

hold two persons will pass through identically the same domestic circumstances, the same events, from year to year and the one see Christ everywhere, while the other grows sullen, sour, indifferent? Why is it? Because the one wears a veil that prevents him from seeing Christ; the other lives with unveiled face. How was it that the Psalmist, in the changes of the seasons even, in the mountain, in the sea, in everything that he had to do, found God? How was it that he knew that even though he made his bed in hell he would find God? Because he had an unveiled face; he was prepared to find God. How is it that many of us can come into church and be much more taken up with the presence of some friend than with the presence of Christ? The same reason still—we wear a veil; we do not come with unveiled face prepared to see him.

And when we ask ourselves, 'What, in point of fact, is the veil that I wear? What is it that has kept me from responding to the perfect beauty of Christ's character? I know that that character is perfect; I know that I ought to respond to it; I know that I ought to go out eagerly towards Christ and strive to become like him; why do I not do it?' we find that the veil that keeps us from responding thus to Christ and reflecting him is not like the mere dimness on a mirror which the bright and warm presence of Christ himself would dry off; it is like an incrustation that has been growing out from our hearts all our life long, and that now is impervious, so far as we can see, to the image of Christ. How can hearts steeped in worldliness reflect this absolutely unworldly, this heavenly Person? When we look into our hearts, what do we find in point of fact? We find a thousand things that we know have no right there; that we know to be wrong. How can such hearts reflect this perfect purity of Christ? Well, we must see to it that these hearts be cleansed; we must hold ourselves before Christ until from very shame these passions of ours are subdued, until his purity works its way into our hearts through all obstructions; and we must keep our hearts, we must keep the mirror free from dust, free from incrustations, once we have cleansed it.

### Suppose.

(By the Rev. A. Messler Quick.)

Were all our life one round of joy,  
Of happiness unbounded,  
All service gold without alloy,  
And only praises sounded;  
And were our lives unknown to care,  
No loads were ours to carry,  
With naught to vex and naught to bear,  
No blows to feel or parry,  
Would patience have its place in life,  
And every virtue needed  
To make us strong and master strife,  
As calls of life are heeded?

If in this world there were no need  
Of loving ministration,  
By thoughtful aims, in word and deed,  
How bald the consolation?  
If hearts were always full of song,  
And never sad or bleeding,  
How could we grow in service strong,  
By helping and relieving?  
Ah, yes, each sorrow claims our heart,  
And consolations tender,  
And we, with willing mind, impart  
What service we can render.

And yet, in heaven there's no more pain,  
No hearts borne down with sorrow,  
And if 'tis ours this heaven to gain,  
We from earth's pangs must borrow  
Submissive faith, our lives to grace,  
And perfect our tuition,  
For in Gethsemane's paths we trace  
Our title to fruition;  
So, like the seed that underground  
Seeks higher sweet unfolding,  
No soul in darkness will be found  
That trusts to heaven the holding.

### Work in Labrador.

#### DAY BY DAY AT HARRINGTON.

Some idea of the continual calls upon the mission doctor's time, and of the daily difficulties to be met with in the Labrador Medical Mission work, may be gained from the

account sent to 'Toilers of the Deep,' by Dr. H. Mather Hare, in whose work at Harrington we have such a strong interest since it is for this point that the new launch, for which we are at present collecting, is destined.

The season's work commenced at the end of April with a trip by a small boat, the quantity of ice about rendering the use of the launch then unwise. This preliminary trip safely over, the next few days found us busy with the launch, writes Dr. Hare, getting her scraped, caulked, and painted, the engine overhauled, new halyards rove off, and everything made shipshape for the summer's work. We launched her at high water late in the evening of May 12, and at half-past ten we had her ballasted and at her mooring. We slept on board the night of the 14th to be ready for an early start, and next morning, about 4 a.m., we were steering out through Johnston's Passage, on our first launch trip. I had had a wire from a harbor some hundred and sixty miles away asking me to come as quickly as possible; so we pushed on, getting to our destination on Sunday evening, and there found a bad pleurisy case. Stayed there a day or two, then left for home on the morning of the 21st. We worked our way back more slowly, calling everywhere, and seeing everybody, so it was not until the evening of May 26 that we found ourselves back in Harrington.

Left for a trip to Mutton Bay and Tabatiere at noon, May 30, and managed to run into a gale of wind and drifting snow that lasted almost three days.

On one of the mornings during the storm a couple of Indians came after me in a canoe, and we went off into the bluster of wind and snow to their camp, where an infant was ill with severe bronchitis.

