

vain for anyone to help him. The late bad fishing season has made the whole settlement poor. Why, the very parson looks hungry, and the parson's wife is distressed for her own little ones. How will they be fed? The fisher-folk are willing enough to contribute to the support of their clergy, when they have the means, but too often of late years the parson has had to feed *them*. That is all his hire. And very glad he is when a gift from some charitable soul in England or elsewhere enables him to carry food to a starving family, or comforts to the sick and feeble.

Imagine a poor hut in that country, the icy wind driving through the chinks of its walls; half-naked white-faced children, cowering over the smouldering fire; a sickly mother nursing a wailing babe. No wonder it wails, for a tasteless sea biscuit boiled in water, or a sup . . . very bitter tea, is all the family have had for breakfast, dinner, or supper all that day. Imagine all this, I say, and then try to realise that the stormy sea divides these poor people from all chance of succour, that there is literally no one except the over-worked clergyman to whom they can even tell their needs. What is to be done? The Church everywhere cares for her poor. The clergyman says, 'I will speak to the bishop.' Or perhaps he encourages the poor creatures by saying, 'I expect a box from England.'

But supposing that box does come, welcome as it is, it will not contain a warm garment, or a few ounces of nice English tea, for half or a quarter of the sick, needy, or feeble people in the settlement.

And supposing no box comes, or the bishop can give no help, why then, just because it is such 'hard times,' the sickly wife and the wailing baby wax feebler and fainter, till at last they ask for nothing but to be laid underneath the frozen earth in the bleak burying-ground of the fishing village. The rough men, the stronger children, may struggle on till the spring, but they cannot.

This is a sad picture, but it is true. The Bishop of Newfoundland is very anxious to secure some help for his suffering diocese in these hard times.

He knows what fishing village is poorest, which clergyman never has a box from England sent to him to help him and his flock through the winter. If the bishop had a fund out of which to make small grants to his people when in dire distress, he would be so thankful. Or if kind friends in England, knowing how

ill-fed and ill-clothed our poor fishermen brethren are in this isle of the sea, would send him boxes of clothing and simple groceries to distribute where he will, just where starvation pinches most at the moment, he would indeed rejoice.

'The love of God constrains them,' the clergyman might then say as he handed round to his poor and sick people the warm clothing made by English hands, the packets of tea and arrowroot furnished by pitiful hearts. And oh, what a help to the Church would this sympathy be! How real would seem this religion of love! Christ, preached in this way, must touch the hearts of the dullest.

A letter is now before us written by the daughter of a Newfoundland clergyman, in which she says: 'We never know such destitution before. Father was for several weeks attending to poor people all the morning, and several times from 7 till 12 we could not find one quiet moment in which to give him his breakfast. It sounds ridiculous to say so, but it was quite true. The starving people used simply to push themselves through the front door, and so into his room till it was quite thronged. He was dreadfully overdone. If he had tried to go to his breakfast I believe they would have followed him, and we dared not even take him a cup of coffee before them. They all wanted a note from father before the Government agent would relieve them. We ourselves have constantly had to give out bundles of biscuit and small parcels of tea and oatmeal. One woman I was helping yesterday nearly fainted in the porch. She said she was short of everything—clothes as well as food.'

This is only a type of many letters. Help is greatly needed at this crisis. The bishop knows best who is in greatest need, so we invite our readers to send us a small contribution towards his relief fund. The BANNER has helped many a struggling colony and settlement already, and it has been the means of sending most efficient relief to Mr. Warren, of Conception Bay, who, you may remember, in consequence of his house being burnt down some time since, was in almost as great distress as his poor fisher-folk.

The 'trifle' we asked for in the BANNER to set him on his feet, and to enable him to help his starving parishioners, has grown and grown (pence make shillings, you know), till we were able to send him quite a goodly number of pounds.

Then his neighbour, Mr. Hewitt, of Herring