

of the laws of our sentimental nature, and we see now, in fullest accordance with the mechanism of the heart, a great moral revolution may be made to take place upon it.

This, we trust, will explain the operation of that charm which accompanies the effectual preaching of the gospel. The love of God and the love of the world are two affections not merely in a state of rivalry, but in a state of enmity—and that so irreconcilable that they cannot dwell together in the same bosom. We have already affirmed how impossible it were for the heart, by any innate elasticity of its own, to cast the world away from it and thus reduce itself to a wilderness. The heart is not so constituted and the only way to dispossess it of an old affection is by the expulsive power of a new one. Nothing can exceed the magnitude of the required change in a man's character—when bidden as he is in the New Testament to love not the world; no, nor any of the things that are in the world—for this so comprehends all that is dear to him in existence as to be equivalent to a command of self-annihilation. But the same revelation which dictates so mighty an obedience places within our reach as mighty an instrument of obedience. It brings for admittance, to the very door of our heart, an affection which, once seated upon its throne, will either subordinate every previous inmate or bid it away. Beside the world, it places before the eye of the mind Him who made the world and with this peculiarity, which is all its own, that in the gospel do we so behold God as that we may love God. It is there, and there only, where God stands revealed as an object of confidence to sinners—and where our desire after him is not chilled into apathy by that barrier of human guilt which intercepts every approach that is not made to him through the appointed Mediator. It is the bringing in of this better hope whereby we draw nigh unto God—and to live without hope, is to live without God, and if the heart be without God, the world will then have all the ascendancy.

### Which?

Reader, there are two ways of beginning the day—with prayer and without it. You begin the day in one of these two ways. Which?

There are two ways of spending the Sabbath—idly and devotionally. You spend the Sabbath in one of these ways. Which?

There are two classes of people in the world—the righteous and the wicked. You belong to one of these two classes. Which?

There are two great rulers in the universe—God and Satan. You are serving under one of these two great rulers. Which?

There are two roads which lead through time to eternity—the broad and the narrow road. You are walking in one of these two roads. Which?

There are two deaths which people die—some 'die in the Lord,' others 'die in their sins.' You will die one of these deaths. Which?

There are two places to which people go—heaven and hell. You will go to one of these two places. Which?

Ponder these questions; pray over them; and may the issue be your salvation from 'the wrath to come.'—Parish Visitor.

### An Angel of Mercy.

It is said of the saintly George Herbert, the quaint old English Church poet, that once in a walk to Salisbury, to join a musical party, he saw a poor man with a poorer horse that was fallen under his load. They were both in distress and needed present help, which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and afterwards load his horse.

The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man, and was so like the good Samaritan that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse. Thus he left the poor man; and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, who used to be trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed.

But he told them the occasion; and when one of the company told him 'he had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment,' his answer was, that the thought of what

he had done 'would prove music to him at midnight,' and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience 'whosoever he should pass by that place; for if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practise what I pray for; and let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy, and bless God for this occasion.'

Oh, how many might have the anxious thoughts which often infest their midnight hours changed into sweet music, if they would only be more frequently seen with full hands and friendly words in the abodes of poverty and suffering! These are the places in which to attune one's conscience to midnight harmonies!—Friendly Greetings.

### Work in Labrador.

#### SOME DRAWBACKS AND BRIGHT PROSPECTS IN DR. GRENFELL'S PARISH.

Dear Mr. Editor,—There were some major operations to undertake awaiting our arrival, and Dr. Mason Little had returned to help with them.

