

another would tell of besetting sins, resisted but unconquered, and beg the Divine One to give such grace that the enemy to peace could be wholly subdued! How the sad story of some wandering ones would be told, and power to bring them back besought! How here and there a cold and careless one would be led reluctantly by the hand of some friend, that the eyes which are as 'a flame of fire' might pierce to the soul and kindle love to Christ there! How bereaved ones would creep up to him, and, unveiling their tearful faces, entreat him to tell them again of their beloved whom he has taken, and who are, through him, 'alive forevermore!' How proud, cold faces would soften and sweeten as they looked into that wondrous Face and saw the comfort and blessing which a brief interview with the Master could bring to all who came to him! And what a different home-going—what a totally new taking up of the old burdens and duties, would follow such face-to-face converse with our Lord!

So my imagination went on and on, until I came suddenly back to the thought that just what I had been picturing to myself had doubtless as really taken place as if it had been seen by mortal eyes and heard by human ears. As we sat there in the solemn quiet of our communion service, our Lord Jesus had been with us! Surely each believing heart had spoken to him in far fuller manner than in words, and into each he had breathed strength and pardon and comfort in greater measure than mere language could convey.

Moreover, we were not going away from him when we left the house of God and took our homeward way. With each one of us, whatever our place and work, whatever our burden or sorrow, our sin or our suffering, the Master would go. Not to one brief, hurried interview, with the sense of waiting ones around us and the need of haste, are we restricted in our approach to the Redeemer. Always, everywhere, with every thing, we can go to him, knowing of a surety that he is never weary, never beyond our reach, never impatient with our folly and waywardness, never slow to help in our time of need.

So, as we go from our communion feast, we may well rejoice that it is not only in one corner of a church, for a little time on one Sabbath day, bound by conditions of flesh and sense, that we may have the joy and strength of Christ's presence. We may well, from our inmost hearts, be glad that, every day,

'All unseen, the Master walketh
By his tolling servant's side;
Comfortable words he speaketh,
While His hands uphold and guide.'

Work in Labrador.

DR. GRENFELL AND A SERIES OF SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

(Continued.)

This morning we had towed back to this winter fishing post a splendid worker, a man 'diligent in business.' In the big gale in the early part of the summer his trap boat had broken adrift, gone ashore and broken up. He would not have minded, but, as he said, 'I've got to move, Doctor.' 'Move what?' 'Move my house, Doctor, I can't afford to live down here no longer.' He looked affectionately at the barren rocky soil we were passing. 'While us did well, Doctor, it were all right, but here we is in the track of all the folk travelling both ways, and I finds it hard. For us could do with half the outfit o' grub if us was anywhere else.' The hospitality of Labrador compels the settler to welcome to his meagre board every one who is passing, and where there is no alternative the hungry take to the road and live on their neighbors. My friend had therefore chosen a new hunting ground, far from the usual path of travellers. I think I won't give away the actual location and reveal his whereabouts. But he had to go fifty miles, with his family, cut down trees to build his house, and saw the boards, and he was without a boat to go in. The problem was an odd, but serious one.

The data were, a house and family and

just enough food for the winter to keep from actual starvation, a location near a komatik road and hungry vultures north and south. The puzzle was, how to escape when you have lost your boat in a gale, and there are no roads, or railways, or other boats available.

What was our share in the matter?

At the hospital also was a further puzzle for us. A couple of little twin girls, both born blind, I had brought to Indian Harbor for operation last year, and Dr. Stewart had done a partial operation. Again with their mother, a poor widow from further south, they had arrived for treatment, and were now able to see well enough to pick separate berries out of a tin. They were only waiting a decision as to their fate. The problem this time was, a widow with five children, two disable, and none able to earn a living for her, an empty home and only the few dollars (\$20 in all) that the government allows them for their maintenance, and finally an eight months winter just ahead, and no chance to replenish for all that time. Our assistance in the solution was very much hampered by a very full orphanage, our own 16 quite filling it. But we had from one of the university student volunteers, who was at St. Anthony this summer, a promise to double its size next year. The twin's brother was anxious we should take charge of the twins, and certainly humanity seemed to demand it.

What would be true religion here?

Another problem occurred the same day over a hunting case. Two young married men were driving together with the dogs last winter, when one of them saw a fox coming along shore over the snow. He got off to pursue it, and the other, tying up the dogs, followed him. The second man hid away in a bunch of woods, the first man went round to cut off retreat, and incidentally got within a hundred yards of the fox. But he held his fire as the animal, a beautiful silver, was going directly towards his companion, who was chirping like a mouse from the bushes where he was hidden. At last the second man fired and killed the fox, and immediately claimed it as his own. He took it to his house and sold it for \$325, and during the summer the other man came to me for redress, refusing the \$20, and two pounds of tobacco offered him after the sale. I had being unable to get hold of the defendant previously, as the distances are so great. It is impossible to go everywhere, but while lying off the harbor he happened to go by, and entered to sell some fish to the planter there. His story was that they were not hunting at all, and he was not bound by the custom therefore, and even if he was, he quoted cases where there had been hunts without division of the spoil. He looked so poor, and the season had been so bad and he had a family and had spent his half long ago, it did seem hard to fine him \$162.50. But what to do was another problem for the day.

