

a personal yielding thereto. Let it be done easily and naturally. Do not be anxious that your child should pass through any volcanic experience, but as soon as possible the little one should be able to say, 'Yes, I love Jesus, and I will be His.' It should be as simple as the kiss of the morning upon the brow of the hill, as the distilling of moisture in the dew.

Now we must notice that it is only upon the fulfillment of the conditions enunciated that we have any right to expect a fulfillment of the promise made. We have no business to expect that our child will fulfil the true purpose of life if we neglect the training of the early days. It may be asserted that the untrained must go wrong. Not necessarily. You may neglect your child, and some godly Sunday-school teacher may do the work you have neglected. Or it may be said that the wrongly trained must go wrong. Not necessarily. It is not always so. There are children wrongly trained at home who yet at last have found life and its great fulfilment. People sometimes who have been very careless about training their children in godliness, who thought of all things except the supremely needful things, when their children are taken from them, speak of the hope that they will meet them when they cross the border line. Yes, perchance, but your child, if you fed, clothed and educated it, and neglected its relation to God, will be more eager to meet the Sunday-school teacher who led it to God than to meet you. Spiritual relationships are the final relationships.

With such an ideal, and such a training, and such a promise, the only fear we need have about our children is fear concerning ourselves. It is true that there have been great failures. Why? Children from Christian homes sometimes turn out ill because of the laxity which imagines that a child's happiness consists in self-pleasing, and in having its own will. There is all the difference between letting a child have its own will and training it in its own way. To train a child in its own way crosses the will sometimes. This, however must never be done with passion. Passion burns to destruction. Reason fires to construction.

Or, it may be, on the other hand, that there is the sternness which forgets the needs of young life. There is the method of the moral policeman. When it is adopted the boy crosses the threshold and with a sigh of abandonment plunges into every excess of evil.

Said a man to me some years ago: 'How is it I have lost my children?' I replied: 'I do not see that you have lost your children. They are sitting round your board, most of them, and they respect you.' 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'but there is not a boy round my board who trusts me.' Then I said to him, more for the instruction of my own heart than with the idea that I could help him: 'What do you mean?' 'Why,' he replied 'there is not one of them who makes a confidant of me.' I looked the man in the face and said: 'Did you ever play marbles with them when they were little?' At once he replied: 'Oh, certainly not.' And I said: 'That is why you lost them.'

We do not lose our children when they are seventeen. We lose them when they are seven. You are a good man, and a hard man, and your children know it. They respect you, but they do not trust you, and you lose them. There may be a laxity that is too gentle, a love that is anaemic; but there may be too much iron in your blood, too much sternness.

How shall we find the happy medium? If we are going to be so severe as to be true, and so tender as to hold, we must know him, the Man who could look right into the soul of a Pharisee and scorch it with His look, and into the eye of a little child and make the child want to come and play with him. We must be much with Christ if we are to be with children. If you do not know Christ, keep your hands off the bairns.'

A Fascinating Story.

A story full of human interest and one of which the readers will not want to lose a word, is the 'Paths of the Righteous,' by Miss Lily Dougall, which is to be run as a serial in the 'Witness,' commencing AT ONCE. See special trial offer on another page.

Religious News.

The German Orient Mission was founded in 1895 for the direct purpose of preaching the Gospel to the Mohammedans, although for some time it was deeply interested in aiding the Christians in the Orient who were suffering persecution from Mohammedans. Since 1901 it has employed in Bulgaria Pastor Awetarianian, himself a convert from Mohammedanism, who has translated the New Testament into the old Turkish or Kashgar language, and, being in charge of the missionary printing-press in Philippopol, has commenced the furnishing of Christian literature suitable for Mohammedans. He also edits a monthly magazine, 'Schahid il Hakhaig,' the first evangelical monthly in the Turkish language. Proof of his success is the frequency with which he is attacked by Mohammedan leaders in the daily press, attacks which lead to answers by the Christian missionary and the public presentation of the truth as it is in Jesus. Krikor Keworkian is another worker of the German Orient-Mission in Bulgaria, who is located in Rustschuk, whence he makes frequent missionary journeys to Schumla, Popowa, Rasgrad, and other towns. He reports that he is generally well received, and that some Turks are glad to have him speak to them of Jesus and even pray with them.

In Persia, the German Orient-Mission has its chief work in Sautschbulagh among the Mohammedan Kurds, for whom it is now printing the New Testament in the translation prepared by its chief missionary, Pastor von Oertzen. In Turkey, its chief work is medical missionary work at Diarbekr. The income of the German Orient-Mission for 1907 was about \$50,000, of which amount about \$2,300 was used in aiding the Evangelical Christians in Russia.

