

afraid for the rest of the way to go alone?"

"Nay, but I am not entirely alone. One is with me still. His name is Jesus Christ, and he has promised never to leave me desolate."

"I know that One," spoke her companion gently. "I went with him over the last of this way, and now I am come to be thy companion also. Shall we walk on together?"

"Dost thou truly know the way," asked the traveller softly.

"Yea, I have been over it with every mortal since man began to journey over this road. Thou are not afraid?"

"Nay, what should I fear? I have loved my Lord. I have served his cause. He has given unto me eternal life. What should I fear?"

"What, indeed?" said her companion, as the traveller rose and the two proceeded until they came quite suddenly to a glorious gateway, wherein stood a glorious One holding out a welcoming hand.

"This," said her companion, "is one of the Angels of Life. He will usher thee into the presence of God." And as he spoke, he vanished.

"Tell me," asked the traveller as she took the hand of the Angel of Life, "who was that who has just departed?"

"That," said the Angel of Life smiling, "was Death."

"That Death?" she said; "I took him to be my friend."

"And was he not?" said the Angel, smiling again. "Has he not brought you to me, and am I not also your friend?"

"Yea," said the traveller joyfully, as she entered into the glories of Paradise with the Angel of Life, singing, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

Religious News.

Elder Chang, a Christian from the Scotch Presbyterian mission in Manchuria, recently visited Pyeng Yang, Korea, and gives the following report of what he learned.

Being strangers, we naturally looked up some Chinese merchants who, however, were not Christians.

"Who are you?" they asked us.

"Christians from Manchuria."

"Are there, then, Christians in Manchuria also?" they asked.

"Oh yes, many of them."

"Are they the same sort as the Christians here?"

"We don't know. What are the Christians here like?"

"Good men. Good men."

"Why do you think so?"

"Oh, a man owed us an account five years ago of twenty dollars. He refused to acknowledge more than ten, and we had no redress. A few months ago he became a Christian and came and asked us to turn up that old account, and insisted on paying it up with interest all these years." Instances like this were happening all over Korea.

One night there came into the meeting in Pyeng Yang a Japanese army officer who appeared to be deeply interested in what was taking place. When the Christians knelt in prayer, he knelt with them; but when they arose, he continued prostrate before God. No one present could speak the Japanese language, so it was not possible to communicate with him. Shortly afterward he arose and left the meeting. The next day he came with the pastor of the Japanese Church in Pyeng Yang to see the missionary. He told of how in the past he had had very little idea of God, but in the meeting had been so impressed with what had taken place that he could doubt no longer, and there had given his heart to Christ. As he was soon to return to Japan, he requested baptism, and the following night a little group of Japanese took their place in the midst of the vast audience of Koreans. At the close of the service this soldier-Christian was baptized into the Christian faith.—World-Wide Missions.

Africa is an immense region. It has long been known as the Dark Continent, but the light of the Gospel is rapidly dawning upon

it. Europe, India, China, and the United States could all be laid down on the map of Africa and still have some room left around the margins. This huge continent has now 2,470 missionaries, with 13,089 native assistants. There are 4,789 places of regular worship, 221,156 church-members, and 527,790 professed Christians. There are in Africa 3,937 missionary schools, with 202,390 pupils. There are 95 hospitals and dispensaries, 16 publishing houses and printing establishments. North of the equator Egypt has more missionaries than any other region; the West Coast countries come next.

Fifty years ago Krapf, the missionary, was laughed at for his dream of a chain of missions across Central Africa, from ocean to ocean. Now his dream has come true. Thirty years ago Uganda was a pagan state, where savagery was rampant. Now, as the result of a most heroic struggle, of its 700,000 inhabitants, 360,000 are strong Christians. In Cape Colony, where Moravian missionaries tried to work nearly two centuries ago, they were treated as criminals for attempting to reach the blacks. Now Cape Colony alone has 700,000 Protestants and 200,000 of these are colored.

Work in Labrador.

"SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

(By Sister Williams, of St. Anthony's Hospital.)

One morning, directly after breakfast, the maid came in, and said, "Please, sister, a man wants to see you in the waiting room." "Where has he come from so early?" "From Griguet, a distance of twelve or thirteen miles."

