

heaven.' You are not in sympathy with Christ, for the salvation of the world is a cause which lies near his heart. He loves the poorest Hindoo and the most benighted African, and died that they might live.

Don't believe in foreign missions? Then you must believe in selfishness. We have a good thing, let us keep it for ourselves. We have long enjoyed the blessings of Christianity, its noble ideals, its pure morality, its inspiring precepts, its gracious promises, its immortal hopes; but to impart these to the heathen is not our concern.

Don't believe in foreign missions? Then you have no appreciation of some of the noblest lives that have ever lived on this planet. Think of the great company of saintly men who have given themselves to the cause. It shines with the names of Carey, and Henry Martyn, and Brainerd, and McChesney, and Schwartz, and Elliott, and Bishop Heber, and Adoniram Judson and Scudder, and Dr. Duff, and Eli Smith, and Robert Morrison, and Hudson Taylor, and Mackay of Uganda, and Lowry, and Moffatt, and Livingstone, and Dr. Paton. What a constellation that is! But to you it is nothing. The mention of these names will not quicken your pulse one beat to the minute, for the heroism of foreign missions is nothing to you! You don't believe in it. What must Jesus think of you?

Religious News.

Some assert, and perhaps believe that there is no such thing as disinterested benevolence. But the history of the world contains very many proofs of the contrary. There is a case of recent occurrence that ought to settle the matter for all time to come. Fifty-five years ago Hiram Bingham graduated at Yale. He was born in Honolulu, and his parents were among the missionaries who changed a nation of cannibals into decent Christian people in an incredibly short time. The son sought a field where he could follow the example of his illustrious father.

Five thousand miles southwest of San Francisco lie the Gilbert Islands. This man and his young wife went there in 1857, and settled down to see what could be done for them. The dwellers in Apaiang, the island they selected, were 30,000 in number, says the Cincinnati 'Enquirer,' and were a sullen, cruel, and treacherous lot, fond of war and also of eating their prisoners.

Mr. Bingham first reduced their gibberish to a tangible and written form, and then gradually taught them in that language, and by daily example, the ways of civilization and religion. He and his wife wrote various books for their use and instruction, including a complete dictionary, and won their love and confidence.

More than this, many of them became teachers and missionaries themselves to their people, and nearly all the inhabitants of that large island became and are completely and radically changed. All their heathenish customs and beliefs are gone, and they are as happy and contented a race as they formerly were wretched and useless.

Recently they celebrated the semi-centennial of their reformation, and among other interesting events they prepared and sent to Mr. Bingham a touching and affecting tribute of their appreciation of the man who had rescued them out of a sense of duty alone. His long residence in that unhealthy climate had broken him down, so that he was compelled to return to Honolulu, where he still lives in the happy consciousness of having well served his Master and his fellow men, but without earthly reward or the expectation of it. Here is an instance of undoubted self-sacrifice and devotion to duty without hope of reward. Such men deserve recognition and remembrance.

Work in Labrador.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' LAUNCHED ONCE MORE.

It is impossible to read the following courageous letter from Dr. Hare without feeling deep regret that the new launch for Harrington is still a thing of the future, that

he is still forced to spend on occasion a week at a time in the cramped quarters that he describes as allowing 'no room for comfort.' His work is growing, his calls carry him further afield, and while it is gratifying to know that were it not for the 'Northern Messenger' it would be impossible for him to respond to many of them, yet it is distressing to think of the difficulties which he must face in the smaller launch, and which the larger launch would obviate. His work is dear to his heart, and one of his chief troubles is that he cannot do more than he can with the present launch. It is for us to see that he is supplied as soon as possible with the larger launch, but meanwhile the present 'Northern Messenger' is filling the need to the best of its abilities:

Harrington, July, 1908.

Dear Mr. Editor,—

The sturdy little launch was put into the water again after her long rest in her winter quarters, on the evening of May 12. The tide did not make high until almost dark, so it was half-past ten before we had her afloat and safely moored. I was glad to see her in her accustomed place once more. A sick call had come to go to a place 150 miles or so west, which hurried us somewhat, but on account of having to overhaul the engine it was not until the evening of the fourteenth that we were ready to start. We slept on board so as to be able to make an earlier start, and next morning, soon after 4 o'clock we were running out of the Western Passage and leaving Harrington on the first launch trip of the season.

Our first stop was made at Wolf Bay, where I went ashore to see our good friends the Jones's, then we went on, but soon had to leave the run we were in, and pick our way through rocky shoals to get outside the islands, as our further passage was barred by ice that had not yet melted.

