

sensitiveness. It requires great patience, gentleness, and tact, to do this. It is easy to get impatient and cross with people, with their unreasonableness or their narrowness and uncharitableness. It is easy to be offended by their whims and prejudices. But if we yield to this we shall do little good in the world. We must condescend to people's weaknesses and never weary in trying to help them.

One of Coventry Patmore's poems teaches in a pathetic way a lesson which many of us need to learn. A father had punished his little son and put him to bed. The boy's mother, who had been very patient, was now dead. Unhappy himself, after his lack of patience with the child, the father went to his room afterward and found him sleeping, with all the queer and trivial contents of a little boy's pocket set out beside him to comfort him—

'So when that night I prayed
To God, I wept, and said:
'Ah! when at last we lie with tranced
breath,
Not vexing thee in death,
And thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good—
Then, Fatherly not less
Than I whom thou hast molded from the
clay,
Thou'll leave thy wrath and say,
'I will be sorry for this childishness.'—The
'Westminster Teacher.'

A Great Prayer for Individual Conversion.

Norman Smith, Jr., of Hartford, Conn., was accustomed to take part of the apprentices whom he had in business into his family, that he might watch over their moral and religious welfare. They were always present at family worship. He had occasion to leave home for a week or ten days, and his wife, who had been searching her heart of late, and endeavoring to make a perfect consecration of herself to the Lord, suddenly found this question raised in her mind, 'Are you willing to pray in your family during the absence of your husband?' She shrank from such a trial, for she was young, her disposition was retiring and timid, and the apprentices were from sixteen to twenty years of age. Her mental distress was great, but she wisely carried the matter before the Lord. Leaving all her household matters with her widowed mother, who resided with her, she gave up the day to prayer from the morning hour, and it was not till late in the afternoon that, alone in her room with God, she felt that she had gained the victory and was prepared for the dreaded duty.

Then great peace came into her soul at once and she realized the privilege of presenting those young men to God in prayer. To use her own words, 'In the morning worship I had only to open my mouth, and God filled it. The room, and even the house, seemed so full of God that it was impressed on my mind that God was willing to do a work in the family. So I invited Dr. E. P. Barrows to call at tea time, and converse with the young men. He did so, and one of them gave his heart to God during the conversation; and before the week was out two others did the same as did three of their companions in the next house. One of them soon began to prepare for the ministry, and is now a settled pastor.' When her husband returned to the city, he did not follow his usual custom of going first to the store, but came directly to the house. Mrs. Smith said to him: 'I am afraid you will not believe what has taken place in the family during your absence, if I tell you.' He replied: 'I am prepared to believe anything; for my mental exercises were such, while I was away, that I knew that something had taken place, and I came directly to the house, without going to the store, that I might learn what had occurred.' And this was the beginning of a precious revival of religion.

Mrs. Smith not many years after that was left a widow, with three young daughters. She says: 'I had an uncommon burden for the early conversion of my children. I retired every evening to my room for special

prayer on this subject. One night, while I was pleading for covenant blessings upon them, a voice seemed to speak to me. "If you have evidence that you are a child of God, then you have a right to the blessing of the covenant for your children." I said, "Yes, Lord, I am Thine," and then I pleaded for my children. I did not expect an immediate answer, yet it was but a short time before they were all converted by the quiet leading of the Spirit.' And that mother's prayer continued to be answered in the use to which God put these daughters. One became the wife of a minister of Christ, a second was the widely known Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, of New York City, whose spiritual character and extended Christian influence in a high social position were of such value; and the third has pursued quiet walks of usefulness amid the churches and Christian enterprises of her native city.—William W. Patton, D.D., in 'Prayer and its Remarkable Answers.'

Religious News.

The Christians of little Denmark have shown a remarkable missionary zeal ever since its king sent out the first German missionaries to India more than two hundred years ago. The largest missionary society supported by this zeal is the Danish Missionary Society, which was founded in 1821 and is carrying on most prosperous work in India and in China (Manchuria). In India, 19 European and 73 native missionary laborers are employed upon 8 stations, while in Manchuria 15 European and 5 native missionary laborers proclaim the Gospel from 5 centres. In both fields the educational work proves of great help to the spread of the Gospel, and the Danish missionaries in India do not hesitate to declare that the missionary schools open the way for the ambassador of Christ better than any other human agency.

From Manchuria the Danish missionaries report that the Russo-Japanese War, though it interrupted the work for a season, has been helpful to it. Port Arthur, reopened in 1906, has become the chief station, where the work is much aided by the kind and courteous attitude of the Japanese officials. There are two Chinese out-stations—the one at Djin-dov, with 8,000 Chinese inhabitants; the other at Dalni, where 8,000 Japanese and 5,000 Chinese are gathered. The preaching of the Gospel at both places is well attended (at Djin-dov twice every day), though mainly by men of the lower classes. Medical missionary work has been commenced in Andung, on the Yalu river, and proves most helpful in reaching the masses of heathen. In Kvan Ijaen a new chapel has been built and opened upon the very place where stood the old chapel, which was burned by the Boxers.