I immediately went to see him. "Good morning, sister; I hear the doctor is not home." "Not yet, we are expecting him any day. Well, what am I to do?" "Maybe you'll do as well." "Tell me what is the matter first." "My woman is sick, real bad she is, and like to die; I'm afraid I'll lose her; she has a stitch in her side a wonderful cough, and she has eat nothing for this long time, and she don't sleep at all. Perhaps you'll come and see her! I shall lose her if nobody sees her that understands things."

It needed a little consideration, for I had never been on a komatik journey before, and it was twelve below zero. It did not take many minutes for me to decide to go. There were plenty of willing hands to help me get ready, and to tie the coach-box on the komatik. One lent me a big fur coat which went over my own; others got rugs, cushions, and several other things to keep one from getting cold, while I got drugs and appliances, and such things that I thought might be needed.

At last, after being well packed into the coachbox, we were off. The bell calling the people to church grew fainter as the dogs flew over the frozen harbor. The man only had five poor dogs, and I felt I ought to get out and walk up the hills, but he would not hear of it. The man walked and ran most of the way, and had to push the komatik up the hills; only going down hills did he get on. He was constantly asking if I was cold, and seemed quite pleased when I cheerfully answered, "No, not at all."

After a twelve-mile run we reach Griguet, a beautiful land-locked harbor. We cross this to the house. It is a good-sized one, but the rooms are very bare. Passing through the living room, I enter the bedroom, in which are several women. As soon as I saw the sick woman I felt that I wanted to take her straight to the hospital, and put her in a nice, clean bed. I found her to be suffering from pleurisy. I did all I could for her, leaving instructions what to do for her until I returned again in the morning. I then went to another house, where I was to spend the night. A very bright little woman came out to meet me, and with "Welcome to Griguet," we went indoors. Some known friends were there. Here again one was greeted with "Welcome to Griguet," and "Sister, you must stay at my house when you come this way again." We soon had tea. At seven o'clock we went out with the dogs and komatik to see a sick child. It was a glorious moonlight night, with a temperature of 18 below zero. When I returned, I had to play the organ to them, as these people

boasted of one, having purchased it last fall. I began playing something very softly, when they told me that the organ would make more noise than that (evidently my playing was not to their taste), so I played something very loudly, and that just suited them. In the morning there was a girl to be treated for dyspepsia.

Then on to see my patient. I had made up my mind that she must come to the hospital. I found her a little better, and I told her I wanted her to come with me; that she needed plenty of good nourishment and nursing, neither of which she could get at home. She said she would like to come, because she knew what it was like, and she would be well cared for. There was a little difficulty in getting enough dogs, as most of the men had gone into the woods. I left with the understanding that they should bring her the following day.

I was no sooner packed away in my coach box when we saw a woman running across the harbor. We waited for her with difficulty, as the dogs were straining their utmost to be off. When she came, she said, "Sister, do come and see my Elihu; he was took all of a sudden, shrieking and bawling with pain." The dogs are turned in another direction, and away we go. The young man was found to be suffering from lumbago. She was told to put a flat-iron on the stove, get it hot, then put something between it and the boy's back. She begged me to spend an hour or two with her the next time I came, she had so much to tell me. Then I was packed into my box again; away we went over the ice, up hill, then rushing down hill, and around the hills with the komatik tipping on one side. There was no holding our eight dogs in now. One man sat in front of my coach with a short, thick stick, the other stood up behind. There was real pleasure in going now—no need to push the komatik up the hills with these fine dogs. The man in front had to constantly jump off to guide the komatik, his work also being to put the 'drug' on when going down very steep hills, and to beat his stick on the komatik. It seemed to be the duty of both to call out to the dogs, "Look at the man, look at the man; look at the crow, look at the crow; look at the dogs, look at the dogs." This was said to encourage them, I suppose. But why they could not be driven without all this noise I could not understand.

The man at the back has stopped calling out to the dogs, and I hear him singing softly:

"There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty."

"For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most infinitely kind."

We arrived at the hospital in two hours and twenty minutes, a short record.—The Canadian Nurse.

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