

near them, and why? Not because there is any danger of my passing through to the gambling tables. No! But a friend of mine once related the following incident to me: 'One day Mr. Blanc met me and asked me how it was I never entered the grounds. "Well, you see," I said, "I never play, and as I make no returns whatever to you, I hardly feel justified in availing myself of the advantages of your grounds." "You make a great mistake," said Mr. Blanc. "If it was not for you and other respectable persons like yourself who come to my grounds I should lose many of the customers who attend my gambling saloons. Do not imagine that because you do not play yourself, that you do not by your presence in my grounds contribute very materially to my revenue. Numbers of persons who would not have thought of entering my establishment feel themselves perfectly safe in following you into my gardens, and thence to the gambling table the transition is easy."

'After I heard that,' continued Mr. Spurgeon, 'I never went near the gardens. And the same argument applies to the theatre.'—Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

### 'We'll Make a Man of You Yet.'

A man had been in the depths of evil. A friend asked: 'What led to your reformation?'

'It was my talk with the Earl of Shaftesbury. I went to him after I had been released from prison.'

'And what did the Earl say?'

'O it was not so much anything he said; but he took me by the hand, and, looking with love in his eyes, said: "Jack, we'll make a man of you yet." It was his touch that did it.'

If we can say nothing, if we can do nothing, we can give the touch that saves. Only we must learn that touch from the Master.—N. C. 'Advocate.'

### Struggle On.

'It is the struggle,' says one, 'and not the attainment, that measures character and foreshadows destiny. Character is not determined by faults and weaknesses and periodic phases of life, nor by limitations and accidents of present existence, but by the central purpose, the inmost desire of the heart. If that be turned towards God and His righteousness, it must at last bring us thither.'—Selected.

### An Old Hymn.

A pathetic and yet charming story is told of the origin of the well-known hymn, 'Blest be the tie that binds,' which was written by the Rev. John Fawcett, an English Baptist, who died in 1817, having spent nearly sixty years in the ministry.

It was in 1772, after a few years spent in pastoral work, that he was called to London to succeed the Rev. Dr. Gill. His farewell sermon had been preached near Moinsgate, in Yorkshire. Six or seven waggons stood loaded with his furniture and books, and all was ready for departure.

But his loving people were heartbroken; men, women and children gathered and clung about him and his family with sad and tearful faces. Finally, overwhelmed with the sorrow of those they were leaving, Doctor Fawcett and his wife sat down on one of the packing-cases and gave way to grief.

'O John!' cried Mrs. Fawcett, 'at last, I cannot bear this! I know not how to go!'

'Nor I either,' returned her husband, 'and we will not go! The waggons shall be unloaded, and everything put in its old place.'

His people were filled with intense joy and gratitude at this determination. Doctor Fawcett at once sent a letter to London explaining the case, and then resolutely returned to his work on a salary of less than £50 a year.

The hymn was written to commemorate the event. When Mr. Coffing, a missionary of Aintab, in Armenia, set out in 1860 to explore the Taurus Mountains, he was to penetrate on entirely new and dangerous field. This fact was fully realized by the inhabitants

of Aintab, and they gathered to the number of fifteen hundred at the roadsides, and bade farewell to the missionary and his family in the Armenian words of this hymn, written nearly a century before by the devoted Yorkshire preacher. — 'Presbyterian Christian World.'

### Religious News.

The Rev. Dr. Macdonald, of the New Hebrides Mission, gives a striking statement in 'The Bible in the World,' describing what the Bible has done for the people in the New Hebrides. When he first settled in these islands about thirty-six years ago, the people were cannibals of the most degraded type. They were exceedingly polite in their intercourse with one another, for the reason that to behave otherwise was to risk their lives. Although they gave a very hostile reception to Europeans, whom they regarded as enemies, yet now it would be hard to find more affectionate people. At first they were ready enough to deprive the missionaries of life, now they would willingly lay down their own lives for the sake of Christ and His cause.

What has the Word of God done for these people? It has freed them from the slavery of their superstitions, and struck the weapons out of their hands, putting an end to bloodshed and making life and property on those islands as safe as anywhere in the world. No woman there can now be purchased, or be married against her will. No man now may have more than one wife; and no man can ill-treat his wife without being immediately called to account for it—literally, 'brought to book' for it, the book being the New Testament.

It is not by means of arguments against their superstitions, or by denunciations of their evil practises, that the Gospel prevails among these people. It is by the simple teaching of the glad tidings of God's redeeming love to us through Christ, as set forth in the New Testament.

### Work in Labrador.

#### THE OPEN AIR.

SS. 'Strathcona' at Sea.

