

youngster to studying his Bible when he got home. Parson Honeywell caught his congregation when they were young.

Deacon Goodgold was curious to know more about the way in which his minister had gathered up that last Sunday's sermon. Well, replied the parson, 'I was studying on the subject of trusting God in times of trial. First, I went to the fountain head, for my Bible never runs dry. I studied my text thoroughly, comparing scripture with scripture; I prayed over it; for a half hour of prayer is worth two hours of study, in getting light on the things of God. After I had put my heads and doctrinal points on paper I sallied out to find my practical observations among our congregation. I rode down to your house, and your wife told me her difficulties about the doctrine of assurance of faith. From there I went over to your neighbor B's house: he is terribly cut down since he failed in business. He told me that with the breaking down of his son's health, and his own break-down in the store he could hardly hold his head up, and he had begun to feel awfully rebellious towards his Heavenly Father. I gave him a word or two of cheer, and noted down just what his difficulties were. From his store I went to see poor Mrs. C., who is dying slowly by consumption. She showed me a favorite flower that she had put into her window sill to catch the sunshine, and said that her flower had been a daily sermon to her about keeping her soul in the sunshine of her Saviour's countenance. Her talk braced me up and gave me a good hint. Then I called on the Widow M., who always needs a word of sympathy. Before I came away she told me that her daughter Mary could not exactly understand what it was to trust Christ, and was finding no peace, although she had been under deep conviction of sin for several weeks. I had her daughter called in and I drew from her all her points of difficulty; I read to her such texts of scripture as applied to her case, prayed with her, and then started for home. Your boy rode by my house on the old horse, who went along without any bridle, and stopped when he got to the bars that lead to the pasture.

Before I went to bed I worked in all the material that I had gathered during the afternoon; and I studied out the solution to the difficulties of your wife and of your neighbor B—and of the troubled daughter of Widow M., and I wove the answer to such doubts and difficulties in my sermon. The cheerful experiences of good Mrs. C. in her sick chamber helped me mightily, for faith in action is worth several pounds of it in theory. I went to my pulpit last Sunday pretty sure that my sermon would help three or four persons there, and if it would fit their cases I judged that it would fit thirty or forty more cases. For human nature is pretty much alike, and sometimes when I preach a discourse that comes home close to my own heart's wants, I take it for granted that it will come to plenty of other hearts in the congregation.'

'Yes, parson,' said the deacon, 'your sermons cut a pretty broad swath. I often feel "Thou art the man" when you hit some of my besettin' sins. I have often been wantin' to ask you why your sermon barrel has never giv' out, as poor Parson Scanty's barrel did before you came here. He always giv' us about the same sermon, and as I set away back by the door, it got to be mighty thin by the time it got to my pew.'

Parson Honeywell turned pleasantly to the deacon and said: 'I will tell you what the famous old Dr. Bellamy once said to a young minister who asked him how he should always have material for his sermons. The shrewd old doctor said: "Young man, fill up the cask, fill up the cask, and then if you tap it anywhere you will get a full stream, but if you put in very little, it will dribble, dribble, and you may tap and tap and get precious little after all." I always get my people to help me fill up my cask. Good afternoon, deacon.'

## Work in Labrador.

### PROSPECTS AND PATIENTS.

Some idea of the variety of cases under the care of Dr. John Mason Little at St. Anthony's Hospital during the past winter may be gained from a letter by him recently published in 'Among the Deep Sea Fishers.' Dr. Grenfell, having been absent from the work during the

whole winter on his lecturing tour through the United States and Canada, Dr. Little and Dr. Stewart have been in charge of the work centred at St. Anthony:

I have been trying to get time to do some writing on some interesting cases for the medical papers, writes Dr. Little, but have not been able to, so cannot get them done in time for the mail boat. Time seems to be one of the things we are shortest on up here. We are having great fun and considerable trouble breaking in five of last summer's pups to komatik work. Our old dogs, of whom we have fourteen, are all in splendid condition and crazy to go when they are let out, but so far we have only used five at a time for hauling round the place. We have a good deal of fresh meat for the winter, also vegetables, two hundred and twenty pounds of potatoes, some turnips and onions, three sides of beef, 'i.e.' half animals, three deer, and five sheep, and a few hens and roosters; that is, of course, besides our live stock, which is a heterogeneous collection. We have a splendid big barn of two stories, built this summer, in which reside the pony, a bull, three cows, two calves, seven sheep, six hares, about thirty hens, and a couple of deer at a time, which last are changed every week. Then we have in another house nine goats; in other places twenty-five dogs, many pigeons, two silver foxes, two red foxes, three white foxes, a couple of cats, an eagle, and a canary.

