

safely to the ship, but only to report that the ice was entirely detached from the shore, and that escape in this 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 the open water, and, if caught, they would be crushed like eggshells. 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.' The mate, a Christian man, prayed earnestly, while every head was bowed in solemn anxiety. After the prayer, the captain and mate went on deck, and saw that, during that moment of 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 the mate, 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, someone else is managing the ship.' And so the unseen hand did lead them to the open water, and to their desired haven in safety. In the words of Dr. Washington Gladden:

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
We know that the truth and right
Have the universe on their side.
—Christian World.

The Unsaid Part of Excuses.

Paul says sinners 'are without excuse.' Jesus tells us in the parable of the great supper that they 'all with one consent began to make excuse.' There seems to be but 'one consent' amongst excuse-makers now, as the same excuses are used to-day as in centuries gone by. But all excuse-makers leave much unsaid when they are striving to get out of serving God. If the whole truth were told by them, they would not appear in an enviable or commendable light. Are excuse-makers untruthful? Generally speaking, yes. In excuses 'more is meant than meets the ear,' and in the illustrations that follow what is really said is quoted, while all they should have said to be truthful is in parenthesis. The occasion of each excuse will be recognized. The following will serve as illustrations:

1. "I never go out at night" (except to balls, parties, theatres, clubs, concerts, sociables, weddings or something that will give me more pleasure than a Sunday night's service or a prayer-meeting).
 2. "I can't sing a note" (except in the parlor and at concerts and entertainments of various sorts. At such places as these I sing very well).
 3. "I am too poor to give" (unless it be to beautify my home, purchase some luxury or pleasure, or add in some way to creature comfort or that of my friends who do not need my handsome and expensive presents).
 4. "I do not have time" (I need it all to myself. My social and business matters so take up my time, along with what I spend idly, that I have none left for church matters).
 5. "I was too sick" (to go to church, but quite well enough to make a visit, receive company, go to the store or office or to the opera).
 6. "I didn't have anything to wear" (but my nice dress, or suit, which I keep to receive company in or to wear out at teas and sociables, and of course I could not wear a party dress or full dress suit to church).
- It is not hard to discover the free use of such excuses. All Christian workers come athwart such quite frequently, but the whole truth is rarely told when such excuses are rendered. John does not exactly call names, but he tells just what such people do. See I. John, 6.—Source Unknown.

How to Learn to Love.

What our love has cost us is the measure of our love. We love most those for whom we have done the most. A young American missionary in China recently made a tour through the field with the veteran Dr. Hunter Corbett, who has given almost fifty years of his life to the Chinese. Of Dr. Corbett, in one of the informal meetings of the trip, the younger man writes: 'He sat in the midst of a large and mixed audience of adults and children, like a patriarch, loved by every one alike, and loving them in return, as only a man can who has endured all that Dr. Corbett has borne for that people.' The secret of this veteran missionary's love for his parishioners is open to us all. And if our love has not costly self-sacrifice in it, let us not think that we have learned to love at all.—S. S. Times.

It is told of an atheist who was dying that he appeared very uncomfortable, very unhappy, and frightened. Another atheist who stood at his bedside said to him: 'Don't be afraid. Hold on, man, hold on to the last.' The dying man said: 'That is what I want to do, but tell me what to hold on to?' —The 'Christian Intelligencer.'

Work in Labrador.

DR. HARE'S REPORT.

The short resumé of the summer's work at Harrington with which Dr. Hare opens his last report for the past season is soon swallowed up in the cry of the needs of the field. Dr. Hare is the voice of his people, and as he writes, it is evident he is one with them. Chief of the wants, however, is the want of a new launch. This is the prime necessity at present for Harrington, and it is for this that we are at present collecting. There is every reason to believe that if our readers do not drop below their present standard of generosity, this launch will be ready for the work next summer, and ready 'early,' as Dr. Hare's plea rings, in order that he may get 'a good summer's work out of it.'

What may be hoped from this larger launch is pleasant to think of, since Dr. Hare presents so encouraging a report, in 'Among the Deep Sea Fishers,' of the work throughout the summer, even under the present handicap of size and lack of duplicate parts.

The plea for clothing speaks for itself. There is plenty of time left in this winter season to produce bales of good, warm, serviceable clothing for the first shipment in May.

