

A Song of Deborah.

When Israel bowed to Ashtaroth,
And faithless sunk to sloth and shame,
Jehovah woke, Jehovah wroth,
And like a god in vengeance came

Then one arose in anger strong,
Her only trust Jehovah's name;
She seemed adorned for love and song,
But suffering turned her blood to flame.

She raised her cry: from cave and den
The people flocked: they feared her blame:
Are these the soft, the soulless men
Who bowed to Sisera, bent and tame?

'Come as of old, my sons,' she said,
'Come as of old, when Moses cried,
When blushed the closing water red
With Pharaoh's armies, Egypt's pride!'

They fought, they conquered: Sisera fled
No longer Sisera; not the same
Who placed his heel on Israel's head,
On Israel deaf to call of fame.

But when they planned the dead among,
And praised Jehovah's arm again,
'Twas hers to lead the battle-song;
'Twas hers to chant the victor-strain.

Oh! lift for her some lofty shrine,
And build her up a lasting name,
Who, made for love in peace to shine,
A people saved from sloth and shame!
—Arthur G. Butler, in the 'Spectator.'

Cherish ideals as the traveller cherishes the north star, and keep the guiding light pure and bright and high above the horizon.—Newton Dwight Hillis.

Religious News.

Fifty years ago, at a great meeting in Cambridge, England, David Livingstone made his memorable appeal on behalf of the native people of Central Africa. One answer to that appeal was the beginning of the Universities Mission to Central Africa. A strange linking of opposites, some may think—the ancient universities, with their wealth of learning and culture, and 'darkest Africa,' with its barbarism, cruelty and ignorance of God. But as a result for nearly fifty years the universities have taken the lead in supporting the 'U. M. C. A.,' and have given some of their best men to its work. The staff of the mission now includes 30 clergy, 26 laymen and 55 women (all unmarried), besides 19 African clergy and 305 native helpers and teachers. Over 8,000 children are enrolled in the mission schools; the adherents number 17,000, of whom nearly 6,000 are communicants. The 'U. M. C. A.' deserves to rank with the wonderful C. M. S. work in Uganda as one of the leading missionary enterprises on the dark continent. Its motto has ever been 'forward.' Gradually pushing in from the centre at Zanzibar on the coast, its stations now minister to the people over a wide area. The formation of a new diocese is now being considered. Its roll of missionaries includes some of the heroes and martyrs of modern missions—men like Bishops Steere, Smythies, Tozer and Maples. In the earlier days of the mission the climate worked deadly havoc with the staff, but though men fell at their posts after only a few months or years of service, others have been ready to take their places.

The 'Missionary Record' says: 'The magnitude of the purely foreign mission work of the United Free Church of Scotland is realized by few, even of its most prayerful supporters. Since the union of the two Churches in the year 1900, our missionaries have been evangelizing the dark races in 15 regions of the world—in Manchuria, India and Arabia; in Cape Colony, Natal, and tropical Africa; and in the New Hebrides Islands of the Pacific Ocean. To these peoples—Buddhist and Hindu, Parsi and Mohammedan, and demoworshippers—our Church sends more than 300 ordained medical and women foreign missionaries, or 443 in all, including missionaries' wives.

The fruits of all this we find:

1. In native Christian communities numbering 85,370 persons, old and young, of these

5,565 were baptized last year, and 45,987 were communicants.

2. No fewer than 86,901 of both sexes received a Bible education daily in the many colleges, theological halls, training institutions, and schools conducted by some of the missionaries.

3. Our 50 medical missionaries preached the Gospel to upward of 500,000 waiting to be healed or convalescent; while they treated 7,000 patients in the hospitals, and performed more than 12,000 surgical operations.

Work in Labrador.

A SUMMER VOLUNTEER.

One of the foremost workers on the Labrador Coast last summer was Dr. Alfreda Withington, of Pittsfield, Mass., whose letter to the quarterly organ of the Canadian Grenfell Association, 'Among the Deep Sea Fishers,' is full of interest. She writes:—

Dear Mr. Editor:—

On starting for Labrador, my mental picture of my destination, was a decidedly sketchy one, with indeed but two meagre details to give character to the first drawing; these were, that for the first four weeks of my stay, my headquarters would be at a fishing station, working from there as a centre along the coast and that after that I would go to Indian Harbor Hospital.

What a fishing station was like I had no idea only that one hundred and fifty men were employed and that I was to be with one Edwin Grant and his family. With such information a volunteer nurse bound for Battle Harbor for the summer—Miss Richardson, a skilled graduate of the Boston City Hospital—and I, fared forth to the unknown.