There were also some questions to settle respecting the reindeer that had arrived during the summer. The fawns were as large and fat as the does, but that was because the good moss had been supplemented by the mother's milk as well, and the supply for use was proportionately small; most had gone in cheeses. This was not to be deplored, however, for we want above all at first to build up the herds, and it seems likely that even some of this year's fawns may now have young next year. We have so much work getting up the corral, finding the best grounds and getting the new herders, that we have necessarily had to postpone the attempt to incorporate a number of wild caribou with our herd, but this we had noted to try and plan for, and Mr. Lindsay (who is in charge) thinks he sees his way to go over to the west coast, with or without tame caribou, for that purpose before spring comes on. To us the future of the reindeer seems absolutely assured. A large bulk of moss has, under the guidance of the Lapps, been gathered on a marsh near the hospital and housed there, so that if the geldings are in regular use, we may be sure of feed for them, without having to run the risk of losing them temporarily by poor tethering while they are being needed. The stags at present are so fat and sleek and heavy they look as if they would tell quite a different story next spring in regard to driving. Only one cloud hangs over our people now, and that is the great drop in the price of fish. The markets seem glutted abroad, and the great catch of Nova Scotians and French is depriving us of some of our best outlets. A man here with fifty quintals for his catch thought he was going to be rich till this very week, when he suddenly finds it is only worth \$100 instead of \$250, so that besides not having any provision for winter, he cannot even discharge his debts. Fortunately the last good years have set many free, and our own co-operative districts, where a method for encouraging thrift has been close at hand, find a prepared people. The losses to the co-operatives themselves too will be practically nil. They stand for sound business, and no gambling. Not only have they no credit out hardly, except such as they are sure of, but they only sell fish for the fishermen and give them the proceeds, treating it thus as cash. At first the men wouldn't deal much on those lines. They had been accustomed to sell at so much per quintal all through, to take up a hypothetically larger return in goods from the trader. But they are learning that is not sound business, and what is better, the trader too is finding it possible to do as the stores are doing, i.e., to collect fish 'at the price it fetches.' This year he must either have done that or made great losses, to be recouped for the exorbitant prices, for no one would guess the fall in price was going to be so terrible, and it is certain the fish was never sold to them on that supposition.

Strange to say, the extraordinary fine summer, and the great amount of fish caught in the fall, have both been opposed to the fishermen's interest. The fine weather made the fish cured easily, and flooded the markets all

at once. The plenteous fish being caught late gave the impression there would be a surplus, and forced sales later on. Such a series of influences are all going to do good in the end. The home-loving Newfoundlanders need have no fear. The island home is a good home, and can feed its people. There are countless markets for fish to be opened up yet. Mexico and the South American republics don't get half they can consume, and far off places like Madagascar and East and West Africa could use it. All we want is more markets—more markets—more markets. The abundance of the sea here has never been more eloquently testified to than this year, for when I left the coast in the end of October the Bankers' dories were still coming in log loaded, as far north as the frigid Belle Isle Straits. The future, we think, of Labrador fishing also lies in long lining and banking, for the eddying cold current has again shown the trap net men that the rush of cod to the rocks is not to be depended on, a fact that I believe is alone responsible for the almost complete failure of the enormous northern fleet of vessels. I am as firm an optimist as ever even for Labrador as a valuable asset of the Empire. The pulping lands, carrying 12 cords to the acre, the enormous water powers, the valuable fishing, the vast feeding grounds for food animals such as these reindeer, and possibly the yaks which Lord Grey is introducing with Mr. Seton Thompson, into Canada, and other such animals, the possibilities of other foods also when the Luther Burbanks of one hundred years hence have had time to put their minds to it, all speak to me of Labrador and Newfoundland being a more desirable country than at present the English dream of, as existing out here. I have said nothing of the minerals. They also must have some future. Coal is again being found in Southern Labrador. It may next year possibly turn out a splendid coal depot, and at least we have no sunstroke, malaria, yellow jack, plague, Malta fever, dust and consumption, and other abominations of so-called more desirable sections of the Empire.

As I sit on the rail of this old schooner this morning, Mr. Editor, with my back to a tarry rigging, finishing this epistle to you on my knee, the glorious breeze of heaven is forcing life into one's veins, the dance of the sea and moan of the spars as they surge against the mast, afford a sort of psycho-therapeutic restfulness that rival the best attraction of the country as against the city. Here is rest. Here is scope for personality. Here are few temptations to the self-indulgence which destroys the best life of so many ashore. Here is health and sufficient, and countless chances among our fishermen of the joys of service. As the summer is closing, as our vessels go into winter quarters, as one looks back, as it were, on a milestone passed, we at least have no regrets that our lot is not cast elsewhere, and what is more, I firmly believe that if so much nonsense was not talked about the hardship and self-sacrifice of the mission field, there would more good work be done in the mission field, even if every candidate was not gifted with the eloquence of the professional sermon maker.

W. T. GRENFELL.

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