

hold cottage prayer-meetings. A friend of mine who was not a Christian told me that Tom came to him and said: 'Professor, I have to keep my family up with my blacksmithing. I have got nothing but an old gray horse down there, but I want to learn to read the good Book. I never cared to read before, but if you will teach me how to read the good Book, the old gray horse is yours.' Well, my friend said: 'Tom, if you really want to learn, I'll teach you; you can keep your old gray horse, but after I get through with my school in the afternoon I'll just pull the school bell, and you come along and I'll teach you for nothing.' He thanked him. My friend said he never dreamed that Tom would learn to read so soon as he did. At the end of a month he was beginning to read a few verses—wouldn't take any other reader but the Bible. And the next thing we knew he was beginning to hold little protracted meetings in the country school-houses in the winter time—he'd work all day and go along at night to hold meetings. And people would come for miles to have some fun out of old Tom Sexton. He would tell the same thing night after night about how Jesus had saved him—going right over the same thing, but they'd still keep coming; they'd pack the building, and these men who had come these miles to hear Tom would stay and take the same Jesus that he had. I have known prominent doctors and lawyers to give their hearts to God, who went for the fun, but found out that Tom really had Jesus, and what a wonderful change He had wrought in ignorant old Tom. Then Tom began to get out to the neighboring towns, and when I was down home just before coming here, I saw over a great big hall in Knoxville, Tenn.—a city of forty thousand to fifty thousand inhabitants—'The Rev. Thomas Sexton will begin a series of revival meetings here.' That is the third or fourth time he had been in that city.

A man said he heard Tom get up one day down at Cartersville, Ga., where Sam Jones had his annual revival meetings, and he began to describe Paul and Silas in jail. He said he never heard anything like the way Tom pictured it. He had bad grammar, but he had good thoughts. He began to describe these two men in jail—he said:

'I can just imagine Paul and Silas there with their feet in the stocks and their backs all cut up and bleeding, and everything looked like it was against them, death seemed to be in front of them; and Paul says, "Strike up a hymn, Silas." But Silas says, "You'll have to excuse me, Brother Paul, my back's hurting so, and they've got the stocks round my feet so tight. The sing has all gone out of me, Paul." And Paul says, "Well, we've got to have a hymn, if I start it up myself." And Tom Sexton said: "I don't know what hymn Paul started up, but I believe if they knew this hymn, it would be this:

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for ev'ryone,
And there's a cross for me."

The man said he never saw an audience moved as that audience was.—Charles W. Alexander, in the 'Advocate.'

Religious Notes.

In Toro two chiefs have just been admitted to deacons' orders, the first of their race to enter the Christian ministry. A few years ago they gave up their chieftainships in order that they might prepare for orders, and Bishop Tucker had the joy of admitting them both to the diaconate a few weeks since. The Bishop also dedicated to God's service 'a beautiful new church, built of brick, almost like a small cathedral.' It is only eleven years ago that the Bishop baptized, on May 8th, 1896, the first converts in Toro, and now there are over 3,000 Christians and 1,400 communicants in the country.

Rev. James S. Gale, D.D., who has just returned to Korea, writes: 'Our church building holding about 500 has become too small for a congregation of 1,200. A collection of \$60 was taken, sheeting bought and stitched together into an awning. The autumn winds,

however, blew it down just as the company of 1,600 had started to sing the first hymn. One thousand dollars in gold has already been paid in by the Christians at Seoul to build a church that will seat all the people who wish to attend.—'Missionary Review of the World.'

The 'Missionary Record' reports that the trend towards union of Churches is showing in South Africa. The evangelical forces in South Africa are more deeply realizing their unity, and feeling the call to combine for the furtherance of the kingdom of Christ.

Eight years ago there was not a dollar invested in the Philippines by any Protestant missionary society; to-day nearly \$500,000 is held by various American missionary boards. More than 30,000 Filipinos have already confessed faith in the gospel of Jesus Christ. There are 1,000 students studying in the mission schools. The American Bible Society has distributed over 700,000 portions of the Scriptures, a large number of which have been complete Bibles. The British and Foreign Bible Society distributed 37,597 books during the last year.—'Missionary Review of the World.'

Our Labrador Work.

THE NORTHERN FOLK.

Dear Mr. Editor,—On the journey south, while on our way, a Marconigram informed us that the new motor launch 'Daryl' had arrived from Boston. She is only thirty-six feet over all, nine feet beam, and yawl rigged, with a fifteen horse-power kerosene engine. She was manned by four young students of Harvard University with one sailor, and had safely in two weeks covered the intervening hundreds of miles of open water. Crossing safely the dangerous Gulf of Fundy, with its phenomenal and dangerous rise and fall of tides, and the great Gulf of St. Lawrence—well known for its turbulent waters. Proud as we were to hear of their fine achievements, we felt we must look to our laurels, or add to the wording of 'Britannia Rules the Waves.' For it is not with sword and gun true ruling is done, and he who does generous—yes—and brave deeds, for love of his fellows only, is greater than he who takes a city.

