

The Deaf Waiter.

(‘Friendly Greetings.’)

Harris had all the quiet push of a man desperately in earnest to get on, and it was remarkable how he managed to do this in spite of his deafness. This was a great drawback, particularly for a hotel waiter; and though his singularly quick eye in some degree made up for it, it could not quite do so.

‘Back again already, Harris!’ said the Deputy, kindly, as the young man came down into the lodging-house kitchen, one day, and offered his fourpence for a night’s lodging.

Harris answered by a pathetic smile which had something sweetly patient in it. He did

At last, perhaps, it would happen that some gentleman would call for his boots when Harris’s back was turned to him. No attention, therefore, was paid to the call, and an angry complaint would be made to the hotelkeeper. Harris would again lose his place, and be obliged to return to the lodging-house, conducted on Christian principles, which was more of a home to him than any other place.

Poor fellow! with his peculiar difficulty to contend with, he did indeed need a heavenly father’s providing love and care. Often he felt this, though as yet he had not grasped the fact quite firmly. The weapon used by the devil to keep him back from rest and

is, quite as much as the words which promise peace in the same verse, ‘In the world ye shall have tribulation.’

‘The Lord generally lays upon his people some trial,’ said the speaker, ‘in order to strengthen their grasp upon himself in spite of it, and to make it the more necessary that they should trust him. The devil often takes hold of this trial, sent to be a help, and tries to turn it into a hindrance; tries that it should keep the weary soul back from trust, instead of causing it to hold on to God more firmly.’

Harris’s eyes heard if his ears did not, and he became satisfied. His deafness, and all the trials it brought to him, were meant to bring blessing and help. He was being ‘tried’ to see whether he would cling to a father’s love the more closely.

And now the young waiter knew that the heaviest part of his trial had passed away, and that his deafness had become a special link of blessing between his God and himself. The hindrance was gone!

Shortly after this, Harris discovered that it was really the better way, when applying for a situation, frankly to mention his deafness, and to offer to take rather lower wages on account of it. After a time he was taken upon the staff in a temperance hotel, where he became so accustomed to the work and to many of the visitors that his deafness was rarely noticed.

Songs of the Night.

Moan—moan—moan!

Ye winds of the darksome night,
Under a moonless, starless sky,
Draped in cloud of the blackest dye,
Bewailing the sweet and bright,
Lying dead in the autumn blight!

In this hour of gloom with the weird winds
sighing,
The world seems a field of the dead and dying:

The youthful fade and the aged groan;
And the wretched perish—alone, alone!
The sinner writhes with his face aghast
At a coming doom, at a guilty past!
With none to tell the departing soul,
Of the blood of Christ that could make it whole.

Sing—sing—sing!

Ye waves of the western main,
Under the stars and the full-orbed moon,
Skies as blue as the cope of June,
Chanting soft in the minor strain,
Your plaintive wail with a glad refrain,
But the grandest music in earth or heaven
Is the song in the heart of the sin forgiven—

From an ocean of love where no wild
winds break,
And no gallant ship leaves a foaming
wake:
From an ocean of peace where no storm-
clouds rest

To shadow the sheen on its glassy breast;
‘Tis the victor’s shout in the Jordan’s
flood:

The crowning hymn to the Son of God,
—J. K., in ‘The Christian.’

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HIS QUICK EYE AND HANDY WAYS PREVENTED HIS DEAFNESS
BEING DISCOVERED.

not suffer from the irritability which is part of the infirmity of many deaf people.

How often such are tempted to think that people mumble, rather than that they have a difficulty in hearing what people say! After all, the world is not often as considerate to them as it might be!

Harris was an earnest, hardworking young fellow, and a good waiter. But he was never able to keep his situations long. When a hotelkeeper was engaging him, he never mentioned his deafness, and his quick eye and handy ways often prevented its being discovered for some weeks.

peace, was the dark thought that a loving father must be a hard God to afflict an industrious, honest young fellow with this trying deafness.

And yet, something told him, in the depths of his heart, that God was not hard.

When Harris happened to remain in the lodging-house over Sunday he generally attended the four o’clock Bible-class held in the kitchen. If he sat quite close to the speaker, and watched his face, he could hear fairly well.

And one Sunday afternoon he heard the promise dwelt upon—for promise it certainly