On the SS. 'Home,' which sailed from Bay of Islands for the Labrador, were two state-rooms; we had one. Besides ourselves, a manager of fisheries and a Labradorite, who was to revisit his native land after thirty-seven years, all the passengers were fisher folk for the north. Watching the farewells some realization of what the stern north demanded of her children was brought home to me. It was pathetic to see the men bidding good-bye to their families. One poor fellow was playing his mouth organ to keep up his spirits and those of his wife who had brought the baby to see him off, but the tears would trickle down.

We sailed out of the Humber mouth freighted to our limit with supplies for the coast, and so many passengers that they were sleeping, not only in steerage and in the dining saloon, but stowed away in every possible place. It was soon discovered that I was the doctor whose prospective trip down the coast had been made known in the Newfoundland paper, that the people might avail themselves of aid, and oh, the eyes! every kind of trouble from need of glasses and glare of snow and water. We had a number of cases of gripe on board and I was surprised to find so much sea-sickness among the fisher folk. All who had occasion for help were so grateful. Reaching Port Saunders about eleven o'clock at night the second day out from Bay of Islands, we were at the railing watching the disembarking of freight when I heard a voice behind me: 'Is this Dr. Withington?' There stood a young man who added: 'Are you the Deep Sea Mission Doctor? We've been waiting for you. Will you go a half mile up the coast to see a very sick woman? I'll ask the captain to hold the boat. I am Mr. —, a Catholic teacher here.'

Along a dark, lonely path we went, the waves lashing beneath, and overhanging spruces revealed occasionally by the uncertain light of the lantern; suddenly through the darkness loomed a little house, a silent group of men outside the door. Passing through a woodshed where a man was rocking a baby, and through an ante-room with four children asleep, we found a patient dying from pneumonia consequent to a heart difficulty. She was, however, able to talk and so glad to see us. After a few minutes I told her attendant, an aunt, that she had better send for a priest—'a priest! is there a priest here?' she exclaimed, her face brightening, but the pity of it, neither priest nor doctor on this lonely coast can hear and answer at will the cry of need. I gave what comfort I could and as

we passed out I said to a man at the door: 'Are you her husband?' No, thank God, that poor fellow over there.' The pathos of his only reply when I told him of his wife's condition is not easily forgotten. Oh, we've been watching for you these two weeks; if you'd only come before.' The teacher spoke with great warmth of the work of the Deep Sea Mission and how people, especially farther down the coast could only realize what it means to them by losing it some day.

Our last call on the Newfoundland coast was at Flower's Cove, where we took on board one of the Canadian nurses who had been deposited there on the previous trip, the 'Home' not having been able to get any farther through the ice. One of the Canadian nurses was stationed there and came out for me to go ashore to see a child with appendicitis.

As we approached Blanc Sablon, my destination, I could see a nest of isolated buildings between some high terraces of sandstone stretched with snow fields, and in the rear sand dunes and a lonely river winding down through barren plains with the Bradore hills in the distance. Smoke was rising from a chimney, the Grants had landed two days before! It was with a bit of a lonely sensation that later from the 'the Rock' I watched the 'Home' steam off up the coast, but this was soon dispelled by the hearty welcome and kindly hospitality of my host and his family.

A shock to the stranger on the Labrador is the absolute lack of sanitation on most of the coast; coupled with the fact that the drinking water is generally taken from pools in the rocks. The progressive manager of the fisheries at Blanc Sablon had the water brought from the hills in pipes and had introduced allied innovations, but this splendid example is one of the few exceptions to an almost universal rule.

My first patient was the proprietor of the Room across the bay whose finger had been riddled with fragments from an explosion and who was in a fair way to blood poisoning. That first day a man came from an island for me to go to see his daughter, the sea was decidedly choppy and I wasn't reassured to hear the skipper say: 'Don't break that oar or we're done for.' The girl I was called to see was the third and only remaining daughter, the other two having died of tuberculosis during the past two years; this girl was probably breathing the same air they did, the only means of its being freshened was from an adjoining shed, the door at the end of which was seldom opened. 'But you have no fresh air here!' I exclaimed. Oh, no, Miss, the mother responded cheerfully, 'we never takes off the double windows.' They were quite willing, however, to wrap her up and let her sit out of doors, but it was too late, she died before I left the coast. One day a girl from the cook-room came to my surgery, holding one badly swollen arm with the other, 'rheumatism' she said; as I examined it, she observed, 'he scrunches' and he did scrunch, for it was broken.

She was splinted and a few days later I found her, splint off, scrubbing a floor. She held up her arm. 'He's wabby!'—she had not found scrubbing compatible with a splint, but cleanliness had to be sacrificed and the bones made a good union.

(To be continued.)

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