Sharing up rolled oats, milk, etc., with them, and keeping in touch with the child during the time we were delayed by the storm, we had the satisfaction of finding the child out of danger when we were able to leave.

Home in Harrington for two days, then, as the Indians were all collecting at Musquarro to meet the priest, and hold their Mission, I started up there to try and do something for the many ailing ones.

There were some three hundred Indians then camped about the chapel. Many of them can speak English, and some of them French, so we were able to get along fairly well. A good many of them were strangers to me, but the greater part I had met several times before. We spent three days among them, then left to return, getting to Harrington June 13.

About noon on June 26 I got word that I was needed at a harbor thirty-five miles west, so, soon after we left, getting to my patient at eleven o'clock that night. The average speed of the launch is slightly over four miles an hour, which is too slow when you are on a hurry call.

Returned to Harrington at half-past ten the next evening, but had to go and see the patient again two days afterwards, and this time I brought her back to the hospital.

We had to lower her down the hatchway and lay her on the floor of the little cuddy, where she just filled up the space between the two shelves where Sam and I sleep, one on the starboard and the other on the port side. We were able to get her snuggled away in bed in the hospital about five o'clock.

While away I had a wire calling me to Mutton Bay, so we left the next morning, carrying with us a patient returning home from a stay in hospital. We had the fog as thick as cotton-wool all the way, but managed to find our way into the narrow passage leading into the harbor. Saw a few patients, and arranged to take another patient from a Newfoundland 'Jack' that was there; this we did early next morning. The boy (he was only fifteen) was quite unconscious, suffering from meningitis. We went out with him into the thick fog, making him as comfortable as we could on the cuddy floor, and in about seven hours we had him in the hospital. He never became conscious, dying three days afterwards.

Dr. Grenfell and his party arrived July 4, and it was a pretty strenuous forty-eight hours during his stay.

Started on a trip east July 15, in spite of the heavy breeze, rain, and thick fog. Boarded several fishing schooners on our way to Mutton Bay, treating their infected fingers

and other troubles, and leaving books or magazines with them.

Worked down the coast, calling everywhere, and seeing all the people; boarding schooners when we had the chance, and spending what time we and they had to spare in talking with them. Went up the St. Augustine river and visited the families at the Hudson's Bay Post, then continued our way. Had a good deal of trouble with our engine, through not having spare parts with which to make simple repairs; not having any tools complicated matters also.

Found it impossible to go further east than Salmon Bay, on account of the engine. Sent for some spare parts to New York, and then worked our way homeward slowly. The engine gave out twice, once during a very heavy breeze. While we were plugging to windward the packing blew out, and we had to spread our little bit of sail and do the best we could to make the lee of an island, where we did our best to patch the engine up once more. The next day, on a lee shore and with no shelter, the packing blew out once more. We had no proper bolts or nuts with which to hold the ignitor ball in its place, and we could not get them on the coast. After patching up the engine again we started on another trip west, taking a patient back to her home, and also two men, who had been put ashore here from a large yacht.

Went as far West as Esquimaux Point on this trip, and hoped to meet with a steamer, whose engineer would help us by making us a few common bolts, but we did not meet with one. Sam was very careful to keep the weak place caulked up tightly, and we had no trouble.

There is a very bad place in this run, where there is a straight shore for nearly thirty miles, with sand-banks that break three miles from land, but we passed it going and coming without accident, though it would have been a bad look-out for us had the packing blown again.

September 16 we started once more to try and go east. Had a breeze of fair wind, which was a good thing for us, as the packing blew out when we were crossing the large bay to the east of this. We put up our sail, and went into a harbor, where we patched up, and got back to Harrington. With a little more caulking of the joint we thought we could venture to go east again, so we left September 20, taking a lay reader with us, who was anxious to get to his appointment. We worked our way along as far as Salmon Bay, and here the engine refused to go further. We spent a day caulking it up, and got back to Bonne Esperance, where we spent three days cutting nuts and bolts with tools kindly loaned us by Messrs. Whiteley.

September 26 we started for home, going into all the harbors and up the St. Augustine River, again seeing everybody. We had with us a patient who was coming into the hospital for operation for a rather severe condition.

Brought up the mail bags from Bonne Esperance for the different places, and got home the evening of September 29.

We hope to get the chance to make another trip east before the winter sets in too severely, but the week past has been very stormy, gales of wind, rain, and driving snow making it impossible to travel.

Services have been held, and by precept and example we have striven to help others along the upward road.

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Previously acknowledged for all purposes . . . . . \$ 1,676.67

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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.