In the hospital we have one woman from St. John's, the woman I went down to see, who returns cured next boat; a very pretty little girl of seven, just beginning to walk after a broken thigh, going home on next boat; a girl of twenty-two with tuberculosis of the spine and paralysis below the waist, gradually improving; she will probably stay all winter or go 'home for good.' In the men's ward we have a man going home this boat who had tuberculosis of the wrist-joint of seven years' standing—excision of joint. He has gained twenty pounds and can use his fingers and thumb, and is just beginning to get motion at the wrist, a very good result after a somewhat rare operation. Another of our patients is a man of fifty, one of the best and most versatile men on the coast, who five years ago had an operation on the scalp, and has been an invalid ever since. I removed the scalp from the back of his head and the upper part of his neck, then did a skin graft. He returns by next boat. Another is a lad of twenty-five, who was brought here with a temperature of 105 degrees, and had this temperature for three weeks; had three to five cold baths daily. We never made a sure diagnosis, but probably endocarditis. He returns well in every way. A young man with incipient consumption has been here a week and has gained three and a half pounds. A boy of sixteen with tuberculosis of the hip seems to be doing well. Later he will be put to bed with weights on his leg to straighten it, and then put in plaster. He will be here all winter. A young man of thirty has a sinus leading down to a piece of dead bone in the hip—an operation to be done. He lives twelve miles from here. There is a little boy five years old with double club feet. I put them straight three weeks ago by the Lorenz method, and for ten days he has been walking in his plaster for the first time. I am now engaged in making orthopedic apparatus for him, with Mr. Cushing, our engineer here, which will go on him in two weeks. He will be here all winter. He is very cunning. That is all I think.

I suppose the next two boats will bring more, and as soon as the komatik going is better we shall begin getting patients from the Straits and down the west coast. Three operative cases are waiting to be admitted, but I will not let them in till I see what comes on these last mail boats. We cannot stretch our numbers now that the weather is getting cold. The above somewhat professional account is written for those who may be interested in hearing about some of the cases.

Last night was the first calm night for some time, and being 10 degrees below zero the harbor froze over completely. I am about to cross it in skiis to go to the post office to get a money order to pay for some books I ordered and which came by last mail—medical books. It was lucky the last schooner got in yesterday. She would not get in to-day. Of course the ice makes no difference to the mail boat, she just smashes into it, and every-

body goes out on dog teams and walks aboard. That is great fun, and the various dog fights are exciting—very noisy and at times exasperating.

You should see the fog rising from the water up here on a morning like this; and the sun rising through it turns everything a rose color, and the big 'White Hills' behind us a deep red—really wonderful.

## Religious News.

Seven young Chinese women graduated recently from the medical college of the Presbyterian Board at Canton. The Taotai, or mayor of the city, was present and delivered an address which closed with the wish, 'May you female students all pluck up your courage!' No doubt they will do this, all over China. It is a new day for that old empire when Chinese women physicians from Christian missionary institutions are sent forth to their professional work with the official approval of their rulers.

William Taylor, of world-wide fame, preceded Bishop Hartzell as Bishop of Africa. He engaged in forty years of devoted service, twelve of them being in the dark continent. Bishop Hartzell's introduction to Africa, twelve years ago, was fortunate. Under Bishop Hartzell's leadership the work has been greatly enlarged, until now 6 centers are occupied in 500,000 square miles of territory, among which are 10,000,000 of pagans and Mohammedans. A leading London magazine has called it the largest diocese in the world. These 6 districts include Liberia, that negro republic so closely related to the United States, over which the Rev. Isaiah Scott, also a Methodist missionary bishop of Africa, presides; Portuguese Angola, a plateau country inhabited by the intelligent Kimbundu and other Bantu tribes; the Madeira Islands, 'The Pearl of the Portuguese Crown,' Portuguese East Africa; British Rhodesia, where Anglo-Saxon government and the Christian Church are working together for the uplift of the native races; and Algiers, where dwell the keen and strong Mohammedan whites.

Recently a wedding was performed in the First Methodist Church here, the contracting parties of which were both Coreans. The groom is the director of the Educational Bureau of Corea, and the bride the daughter of the Governor of Chemulpo. Many prominent men and women were present. The dividing curtain between the men and the women was down its full length for the first time in the history of Corea. Among the higher-class guests present was a prince who sat beside his wife, one of the ladies-in-waiting at the palace. Truly, it is startling to think of the contrast between the Corea of twenty years ago and the Corea of to-day. There sat many ladies who had always been so carefully nurtured and so completely secluded that one naturally thought it must be a frightful ordeal for them. Yet seemingly it was not so, for they chatted and laughed and seemed to feel as much at home in the gaze of the world as do their Western sisters. Hail to the new Corea!—'World-Wide Missions.'

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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.