying boy ceased, Mrs. Devereux hid her face in her baby's curls, and sobbed out, 'Oh, Ambrose! let us be very gentle with our boy, but let us teach him to control his temper. I do not know who is to blame, but I am sorry for this poor, wilful, wasted life.'

Yes! it had been a wasted life; but no one could doubt but that the prodigal had returned home, though the rejoicing was not on earth, but the angels in Heaven were glad over this sinner that had repented.—'Chatter-box.'

## Labrador Notes.

### PATIENTS AND PROTEGES.

Something of the very practical nature of Dr. Grenfell's charity, of the help other than purely medical carried by the Hospital launches, is seen from the following extracts from letters recently received:—

Two of the chief nurses of the famous Johns Hopkins Hospital, writes Dr. Grenfell, having volunteered for a summer's service, were allowed each 100 miles of coast, with headquarters at the biggest settlement. Both have been doing admirable work along hygienic and truly Christian lines. One had been directing the instalment of such homely things as drains, for she found much trouble accruing from the habit of taking the drinking water from the stagnant pools behind the houses. In

deed, I had to learn how well nurses can handle spades themselves. I now put no limits to their attainments. Besides a host of kindly and invaluable acts of thus teaching, helping, and nursing, one nurse had just seen a poor lad with meningitis (tubercular, of course) through his last illness. Yet the poor father told me in a flood of tears, 'Thank God for the nurse. What would we have done without her?' This nurse, through pressure of work, I had to remove to one of our hospitals. At one cottage in her district a little later I found it necessary to advise operation for removal of adenoid growths and tonsils in a child. To my great amusement and no little satisfaction, the mother replied she did not know how she could have it done 'without a nurse.' Vistas of the past, when myself and odd members of my small crew had so many times formed the whole talent at operations of much more importance ran before my eyes.

So well fitted did these nurses come that we were ungallant enough to trespass upon their supplies—for Labrador does not abound in pharmacies, and at our last case we had scarcely been able to finish for lack of ether.

We picked up in this district also another derelict for our orphanage. The father being of the tribe who can only work under orders, like a private soldier might, was quite incapable of supplying his own initiative. So the family had drifted into hopeless poverty and squalor. The mother was blind from serofulous ulceration of the eye surface. Two naked, half starved boys were ranging the land-wash. A tiny, rickety baby girl was whining piteously from want of nourishment. They had lost two boys since last I saw them, presumably from lack of nourishment. The help they had had from ourselves and the government had only left them again almost as destitute as primeval man, only without his capacity to prey on dinosaurs for dinner, with the natural rock weapons which nature affords so abundantly here. The other we took to hospital, the girl baby we handed to the care of our co-operative storekeeper to be 'washed' according to Mr. Dick's famous advice. The man and eldest boy we fitted out to go fishing. It is a simple process—one barrel of flour, two gallons of molasses, one tub of oleo, a little tea, and as a luxury, some salt fat pork—three dollars' worth of oil skins, some boots, lines and hooks, a drop of tar and piece of oakum for his only available old punt, and a dive into our old clothes bag. The last member of his family, we 'lugged unorf' to the Orphan Home. Hope once more lit up our poor friend's features with his new outfit, and when we returned from the westward trip we had the great joy of hearing he had ten quintals of fish. If he goes on at that pace, by the time the season ends he 'won't want ne'er a bit for the winter.'

We have sent to our North Hospital, a quaint little couple we picked up lately. Two little girls of three years old—twins and exactly alike, black hair, brown faces, etc. Alas both born blind in both eyes. It was quaint to see these children in a nearly dark little room trying to see my pet spaniel, who had come into the room. They somehow knew his whereabouts, and unerringly ran over to find him. Afraid to touch him, they stood with their hands behind their backs stooping close over him, and twisting their heads sideways and every other way to try and make out his shape. Their father died last winter, and their mother is lending out her other little girl and coming to see if we can cure them of the 'double cataracts.' Blind folk in Labrador are not common, but we are now trying to gain admission for two hopelessly blind young men into the splendid Home for the Blind at Halifax, though there seems at present little hope of success. During the trip I was called to an old fellow living with his wife and little girl on the steep, craggy side of an island harbor. His two sons had died, and he himself had gone blind 'teatotally.' How he managed to avoid falling off the perch on which his house stood every time he stirred out and rolling off over the cliff into the sea, I cannot imagine. He, too, we could not cure, and I know of no blind asylum that would wel-

come an aged fisherman. A clean, tidy house spoke volumes of what it 'might have been.' However, life is full of these lessons, and Bar-timeus's prayer must often go unanswered in its literal sense, in spite of the fact that some say, 'We have made advances since those days.'

## Religious Notes.

The chaplain of the Evangelistic Prison Society of New York, the Rev. John J. Munro, has compiled some astounding figures as to the cost of crime in the United States, and publishes them in 'Harper's Weekly.' He calculates that in the whole country the total annual expense of maintaining police forces, criminal courts and prisons is approximately \$750,000,000. The yearly loss occasioned by crimes against property appears to be above \$150,000,000. If to this is added the loss of wages suffered by persons confined in prison, the grand total of crime-cost every year in America would reach the stupendous sum of \$1,076,000,000, which is a tax of more than one per cent. upon the aggregate wealth of the nation. Contrasted with this, all the moral curative agencies in the country, including churches, schools, hospitals, and humanitarian social work, cost only \$550,000,000 a year. From the most calculating material standpoint economy would appear to demand a larger outlay for religious and sociological reform work in order to abridge this crime waste.—'Interior.'

The Boxer upheaval of 1900 cost the lives of 177 foreigners in Shansi Province, China. Had an indemnity been claimed for these lives it would have amounted to millions of dollars. At the suggestion of Dr. Timothy Richard, of the Christian Literature Society of China, in lieu of indemnity, a modern university was founded to enlighten the ignorance of the literati and through them the whole province. So it came about that the Imperial Shansi University was established in Taiyuanfu in 1901. Now twenty-five students of this university have been sent to England, where they are to devote about five years to further study, chiefly that they may be fitted to develop the vast resources of their native province and promote the cause of progress in that part of China. The young men, while in England, will be directed in their studies by Lord Li Ching-fang, the new minister of China to Great Britain.—'Missionary Review of the World.'

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