

year he was married, ordained and installed pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn. It was as pastor and preacher, rather than as scholar or man of letters, that Doctor Duffield spent his life. After leaving Brooklyn he was pastor of the First Church of Bloomfield, New Jersey, and then of the Central Church of the Northern Liberties, Philadelphia. Afterwards he was pastor at Adrian and Saginaw City, Michigan, and at Galesburgh, Illinois. His active service covered more than forty years. Dr. Duffield's last years were lived in Bloomfield, with his son, the Rev. Samuel W. Duffield, then a pastor there. The son, himself a poet, always recalled with pride that his hand had made the first 'fair copy' of his father's hymn for the press, and those who saw father and son together at Bloomfield still speak of the reverence and love with which that same hand supported the father's steps. But the son was first called, and the father followed on July 6th, 1888.

Doctor Duffield himself was a good soldier of Jesus Christ. He served so well and so long that at first thought it seems strange, even unjust, that he should now be remembered principally as the author of a hymn. But after all, such a hymn is the flower of a man's life, and holds the best he was and had. It is quite possible, too, that Doctor Duffield's hymn is the crown of his labors for Christ. He helped hundreds while he lived, but how many thousands have been encouraged and inspired by his brave song!—*War Cry.*

Religious News.

Two Hindus in high standing in South India have recently expressed in public their high opinion of the work done by Christian missions in India. At the jubilee meeting held some months since in recognition of the half-century of work done by Rev. F. W. N. Alexander, the speech of the Rajah of Badrechsram, who was present, contains these among other notable remarks:

The intellectual, moral, and, to some extent, the religious regeneration of India is due to mission bodies. All the educational development of the nineteenth century is, more or less, due to missionaries, some of whom are ideal Christians. More lies before them: the realization of India's hope is with them.

And again quite recently a Brahman official holding high office under the Myrose Government has entered the lists against a compatriot who had contended that Christian missionaries were exercising a pernicious influence on Hindu society by corrupting the simplicity of the lower classes. He said:

Missionaries do not mask their object in coming to India. It is avowedly to evangelize her children by conviction. They do not use force or compulsion. . . . Their colleges and high schools hold their own among the best in the land and some of the best among our men of light and leading are the 'alumni' of those institutions. . . . We ought always to look upon these unselfish workers as India's real friends.—C. M. S. Gleaner.

In the annual report of the German Mission to Blind Females in China, we find touching stories of blind Chinese girls, small and large, who found a home and Christian instruction in the home of the society which is located in Kanlun, opposite Hongkong. Fifteen new pupils were added during 1907 to the seventy who remained in the home at the close of 1906. Among these new pupils was little Shinlin, seven years of age. Her father brought her, his only child, and as he bade good-by to her the tears were running down his brown cheeks, for it was adieu probably for his life, since on the next day he and his wife intended to remove to Singapore. Soon after Shinlin, little five-year-old Atoi was brought by her mother. A few days before, the mother, who, seemingly with great love and tenderness, carried her little blind girl in her arms, had planned to drown her child.

Was she not blind, so that she would be a burden to herself, her mother, and all others all the days of her life? Was it not better to throw the helpless little child into the water and thus save her from further suffering? While the mother still hesitated with the carrying out of the plan which was

dictated by heathen ignorance, but against which her mother-love rebelled, she heard of the German Home for Blind Girls. Quickly she decided to avail herself of the opportunity of providing for her blind girl, and with tears of gratitude in her eyes she gave her into the hands of the faithful deaconesses who are in charge of the work.

The report shows how glad these blind girls are to find a refuge, and how willingly they receive Christian instruction and accept Christ.

Work in Labrador.

S.S. 'Strathcona' at Sea,

September, 1908.

A fine day and a long steam round Lake Melville, Mr. Editor, has given me time to write out some of my correspondence, and so I am sitting in the chart house trying to send you a letter. The ship seems to us very quiet. His Excellency, Sir Wm. Macgregor, who has been helping us with chart making, has gone back. My volunteer secretary from Bowdoin University, has also left for law studies at Harvard. He has left a great gap, for all hands loved him. We have no in-patients on hand, and our only 'extra' beside the assistant surgeon and myself, is a belated Methodist preacher, whom we are carrying to his winter quarters near the mill on Grand River. A fine sturdy fellow he is, a farmer by calling, full of the enthusiasm of youth and the love of a truly converted, unselfish man. The salmon fishery has failed in this bay this year, and fur was very scarce this winter, facts that are full of significance, when one remembers that these are the two sources of revenue for nearly everyone in the district. True, there is a large lumber mill at the end of the bay which gave employment enough to keep the wolf from the door to many of the settlers. But alas, they also have fallen on bad times and the fiat has gone out, to the utter dismay of all, that the mill will be closed down this winter. Thank God there is every prospect of re-opening in the spring, but I have been making notes all up to this long line of coast, and it is just impossible to see where the food is to come from now.

