

'You have already forbidden my doing so.' 'What do you mean, sir?' said the distressed man.

'I mean that He whose name you will not hear, and whose love is so deep, is the only One in Heaven or in earth who can comfort and save you.'

The veil dropped from the eyes of the blinded man; he listened eagerly to the way of salvation through a crucified Redeemer; joyfully accepted the terms of salvation, and lived seven months, testifying continually of God's great mercy in saving the chief of sinners.—Herald of Mercy.

Inconsistency.

A celebrated missionary from India was coming to town, and Mr. G.— invited his neighbor, who was an infidel, to accompany him to church. He declared himself ready to go, and they started together in good season in order to secure seats. By the time the service began every seat was taken, and the aisles were crowded with eager listeners.

The good missionary began by relating his experience among the benighted heathen. Then, in eloquent language, he pleaded his cause. 'The gospel of Jesus Christ, which you believe,' said he, 'is the only successful means for the civilization and Christianization of these poor souls, and it is your sacred duty to take an active part in a work in which every Christian must engage, if he wishes to be faithful to his Lord, whose command is, 'Preach the gospel to every creature.'

His appeal was so touching and so earnest that he held his audience spell-bound. Even the infidel became so thoroughly interested that he did not think of looking around until the missionary ceased speaking and the collection plate was passed from pew to pew.

While holding his contribution in readiness he glanced over the audience. Right in front of him were several ladies, elegantly attired and richly adorned with jewelry, who seemed to be wiping their eyes with handkerchiefs of costliest lace. With a visible degree of the deepest sympathy they each dropped a 5 cent piece into the plate. When the plate approached the neighbor who had invited him to go along, he could scarcely trust his eyes as he saw a similar piece drop in, after which the infidel deposited his gift.

On the way home, the infidel remarked to his neighbor: 'See here, my friend! If I believed what you profess to believe, I would have given at least a hundred times as much as you did.'

It was afterwards ascertained that the missionary went away disappointed with the meagre collection. Only one dollar note was reported, and the infidel recognized in it his own gift.—Lutheran.

Religious Notes.

The evangelizing of Korea is one of the marvels of modern missions. For swiftness of progress it surpasses all records. The following report of a Presbyterian missionary, taken from the 'Assembly Herald,' is but a sample of the accounts that come from Korea:

'Late one afternoon in April, 1897, Mr. Baird and I arrived at Syen Chun. There was but one Christian in the town, and his home was in the outskirts, so we were forced to stop at an inn. The crowd soon assembled and gave a most warm reception, poking holes in the paper doors and windows and making life miserable for us until our lights were out for the night.

'On this first visit to Syen Chun only one believer and one interested inquirer, and no services until a few months later when the first believers gathered for worship under the trees on the hillside to avoid the ridicule of their neighbors. Now the population of the town is one-third Christian, and the upper end of the neighborhood of the church and the missionaries' residences is entirely so. In this end of the town on the Sabbath the shops are closed, the streets quiet, except just before and after services, when they are filled with people, and the sound even of farming when heard from a distance strikes one as strange. The Wednesday night prayer meeting is regarded as of almost equal importance with Sunday worship, and six to seven hundred men, women, and children gather

regularly. To-day in Syen Chun and its immediate vicinity we have a congregation of considerably over 1,500, not to mention the ten other congregations that have been set off from the mother church. 'The pretty church, built in Korean style and seating 1,500, cost 6,000 yen (\$3,000), but was put up almost entirely at their own expense.'

'The Board of Agency for Foreign Missions' in its report to the General Synod of the Associate Reformed Church of North America, at its meetings in New York, May 20th, 1897, said, in reference to work in Egypt: 'With regard to the mission at Cairo, we have nothing of much interest to report. As there is a considerable number of English residents and travellers in the city during most of the year, with a view to their benefit, a regular service has been kept up on the Sabbath. And in this way, our brethren have had the opportunity of preaching the Gospel to men of different nations. For the benefit of the natives, Mr. Barnett has from the first kept up a service in the Arabic language. And Mr. McCague has prosecuted the study of the language so successfully, that he is now prepared to take his part in this exercise. As yet the number of natives who attend upon this service is small, and it is not our privilege to report any instance of conversion.'

That was 50 years ago. Not a convert! To-day there are 9,349 converts in Egypt, with a Protestant community of 35,058. Then there were no native workers; now there is a native force of 585, and the natives themselves contributed during the past year to the work of the United Presbyterian Church a total of \$145,117.—The Missionary Review of the World.

Our Labrador Work.

