

they pronounce the truth told them by others to be false and delusive. A man is warned against a certain course of conduct which it is plain will ruin him, but he will not believe; and on he goes till, in some dark hour, he makes shipwreck.—'Friendly Greetings.'

Don't Worry.

(By Dr. T. L. Cuyler.)

If we possessed clearer discernment, we should not so often torment ourselves with sinful anxieties about the future. Our loving Lord knew what was in man when he reiterated his remonstrances against borrowing trouble in advance, and when he said, 'Be not therefore anxious for the morrow; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'

Worry is not only a sin against God, it is a sin against our health and peace. It sometimes amounts to slow suicide. Honest work, however hard, seldom hurts us; it is worry that corrodes and kills. There is only one practical remedy for the sin of anxiety. Let us not climb the high wall until we get to it, or fight the battle until it opens, or shed tears over sorrows that may never come, or lose the joys of present blessings by the sinful fear that God will take them away from us.

We need all our strength and all the grace that God can give us for to-day's burdens and to-day's battles. To-morrow belongs to our Heavenly Father. I would not know its secrets if I could. It is far better to know whom we trust, and that he is able to keep all that we commit to him.

Religious News.

'This has been a year of progress in both departments of Orange industrial school and missionary effort around Phoenix, Natal, South Africa,' writes John Dubé. 'We have just passed our first candidate, who secured a first-class teacher's government certificate; another secured a second-class; and several received third-class. The Inspector of Schools says that "the work is creditable." Many of our boys are already engaged in useful work in different parts of the country.'

'We have a good instructor in the carpenter and blacksmith shops. He teaches the boys faithfully, and the work we have produced in these departments has been of a high order. We have steadily advanced in our printing department, turning out more printed matter than ever before, besides publishing the "Zulu Weekly," which is becoming more influential every year.'

'Our agricultural department has the confidence of the government, and the man at its head is paid entirely by the government.'

Mr. J. Campbell White is authority for the following statistics, showing the progress of the modern missionary movement:

In spite of the severe financial depression last year, when it might have been expected that the offerings to foreign missions would seriously shrink, they actually increased by \$602,000 from the United States and Canada over the gifts of the previous year. The income on the foreign mission field was even more remarkable. It increased last year by \$1,360,000. The total gifts on the various foreign fields were \$4,844,000. This is forty-eight percent of the total amount contributed to this object by the Protestant churches of North America. Another striking fact is the increase of native converts last year by 164,674, or over 450 per day. It took about one hundred years to gain the first million converts, or until 1896. The second million were added in twelve years (1896-1908). They are now being added at the rate of a million in six years. The church membership in the United States increased one and one-half percent last year, the increase in the membership of American missions abroad was twelve percent. While an average of two members for each Protestant minister were added to the local church membership in the United States, there was an average of 41 for each ordained American missionary abroad.

In the midst of the excitement of political overturn in Turkey, the Rev. Dr. Joseph K. Greene is receiving the congratulations of his many friends on having just completed a half-century of missionary service in that country, about forty of these years having been spent at Constantinople. He has seen great changes,

wars, plagues, famines and conflagrations, political intrigues and upheavals. It seems as though he had been spared to see the fruitage, sudden and unexpected, of long labors, in the beginning of a free nation established on principles of righteousness. It is not strange that he says if he were to live his life over again he would choose the missionary career he has had. The Rev. Dr. H. N. Barnum, of Harpoot, is the only missionary in Turkey who has had a longer term of service than Dr. Greene. The Rev. Dr. G. F. Herrick also completes his half-century in Turkey this year.—'The Congregationalist.'

Work in Labrador.

AT HOME AMONG THE FISHERMEN.

(M. L. D., in 'Among the Deep Sea Fishers.')

(Concluded.)

The summer, however, is a busy time in a fishing community. The men are out in their boats by two or three o'clock in the morning—though they make up for it by dozing on the kitchen benches later in the day. Sometimes for a week or two luck would be bad and there was little to be done. But when the boats came back laden from the trap, 'all hands' would go down to the stages, and even until midnight one might see the fitful light of torches reflected along the water's edge, and hear occasional sounds of laughter as fathers and mothers, young men and girls, worked industriously together cleaning and putting the codfish to salt before it should spoil.

During the height of the fishing season there were as many as sixty visiting schooners in the tackle. In the evenings and on Sundays the men would wander over the rocks or drop into the hospitable cottages. Sunday afternoons I took charge of a Sunday-school for the children, which the former teacher had started, and in the evening a good Methodist fisherman would hold 'prayers' in the school-house. This service took the form of a lively 'testimony meeting,' and there was not half room enough for all who wanted to attend. There was no bell to announce the time, and one of the young men went from schooner to schooner and collected—from Catholics as well as Protestants—enough money to buy an English flag to take the place of a bell. But the ropes of the flagstaff would not work, so that the flag was always at half-mast at service time.