Trust is almost a dead dog now, simply owing to the accumulation of old debts, and already several families are in want, with a long winter before them. Unless fur is caught, a few seals killed, or 'something turns up,' the condition of many will be serious before we see them again. Micawberism as a philosophy may sound all very well, but as a practical working basis in Labrador, it has serious drawbacks. Thus when our young Methodist friend struck his district for the first time, he very soon realized that as his salary depends on his people, he would have to do much whistling before he could expect to see it. His own limited resources were not able to afford him luxuries, and he might have been justified in drawing back. But he is an Englishman—and his first act was to announce a big picnic or holiday at the point of land near where his summer rooms are. He wanted to gather together, get to know, and encourage his people. Now where picnics are common things, and Sunday School treats annual, if not biennial, this act would not have counted for a special act of advertisement of the Gospel, but I verily believe it is the first of its kind down in these parts, and it gave rise to an enthusiasm, similar to that created by a rag doll I once gave a little girl on the coast, who had never seen a toy of any kind in her life. There were rowing and running races, games and jollity, and in this year of leanness, strangest thing of all, unlimited 'figgy loaf,'—better known to us as currant buns,—and there was tea and real sugar. When it was all over everyone went away and felt that here was a man who would stand by you at a pinch. But few knew that it had cost him all his slender stock of winter luxuries, and set him free to share their lot more nearly.

Our last departure was a more or less interesting person also. An elderly spinster, small in stature, with the dark face of the Labrador settler, and hair as white as the arctic hare's, a most cheerful, energetic body, well off in her youthful days, but, alas, unmarried and getting along in years. In a country where there are no incomes from investments, this means absolute dependence in old age. To make matters worse cataract

had come on in both eyes, and when I first picked her up last winter she was quite blind. She had been earning a humble living at the mill by sewing, taking in washing, and making skin boots for the lumbermen.

Dr. Stewart had operated on one eye last year with success, and this year I took her again to Indian Harbor Hospital, and on my return from the north found her able to read with strong glasses. Full of the joy of restored sight and anxious for the moment when she should display her newly acquired capacities to her friends, she came on board and we brought her as far as the Hudson's Bay Company post at Rigolet. As I landed her I noticed she had accumulated a queer assortment of luggage given her by the many friends among the poor folks around the hospital. Pathetic enough was one large empty tin, and a poor sack filled with things other people found useless. Most cherished of all were the two high power spectacles and the dark round goggles.

I had been to dinner ashore at the station, having enjoyed the first goose of the season, which we had purchased on the way up from a visitor to the 'Strathcona,' and was walking down to the boat. I found the little white-haired lady waiting for me on the platform beside her sack and empty tin. 'I want to speak to you please, Doctor.'

'Well, what is it now?'

There was a tremble in her voice I had not noticed before: 'Please, Doctor, I don't know where to go to. They says the mill is broke up t'bay, and there will likely be no work to be had.' 'Oh, but you can go up to your friends?' 'Oh, Doctor, I has no friends as wants me—but I can work, you know.' As I looked at her diminutive little figure, she looked so prim and neat, that, with her white hair, she made me think so much of Mrs. Deland's 'Old Chester Folk,' I realized that she was not what you could call a commercial asset altogether, and that the poverty of the year would make her not a desirable acquisition in any home that would have to count her as another mouth to feed. For indeed her tin was but an empty one, her sack not convertible into carbohydrates even—much less hydrocarbons—and the little old lady seemed to have had her sight given back to her, only to have to look on a cold, unkind, world that would sooner have seen her out of it.

None are so good as the very poor in looking after the social derelicts, but there comes a time when you have your own family already on short rations to try and 'pull through' a Labrador winter unstarved. 'No one wants me,' she repeated, and I confess to feeling a sort of sinking feeling, for I had hoped that this 'case' had been nicely disposed of when she had her eyesight restored her. The puzzle was to know what to do next with 'Aunt Maggie.'

What would an undeniable missionary message be in this case?

(To be continued.)

Our Mail Bag.

Port Arthur, Ont.

John Dougall & Son, Montreal:

Dear Sirs,—Would you please find enclosed forty cents for the 'Northern Messenger.' We have been without it for going on two years, and have been lost without it.

MRS. H. N. CAMPBELL.

From a western Sunday-school:—

The 'Northern Messenger' is much appreciated by all. I believe it is the best paper for Sunday-schools on the prairies, containing as it does so much helpful reading matter, while the strong stand it takes on temperance will make it a power for good in this new and growing province.

JOHN DAVIDSON,
Redvers, Sask.

[Cut this out and slip into next letter to that friend who has just gone west. It may mean much in the new home.]

Terrebonne, Que., May 18, 1908.

I am glad to be able to renew the subscription for ten copies of the 'Northern Messenger,' as I count the paper a very decided factor for good in the homes in which it circulates.

REV. H. C. WALSH,
Anglican Minister.