

portion. We have had many troubles, owing to poor fisheries, our own ignorance of methods of business, and to our isolation. But our store-keepers and crew are Christian men, well aware that the best Gospel they can preach is to keep the store for Christ.

One of our chief troubles with our people was the long enforced idleness of the winter, and the consequent necessity of living largely on the summer 'catch.' This necessitated their remaining scattered on the chance of catching fur-bearing animals in the winter, even if the actual 'catch,' as was often the case, didn't amount to a barrel of flour for the whole time. This again prevented their children being reached for educational purposes. It was long a problem to us what ought to be done to meet the difficulty. Eventually we took up a grant of timber-land on which the Newfoundland Government permitted me special conditions, and we started to aggregate the people in winter by affording them remunerative work about the mill. To this we have added a small schooner-building yard, and hope shortly to add a cooperage, as we use many barrels in the fish industry. We have gathered together about this small effort this winter some two hundred and fifty people. A small schoolhouse has been erected, and those who are managing the mill know that this effort is their text from which they are to preach their sermon.

To meet the needs of the long wintry evenings, we have commandeered the two small jails in our district and converted them into clubs, with a library and games, which have been supplemented by the importation of footballs made of rubber for service on the snow. This has become so popular that our Eskimo women join the game with their babies in their hoods; and sealskin footballs stuffed with dry grass have sprung into existence all along the coast.

The toys, which we usually credit Santa Claus with bringing from the North, had hitherto been conspicuous by their absence, the supply perhaps being exhausted. Any how, the birthdays of the Labrador children, like the birthday of our Lord, have never been characterized by the joyful celebrations which formed cases in our own child-life. We have turned the current of toys back to the north again. True, the dolls are often legless, the tops are dented, and the Noah's arks resemble hospitals. But these trifles have made the Christmas trees no less a message of the love of God on the birthday of the Saviour to these many birth-dayless children who thus keep their own on that day.

We have become residuary legatees for all the real estate in the orphan children line. Years ago I buried a young Scotch fisherman and his wife in a desolate sand-spit of land running out into one of the long fjords of Labrador. Amidst the poverty-stricken group that stood by as the snow fell were five little orphan children. Having assumed the care of all of them, I advertised two in a Boston newspaper, and received an application from a farmer's wife in New Hampshire. Later on I visited the farm. It was small and poor and away in the backwoods. The woman had children of her own. Her simple explanation as to why she took the children is worth recording: 'I cannot teach in the Sunday-school or attend prayer meetings, Doctor. They are too far away, and I wanted to do something for the Master. I thought the farm would feed two more.' How many are losing the chances of preaching sermons that need no oratory? Is it one of the causes of the failures of the churches that so much undeveloped capacity remains in the pews?

[For the 'Messenger.'

## God is Good.

(A. M. W.)

Morn amid the mountain,  
Lovely solitude;  
Gushing stream and fountain  
Murmur, 'God is good,  
God is good.'

See the glad sun rising,  
Pours a golden flood,  
Deepest vails awaking,  
Echo, 'God is good,  
God is good.'

Hear the soft winds blowing  
Through the leafy wood,  
Songsters, sweetly singing,  
Warble, 'God is good,  
God is good.'

We can join the chorus,  
Man with soul endowed,  
He who smiles is o'er us,  
God our God is good.  
God is good.

## Papers Wanted in Africa.

One of our subscribers, Mrs. L. D. S., of Maxwell, Ont., writes us in regard to a lady missionary in Liberia, who, having an adopted family of some two dozen native boys and girls to educate and train in Christian truth, would be glad to receive parcels of Sunday-school papers, fancy cards with Scripture texts, or good illustrated children's books for their use. Anyone wishing to send should be exceedingly careful to fully prepay postage, as otherwise such parcels become a hindrance rather than a help to the missionary, who is never burdened with surplus funds. Postage to Liberia is 'one cent for every two ounces or fraction thereof.' The name and address of the sender should be enclosed in each package, for, though it is rarely possible to acknowledge such gifts, much as they may be appreciated, it is an added pleasure to know the names of interested friends.

