

as deaf as they are dumb, and three months ago Squire Nelson bought them, and gave me twenty dollars extra, as a present, because they could be driven so easily.

'Prayin' didn't'—

'Yes, it did, neighbor. I used to yell like a madman at those same cattle and get so mad that I could have pounded them to jelly, until I began to pray over my plowing.'

'How about the potatoes? Spos'n the bugs git 'em?'

'Well, it was just so there. Before I began to pray over my planting, when I went down between the rows of potatoes and found them swarming with bugs, church-member though I was, I used almost to swear! but when I tried my new plan it didn't seem to worry me at all. I felt that it was for the best, and nothing at all when placed beside our great gain on the other side.'

'Wal, you may be right; I don't know,' said Farmer Jessup, starting to go away.

'Wait a minute, Brother Jessup,' said Farmer Abbott, 'we are both members of the same church. Now why can't we kneel here for a word of prayer that God will help us both to bring our religion right into our farm work?'

When they rose from their knees, Farmer Jessup's cheeks were wet with tears. 'It is the best way, Brother Abbott. I feel it now, an' I'm bound to try it fur a spell, anyhow.'

—The 'Safeguard.'

Religious News.

Germany has a colony with an area of more than three hundred thousand square miles in Southwest Africa, where the missionaries of the Rhenish and the Finnish Missionary Societies are at work. On September 16, 1907, the governor of the colony issued an important decree concerning the import and sale of spirituous liquors. Saloon-keepers and other dealers in liquor must secure a special license, which costs between fifty and two hundred and fifty dollars. It is forbidden to give or sell spirituous liquors to any native, though house-servants may receive small quantities from their masters (but not in place of wages). If servants become drunk through liquor given by their masters, the masters have to pay a fine or go to jail. If the offense is repeated, the punishment becomes severe. Contraventions by licensed persons are punished still more severely.

The United Presbyterian Mission in Egypt is endeavoring to erect new and more suitable buildings for its work in Alexandria. The present property of the stations, with schools, after half a century of labor, having an enrolment of 599 pupils, consists of a lot in an eligible part of the city, a church and a mission house that was bought forty years ago, and is now disadvantageously situated and inadequate. The plans, which have been approved by the Association at Alexandria and the Foreign Board at Philadelphia, include provision for boys' and girls' higher and lower schools, a missionary residence, a chapel, a gymnasium, a book store, a depository for the American Bible Society, offices for the Church papers and rooms where the teachers may be housed; with rooms for rental on the lower floor.

Chundra Lela, an aged saint and evangelist of Bengal, died Nov. 26. Chundra Lela was born a Brahman, married at the age of 7, a widow at nine. At thirteen with her father she went on her first pilgrimage. On this journey her father died. Religious devotion and the study of the sacred books led her to the determination to visit the great shrines of India. Later she joined the ranks of the fakirs, and practised self-torture. At last she became a Christian, and for many years was a remarkable Christian worker. The sketch of her life, entitled 'Chundra Lela—An Indian Princess,' by Mrs. Ada Lee, of Calcutta, India, has been translated into thirteen different languages. Mrs. Lee, said of Chundra Lela: 'Her zeal for souls never languishes. Her restless spirit longs to preach Christ with the last breath.'

Seek to cultivate a buoyant, joyous sense of the crowded kindness of God in your daily life.—A. Maclaren, D.D.

Work in Labrador.

(Continued.)

(From a letter by Dr. Alfreda Withington, of Pittsfield, Mass.)

When Dr. Grenfell came along the coast in the 'Strathcona,' he asked me if I would go up to Bonne Esperance and do the work there while he went on to Harrington and he would pick me up again on his way back. On the 'Strathcona' I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Peters, of the Grenfell Association, and Miss Mayou, the nurse bound for Harrington, whose splendid training and keen sense of humor fit her pre-eminently for facing the emergencies of the Labrador. Upon landing at Blanc Sablon Dr. Grenfell asked 'Have you any ether, I have none.' I had ether and to spare, thanks to the Pittsfield friends who had so generously furnished supplies.

