

Work for God at Home and Abroad.

BAD TIMES IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

NOTHING to do, no money, no food! That is a cry we know too well nowadays. It makes those comfortably off put their hands in their pockets, determined to help the struggling poor. All England has this winter been contributing to a fund for the unemployed workers of the land.

While we recognise that our first duty is to our own poor, we cannot stop our ears to a pitiful cry which has just reached us from Newfoundland. Mr. Warren, of Upper Island Cove, Conception Bay, Newfoundland, writes us word that he and his fishermen are in as bad case as our unemployed poor—always in a state of semi-starvation. They never were worse off than they are at present. Owing to the bad markets for codfish last year, the fishermen only received small wages, too little to keep them and their families till the next season. And we have read enough about Newfoundland to know that if the codfish fail the people starve, for they have no other means of livelihood beyond their fisheries.

What is to be done here, where there is no Lord Mayor's fund to go to? Mr. Warren has written to the Government out there, begging for work for his poor, and he has helped them to the best of his own power, but that is not much, for he is in very low water himself. Three years ago, one winter's night, his house was burnt down, and he lost money, clothes, books, and other valuable property. Saddest loss of all, however, in flying from the fire his little child took a chill and died.

The house had to be rebuilt, and a debt of 40*l.* still remains on it, which the poor priest of a poorer flock has never been able to discharge. He is in bad health, too, and these troubles weigh him down. Will not some kind-hearted people help him to bear this burden? Nay, better still, could we not take it altogether off his shoulders? If we could do something for Mr. Warren, we know the poor fishermen would get their share, for he writes more of their privations than his own, and when he is not able to go out and visit them, his wife does what she can for the sick and suffering. 'I do

believe the Warrens hardly reserve enough for themselves to keep life in them,' says a friend, writing to England. How can they help giving away their last crust, though, when they meet with such sad cases as these?

A poor man with a wife and eight children, the youngest a fortnight old. Nothing to do, no work, no food—not even dry bread—and bleak winter outside. 'How do you manage here, my friend?' is asked. The man looks down. 'The children must live,' he says; 'I have to beg.' Those that can spare a trifle, poor as they are, must give to such a needy group.

Another man came to Mr. Warren: 'Do give us a bite of something, sir; we're all starving.' 'Have you had nothing at all to eat to-day, my poor fellow?' 'Well, sir, I tell you the truth. I was up before daybreak after work, and we just got out the last bit of bread and divided it, and then I went off seven miles in the strength of that, and cut a load of wood and carried it home on my back; but there was nothing to eat when I got in, and found the wife and children as hungry as myself, and colder, too.'

Just think how hard it must be for a clergyman to hear tales of this sort in every house he visits, and then to feel that he has no resources, no money in his own house, only an anxious wife and children, who also have often to go without the common necessities of life.

I think there must be many people who would like to send a trifle to Upper Island Cove, either to feed the poor fisher-folk or to help Mr. Warren to pay off the debt which troubles him. We will gladly collect any sums, or they may be sent direct to him. His address is—

Rev. C. Warren,
Upper Island Cove,
Conception Bay,
Newfoundland.

Ours is—

Miss H. Wetherell, Sec. C.E.A.
27 Kilburn Park Road,
London, N.W.

Remember these Newfoundland folk are of our own race; we peopled the island not so