

'Keep Your Lantern by You.'

The words were spoken somewhat sharply by the conductor of an evening train. 'Keep your lantern by you. If anything should happen, you may be at one end of the car and your lantern at the other.' The brakeman was a new hand, who had just come on duty. The conductor met him at the rear end of the last car, and the above words were spoken. We glanced forward as the brakeman passed toward the front end; there, to our surprise, we saw his lantern hung up in a corner. While he was taking it down and suspending it from his arm, instead of from the hook in the corner, we began to think. We thought of others besides inexperienced brakemen who sometimes put their lamps where they would be of little use in an emergency.

There are people who make a profession of religion who seem like shining lights in the church, but who do not take their religion with them in their daily life. They leave the lantern hung up somewhere where it can do them little good in a special hour. There are young people who go to places where they can not take their religion with them. And then, how shall they be prepared to help others who are in danger? How shall they give them light to guide them or help them out of trouble, if their light is away in some other place when the emergency arises?

'Ye are the light of the world,' said Jesus to his disciples; but they who are to give light to the world must bear their light about with them. 'Let your light so shine before men,' again said the Saviour, 'that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven.'

'Do not forget that if we neglect to let our lights shine brightly they are in danger of being put out entirely, and other light-bearers put into our places.—Northern Advocate.'

Taking God at His Word.

A gentleman was talking with a man who was evidently deeply impressed, but who seemed to find no rest or comfort to his soul. 'What,' he asked, 'is it that is not plain or that seems so entirely wrong to you?'

'Wrong?' said the other, 'everything is wrong with me. My soul is lost, and I have only now found it out, and I do not see any way of escape and safety.'

'Are there no persons known to you?' asked the gentleman, 'whom you can and do believe, whatever they may say to you?'

'Yes,' replied the other, 'there are such persons.'

'Just as you believe them, then, are you willing now to believe God? He says in His Word that He desires not the death of any, but that all might receive eternal life, and to all He says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."'

'Let me see that for myself,' said the man, and the gentleman, opening the Bible, was about to read the words to him, when with earnestness he said, 'Give me the book that I may read it for myself,' and with his finger pressed upon the page he read it over and over again.

His face lighted up with a new and joyous expression, and he cried, 'O God, I take Thee at Thy word, and give myself entirely and for ever to Thee!' And soon he felt that his burden was gone, and that he had indeed found in Jesus rest to his soul.—Friendly Greetings.'

Work in Labrador.

A SERVICE ON SHIPBOARD.

Everywhere that Dr. Grenfell goes he carries with him not only help and healing for those in need, but the consciousness at all times that he is the ambassador of a great King, and he never lets slip the opportunity to deliver the message that he knows to be as sorely needed as any material or physical help for the body. Recently he was by necessity a passenger upon the schooner 'Vernie May' and in the 'Record of Christian Work,' he describes the service held at that time on shipboard.

We mustered only three hymn-books, he writes, and the deck was already filled with barrels and puncheons and boats and dogs and fires in open sand barrels for cooking,

and every other conceivable object. The cabins and holds were full of women and children and fish and boxes and nets and supplies. But, on the whole, I don't know that I have ever gathered with a crowd in a place that one was more likely to realize the presence of God. This is only a statement of fact. I've been in the most ancient European cathedrals. I have inhaled the most odoriferous incense. I have walked in procession with choristers in white and clergy in colors, I have attended evangelistic meetings in crowded auditoriums, where the very air seemed charged with an atmosphere calculated to stir up the emotions readily. But I repeat, Mr. Editor, I know of no place where the presence of God seems realer and nearer than it did in the midst of my blue-jerseyed, big-booted audience, sitting on or squatting among the debris of a Labrador fishery on the deck of the good schooner 'Vernie May,' 50 miles from Funk Islands, with a north-easter blowing and a heavy atmosphere so that you couldn't see in any direction more than a mile from the ship.

Faith being the subject, we talked of our need of help other than our own if we chanced in a little too near the Snap Rock in the night, for that dangerous rock lay right in our way and is neither lighted nor buoyed. The reasonableness of faith in a loving Father above as practical as that we placed in the schooner beneath our feet or her skipper, who was a stranger to us, seemed to appeal to my audience and I noticed that the old words of

'What a friend we have in Jesus'

seemed to ring out more clearly and more heartily than the hymn at first, which broke the spell of the novelty of a 'religious' meeting under the circumstances.

When the meeting was over and the men were once again boiling their kettles for the evening 'mug up' before retiring below, I got into conversation with some of the men as we stood on deck around the blazing open fire.