The first week I was in West St. Modiste I was anxious to ask Dr. Grenfell's advice about one or two matters, and every day watched the point for the smoke of the 'Strathecona' on the return trip from Harrington. But the people on the coast say that the 'Strathecona' always comes unexpectedly. One evening I had just had my supper and had gone into the kitchen to talk with Mrs. F—, when one of the boys came in, shouting, 'De "Strathecona's" here! De "Strathecona's" here!' And the steamer was actually dropping her anchor in the harbor.

It was interesting to see the little boats immediately putting out from the land, a number of patients going on board to consult with Dr. Little, while Dr. Grenfell came ashore and walked up the slope, surrounded by a group of fishermen eagerly talking.

It turned out that they were to sail again early the next morning, and to my delight Dr. Grenfell invited me to come on board then and take the trip to Red Bay, which was the next stopping place. It was a great pleasure to have this opportunity of learning how Dr. Grenfell travels and to meet the other mission workers who were also on board.

At Red Bay we went with Dr. Grenfell to visit the co-operative store. The upper part of this was like a country shop where things of every description are for sale. On the lower floor was the storehouse for the fish which the manager receives in exchange for provisions or to dispose of for the people. The whole settlement was larger and had a more prosperous air than West St. Modiste, and I wondered if the co-operative store did not have a good deal to do with this. It has been very successful and some of the profits are to be used to start a new store at West St. Modiste.

I felt very much alone in a strange land that afternoon when I stood on the shore

and watched the 'Strathecona' steaming out of the harbor, but this experience also served to show again the kindness of the people. The Pikes (Mr. Pike is the manager of the co-operative store) very soon made me feel at home, and a young woman, who seemed perfectly delighted to see some one from the outside world, took me over to call on her family, and gave me a bouquet of flowers from the geraniums and begonias growing in her windows. She told me that her home was the one in which Dr. Grenfell stayed when he first came to Red Bay and they all felt almost as if he belonged to their own family. Her brothers are fishermen, but her father is paralyzed and almost helpless, so that she and her mother have to give most of their time to looking after him. She seemed very fond of fancy work, making pillow covers and crocheting mats of bright-colored worsteds and cottons, but her eyes are so bad now that she can use them very little. Her pleasure in meeting me, a stranger, gave me some idea of how lonely she must be in winter.

The Pikes urged me to spend a week with them and kept bringing out all sorts of good things for me to eat, including a dried apple pie, which was a great luxury. That night they gave me a comfortable bedroom and when the 'Home' arrived at the unpropitious hour of three a.m., thought nothing of arising to carry their new acquaintance on board.

The people evidently look upon Dr. Grenfell as a friend to whom they can go in every conceivable difficulty. I often heard them tell how much they thought of him and of the doctors and nurses associated with him. They would also bring out with pride letters they had received from correspondents whom they had never seen, and ask me to read them aloud. And they would tell again and again of Sister Bailey's visits from house to house last winter, when she travelled many miles on her dogsled bringing cheer into their uneventful lives and giving them invaluable help in the scarlet fever epidemic.

One realized more and more the sad plight in which the people must have been before the doctors came. At various times in the summer accidents happened—a hand was crushed or poisoned, or someone was taken seriously ill. The people were ignorant and helpless themselves, but the first thought was that the patient must take the next 'Home' for Battle Harbor. Indeed, one never heard of the steamer's making a trip without carrying patients to or from the hospital. And one became exceedingly enthusiastic as one witnessed at first hand how wonderfully, through the initiative and direction of the leader of the work, the whole country is being opened up and developed, and the lives of the people are becoming enriched.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—A Friend, Burlington, Kansas, \$15.00; Mrs. J. A. Ferguson, Tremont, Ill., \$3.00; 'One who wishes the cause God speed,' \$1.00; C. A. R., Montreal, \$1.00; Total \$ 20.00

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Forwarded to Treasurer of the Montreal Labrador Association for support of komatik \$ 50.60

Total on hand July 20 \$ 468.09

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.

NOTE.—As the Montreal Labrador Medical Association have now forwarded their last shipment to Labrador for this season, Miss Roddick asks that no further supplies be sent to her address, but that all now sending clothing, etc., shall forward direct, express prepaid, addressed either to Dr. Hare, Deep Sea Mission Hospital, Harrington Harbor, Canadian Labrador, or to Dr. Grenfell, care of W. Peters, Esq., St. John's, Nfld.