

extending, apparently, to the Canadian shore, that on the left moving, before the wind, slowly but surely down upon them.

The ship was not prepared for an Arctic encounter like this, and how to escape from their perilous position was, indeed, an anxious question. But two courses presented themselves, and whether either of these was practicable remained to be seen. The first was to land on the ice, and so make their way to the Canadian shore. Our hero, John Blank, volunteered the attempt. It was, of course, fraught with fearful hazard, but he succeeded in making that exploration, and in returning safely to the ship, but only to report that the ice was entirely detached from the shore, and that escape in that direction was impossible.

The second method was to reach the open channel between the ice-fields in the ship's boats; but this idea was soon abandoned, for, at the rate the ice was moving before the wind, it was very certain the two fields would meet long before the boats could reach open water, and, if caught, they would be crushed like eggshells. What was to be done? Officers, sailors, passengers, looked in silence and with pallid cheeks upon the approaching foe. In front, as far as could be seen, there was nothing but that narrow channel, and no wind to carry them through to the open water.

Under these circumstances, the captain called the passengers and as many of the crew as could be spared, from the deck into the cabin, made a plain statement of their danger, and of his entire want of power to afford them relief, and though not a professing Christian, said: 'We are in the hands of God; if He does not interpose for us, there is no help, no hope. If any of you know how to pray, I wish you would do so.'

There sat the despairing company, with bowed heads, in deep silence, so still you could hear your heart beat. In that terrible moment, John Blank, the pious mate, raised his head, and just in a whisper, said, 'Let us pray.' Officers, passengers, sailors, at once quietly went down upon their knees, and naught was heard, except now and then a deep-drawn sigh or a half-suppressed sob, while the converted sailor, in simple, childlike language, told in the ears of Him who holds the winds in His fists and the sea in the hollow of His hand, their exposure and danger, the interest they each had in their own lives, and the lives and happiness of others, fathers, mothers, wives, children and friends; humbly confessing their sins and just exposure to pain and penalty; and then, with tearful penitence and loving trustfulness, supplicating mercy and deliverance through the crucified and exalted Redeemer.

After the prayer, the captain and mate went on deck, and who can tell what were their thoughts or feelings when they saw that, during the solemn moment of penitent prayer, the wind had changed, and now, instead of blowing the crushing ice-field upon them, it was blowing the ship slowly, but surely, through that open channel. In the presence of that strange fact, the captain and mate uncovered their heads, and John Blank looking aloft at the nearly naked yards, said, 'Shall I put some more canvas on her, Captain?'

'No,' said the captain, 'don't touch her; some one else is managing the ship.' And so the unseen Hand did lead them to the open water, and to their desired haven in safety.

We will not stop to do the battle with the speculative theories of prayer, which eminent scientists have latterly thrust into the face of Christendom. The incident, of the truth of which the reader can rest assured, shall be left to bear, uninterrupted, its own testimony to the truth that God hears and answers prayer. And therefore it is written that 'men ought always to pray, and not to faint.'

Even as that cloudy giant yields, and is shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind, so is each of us born onward to an unseen destiny—a glorious one, if we will but yield to the Spirit of God, that bloweth where it listeth, with a grand listing, coming whence we know not, and going whither we know not.—George Macdonald.

My Prayers.

I prayed for riches, and achieved success—
All that my hands touched turned into gold.
Alas!

My cares were greater, and my peace was less
When that wish came to pass.

I prayed for glory; and I heard my name
Sung by sweet children and by hoary men.
But ah! the hurts, the hurts that come with
fame!

I was not happy then.

I prayed for love, and had my soul's desire;
Through quivering heart and body and
through brain
There swept the flame of its devouring fire;
And there the scars remain.

I prayed for a contented mind. At length
Great light upon my darkened spirit burst;
Great peace fell on me, also, (and great
strength.
Oh! had that prayer been first.

—Selected.

Our Daily Bread.

