

the bridge or through the tunnel. In a good-sized town a young man was just beginning to prosper in business on a side street, when a fire completely destroyed his premises. This was a disaster; and in looking about for a suitable property, he found that the only building he could get was one much larger and costing more than he felt that his business would justify. In great fear and with sad heart he took possession. To-day he has the leading business in his town,—made possible by his enforced move. It is man's plan, to try to escape from sorrow; God's plan, to save through sorrow.—'S. S. Times.'

Prayer.

The weary ones had rest, the sad had joy
That day; I wondered 'how!'
A ploughman, singing at his work, had pray-
ed
'Lord, help them now!'

Away in foreign lands they wondered 'how,'
Their single word had power!
At home the Christians, two or three, had met
To pray an hour.

Yes, we are always wondering, wondering
'how,'
Because we do not see
Someone, unknown perhaps, and far away,
On bended knee!—Selected.

Religious News.

At Deir Mimas in Sidon field, opposite one of the famous crusader castles of Syria, the capacity of the village church was taxed to the utmost, last January. Rev. Geo. C. Doolittle, of the American Presbyterian Mission, conducted a week of evening services and, night after night, benches were pushed farther back, mats brought in, chairs placed in the aisle, rear doors opened, till four hundred people were listening to plain talk about true and false Christianity, daily duties and remissness in the same. After each service, a company of men and boys—Protestants, Greeks, Catholics—gathered about the missionary, who late into the night pressed home the personal application on Sunday observance, family prayers, honesty in dealing, Bible study, Christian forbearance.—'Woman's Work.'

The Norwegian missionary Braadvedt in Zululand once asked his native teacher, 'What is faith and what is unbelief?' He received the following excellent answer, 'To have faith means to take hold of Christ and His Word,' to lack faith means to let go Christ and His Word.' To this the Christian Zulu added the following explanation: 'In Zululand strong men are stationed at the rivers to carry the people over when the waters are high. Before these men go through the river, they tell those whom they carry to take a firm hold. Those who have

confidence in the carrier and obey him, safely reach the other side; but they who lose confidence and let go their hold, perish in the water. That is faith and unbelief. Who-soever believes in Christ, clings to Him under all circumstances, relies upon His guidance, and obeys Him. Thus he gets safely through this life and reaches the beautiful land on the other side of the river of death. Who-soever lacks faith, perishes in his wanderings, because he has no guide.'

The whole Christian world of 150,000,000 contribute only some \$17,000,000 for missions, while in the State of New York, with less than 8,000,000 population, about the same amount is expended every year in license for the privilege of selling liquor, not for the liquor itself. Taking in Germany it is stated that the average contribution to missions is only five and a quarter cents per capita, while the money expended per head for beer alone is seven dollars and twelve dollars for wine, whisky and beer together. The total incomes of British missionary societies is nearly \$9,000,000 while the people of Great Britain lay aside in savings nearly \$5,000,000 a day. Thus more is accumulated in two days than is given to foreign missions in a whole year.

Work in Labrador.

DR. HARE AND THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER.'

The following report was addressed by Dr. Hare to the supporters of the hospital launch, 'Northern Messenger,' at Harrington. The work there is a matter of partnership, as Dr. Hare feels, but let us see that we do not give the working partner an unnecessarily hard job to hold down. We had hoped to have the new and larger launch for the work this summer. That proved impossible, but the work is greatly needing it, and the sooner we can manage to procure it the better. Dr. Hare is in charge, but, as he says, it is our work, and let us realize our responsibility.

How true it is that we little know what is just ahead of us, writes Dr. Hare. The morning of Friday, June 26, broke fresh and clear. The work at the station went along as usual, hospital work taking up most of the morning. At noon the boat of the Episcopal Mission came in, and shortly afterwards a note was handed to me telling of a very sick woman about thirty-five miles away. There was then the hurry of preparation, food supplies for two men and a boy, kerosene for the engine, as our tank was too low for a trip (we had been busy towing logs for some days), but before three p.m. we left in the teeth of a heavy west north-west breeze, and no shelter for the first eighteen miles. It took us four hours to cover this stretch, and four hours to do the second half of the distance. The tide sets so strongly on this coast that the current is almost like the flow of a river at times. At eleven o'clock p.m. we hauled into the little harbor and dropped our anchor, and I at once went ashore, finding a woman very ill. I stayed most of the night with her and until nearly two o'clock the next day, then leaving medicine and minute directions, we started back for Harrington, arriving there at half-past ten p.m. The next afternoon word came again that my patient had taken a bad turn, so we ran the launch four miles to the telegraph office to find out about her. The result was that we started back the next morning. Spent that night and all the next day with my patient, then, as she rallied somewhat, I concluded to try to get her to the hospital. While there I had a wire begging me to go to another harbor thirty miles east of Harrington, and see another woman seriously ill.