Work in Labrador.

THE CALL OF THE SEA.

SS. 'Stratheona,' June 16, 1908.

Dear Mr. Editor,—The Newfoundland sea blood is always showing itself in our various undertakings. How many have been away to New York, Boston and Montreal, and have returned for the fishery, no one can say. But every year one meets again friends of former years whom bad fisheries have driven out of their homes, and who have been forced to return again by the imperious 'call of the wild,' or as the British should be proud to say the 'call of the sea.' Here is a man who has been getting his five dollars a day in Boston—in smart clothes and the latest thing in hats, he is just spending on the purchase and outfit of a schooner the money he has made during the years since he had to leave. Tomorrow he will be in a blue guernsey, and you will be able to see the fine outline of his stalwart figure as he walks the deck of his own craft, bound 'northward, ho!' for the Labrador fishery. No, it is not likely he will fare as sumptuously as he did in Boston—duffel will replace broadcloth, salt meat will replace steaks and chops; but he will again feel on his face the breath of the north Atlantic wafted by a thousand chimneys and the dust of miles of streets—unchanged with human effluvia—the inevitable penalties of civilization. He will not return at night with five dollars to the good, nor turn in to

rest at night with the knowledge that he can walk to a spot where another five is to be earned by the repetition of the same work he did yesterday, and the day before, and which is worth five dollars every time he does it again. But will feel that he is master of his own fortunes, that there will be scope for all his ingenuity and possibly all his energy and pluck. Life will team with incidents, and he will get a 'spell' (or rest) just when he pleases. He will have failures and sorrows, but then who has not? He may feel the pinch of temporary poverty, but that is not more likely than in many another calling, and he may 'get ahead' and do well. The call is in him and needs no bounties to foster it, no adventitious aids to induce him to follow the calling of the sea. It came out in our herders on the arrival of the first craft from the south. One, who was only on probation, promptly resigned, as he 'must go fishing.' The other held on a day or two, and then wrote me a most sorrowful note stating his love for the deer, and his faith in their future, but adding he knew he wouldn't survive a summer on the land, he hadn't been used to it and the mosquitoes were a danger he could not face. Only his written bond held him—though he begged to come back during the coming winter. It was just the lure of the sea, and I feel really sorry for him as I myself shall let go the hawsers to-morrow for sea, for every glimpse of the blue ocean that he catches as he follows the deer over the hills will speak so loudly, and find such an echo in his heart. I know he will be pining for that which I also value so highly.

The herd of reindeer that left us in winter were purchased for the great new enterprise of the Harmsworths, in manufacturing pulp. The humble share of the reindeer at first will be to carry supplies and communication to the more distant logging camps in the woods. The project is a large one, and involves two thousand three hundred square miles of timber. A huge river has been dammed, a great waterfall bridled, a new town built, steamers put on lakes, trains and rails over land, prospecting has revealed copper and other metals on the estate and shafts are being rapidly sunk. Soon an additional thousand men will be engaged, and as much as a hundred and fifty tons of pulp made in a day. The timber will be so managed as to recuperate itself, while it is cut, and the enterprise should be able to last in perpetuity. It is characteristic of modern empire builders, and if similar enterprises, now plotted for similar work, in this ancient colony go ahead, there will be great days ahead for our fishermen, for they can fish during open water and then go lumbering when navigation is not possible. Shall we not thus be a race of even more desirable human beings than those who can only sail the seas? The dock, a floating pontoon arrangement, has just sunk and discharged my steamer and a small schooner ready for sea. As I went to the chart room door a barquentine flying the British flag passed into harbor in tow of a tug. Her gib boom, bowsprit, bows and fore rail were all gone, and she had obviously been in collision with what I hear was an iceberg of enormous size. In spite of a badly leaking bow, with the pumps going hard, she managed to reach land, as we got under way for sea.

Fortunately we had no faith in omens or it being a Friday also we might have delayed sailing. The boundary line between Faith and Superstition is so narrow and undefinable some one might reply, 'Why, then; have you faith in Christ enough to induce you to accept the missionary life?' I freely admit to such, I accepted the name and the life on no more solid ground than that on which I eat my dinner and go to sleep at night, viz., in faith. It seems, however, a reasonable faith. It contravenes nothing that I know of as facts. Experience teaches me that this faith is a surer means to obtain results that I have learnt to desire above all these than any other I know of.

W. T. GRENFELL.

The tongue is a blab; there cannot be any kind of folly, either simple or wicked, in the heart but the tongue will betray it. He cannot be wise that speaks much, or without sense, or out of season; nor he known for a fool that says nothing.—Joseph Hall.