Harrington Hospital,
Sept. 1, 1908.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Ever since navigation opened I have been kept busy cruising up and down this rocky coast, and in the little launch we have covered fifteen hundred miles, and hope to do another thousand before we are numbered among the 'shut ins.' We were disappointed in not having a better boat, but we have done very well in spite of the many drawbacks inseparable from a boat of this kind. We have used the boat for all kinds of work; as a tug boat, towing logs for the wharf or helping out some fisherman who was becalmed; as a passenger boat, giving lifts to people going our way; as an ambulance, bringing patients to the hospital or taking home those who have been restored to health; and last but not least, I trust that she has been the 'Northern Messenger' of the glad tidings of the grand old story of God's love for lost mankind. Isn't it splendid to really be of use to some one else, even if it is only to give a cup of cold water?

Oct. 13, 1908.

We have not had nearly enough clothing sent us this season to pay our debts. Last winter the people got out quite a lot of cord wood, as well as a number of logs, and they want to be paid for the most part by clothing. Our salt herring for the dogs' feed in the winter is paid in clothing also, and all up and down the coast people send hooked mats, or salt fish, or a tub of berries, or anything that we can use, and with it comes a request for a skirt or a few clothes for the baby. Of course they often forget to send size, age, or sex; but, after all, those are minor details!

With navigation almost over for this season, we find ourselves in the unenviable position of not being able to pay our debts, and what makes it worse, these people were relying on getting all they wanted from us and did not order clothing by the traders. A year ago such a splendid lot was sent that we had an abundance, and even let Dr. Grenfell have some. This year I wrote Dr. Grenfell to let us have some, but he found it impossible to get here at all this autumn, so there we are.

There is a well-known old saw which advises against looking a gift horse in the mouth. Even at the risk of going contrary to such good advice, I must say a word about some of the clothing that we have received in former years. Quite a lot that has come to hand has been so old and worn, and so filthy, that we had to condemn it to the furnace. We could not offer it to anybody, much less could we ask any one to take it as part payment for work done. Of course we have to pay freight on the bales or barrels whether the clothing sent is useful or not. As the people all up and down the coast get to know more about us, they get to rely on us more, and in consequence of that our needs will grow, and we must bring these needs more and more before our good friends of Canada and the United States, in the hope that they will respond, and help us to seize the opportunities that come to us of making the lives of these poor fishermen and their wives and children more comfortable and happier.

The little launch, 'Northern Messenger,' has been kept busy on her errands of mercy, and so far she has travelled eighteen hundred and seventy miles, and late as it is we hope she will do almost four hundred miles more before she is hauled up. We have been terribly handicapped this summer in not having any tools with which to make small repairs to our engine. We really should have a post-drill and assortment of drills, anvil and set of taps and dies, then we would be independent of outside help. Of course, when Mr. Cushing left us he took all his tools with him, and we were left without anything to do with. The usefulness of the launch has been curtailed; but in spite of every drawback we have done good work with her. I hear that there is at least a prospect of having a more suitable boat for the work next season. I do hope we will get it early, and have a good summer's work out of it.

We have been busy in the hospital all summer, but many of our patients have left for their homes, being afraid of being caught here by the frost, and then they would have to remain until they could get back by komatik, which would be somewhere about the New Year. We still have several patients with us; one of them is an operation case. The man who runs the launch engine, and also drives the dogs, gave the anaesthetic for me, and we got along all right.

We are expecting the traders from Quebec soon now, then we will get some potatoes and cabbages that we have all been longing for.

Dr. Grenfell writes me that the little hospital at Porteau will be ready about Christmas, and that Sister Bailey will be there again. She did splendid work there last winter, and I am sure the people will be glad to have her back again.

H. MATHER HARE.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—Thos. R. Newton, Fishburn, Alta., 30cts.; J. A. Windsor, Manfred, Alta., \$2.00; H. J. MacLeod, High River, Alta., \$1.05; Chas. E. Chantler, Stroud, Ont., \$5.00; M. J. Burge and family, Seamo, Man., \$2.00; W. A. Sutherland, Embro, Ont., \$1.00; Total \$ 11.35
Received for the cots:—Bertha Smith, Bowen Island, B.C. 1.00
Previously acknowledged for all purposes \$ 1,693.32
Total on hand Feb. 2 \$ 1,705.67

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, komatik, or cots.