We got our patient partially dressed and four of us carried her down to the shore in a piece of an old sail, then lifted her out and laid her on boards in a small boat, then towed her out to the launch. Getting her down the hatch into the little cuddy that is all the accommodation this launch boasts of was rather an undertaking, but we managed it, and laid her on the cuddy floor where she just fitted in between the small shelves, one or either side, where Sam and I sleep. We brought the woman who had been nursing her with us, as she belonged to Harrington.

Reaching home in the late afternoon, we soon had our patient on a stretcher and transferred to a comfortable bed.

Next morning we took a patient on board

who was returning to her home, and in the face of an east south-east wind and a fog so thick that you could hardly see a hundred yards, we left to try and get to the other sick woman.

It took us six and a half hours to make the run, all the time in the fog, and glad enough I was when we made out the narrow passage between the small islands at the western entrance of the harbor. Even after we were inside the harbor one might have been a hundred miles at sea for all the evidences of land to be made out.

We made our way to the small cove where we usually anchor, and as soon as the anchor was down a small boat put off to tell us of another bad case on a small 'Jack' from Newfoundland.

I went first to see the sick woman and treated her, then we went on board of the 'Jack.' In a tiny bunk, a mere hole in the wall of the cabin, which itself was about six feet by five, lay a young lad of sixteen, gabbling away to himself in delirium. He had shipped as cook, and had left his widowed mother full of hope for a good fishery, a few weeks before, and now he was laid by with meningitis. After getting what history of the case was possible from the skipper, I left instructions and treatment for the night, and next morning we took the launch alongside the 'Jack' and transferred him to the cuddy floor, making him as comfortable as we could.

We went out of the harbor on our way back to Harrington and ran into the same dense fog, that was like being wrapped up in cotton wool, but by the time we had run half way, the fog cleared away and we had fine weather.

Before we had been travelling very long I found out that the skipper of the 'Jack,' in the goodness of his heart, had given the boy a generous lot of oatmeal and molasses for breakfast, and this had not agreed with him, and he had gotten rid of it everywhere. What a job I had to fix him up comfortably again, the launch pitching and rolling, no chance to move about in the cuddy, or even to kneel upright, but it was accomplished after a time, though not up to hospital standard.

We ran into Cross Harbor to try to find the brother of my patient, who I heard was on a fishing schooner anchored there.

We found the man, and he at once shoved aboard the launch in a dory to see his brother. He was totally unconscious, and could not be got to understand anything.

The brother said, 'What will mother do? He was all she had to take care of her.'

We laid him in the hospital until the evening of July 6, when he passed away, never having regained consciousness.

In his delirium he spoke more than once of the Saviour's agony in the Garden, which showed that he had been taught the old truths of the only religion that will stand by a man in the hour of death and give him comfort and help.

He lies now in the little graveyard, where he has laid by loving hands. We all got very fond of him, I suppose because he was so slight and frail and helpless.

By this short account you see what your launch, the 'Northern Messenger,' is doing. It is your work, and I feel the responsibility of being in charge. I know you will not fail to do your part.

H. MATHER HARE,
Harrington Hospital.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—Mrs. E. A. McKenzie, Welsford, N.S., \$1.50; Michipicoten, \$2.00; A Friend, Merriton, Ont., \$2.00; Carmel S. S., Carmel, Ont., \$1.34; Total \$ 6.84

Received for the cots:—Miss MacKenzie, Welsford, N.S., \$1.00; M. A. Hastings, St. Armand, \$1.00; W. H. Somenos, B.C., 25 cents; A Friend, Grafton, N.S., \$1.00; Total \$ 3.25
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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, komatic, or cots.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

By recent arrangements, postage on individually addressed copies of the 'Northern Messenger' to the United States and its dependencies costs us considerably less than last year, so that instead of requiring 50 cents extra postage, we now ask only TEN CENTS on each copy. Clubs of ten or over to one address, enjoying the cut rate of 20 cents a copy, cost us the same as last year, and so require 15 cents extra per copy for the year's postage.

The rates for the United States will, therefore, be as follows:—

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