Suddenly a grizzled and white-haired skipper broke in: 'I thought you was speaking to me, Doctor, when you'se was speaking about it's faith what saves.'

'How was that, skipper? Has your life, then, been saved to be some use to God on earth?'

'I've been heading that way these many years,' he replied.

'Well, what makes you think that faith saves you more than any other man?'

'I don't think no such thing,' he answered, 'but I'll tell you how I knows it saved me, if you cares to hear it.'

'Go ahead, skipper, we all want to hear.'

'Well, Doctor, some twenty years ago I had a time just near here much like you had last winter. It was in the spring o' the year, and I and my chum were out on the White Islands, and we started at midday to sail in to the mainland. There were a strong northerly tide running agin a smart nor-easter, and it were knocking up a dirty lop. We wasn't more'n two hundred yards from the shore before a tall sea caught our boat, under the counter, and over she went. The boat was a Nova Scotian gasher that we was in, and we went over all standing. She were clinker built, so we was able to climb up by the planks on to her keel. But it were impossible to hold on, for the loppin' seas kept washing us off. There were another boat passed close by us. But they didn't take no notice of us, and were soon out o' sight. Jim—that were my chum—could swim all right, but I couldn't swim a stroke. Yet if I hadn't a-kept putting Jim back on to the bottom of the boat, he'd a drowned several times over, and somehow I felt sure us was going to be saved, and kept a-telling Jim so. But he wouldn't believe it anyhow. He kept on a-saying: "I'm lost, Sam, body and soul, lost body and soul." I told him to keep believing, as I was sure us 'ud be saved somehow.'

'Well, us drifted along wi' t' current till us met the easterly tide a-comin' out o' the straits, and then us turned to the south-east and drifted away to the south-ard again away outside t' White Islands and then down to the south about five miles off t' coast.'

'Yes, it were cold, and us swallowed a tidy bit o' water, and then all of a sudden the old boat turned over on one side and righted herself. Well, in I gets over the side and pulls the masts and sails out o' her to steady her, and that's just where I did wrong, for over she goes again, and from that time she

would neither stay up nor down. It were ever so much harder after that to hold on at all for there were nothing under water to steady her, so I had to keep putting Jim on, for he had no heart for hisself and were as good as drowned already. Three times, believe me, Doctor, that boat turned over and every time us got in over she went again.'

'It was now coming on night and we was off St. Anthony, drifted south twelve miles as far as I could make out. I kept on a-trying to cheer Jim up and somehow that helped me. It always is a help to be trying to help someone else. I kept on at Jim telling him as I was plum' sure us'd be saved. Yes, I must say now I dunno why I b'lieved so strong. But there it was, I did believe so, and that's what sove us. For sure enough, just at dark up comes a schooner. She was a-beatin' down to the Labrador. But the cross sea took her ahead and she was a-running for St. Anthony for anchorage. She kept on arunning, till she was well by us and some would ha' thought our last chance was gone. But somehow I knowed better than that, and sure enough, before she'd gone very far, round she comes and drops a boat. It weren't long from that before us had Jim safe aboard. But he were never no good after, not to work. He just lived on a year or so, and then he pined away. No, Doctor, he had no faith, he hadn't.'

'Did us save the boat? Well, no. You'se don't think much o' the value o' them kind o' things at such times, not but there were a gun fast in her, too. But them things don't seem o' no account when it comes to a point o' being saved.'

'I've noticed that myself, skipper,' I replied, 'I've looked old Father Death in the face, and it certainly did make a difference in the value one put on things one thought so much of at other times. Did you feel afraid when you were in the water all that time, skipper?'

'Not the smallest bit o' fear ever came in my mind. After we was ashore I was all torn to bits wi' fear at what us had gone thro'. It seemed a most wonderful good thing that we was saved when it were so easy to ha' been lost. But there weren't no fear in me, Doctor, not in the water. You see I believed all the while that us'd be sove and it were just that as sove us. So when you was a-speakin' about faith there, I thought perhaps you meant me. But it's just the same wi' every one o' us. There be so many dangers all around that it be easy enough to perish and only faith can save ere a one o' us.'

There was a bright twinkle in the old man's eyes reflecting the bright fire burning in the sand barrel, and as I looked round at the faces of the other men, with no little joy, I saw an assenting expression thrown back from every feature.

May God give us all that faith, my reader, that shall make us trust in Christ as simply as these my friends and so practically that we may at once set to work in that faith to save the many 'Jims' that have no faith around us.

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