

purpose for which you have come into this place.

As the minister enters the pulpit, offer an earnest, silent prayer in his behalf.

In all the service take an active part; as hearer, as worshipper.

At the close of the service, after a moment of prayerful silence, greet with cheerfulness and good-will all whom you happen to meet, remembering that Christian fellowship is a part of Christian worship.

Religious News.

The South India mission of the English Church Missionary Society reports that in the Khammatt district of the Telugu country in the twelve months ending March 1, over 1,000 baptisms took place, and there are 1,200 Sudras under instruction, and a very large number of Malas and Madigas. During one month recently requests for teachers were received from 29 villages.

Events move so rapidly nowadays that we have scarcely time to appreciate the full significance of the most startling changes. A decade ago the prediction of a railway to Medina and Mecca would have been received in the Moslem world with contemptuous incredulity. To-day it is 'un fait accompli.' In a few months' time a railway-station will be opened in the city of Mecca. So far from the project being received at Medina and Mecca with opposition, as might have been expected, we read of the greatest enthusiasm, and of speeches delivered by sheiks and others which make us rub our eyes with astonishment. It is evident that the Moslem world is being pierced by modern civilization, and that fanaticism is retiring before the march of science.—London Christian.

Missionary work does not commend itself to jealous or lazy colonial governors or to selfish traders, and serious misunderstandings have arisen more than once in the history of the American Board through dread of the efficiency of the work in raising the intellectual and social status of the undeveloped peoples. There was such a misunderstanding, now replaced by confidence, between a British governor and the French Zulu missions recently. Another has just arisen in Portuguese West Africa, where a local governor in Angola has expelled the Rev. W. M. Stover, who has been a missionary in that colony for twenty-six years. The charge against Dr. Stover is that he has been conducting himself in a manner detrimental to the sovereignty of Portugal. He has much influence with the people among whom he works, and has before now used it to keep them from revolt against their Portuguese rulers. He is the victim, it is believed, of the jealousy of traders in intoxicants and in slaves, with whose gains his influence among the peoples interferes. The case has been put into the hands of the State Department, and will be the subject of representations and negotiations at Lisbon.—Congregationalist.

Work in Labrador.

A DAY IN BATTLE HARBOR HOSPITAL.

(By Miss Nellie Gilmour.)

(Concluded.)

In this ward we have a case of appendicitis operated upon two weeks ago, a girl of about sixteen, who has been in bed since her hip was operated upon five weeks ago, and put in a plaster of Paris cast (or, as one man used to call his jacket, 'a plaster palace'), and a dear patient little soul she is, too, if ever there was one; then in the corner is a girl who has had her leg amputated, beside these are some minor cases. The ward maid, who really does the work of a probationer, or indeed, a junior nurse, has been hard at work all this time, too, and all the patients having been attended to, the wards swept and dusted, we are ready for the doctor's rounds.

Stop a moment though, what is that peremptory cry of 'woman' which comes to us through the open window? It is poor little Tommy, who wants us, and if you could only look into that little cot on the gallery your heart would ache for the little specimen of humanity that would meet your eyes. Mother-

less, deserted by his father, this more than half Eskimo boy of four years, lies there, tubercular through and through. He is kept on the gallery all day, and as he has been out for some time, begins to feel lonely and wants somebody near him. He never talks, and how he can manage to say such a long word as 'woman' puzzles me, but that is the name he has given us, and at frequent intervals during the day it is pealed forth in the same peremptory tone of voice.

But here is the doctor, which means a visit to each patient, followed by several dressings. Poor old George is smiling all over as he is approached, and in reply to the inquiry as to his condition says with great gusto, 'Better, tank God,' (a very universal expression by the way), 'but, doctor, if it warent for this hospital I never had a been alive to-day, an' that's sure, and I got into me chair meself to-day.'

Dinner is next in order, and that being over, we go to work to prepare the dressings, etc., for operations to-morrow. The kitchen stove has to do duty for all cooking in the house, so we contrive to do our work with it, when it is not taxed with the other, and sterilize dressings, etc., in the afternoon, basins and utensils in the evening, leaving them covered till required the next day, and in the morning sterilize the water.

Little Charlie, a case of osteo-myelitis, has become an adept at folding dressings and sponges, so we do not have these to prepare, which is a great help. Indeed, we utilize the patients all we can in this and other ways, as we need this help, and they in turn enjoy having something to do. As we hurry upstairs with some of these dressings, we are attracted by a very amused look on the face of a patient who has been only in a few days, and before we have time to inquire as to the cause, we are asked if we come from Newfoundland. Our answer being in the negative, the remark then comes, 'I thought not; I cannot keep from laughing when I see you coming up those stairs.' Earlier in our sojourn we would not have comprehended what this meant, but now we have learned to know that these people, who are very deliberate in their movements, cannot understand people moving about quickly, and look at any one who does so with perfect amazement.