A GOOD PRAYER MEETING.—'The prayers were short, and all asked for something.' A graphic description, indeed, of one of the requisites of a good prayer meeting. Would that it were the rule and not the exception.—'Congregationalist.'

Work in Labrador.

A TRIP AND ITS TRIALS UP NORTH.

The following account of an early winter trip is from a letter by Dr. Little, who, with Dr. Stewart, has been stationed at St. Anthony during Dr. Grenfell's absence the past winter. Seventy-five miles across country by komatik can evidently offer its fair share of incidents and excitement, 'really a jolly good time,' so the doctor expresses it:

St. Anthony, Jan. 3, 1909.

Dear * * * :

I hope you all had a Merry Christmas and holidays, and now I will tell you about mine. We heard a man had broken his leg at Flowers' Cove, 75 miles from here. I should have started on Christmas day, but we had a blizzard.

The next morning before daylight I was up, and by full light I was away with nine dogs. On the komatik I had the medicine box, two pairs of snowshoes, dog whips, axe, kettle, one meal of whale meat for the dogs, and a black rubber bag containing change of underclothing and socks for self and man, sweater and skin mitts for self and man, tea, sugar, two tin cups, two spoons, also a can of milk, one mince pie (from home), one piece of boiled pork fat, one tin of sausages, and one tin of buns made with molasses and pork fat, so as not to freeze. I wore two pairs of stockings, and camps and skin boots, warm underclothes, blue flannel shirt, grey vest, sweater, buckskin trousers and coat, leather belt, foxskin cap, and knitted muffler. We travelled till one o'clock, when we found the way barred by open water in a bay, so we stopped, boiled the kettle, made tea, and ate the mince pie, which was very good. We then had to go back into the country, zero weather and snowing hard, very hard going, mostly on snowshoes. By dark we realized we did not know where we were. We were on an open barren, no use going any further, so we found a few trees and built a fire and had tea. It got pretty cold, and, of course, we could not sit still, so all night we cut down trees and chopped them up for the fire; then while the brush was burning first the man would cut one and pile it on the fire, and I would by

the light cut one down. In this way we kept fairly warm part of the time. We did not dare stand very near the fire, as both of us were wakened up suddenly a few times by sitting down hard, and we were afraid we might fall forward into the hole in the snow made by the fire. This was about eight feet deep. It got dark at four and night at eight. We had no watch. The next morning it partly cleared, so we found out where we were and kept on. Travelled all that day on snowshoes, eight hours, again storming, but we managed to get to an o'd tilt. It had an old stove which smoked so that it was almost unbearable. One would sit in front of it and get warm one side at a time, while the other watched to see he did not go to sleep and fall on to it. Our sugar and milk were gone, and we had the boiled fat pork to eat. The next day, the third, we arrived at Flowers' Cove after dark. Two of our dogs had given out. We were very hungry and could not seem to get the smoke out of our system. I saw the man that night and got his leg in a plaster cast, slept well, and next day saw twelve patients, did some co-operative store business, and arranged about the accommodations for the nurse we are going to have there when the travelling gets good. The next morning, leaving one dog, which was still too crippled, we started back, stopping at Savage Cove, Poverty Cove, Deadman's Cove, Pines Cove, Green Island Brook, Green Island Cove, and finally Eddy's Cove, where we spent the night, having seen some thirty patients, operated on a necrosis of the jaw, etc., etc. The next morning we started at dawn and travelled till about two, when we had tea and buns; then travelled till half-past ten, when we arrived at the reindeer camp, and had hot beans, bread and tea; then travelled home, where we reached at 1 a.m. It was a splendid moonlight night and the northern lights were beautiful and of all colors, thermometer ten to fifteen degrees below zero all day. This day's travel was fifty miles, forty of which was done on snowshoes, running at a dog-trot all the time—this was the only way we could get along. It sounds hard and of hard, but the only time I was tired was when my stomach was empty, i.e., it was not muscle tire, but want of food; we could not spare the time, though on our return we had plenty of food. We pushed through this way so as to save a day and be here over Sunday. I wanted to write, and we are expecting the mail-boat any time now, if the ice outside allows her to get in. I lost four pounds, and am now, I think, in good hard condition for the winter's travelling. The reason this trip was so hard was that at this time of year the snow has not packed down, and it is unusual to cross the country so early. It really was a jolly good time, except for the smoke. I hope the dogs will be all right; it was hard on them.—J. M. L., in 'Among the Deep Sea Fishers.'

The true cross of the Redeemer was the sin and sorrow of this world. That was what lay heavy on his heart.

Acknowledgments.

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Previously acknowledged for all purposes \$ 2,101.12
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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.