LETTERS BY THE WAY.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Sunday among our fishermen is always kept as a day of rest, whether at sea or ashore, and indeed it comes no oftener than it is needed. For the men are worn out after six days' and nights' work, though it seems in a season like this, when fish are hard to find, the work is even more arduous. So till mid-day on Sunday there is hardly a move on board when the schooners are at anchor, and it would be quite a breach of the day's rest to rouse out a congregation for morning prayers. To us, however, rest comes in a chance to get off the Mission steamer for an hour, and get a walk ashore. The mere reaction of being on terra firma when one is cooped up aboard so long, seems to be an absolute rest. Especially when in these Northern regions one is in some wild natural harbor, where there are no human habitations and no trace of man's work. On the other hand, the problems that nature here presents, afford as striking a change of experience to the mind and are also, therefore, proportionately restful.

There being a high cliff last Sunday over by which we anchored, we started off early for a walk, expecting to be at the top, get an observation or two, and be back by dinner time. We soon found, however, that we had entirely misjudged the height of the cliffs, simply for lack of some object of familiar height to compare it with. At 1,000 feet we seemed to scarcely have begun, and at 2,000, though we had all we needed we were still climbing. Thinking we must be near our goal, we decided, however, to go on again. This involved crossing astride like a horse a sharp ridge with a thousand feet of almost precipitous rock on either side. To our immense surprise, a huge chasm yawned in front of us, and then another peak—the top of the mountain of which we had so arduously climbed a spur, towered up into the heavens—probably another 1,000 feet above us, and that did not appear consistent with the day of rest. It had been freezing the night before at Cape Childy. Here, only one hundred miles south, it was so hot we not only had abandoned all spare clothing at the start, but found it necessary to bathe in the first lake on the way down. This being simply the tarn from some huge snow deposits above us, most successfully reduced the temperature in a short time. My London friend being inexperienced in mountaineering, had been somewhat tardy in his descent, and somewhat overcome by

heat, took his bathe in a shallow and warmer rock basin alone. In the delicious reaction that set in he, however, forgot the mosquitoes that were following him. They were so far rewarded for their undesirable pertinacity, that he spent sections of the following night anointing his numerous wounds from a bottle labelled 'Strong Ammonia.' As old Whitburn naively said, 'God did certainly make them (mosquitoes), to stimulate the idle to work.'

We have now picked up again the sick we deposited on our way north, and are bound south with a full cargo. It is blowing a heavy N.E. breeze, and the dark fog-banks are whirling along behind us, as we push along to the south. On our starboard are the lofty Kinglaprit cliffs; the dog-toothed sierras of our north. At their feet are countless bergs and fragments of ice, which, borne on these sweeping seas from the Atlantic, are thundering into them with the force of battering rams, that no human erection could withstand. We have just passed a small fishing schooner with a heavy freight round south. She was 'hove to' under double reef mainsail and staysail only, and it seemed as if she wished to speak to us. But she made no sign as we closed on her. There is, however, an intricate maze of absolutely uncharted, unmarked, and unlighted islands to the south of us, and even now we are threading our way through them under steam and canvas at a pace that would leave little of our bones if the helmsman mistook one passage for another. The little schooner evidently not knowing her way was waiting for a lead, and now is following in our wake.

It is ever so, though we do not always notice it, and do not, therefore, realize our responsibility. Others are surely following us. Will it not be our fault if they strike a reef?

Bah! the engineer has just reported the scum cock has given out. After all, there seems to be some risk of nervous prostration, even in Labrador.

W. T. GRENFELL, C.M.G., M.D.

Dr. Grenfell keeps in constant touch with the progress of our fund for the new Harrington launch by means of the 'Witness,' and in a letter dated January 6, writes:—

'S. S. Portia,' of White Bay.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

I have now on hand a friendless and moneyless girl of eighteen, with hip-joint disease, whom I am carrying to hospital as part of 'worshipping' God. My deer have just arrived all well, and plenty of moss, bearing milk to the babies, meat to the hungry and transport to all the needy. I hope all will enjoy helping others as much as I do. I can't persuade every one as practically as I would like, how the being able to do these things brings home the blessedness of giving rather than getting. I wish all the helpers that enduring happiness in the new year—the joy of 'helping some lame dog over a stile,' for the sake of the Master.

I am delighted about the launch prospect.
WILFRED GRENFELL.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the maintenance of the launch: A. M. Boosey, Embro, Ont., 95 cents; McDonald Corner W.C.T.U., \$5.00; Excelsior S.S., Meaford, per Nina D. Dean, \$1.00; Alex. McLaren, Melrose, \$2.00; A Friend, No. Woburn, Mass., \$5.00; Mrs. Shaw, Forestville, Ont., \$1.00; Total \$ 14.95

Received for the cots: St. Andrew's S.S., Queensboro, Ont., \$7.23; W. R. Atkinson, Virgil, \$2.00; Mrs. Shaw, Windsor Forks, \$2.00; Mrs. H. E. Quinn, Beebe Plain, P. Que. (in loving memory of Harold), \$2.00.

Total \$ 13.23
Previously acknowledged for all purposes \$ 1,220.93

Total received up to Jan. 21 . . . \$ 1,249.11

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougal and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.