Address—Mrs. H. T. Wright, Greenville, Sinoe Co., Liberia, West Africa.

## Acknowledgment From Miss Dunhill.

112 Irvine Ave., Westmount, Que.,  
Canada, Dec. 20, 1904.

Dear Editor of the 'Northern Messenger,'—Will you again please let me respond through your paper to the thought of yet another for India? Two dollars from 'A Friend to Missions' has followed me as I tour; postmark, 'Oak Grove, Ontario.' I take this as a Christmas gift; and, while thanking the kind donor from my heart, do want him to know that he is truly helping towards the fulfilment of the promise regarding the Christ of Christmas, 'He shall reign as King.'

Yours gratefully,  
HELEN E. DUNHILL.

## A Cure for Leprosy.

Captain E. R. Rost, of India, claims not only to have discovered the bacillus of leprosy, but to have found a serum that cures it. He calls the serum 'leprolin.' It is made somewhat in the same way as Dr. Koch's tuberculin for the cure of consumption, and its action is very similar. In Burmah more than one hundred cases have been treated. In India the treatment is used in thirty different places. Four cases have been reported as cured, while in the great majority of cases under treatment the improve-

ment is said to have been very marked. Beneficial effects are noted in all varieties of the disease when treated by injections of leprolin. Limbs that have lost sensation for years have had it restored as well as normal color to blotches of long standing. Captain Rost does not endorse the theory of Hutchinson that leprosy comes from a fish diet or more especially from eating badly cured fish. The serum is administered by injections, usually once in a fortnight, salt is applied to the diseased areas and is also used internally. It is greatly to be hoped that there is some real benefit in Captain Rost's discovery, and that leprosy, one of the most loathsome and distressing diseases in the world, may be at least measurably limited.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

## How to Meet an Infidel.

When Maud Ballington Booth was recently asked how she would deal with an infidel, she replied:

'First, I would not argue with him. God is too infinite, too sacred, too real for me to condescend to argue about him. I would show the seeker after light that he had been looking for stars in the mud instead of the heavens. Diving down into the subterranean passages of earth making mines to look for the dawning of the morning, instead of climbing the hills from whence it could naturally first be seen.

'I should make it very clear that God could not be found through books, creeds, notions or theories, but that the soul must seek after him as a Being and an influence that could be met and felt only by the earnest heart that goes straight to the root of the matter and appeals with earnest prayer to God himself.

'All the building of his own imagination, all the doubt and sin would have first to be cast down before any relief could avail him anything.'—'Ram's Horn.'

## Up Grades.

Some years ago, while taking a cycling trip through the country of Robert Burns, I asked a Scotchman to tell me the best road from Ayr to Maybole, a distance of nine miles. With sympathetic appreciation of the difficulties of wheeling over a rough country, he answered, 'There are two roads, but the lower one is better, there are na sae many braes that way.' Further inquiry revealed that the road he recommended led through the valley, while the other road made its way up and down numerous hills, about the 'braes' of which, with true Scottish courtesy, he warned me.

However, I had gone to Scotland for braes, among other things; so I took the hill road. I did not regret the choice. True, the grades were somewhat trying, and muscles ached after the long ride from Glasgow. But what a view there was from the hilltops!—green slopes and fertile valleys, bits of forest and glimpses of water—with every thought of Scotland the picture comes to mind. Long time I gazed, and as I looked I thought, 'What I should have lost if I had taken the easier way through the valley!'

When duty does lead us in difficult paths, when we ache and fret because our lives seem full of trial, and we look regretfully to the valley road through which we think God might have brought us, let us remember that the travellers in the quiet valley have little of that perfect peace which comes in the midst of trial. They can enjoy few of the real blessings of life until they leave the valley road where 'there are na sae many braes' from which God's glory is revealed.—The Rev. John T. Faris, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.'