The following morning was Sunday, and we were then anchored off Rigoret. Among the owners of the many boats that came over for service, was one of the fine hunters of Scotch origin, who had eight small children dependent on him. Up to last winter he had been an independent man, and trusting to his acumen and his sterling honesty, the great fur company had fitted him out on a large scale for trapping in the winter. As I have already said, last winter there was practically no fur, and this spring my friend found himself in debt nearly \$250.00. The company still believing in him, trusted him, with a summer outfit to go fishing, and he had removed a hundred miles down the bay with his family and done his best. Again he struck poor luck, scarcely a fish took his bait, and on Thursday, as he was crossing the bay to sell a barrel of it, a sea struck his small boat, upset her, and threw him into the water. With the activity of a hunter, though he could not swim a yard, he climbed on the bottom of the little boat, and her planks being overlapping, instead of smooth or carevel built, he lay on the keel clutching the plank edges with his nails. His whole chance of his life lay in the hope of the mast and sail staying in their place, for as the seas washed over him, the boat would have rolled over and sunk. The mast was only stuck into a hole in the seat, and the hanlyard tied to the boat's gun-

whale, and the moment that went it meant death at once to him. But somehow a woman had happened to see the boat from the shore towards which he was sailing just as the little craft turned over and had at once run for assistance, had found some men ready with a boat, and they had battled successfully with the rough water and saved my poor friend. But his new breech-loading gun, cartridges, oilskins, a lot of fish, and many other useful little things were all gone. How could he go hunting without a gun? All he could do was to say, 'Well, praise God for saving my life for the children.' He was far too fine a man to come and whine. I went and sought him out and extracted the story. We were just going in to service; as we prayed and sang and read the scriptures, and talked gladly about our common fatherhood and our new commandment, and all the love we owe our Father for his great love, and how much the Christ has done for us, and how little we can do for Him, my mind was on those eight children, and the poor man who had faced death as I had myself done on the ice last winter, but who, in addition had such trouble still to carry after he reached the land. The problem in this case was what can, or what ought we to do?

Again, what is the Gospel message?

(To be continued.)

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—A Guelph Reader, \$1.00; C. M., St. Urbain, \$1.00; Agnes, \$10.00; Class of little boys, Ste. Anne de Prescott, Ont., \$1.00; Mrs. H. Barnes, Pt. Arthur, Ont., \$3.00; Total \$ 16.00

Received for the cots:—C. M., St. Urbain, \$1.00; Mrs. D. Jack, Nesterville, Ont., \$1.00; Total \$ 2.00

Received for the komatik:—C. M., St. Urbain, \$1.00; Mrs. D. Jack, Nesterville, Ont., \$1.00; Total \$ 2.00

Previously acknowledged for all purposes \$ 1,620.57

Total received up to October 27 . . . \$ 1,640.57
Forwarded for maintenance of the launch 'Northern Messenger' at Harrington during 1908 300.00

Total on hand October 27 \$ 1,340.57

Again we have been glad to forward to Miss S. Macfarlane, treasurer of the Montreal Labrador Medical Mission, the three hundred dollars necessary for the expenses of the sturdy little launch 'Northern Messenger' at Harrington. Under Dr. Hare's management the launch has done valiant service again this summer, but in spite of this we hope to supersede her with a better and larger launch next season, as the work at Harrington greatly needs it. The amount at present on hand holds fair promise of the new launch for next summer if we do not forget our responsibility in this matter. The present 'Northern Messenger' is strong and gives the assurance of years of good work yet, for she is by no means to be set aside. The secretary of the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, under which Dr. Grenfell labors, has arranged for her to be removed to another and smaller post on the Labrador coast as soon as the new launch is ready for Harrington, the Mission agreeing to credit us in exchange with her original cost of one thousand dollars to be placed on the fund for the new launch, so that the securing of the new launch for Harrington not only means the enlarging of the work there, but the supplying of a launch to a post which has so far had to work without one. It is a good illustration of the old saying of 'killing two birds with one stone.' Meanwhile, we are glad to insure the maintenance of the present launch at Harrington, and the money has consequently been forwarded as announced to-day. Let us give a little more thought and interest to the work, however, so that we may be able at an early date to send Dr. Hare the comforting assurance that the new launch will be ready for next season.

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.