That night we ran until too dark to see anything, then entered a little cove and anchored for the night. Our small oil stove was soon busy with our supper, and after admiring our surroundings, we crawled into the small cuddy for the night. Next morning we called into Musquarro where there is a telegraph office, and sent some messages; then went on to Kegashka, where I had to see some sick people. When we were ready to leave again the wind had risen and as I knew the launch could not make her way against it, we had to remain there during the afternoon.

A fisherman friend of ours had met with an accident that morning in breaking his foremast, but having cut a spare stick last winter in a cove ten miles away, he would soon be in a condition to go to sea again if he had the stick home. As it was inside the islands I took him aboard and we went down and towed the stick home for him, saving him a day or so in time. He was very thankful for the help and I was glad to do it for him as he has been most kind to me and has helped the mission in many ways. We had a splendid run the following day, getting into Piashti Bay about six p.m., where I at once got into touch with my patient, who was suffering from severe pleurisy.

We were ready to leave for home again in two days, but the weather would not let us, a heavy head wind and tide preventing us.

Next morning, however, we got away and ran to Aguamius River, where we had a bad time getting in over the bar. The ground swell was heavy and this meeting the current of the river, made a sea that almost broke across the bar. Added to this, the ice was coming out of the lakes and river in large pans, and it was very difficult to dodge the heavy seas, keep in the narrow channel and keep clear of the ice at the same time. We had no accident, but many close shaves and some hard knocks which—thanks to the sheathing of galvanized iron we put on before launching—did us no harm.

Saw a number of sick people during the afternoon and evening, among them two widows, whose husbands were drowned last autumn while trapping in the country. One woman has two children, the other eight children, the eldest a little over nine, the youngest eight months. These families are utterly destitute, being dependent on the charity of the neighbors, who are almost as poor as themselves. Away shortly after daylight, and ran into Isle au Mission, where several families of French from the Magdalen

Islands live. Here we had several cases to treat, then a run of nine or ten miles brought us to Natashquan, where we had more sick to treat. This is another French settlement. Coming out the next morning we had several miles of hard, blue ice out of the river to run through, making it difficult navigation for a boat built as thinly as this launch is. The planking is only one inch thick, which is too frail unless she is full timbered. We were thankful enough that we had taken the extra time to put on the iron sheathing, or we must certainly have punched a hole in her bows.

Before we reached Kegashka we met a tremendous south-east sea, which was right abeam, and we rolled so you could hardly hold on tightly enough to keep from falling overboard. When the boat was in the hollow of the sea you could not have seen more than a foot or so of our masthead. The sea increased so rapidly that by the time we had reached Kegashka we could not stick our nose outside the harbor, so had to remain there that afternoon, and as the following day was Sunday, we stopped quietly in the harbor until four o'clock on Monday morning.

Service twice on Sunday, with practically all hands in the harbor turned out. How one appreciates a quiet, restful Sunday, especially after knocking about all the week in such a small boat, where there is no room for comfort. Gave one of the ministers a deck passage from Kegashka to Harrington, which we reached after an uneventful run of about two days.

Home for three or four days, then we went east to Mutton Bay and Tabatiere, seeing quite a number of patients on the way. Gave another minister a lift to enable him to take up a preaching appointment. We had three days of snow while on this trip. On June 3 I started off in a smother of snow in a canoe with two Indians to see the sick child of one of them. Fortunately he spoke English, as I am sorry to say my Montaignais is very limited.

Home for two days, then went west once more. The Indians were all at their mission at Musquarro, and a lot of them were sick. I remained among them three days, treating them; there were about three hundred altogether this year. Many of them are very badly off for food; the hunt for fur has been a failure this past winter, and most of them owe good bills at the Hudson's Bay posts, where they trade, and it is not so easy to get supplies as it used to be.

We have had some hurry calls, where we have been able to be of service, but without the launch it would have been useless to attempt to go. I have been three days in a sail boat trying to get to a place which is not much more than ten and a half hours by the launch, and the launch only goes about four and a half miles in an hour, if there is much of a head tide and wind we average from two and a half to three. We are busy all the time. The launch has travelled this year eight hundred and seventy-five miles, carrying relief and good tidings to the people of the coast, and we will continue to do so with God's blessing.

Yours for the Côte Nord.

H. MATHER HARE.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—Mrs. G. E. Robinson, Waterloo, P. Que., \$2.00; A Guelph Reader, \$1.00; A Friend, Murray Harbor, \$2.00; Mrs. David Tees, Westmount, \$5.00; An Interested One, Woodstock, Ont., 25 cents; Total \$ 10.25
Received for the cots:—A Friend . . . \$ 1.00
Previously acknowledged for all purposes \$ 1,623.26

Total on hand Aug. 18 \$ 1,634.51

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.