

house, where the villagers enjoy a weekly Turkish bath. In front of each dwelling is a little garden with nodding cultivated sunflowers and vegetables and to the right and left of the village are the larger gardens. This village not being near a river, each house has its own good well with a tall well-sweep. The stable is attached to the house, and behind that are the beautifully trimmed stacks of prairie hay.

As we pass through the village the people bow to us, the men lifting their caps with much ceremony. Their costumes are bright and picturesque. The dark flat-topped caps of the men have a red piping around the crown and patent-leather peaks. Shining white, full-sleeved shirts bag into loose folds around their waists and meet the trousers of wonderful cut, also gathered at the top. Almost any garment would look well set off by the long Russian boots, the soft leather wrinkling about the ankles. Their coats and waistcoats fit to the waist, and the former have a long, gathered frock of more than eighteen inches from the waist down. Buttons are used, but only for ornament, as the actual fastenings are hooks and eyes.

The women's shoes are also of Russian leather, low shape, showing well turned ankles in wonderfully knitted stockings. On their heads they wear bright caps, over which they put handkerchiefs, tied under their chins. 'Gassets,' or sleeveless coats, cover their bright 'waists.' Their skirts are also of some bright color, and are caught up in front to show the fine, home-woven linen underskirt, with its red and white border. Their aprons are especially fine, with two or three bright stripes and lace across the bottom.

The Doukhobor meal begins with tea, bread, and salt, then vegetable soup, fried potatoes, pancakes of excellent quality, and eggs. Other dishes are cheese-cakes, pie-crust served in many fantastic shapes, fresh sweet turnips, radishes, onions, and sometimes fruit. The guests sit down and the members of the household wait on them, merrily exchanging thoughts in broken English and Russian, eked out by signs.

The interior throughout is finished in yellow plaster, made from the clay that lies underneath the rich black Assiniboia soil. Their houses have four or five rooms, the largest compassed about by a seat, which is quite broad on one side of the room. On this, each evening, some of the beds are made, a thick rug being first put over the boards; then a big feather-bed, fresh white sheets, square pillows, and a quilt. All this is neatly folded and put away during the day.

At the end of the broad seat, in the corner, is the brick oven—a picturesque feature of every Doukhobor house. They display much taste in oven building, using sun-dried bricks. At the other side of the room is a small, high table. The floor is of smooth-trodden plaster and earth, kept beautifully clean by sweeping with green bunches of prairie 'broom.'

After thanking our hosts for the dinner, we are invited to rest on the broad seat, with our feet dangling in the air or resting on wooden footstools. Some of the villagers sing as they sit around the table, which has been cleared of everything but the homespun linen cloth. The singers seem to think only of the hymn or chant, and the others listen attentively. It is curious but very beautiful music. Out-

side the deep-set window the sunflowers move in the breeze, and the sun shines in, enriching the beautiful colors in the costumes, and in contrast bringing out the soft, wonderful shadows of the interior.

During our summer's visit we slept many times in these houses. Early in the morning the family would be astir, though quietly, and by the time we were dressed there was generally a row of children, washed and ready for the day, reciting the commandments, psalms and other portions of scripture. It is a pretty sight, as they stand, their attention, the recitation and their faces full of earnest thought. The mother or grandmother, who has been busy in the adjoining room, listens the while, and presently comes in; she bows, the bow is returned by the line of little ones, a few sentences are said back and forth, and then off go the children.

In some districts the Doukhobors live in a community, in others each have their own gardens, stock, and fields. The strong bond holding them together is not tribal, but rather arises from similarity of belief.

In all the villages are good blacksmiths and carpenters, and the women will show with pride the heavy winter coats spun, dyed, and woven by themselves in Russia; also linen table-napkins, very long and narrow, which serve for a number of people.

Thus far the great problem which confronts the settlers has been to utilize the material at hand for immediate necessities. Their pioneering arrangements are so thorough and ingenious there is no doubt that they will use the larger conveniences of this country with the same skill as they come within their reach.