Richer by a young man with a mortifying arm, and poorer by many dressings, drugs, and appliances distributed to other applicants, we reached our destination at the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Ukasiksalik, and had taken in a load of wood for fuel by night. Perhaps the most distressing feature of all the work in the extreme north now is the terribly disastrous and cumulative result of disease brought back by the native Eskimo from places in civilization where they were part of the 'exhibits.' Yet there is still no legislation on the subject. My friend, Dr. Low, who recently for the Canadian Government took the SS. 'Neptune' for a twelve months' voyage to North Hudson Bay, describes in his official log a similar, only more concise, example of the heartlessness of the 'better educated.' He writes: 'A few years ago a Scotch whaling firm sent their steamer 'Active' to Southampton Island and brought with them some natives from Big Island. These men, provided with modern rifles soon killed off or drove away the deer in the neighborhood. The old inhabitants, the Sagd-lingmiat Eskimo, being armed only with bows and arrows and spears, were unable to compete with the better armed strangers. As a result, the entire tribe, who numbered 68 souls in 1900, died of starvation and disease in the winter of 1902, just for a few dollars. The following year the whaling station was abandoned, and the great island is now uninhabited except for a few of the Big Island Eskimo at the old Whaling Station. Some regulation should be made to prevent the unauthorized movement of natives, or similar wholesale slaughter will again occur.' He adds again, 'These tribes from long contact with whalers, have a mixture of white blood, and have contracted some of the loathsome diseases of civilization.' They have, moreover, no medical or other missionary among them to teach them remedies that we know of, and use so successfully. The Rev. E. E. Peck, of the Church Missionary Society who

has spent several years amongst these far-off folk, is now aiming to get back again. Surely if civilization has contributed so directly to the downfall of these poor folks, we who use whalebone, whale oil and guano, ivory and sealskin furs for dress ornamentation, and the products of the north should at least do that which common humanity dictates, and send down amongst them someone with a knowledge of the good things we have also to send. The work could be carried out from this side, though it would at first no doubt be very difficult. As for expense, so much money is now spent every year in going north to destroy for sport the bear, walrus, deer and seals, which form the sole source of food and clothing for these people, that it would only be the most legitimate of taxes if all such sporting ships had to pay large licenses to go with their modern equipment into those extreme regions. For it spells swift destruction of the human beings who live there. The entire value of a walrus when taken and used to the best advantage for commercial purposes is only \$50. To a native Eskimo a walrus spells everything that is necessary—food, light, heat, clothing, weapons, and even a boat. The once numerous walrus in Hudson's Bay are now almost destroyed and with them must go the only possible population, as it seems, of that great land whenever it shall please the whaling companies to cease operations, and this they will most certainly do when their prey gets scarce, an inevitable result of the improvement of weapons for destroying them. There can be no doubt in any man's mind with a spark of humanity that it is worth while reserving the use of walrus for the natives entirely.

Denmark in Greenland provides a model to the whole world in its parental and effectual care for the defenceless little people of the north land.

It was indeed a sad task we had before us next day, for we had to steam up a long bay to a settler's house to take away his daughter, who was deprived of her reason. A bright, handsome girl—some years ago she came south with me to enter domestic service in a town in Newfoundland. A year ago a hasty message apprised me that she was in the house of detention for a concealed birth. The old story—a promise of marriage—a desertion, and a broken heart. We brought her home only to pine and worse than die under her parents' sorrowing eyes. And now nothing lay before us but to take her where she would find safety in the asylum at St. John's. Yet it would not be consonant with good taste, some say, to speak of a place of punishment reserved hereafter for those who do these things and go unpunished here.

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Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—James Cairns, Chesley, Ont., \$1.00; A Sympathizer, \$1.00; 'A Tenth,' Ottawa, \$10.00; J. M. Montgomery, Stonewall, \$1.00; May S. Miller, Pininsula Gaspé, \$1.00; A Friend, Rockburn, P. Que., \$5.00; Total \$19.00

Received for the cots:—'One Tenth for Thee,' Ottawa, \$10.00; A Friend, McAuley, Man., \$1.00; Total \$11.00

Received for the komatik:—Two Friends, St. Canute, P. Que. \$2.00
Previously acknowledged for all purposes \$1,514.01

Total received up to Feb. 11 . . . \$1,546.01

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether is for launch, komatik, or cots.

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