

### A Solitary Way.

The following poem has an unusual history. A gentleman from New York was sojourning in June, 1885, at a Christian home for tourists, in Edinburgh, Scotland, known as 'Darling's Regent's Hotel.' A copy of this poem was presented to him by its proprietor, and during many lonely hours—which occur even in the most pleasant of foreign journeys—it was often read, and always with great comfort. On the traveller's return, he had a few copies of it printed for free distribution. The demand became so large that a recent edition of 60,000 has been issued.

There is a mystery in human hearts,  
And though we be encircled by a host  
Of those who love us well, and are beloved,  
To every one of us, from time to time,  
There comes a sense of utter loneliness.  
Our dearest friend is 'stranger' to our joy,  
And cannot realize our bitterness.

'There is not one who really understands,  
Not one to enter into all we feel;  
Such is the cry of each of us in turn.  
We wander in a 'solitary way,'  
No matter what or where our lot may be;  
Each heart mysterious even to itself,  
Must live its inner life in solitude.

And would you know the reason why this is?  
It is because the Lord desires our love.  
In every heart He wishes to be first.  
He therefore keeps the secret-key Himself,  
To open all its chambers and to bless  
With perfect sympathy and holy peace  
Each solitary soul which comes to Him.  
So when we feel this loneliness, it is  
The voice of Jesus saying, 'Come to Me,'  
And every time we are 'not understood,'  
It is a call to us to come again;  
For Christ alone can satisfy the soul,  
And those who walk with Him from day to day  
Can never have 'a solitary way.'

And when beneath some heavy cross you faint,  
And say, 'I cannot bear this load alone,'  
You say the truth. Christ made it purposely  
So heavy that you must return to Him.  
The bitter grief which 'no one understands'  
Conveys a secret message 'rom the King,  
Entreating you to come to Him again.  
The Man of Sorrows understands it well,  
In all points tempted He can feel with you.  
You cannot come too often, or too near.  
The Son of God is infinite in grace,  
His presence satisfies the longing soul,  
And those who walk with Him from day to day,  
Can never have 'a solitary way.'

### Religious News.

The president of the government college at Fuchau, Ling Hie Ding, is also the president of the Anti-Opium League, and is proving a most energetic and efficient leader in the crusade against this vice. In this government school are students from every part of the province, and hostility to the opium traffic forms part of the teaching and instruction which they receive in this institution. They become thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of their leader in their desire to see the country freed from this vile traffic, and consequently when they return to their homes to spend their vacations they make it their chief business and occupation to help uproot and destroy this evil. In many places throughout the province they have organized anti-opium societies and have been the leaders in raiding the opium dens. Last month when a company of these students returned to their home near Singiu, in the Hinghua Prefecture, and found that the people in that neighborhood had planted their fields as usual with poppies, they fearlessly went out and destroyed every plant. The people not having a clear conscience that they were doing right in planting this crop, and realizing what a strong sentiment was growing up against it, meekly submitted without making the least resistance.

In Korea, every fifth day is market day. On that day every farmer, merchant, me-

chanic—every one is accustomed to come and bring what he has to sell. A man generally makes more money on market day than on the other four days doubled. Of course, every few weeks market day comes on Sabbath. The Korean Christians have to endure the sneers and jeers of their ungodly neighbors when they keep the ordinary Sabbath day, but when Sunday is market day, they suffer considerable financial loss, by staying away from the market. Yet we are told that on a recent Sabbath market day in Chunju, more than 1,000 men and boys were counted in Sabbath-school. This is heroic faith, and is worthy of the highest commendation. Would that the home Church kept the Sabbath as bravely.—'Christian Observer.'

A recent letter from Rev. Eugene Bell tells of a Bible Study Class of 300 men which was held for two weeks at Kwanju. Twenty-five of these men walked over fifty miles to attend this study class, and all the members of the class paid all their own expenses. In closing this letter, Mr. Bell remarks, 'As is well known, the bulk of mission work in Korea is done and paid for by the natives themselves. Of five native helpers in my field, two are supported by the mission and three by the native Church.' The new Korean Presbytery began its career by appointing and sending, on native support, an evangelist to the island of Quelhart.

### Work in Labrador.

#### A KOMATIK TRIP AND SOME VISITS.

St. Anthony, April, 1908.