July 15, 1908.

Dear Mr. Editor,—On our return from the south, salmon and herring were 'in,' and the monotonous spell of salt and tinned diet was at an end. The ice-bound harbors we had left a month ago were smiling with life. Schooners of every size and rig, dories, trap boats, gashers, bullies, and a host of smaller craft of every description were darting about and enlivening the loneliness of this rock-bound seaboard.

Long before reaching as far as our southernmost hospital, we had heard from south-bound schooners that it was filled to overflowing. So we were forced to leave two or three sick folk we would have liked to have tried to help. The first mail boat of the season had, after the long winter, gathered up and brought twenty-seven patients to hospital, of which twelve had been cases for immediate operation. We were not surprised, therefore, to find, when at length we did drop anchor in the harbor, that a large tent, which had been a loan to the reindeer herders, had been withdrawn, and was now fitted as a temporary annex with five beds. For once in a way, things had all gone well. The new schooner was launched safely. Although our forests had not been able to yield spars big enough, two stout pitch pines had arrived by steamer. A good drive had been made of logs, and the schooners built the three previous years were all away with freight. One had gone to Boston, to be fitted up for a cruising party from Harvard University, who were bent on getting some more skeletons of the Great Auk, in the French islands, and locating Norse remains in northern Labrador. There was some excitement among the pottery workers, because at last the frost had allowed a foundation to be built, and the new kiln for firing their products was nearly ready for use. With the arrival of a New Zealand cousin, and a number of other volunteers, quite a commotion had begun in our long neglected

soil, and we saw drains and piles of stones, and furrows, bedding, and even fencing frames, so that there was quite an agricultural flavor imparted to the former scrub and mossland. Open air treatment was being meted out even to all our post-operative cases, and among other exotics to greet our arrival were wheel chairs and arm chairs and fixed chairs filled with quite a selection of convalescing diseases.

The open air is a magnificent factor in other directions than surgical and medical. To-day, at 5 a.m., having duly sworn in my sturdy mate at a police constable, we streamed into a narrow bight and proceeded to try a fishery dispute. Our cabin is small. Fishing disputes are apt to be heated and feverish, though not so bad as one patient would lead one to believe, who only yesterday, when he came on board, assured me that he was suffering from the 'typhoon' fever. Still, previous experience has shown me that men will keep their temper better in the open air than in a small, closed room or cabin. In that admirable work, 'Brain and Personality,' the dependence of personality on brain, and of brain on its physical condition, is convincingly shown, and that to keep the head cool is helpful to settlement of a dispute among these modern Vikings, is perfectly intelligible. So we had our court, as usual, on deck, the disputants being a Gloucester fishing skipper and a Newfoundland master of the very sturdiest and best type, and the judge being an English doctor. The matter ended at last in favor of the American, and then we all separated amicably for breakfast, a lesson of no small value to the poorer settlers of the district being taught. The competition for good voyages is so great that the bigger men with large schooners not unnaturally swoop down on every spot of fish as they hear of it setting in; then with their larger crews and better and deeper gear, they can get the best places from the shoremen, and even, as has been done in this region, they can blanket their nets when set, by setting near them. I wouldn't wish to convey the idea that our men are not law-abiding. We have never had, in all these years, a real piratical character to deal with, but there is a sort of free rover spirit in all things nautical, and our manners and customs are not to be judged by those of a Mayfair nursery. Though often enough the holding of a particular fishing berth means, not wealth, but sheer necessities of life to these men, you would never see one hundredth part the excitement and pandemonium that you can see almost every day in Wall street, or on almost any stock exchange.

To our mind also, open air is the best place to discuss things religious. On four succeeding fine Sundays, we have been able to hold large gatherings of our fishermen brethren on the nearest rocks, under the canopy of heaven. There seems no room for the spectacular or the merely formal there. You seem to look one another in the face more directly, and I confess to feeling personally far more as if one's Maker was watching the proceedings as an interested spectator, which means the realization of that which in worship we seek. The stentorian voices of our men lose practically nothing by the loss of the resonance of a roof, and the possibly trifling incorrectness in time and tune is less noticeable.

W. T. GRENFELL.

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Received for the launch:—'Back River,' \$2.00; 'Friend of Missions,' Upper Stewiack, \$10.00; 'A Friend, Milton West, \$1.00; 'A Friend, Stella, Ont., \$3.00; Total... \$ 16.00  
Received for the cots:—Mrs. John K. Melquham, Lanark, Ont.... \$ 2.00  
Previously acknowledged for all purposes... \$ 1,634.51  
Total on hand August 25... \$ 1,652.51

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.