The sterilizer on, we make ready to redeem our promise concerning the letter, and when this is written we are cautioned not to forget to post it, and as the post-office is close to the hospital, we conclude to take it there at once, and the look of perfect satisfaction on the old man's face, as he settles himself down in his chair is very funny to see, and we are not sure that the package of sweets was not invaded, even though there was no dose of medicine. On our return from the post we find one of the dogs of the place in our pathway, and as we have not learned as yet to love these animals, nor to pet them as we do our dogs at home, we are just wondering in our mind how wide a berth we must give this fellow, when we are surprised by a growl coming from immediately behind us, and the consideration of the matter very quickly resolves itself into action, and sooner than it takes to tell it, there is a clear space between these two animals, and they have a very wide berth given them in so far as we are concerned. The dogs here are very treacherous, though not as much so in summer as in the winter, their nocturnal orgies are a feature of the place, and we are entertained (?) nightly by them.

At the hospital door we meet two of the 'live yeres,' whom we stop to speak to, and one of them remarks that it is warm, to which the other replies to our astonishment, that it is quite sultry. As the thermometer registers little if any above 60 degrees, we conclude this is just a bit of humor, but that idea is soon dispelled by the reply of her friend, which shows us they are really in earnest about the matter. We think of our Canadian sultry days with the thermometer up in the nineties, and wonder what they would call that or how they would stand it.

Returning to the wards, we find it is nearly time for some teeth to be extracted under an anaesthetic. These poor people have no dentists, consequently their teeth have to decay until they are too far gone for anything, and then have to come out, and the number of teeth in this condition with which some of them arrive, would make you open your eyes wide. This being over, our clinic of outside patients comes, which consists chiefly of in-

fectured fingers and 'water pups,' these latter being a form of infection which comes on the wrists, and you will find numbers of the fishermen wearing a brass chain about the wrist to charm away the 'water pups.' How it can be thought to do so we surmise may be in that it prevents the oil skins, which they wear so constantly, from rubbing the wrists, thus making an abrasion through which germs find an entrance. These men come almost exclusively from the schooners in the harbor, and one of them asks anxiously if we have any magazines, and we are obliged to tell him there are none, as all have been given away, whereupon he says, 'Yesterday was Sunday, and we had not a book aboard,' and then adds, 'except the Bible, we had he.' They always get their pronouns hopelessly mixed. And here we would say, that in so far as our experience is concerned, in the majority of cases a magazine will appeal to them when a book will not. They will undertake to read and will enjoy a short story, when a long one will have no attraction for them at all, and we found that a barrel of magazines would be given away in a very short time.

And now it is tea time, and after this comes the preparation for the night. When we go into the small room we find the occupants talking of their operations and their sufferings after. We always discourage such topics of conversation, but before there is time to remonstrate now, poor little Tommy, our boy of fourteen, pipes up in a most pathetic little voice, 'Well, that is what we are alive for, is to suffer.' Needless to say this brings a reprimand, and yet we cannot do it in anything but a laughing manner, for it seems so absurd that so small and so childish a boy should be so pessimistic. But one cannot wonder at it, for this same spirit is so common in regard to sickness in the older people, that it must appear to a child to be the ordinary course of events, and he looked so taken aback when we suggested any other view of life. We must say though, that when he went home he was a very different boy, and certainly seemed as if he thought there was something more in life than suffering.

But here comes a new patient, and after he is in bed we go to him to find his name, place of abode, etc. To the first we get no satisfactory answer, and as he cannot spell have to leave his surname a blank. We make another attempt and ask where he comes from, but he looks up with his eyes as wide open as they will go, and in a calm manner replies, 'From my native place.' He complains of 'huskiness in his stumik.' Do not be surprised, the locality of this organ is very indefinite 'on the Labrador,' and may mean anywhere from the throat down. You will come to a nearer conclusion as to the locality and nature of this complaint, if you consider the 'huskiness' and not the 'stumik.'

Two wheel chairs have to be brought into requisition for the night, as well as two beds made up on the benches in the waiting room downstairs, as we have more patients than beds. These being arranged, and all other patients settled and ready for the night, Sister Bailey comes in to have prayers, and with this we will conclude the day, hoping the account may prove of interest to others, as each day of our sojourn was to us.—Among the Deep Sea Fishers.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—Henry Young, Chepstow, Ont., \$1.80; Wesley Edmunds, Jasper, Ont., \$10.00; A. Friend, Lachute, Que., \$3.00; A. A. Paint, Port Hawkesbury, \$5.00; S. A. Cook, Central Chebogue, \$5.00; Maud M. Wiltse, Clinton, \$2.00; D. Wilson, London West, \$5.00; C. Humphrey, 60cts.; C. A. Rogers, Iroquois, Ont., \$5.00; Total...\$ 37.40

Received for the cots:—Maud M. Wiltse, Clinton, \$2.00; Joseph R. Thomson, Wellwood, \$2.00; Total...\$ 4.00

Received for the komatik:—Maud M. Wiltse, Clinton...\$ 2.00

Previously acknowledged for all purposes...\$ 1,882.42

Total on hand March 16...\$ 1,925.82
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.