After having sojourned in scores of Doukhobor villages and hundreds of their homes, I believe that we have as important lessons to learn from them in Christ-likeness as we have to impart. When we consider what these people have suffered through persecution, exile, and actual martyrdom for conscience's sake, and the fact that there is scarcely a family among them unrepresented by a father, brother, or son still in Siberia, we need not scruple to extend to them the hand of Christian fellowship.

Post Office Crusade.

The first name to appear on the roll of the 'The Temperance Pledge Crusade' is that of a boy to whom the 'Messenger' was sent through 'The Post-office Crusade.' A lady in Appleton, whose name I cannot recall, sent the money. I wonder if there will come a list from India. I hope so. Just think what hundreds of names could be secured in the schools out there. I trust the missionaries, or some of those who receive the 'Messenger' in India, will work this idea up. Could we not have an Honor Roll specially for India, as the paper takes so long to reach there? Mr. Leflamme writes in great gratitude, addressing the 'Dear Home Folks,' and sends this message: While on their holidays a number of missionaries from different sections held daily prayer meetings under the trees in the 'Hills.' They prayed for a revival in India, and now in Cocanada a blessing is being given and many souls saved, among others, fifteen of the girls in a native school. Mr. Leflamme wants us to pray over the papers we send. He says: 'Weight them with prayer.'

Thanks are due to Mrs. Rickert, of Westmount, for \$1.00; Miss Grey, formerly of Carleton Place, \$1.00, and A Friend, in Leeds Village, for \$2.00. The encouraging words and sympathy expressed with these gifts are very helpful.

Numbers of beautiful papers keep coming, and a great pile has gone to India and the North-West.

Many thanks to the thoughtful ones who so faithfully remember the work with money and papers.

Just one glimpse of a letter from a native gentleman to encourage those who send 'The Sabbath Reading': 'Madam,— I am glad to inform you that I have been receiving "The Sabbath Reading," your kindly gift. I can not sufficiently thank you for the disinterested regard you show me in sending me the above mentioned paper which I am sure will do me good. I admire your sacrifice of money for the good of others. It is no doubt that you people are doing immense good to our people in more than one way. White people are spending millions in this country for the good of this country's people.'

I have also a letter from the native principal of a native caste school of 600 boys, asking for one particular paper which has interested him. I shall re-mail it to the editor of that paper. All this is very encouraging and serves to show the appreciation of our friends in India. Faithfully, M. E. Cole, 112 Irvine avenue, Westmount, Que., Nov. 7, 1902.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

The publishers of the 'Northern Messenger' will be very glad to receive the temperance pledges from India and will reserve a special column for the list of names from that country.

A Need of To-day.

A crying need of to-day is for men who will go into business and politics with the same motion that impels a man to go as a missionary to Africa. In both spheres he will meet tremendous obstacles and temptations. Party politics are valuable as giving most thorough study of all questions and criticism of selfish plans, temporizing plans and unwise plans. But party politics are dangerous as tempting to corrupt methods of keeping a party in power, leading the party in opposition to debase its sacred trust for law making, to hindering the other party from doing anything lest it should win praise. They are in danger of handling its opportunity to produce a show of prosperity by temporary stimulus. And there is danger of considering prosperity as consisting purely of financial interests.—E. Munson Hill, D.D., Montreal.

Another Admirer.

Rev. W. D. Aubrey, of Altmar, N.Y., renewing for 'Witness,' says: 'I admire the paper. I am convinced it is a blessing everywhere it goes. Wish you continued success.'

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have 'Daily Witness' on trial at the rate of twenty cents a month, or 'Weekly Witness' at seven cents. We suggest that this offer be taken advantage of by those whose subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' have still some months to run, so that both subscriptions may expire contemporaneously, when the special club offers may be availed of.

Postage extra for Montreal City, Great Britain and Foreign Countries excepting the United States.

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