The first day at Bonne Esperance about 6 a.m. a man appeared in a small sail boat wishing me to go to an island seven miles out. I was told he seemed in a tremendous hurry, which I construed into solicitude for the patient, but no, indeed, it was because an increasing wind was raising a high sea. Mr. W—, the proprietor of the Room at Bonne Esperance, came after us with the 'Princess May,' saying it was too terrible to cross in an open boat. 'Must you go?' he asked. It seemed as though I must, 'well, then,' he said, 'come aboard here.' The 'Princess May' had no side railing and was a mite of a launch, my seat swished back and forth despite two men's efforts. The waves dashed over her constantly. Mr. W. pointed to a huge iceberg and said he would take me that far where we'd find smooth water when I could again board the sail boat. I looked at the iceberg, the waves dashing high up its sides, 'smooth! well,' I thought, 'everything is comparative.' Arrived there it seemed impossible for me to transfer, though the 'Princess May' could not go much farther on account of the shoals. Suddenly one of the men called 'Look up the Tickle, he breaks' as a churning mass of white revealed a shoal and leap I must and leap I did as a wave brought the small boat toward the larger. 'Don't attempt to return in this sea,' Mr. W. called out. 'Even Jimmy there hasn't nerve enough for that.' 'No fear,' sang out Jimmy, 'this lady will not leave the island until the wind changes.' That day a dory was upset and two men drowned, for the fishermen do not know how to swim. The water at 40 degrees forbids learning. Such speculation on the part of the families at the island as to who was coming! they had sent for Dr. Grenfell and had seen the 'Strathcona' pass by; but who was this stranger; possibly a cousin from England who had promised them a visit for many a year. The patients were a mother with pleurisy and a boy with one of the most exaggerated cases of St. Vitus dance I ever saw. No one there, of course, had ever seen anything like it, and the mother's heart was heavy, it was hard for her to believe that he could ever be made well. She later wrote me that she was so unhappy over K—, but only a week ago came a letter stating that the last bottle of medicine sent from the 'States' had cured him and 'he doesn't twitch at all' How kind they were to me during that enforced visit! While at Bonne Esperance I visited several of the former parishioners of the Rev. C. C. Carpenter. Although Mr. Carpenter has been away from that coast over forty years he is held in an affection which must make his heart warm.

On my return to Blanc Sablon after a week at Bonne Esperance a lively scene presented itself. Not for sixteen years had there been such a school of fish. I had scarcely landed from the 'Strathcona' when a man appeared saying he had brought his sick boy from an island to see me, that the boy was unable to come any farther, that he was down on the rocks; I found a lad of fourteen with a temperature of 104, pulse 136, with a two weeks' history suggestive of typhoid, which it proved to be. I wanted to keep him at Blanc Sablon, but he would go back to his sister on the island, and a good little nurse she proved to be! What a time I had to feed that boy! There were many demands upon the food supply I had taken down. There were no eggs, no milk, no

farina, no nothing to be gotten there, although I did finally find a hen whose daily egg the boy received, the beef juice was low, the malted milk gave out, but the nurses down the straits came to my relief. Once when I was wind bound for several days the boy ate some fish and things looked dubious for a while, but I left him feverless when I went north and only the other day I had a letter from him, he had returned to his home in Newfoundland and 'almost scared his mother by looking so well.' With the cod came all sorts of injuries to the men's hands, cuts, infected wounds, blood poisonings, which if left untouched would in some cases have resulted in loss of fingers, hands, arms, and even death. Every morning a row of men stood outside of my surgery waiting to have wounds dressed, men from the coast and the schooners. Chatting to them as I worked to place them more at their ease, many a glimpse I caught of the steadfast patience of their natures, their meagre lives, their uncomplaining resignation to the inevitable. They have so little it would seem to be thankful for; they are so thankful for that little, a gratitude which finds expression in the names of their homes and settlements—Heart's Content, Heart's Delight, Heart's Ease, Heart's Desire.

The women have a hard time of it on the Labrador. They have large families, with everything to do and must help with the fish as well. One woman who would grasp more of this world's comforts for her children than had been her portion, told me how with the greatest effort, the eldest daughter had been sent to a relative's twenty miles down the coast for three months' precious schooling from the teacher who chanced to winter there. It sufficed to win the talisman, that opens the gates to the world of books. She learned to read and grudgingly though the hinges may turn, they still open to her and her brothers and sisters through her share of this mighty, humble blessing. 'We have our house and winter grub, and though we could do with more, if we didn't have some affliction we would forget how to pray.'

The anxiety about scarcity of fish was over, but another great tragedy was threatening, the fish had come with such a rush that the salt was giving out. The steamers and schooners from Spain were due; we'd strain our eyes looking up the Straits hoping to see them heave into sight. One day a large white schooner sailed in and anchored in a dangerous spot, 'a stranger,' said Mr. Grant, 'or she'd know better.' It was the 'Checkers,' from Oporto, laden with salt, and soon another arrived. The present stress was relieved, and the man who had abandoned 50 quintal of fish in his net, deploring his lot, hastened back with salt and saved his haul. Other schooners were anticipated, one from Cadiz, for Capt. P— was long overdue. The salt famine was on again. One day a schooner was sighted, a fierce night came on, she steered too near the shore and ran on the unsuspected reefs. Fortunately Capt. P. had his launch in port, down he went, and with his help they got the schooner off by daylight, 110 tons of salt saved! But as Capt. P. steamed away, looking back he saw the schooner suddenly settle and sink. The reefs had done their deadly work.

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Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.