Dear Mr. Editor,—

The weather this winter has been absolutely perfect for our sledge journeys. The large bays have been frozen solid all spring and we have been able to make record times with the dogs. Dr. Stuart being left in charge of hospital which was still quite full, and no immediate operative work being in sight, we got away for a fourth round of visits in early March. The value of our records of times are somewhat spoilt by the continuous interruptions when passing houses and the necessity of 'just looking in.' This often involves one hour before one can get along again, as it generally means unpacking the drugs, and also clearing out the dog traces, those affectionate beasts prancing around you when you come to and fro to the komatiks, forgetful of the fact that they are tying their traces in a Chinese puzzle. Our traces vary from five to ten fathoms in length and each dog has a separate one, so there is plenty of scope for tangling. The length is given designedly so that plenty of tangle can be left before it is necessary to stop and hammer the ice out of the knots, with one's hand half frozen, or wholly so. Perhaps our best record was nineteen miles, all over sea ice of the open bay, in two hours. The ice had just enough snow on to give the dogs footing, and not enough to prevent the whalebone runners gliding over the hard surface. The wind was fair and, of course, a straight compass course. As we steered out north-east between the islands the horizon was level ice, like the grass is on the prairies, or the sea in summer. The dogs had only done a moderate trip the previous day, and had had fresh seal meat for supper. They maintained a gallop almost the whole day, only breaking into a trot now and again, when we got off to run enough to keep our toes from freezing. Slowly and surely the high cliffs rose up as we drew nearer and nearer to the opposite coast. The clear March sun shone full down out of a blue sky on their glorious white apparel of spotless snow and glittering icicles. It was an experience for the gods. We could but feel sorry for those who live in the big cities and get all their pleasure out of artificial circumstances, and no doubt pitied us for living 'so far away.'

Our first night had been spent some thirty miles from home. Our host, a Dorsetshire laborer once, has one of those large hospitable kitchens, one of the charms of this coast in winter. Of the neighbors, only one was missing that evening, and he lived actually next door. An excuse was made for him that it was 'his fashion.' He were so shocking homely.' It was full moonlight,

and the ice on the great bay, on the shore of which our host's house stood, was so tempting. I left for a flying visit on skates to a neighboring settlement, gliding along in the absolute silence and isolation. It was a nerve tonic that even a palatial sanatorium cannot supply.

A lesson one learns in those homes, at any rate where actual want is absolute, is that happiness is independent of abundance, and a second is that food is intended to enable us to do work, not an end to live for. One man to whom I ventured to suggest he could afford a more varied diet, merely looked down at his muscular limbs and said, 'I 'lows, doctor, only half the food I uses now does me any good.' A rudely kept tally of 440 ducks that had fallen to the guns of the family during the fall meant simply to him so much more for all hands who came along.

The simplicity of the life leaves a capacity for enjoyment which superfluity of goods seems out of revenge to inevitably rob the self-indulgent of. A boy of six to whom I gave a sprig of raisins from our wallet went first dancing around his granddad, shouting, 'Dadden, I'se got a balsam.' Here are the people not demented with the mania of owning things.

One section of the coast we were travelling has been entirely isolated from all educational opportunities. When I asked if any one could read, it was strange to a Bostonian to hear, 'The Frenchman in the next cove can, fine, he be quite a scholar,' and when in another house I wanted to borrow a pen to see an up-to-date stylograph brought from a cupboard upstairs where it was secreted for fear of being frozen, and hear, 'I keeps him already for fear anyone might come along as can write.' A simple life, however, by no means deprives our people of a sense of humor and laughter, and jokes are cracked over the fire at night as well as anywhere else. One man described his abundant offspring rolling about on the floor, 'As a fine strike for a sealing steamer,' and a morning when there was a hard crust on the snow likely to make his dogs' feet tender, 'a fine evening for 'lopping' (like rabbits) this will be.' But a real joke was almost played on us at our annual sports. The people gathered from all parts of the country to compete for the prizes. Meanwhile, an old patient from seventy miles away came over and secured as his prize one of our invaluable girls, who had tended him when in hospital a year ago. It was only when we reached his village that we were told that elopement was frustrated solely by the loyalty to us of the one man with a team of dogs able to carry off the prize.

W. T. GRENFELL.

### Acknowledgments.

#### LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—G. K. N. Budd, Merna, Feb., \$5.00; Young People of Pine Grove and Humber Summit Congregational churches, Woodbridge, Ont., \$3.10;  
Total . . . . . \$ 8.10  
Received for the cots:—'A Lover of the Lord,' Forestville, Ont. . . . . \$ 2.00  
Previously acknowledged for all purposes . . . . . \$ 1,756.08

Total received up to June 16 . . . \$ 1,766.18  
Forwarded for maintenance of the launch 'Northern Messenger' for the past season . . . . . \$ 300.00

Total on hand June 16 . . . . . \$ 1,466.18

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, komatic, or cots.

Miss Roddick, 80 Union Ave., Montreal, wishes to thank all those who have helped with contributions of clothes, etc., for the Labrador work, and requests that no more such contributions be sent her during the summer, as the first shipment has already gone forward. Due notice will be given to allow of packing and forwarding for the fall shipment.