I hope, friend, you and I are not too proud to ask for our daily bread, and to be grateful for getting it? Mr. Philip had to pray for his, in care and trouble, like other children of men; to work for it, and I hope to pray for it, too. It is a thought to me awful and beautiful, that of the daily prayer, and of the myriads of fellow-men uttering it, in care and in sickness, in doubt and in poverty, in health and in wealth. 'Panem nostrum da nobis hodie.' Philip whispers it by the bedside where wife and child lie sleeping, and goes to his early labor with a stouter heart; as he creeps to his rest when the day's work is over, and the quotidian bread is earned, and breathes his hushed thanks to the bountiful Giver of the meal. All over this world what an endless chorus is singing of love, and thanks, and prayer. Day tells to-day the wondrous story, and night recounts it unto night. How do I come to think of a sunrise which I saw near twenty years ago on the Nile, when the river and sky flushed with the dawning light, and, as the luminary appeared, the boatman knelt on the rosy deck and adored Allah? So as thy sun rises, friend, over the humble housetops round about your home, shall you wake many and many a day to duty and labor. May the task have been honestly done when the night comes; and the steward deal kindly with the laborer.—W. M. Thackeray.

Religious Notes.

A cablegram has recently been received from Boston, authorizing our West China Mission to co-operate in a plan for a Union Christian University at Chentu, the provincial capital. Chentu is, without doubt, the most influential city in Western China. Its population includes representatives of all parts of the empire. The area of Szechuan is about equal to that of France, and its population equal to that of Japan. Chentu is the political and literary centre for this great province as well as for the adjoining portions of Tibet. Numerous high officials live in Chentu. Beside those in active service there are always 600 or 700 'expectants' living in the capital. Retired civil and military officials like to live in Chentu, to give their sons an acquaintance with official life and society. It is required of the magistrates and other lower officials that they come to the capital to receive their installation; hence there is a constant stream of officials going to the capital.—'Journal and Messenger.'

The following quotation from an article by Doctor Barton published in 'The Congregationalist' shows how one educational institution is aiding in the spread of Christian thought and truth:

'Six of the former (Doshisha) students are in Parliament and one is a director of the Bank of Japan, and the head of its business in Korea, doing there all the government business with that country. One is a private secretary to Marquis Ito and a trustee of the

Doshisha. Two are doing editorial work for Count Okuma. Five are editors-in-chief of the leading dailies in Tokio, besides several who hold lower editorial positions. Doshisha men also hold important positions upon the bench and in various government offices. Two hold professorships in the Imperial University. Over 100 are teachers in private and government schools in Japan. Most of these are Christian men who carry their religion into their business and profession. About 100 more Doshisha men are engaged in direct Christian work as pastors, preachers, evangelists and secretaries of the Y. M. C. A.'

In a remarkable article published in 'The Christian Movement in Japan' in 1906, by Albertus Pieters, principal of the Reformed Church Academy, Nagasaki, the unique place and influence of education in a nation's up-building, is put thus: 'In September, 1864, a few American and European war vessels bombarded with impunity the forts at Shimoda-seki, the gateway to the Inland Sea of Japan. In May, 1905, a little over forty years later, not far from the same Straits of Shimonoseki, Admiral Togo crushed the naval power of Russia. The difference between the Japan of 1864, wholly at the mercy of whatever power might choose to insult and despoil her, and the Japan of 1905, the mistress of the Pacific, may be summed up in one word, education. This is probably an overstatement of the truth. Christian education would be a better expression. And this fact must not be forgotten:

'The two foremost men who were the means of leading Japan out into her new educational era were Christian men; the one a missionary and the other at the least a missionary teacher—Dr. G. F. Verbeck and Dr. David Murray, both of the Reformed Church, America. It was under the guidance of Doctor Verbeck, who early won the acquaintance and confidence of progressive Japanese, and who was by them invited to the capital for the purpose that what is now the Imperial University of Tokio, was founded. This institution, now embracing six colleges, those of law, medicine, engineering, literature, science and agriculture, with 153 professors and 3,372 students, is the inspiration of the entire national educational system.'

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