

Laurel of God. They were living about one hundred and fifty miles from the nearest minister of the gospel. I felt sorry for these poor people, especially the children—very few of the many could read or write.

As I came along the shore to the North I found the people more enlightened, and better educated. They were visited by a missionary stationed at Red Bay, sent by the Methodist Conference of Newfoundland. His circuit is very wide, extending over two hundred miles. The work seems to be too much for one man, but still the result of his toil, and others who labored before him upon the same circuit, can be seen to the glory of God.

Next missionary I met at Battle Harbor about seventy miles from Red Bay, sent by the Church of England Synod. Through his teaching much good has been done among the illiterate class of that and the adjacent places.

Proceeding North I came to Hamilton Inlet, or Gracewater Bay, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles. Here I found another Methodist Missionary sent from Newfoundland. I resided with him for nearly two weeks, during which time we travelled about one hundred and fifty miles, visiting the families around about and holding meetings at the several places. I was agreeably surprised to find the people so enlightened and intelligent. Most of them are able to read and write. No doubt they would still be in the darkness of heathenism if it were not for the teaching of these Godly men, who, in their efforts to instruct the people and point them to Christ, have to endure many hardships, very often travelling fifty or sixty miles a day—sometimes by dogs and comestick over the ice and snow, sometimes sailing in very small boats, out all night exposed to storms and privations. They endure it as good soldiers of the cross, having a single eye to the glory of God.

The natives or half caste seem very ready to learn. Nearly every one of them can read a little, and they take a deep interest in teaching their children to read and write. If the season had been a prosperous one I should have had no trouble in disposing of my books. Some have not procured enough fish to supply themselves for the summer, and the long winter will soon stare them in the face and they seem to have no way of making provision for the severe winter prevailing here.

When I contrast the advantages we have in Nova Scotia with the advantages of the poor half castes of Labrador, I consider that they appreciate their little advantages more than we do our many privileges. They seem to have the spirit of perseverance that ought to shame many of our people or arouse them to diligence or duty. Cannot we do something for the benighted of the desolate Lab-

rador? The field is wide, the laborers are few, the harvest is white. Where are the reapers who will garner in? The master calls for workers. He calls you, young men of Nova Scotia, to go and preach the gospel of Christ to those who are in the darkness of heathenism. "Hark, the voice of Jesus crying, go work to-day in my vineyard." God grant that the cry may go out from numbers of our young men. "Here am I send me, send me.

Yours sincerely,  
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### "THY FATHER WHICH SEETH IN SECRET."

Five times does Jesus, in his brief discourse, (Matt. vi.) impress us with God's secret supervision of our acts. No individual, however obscure his position, is overlooked. Every pledge is a matter of record, and its fulfilment is exacted to the minutest fraction, and many good Christians may find the secret of their financial reverses in un-fulfilled pledges. The coin which was fished from the sea at Christ's command illustrates God's omniscience in matters of detail, and the following remarkable incident, which we know to be literally true, is also to the point. Some years ago a young man, who had pledged one-tenth of a small salary to religion and charity, was accosted by a poor widow, a stranger, who was in vital need of \$10 to save her furniture from seizure for rent. The day was nearly spent, and so was her faith and strength. Part of the sum she had begged. "How much do you lack?" "I don't know," said she; "it is here tied up in my handkerchief." The coins were spread out and counted, and amounted to \$7 89. The young man then proceeded to count his little hoard of consecrated money, and to his amazement found it precisely \$2 11, the balance needed.

"My good woman, take it," said he; "the Lord, whose guidance you say you asked, has directed your steps to me with a sight draft for the amount of His money in my possession to the very cent."

A Lutheran clergyman in Prussia has been sentenced, by a Protestant tribunal, to nine months' imprisonment because in a pamphlet he declared that "Romanism is built upon superstition and idolatry." This is the fruitage of Bismark's recent deal with the Vatican.