

As we have already remarked, Mr. Lane is particularly successful in his work among men. At Swindon, during a mission in March of this year, the railway employees, to the number of many hundreds, flocked to his mid-day services. It was a wonderful sight, Mr. Lane has said, to witness these railway men, in their corduroy suits, many straight from their labor and willing to give up their dinner hour for a Gospel service, listening eagerly to the Word of Life.

Mr. Lane is a muscular Christian, and his manly bearing and sturdy character at once attract an audience. His soldier experiences have not been without their value now that he is in the service of the army of the King of kings.

Brightness in the Hospital Wards.

We take the following from a letter to the editor of 'Among the Deep Sea Fishers,' by Mrs. Simpson, wife of the good doctor, who during the winter has charge of St. Anthony Hospital, and during the summer, of India Harbor Hospital, Labrador:—

'St. Anthony Hospital.—We have had a busy winter, not so much strictly professional as an all-round organizing—one thing delighted me very much when I made a tour of the linen cupboards—viz., the red and white quilts I asked for through the medium of your paper winter before last. They are lovely, and I lost no time in getting them in my wards as a sort of figurehead to the prettiness of them. I wonder am I wrong in always urging that wards should be pretty? I think not, for what one sees from a sick bed either acts like a medicine or otherwise—don't you think so? This year we have been enamelling all the chairs and tables white—they look charming! My ambition now is some pots of ferns or flowers, but I fear that is beyond us, unless they be artificial. Although late, I must thank you for the generous response my appeal met with. I often wish I could thank everybody personally and tell them how all their gifts do us good; but that is impossible.'

Taking a Temper.

(The Rev. Howard W. Pope, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

Said one man to another, 'I have always supposed that, if one became a Christian, he would escape many misfortunes which come to others and would have a life of peace and prosperity. In fact, I believe there is a promise that all things shall work together for good to them that love God.'

'Since you have started on this line, however, I have watched your career carefully, and it seems to me that you have fared worse than you did before you were a Christian. First you lost all your property; then your wife was sick; then your daughter had spinal meningitis, and will never be well again; then a horse kicked you and broke your kneecap, which laid you on the bed for six months; and, when you got off, you had a stiff leg, and will always be lame, I suppose. Now how do you account for all this trouble? If your God is so good to his people as you say he is, why does he permit these disasters to come upon you?'

'Well,' said the man addressed, 'I don't know that I can account for these things to your satisfaction, but I think I can to my own. You know that I am a blacksmith. I often take a piece of iron, and put it into the fire, and bring it to a white heat. Then I put it on the anvil, and strike it once or twice to see if

it will take a temper. If I think it will, I plunge it into the water and suddenly change the temperature. Then I put it into the fire again, and again I plunge it into the water. This I repeat several times. Then I put it on the anvil, and hammer it, and bend it, and rasp, and file it, and make some useful article which I put into a carriage, where it will do good work for twenty-five years. If, however, when I first strike it on the anvil, I think it will not take a temper, I throw it into the scrap-heap, and sell it at the price of junk, for a quarter of a cent a pound.

'Now, I believe that my heavenly Father has been testing me to see if I will take a temper. He has put me into the fire and into the water. I have tried to bear it just as patiently as I could, and my daily prayer has been, "Lord, put me into the fire if you will; put me into the water if you think I need it; do anything you please, O Lord; only for Christ's sake don't throw me into the scrap-heap."'

I wish I could describe to you the fine temper which this man has taken. He has come out of the furnace with a shining face which is an inspiration to all who meet him. His worldly affairs have prospered, but in his prosperity he has not forgotten God, but spends his money for him with lavish hand. Though he is an untaught man, yet people of culture are glad to invite him to their homes, and frequently to their pulpits, that they may sit at his feet and learn what God has taught him. His quaint illustrations, and keen common sense, and profound spiritual knowledge have shed light upon the pathway of many a perplexed soul, and have led many a wanderer into the paths of peace. Yes, he has taken a keen temper, and God is using him to wield mighty blows in the world's great conflict.

Perhaps this incident may bring comfort to some who are encountering obstacles and meeting with frequent disappointment. These trials may be simply God's way of testing you to see whether you will take a temper. Do not regard them as a penalty for wrong-doing, but rather as a preparation for higher and for better service.

'Fate frowned upon me in my thoughtless youth;
I shrank in fear; I trembled 'neath the rod;
But life hath taught me well this deeper truth;
The frowns of fate are but the smiles of God.'

LABRADOR MISSION.

The publishers of the 'Northern Messenger' will be glad to receive at their office and forward to Dr. Grenfell any sums sent in by subscribers or readers of this paper for the general work of this worthy mission. Send by money order, postal note, or registered letter, addressed as follows:—'Northern Messenger,' John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Building, Montreal. All amounts will be acknowledged on this page. Sums under fifty cents may be sent in two-cent stamps. Subscriptions to the 'Messenger' Cot may be similarly addressed, and will be acknowledged on the Correspondence Page.

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'Please, it's me, Jesus.'

At a religious meeting in the south of London, a timid little girl wanted to come to Jesus, and she said to the gentleman conducting the meeting, 'Will you pray for me in the meeting, please? But do not mention my name.' In the meeting, when every head was bowed, this gentleman prayed, 'O Lord, there is a little girl who does not want her name known, but thou dost know her; save her precious soul, Lord.' There was a perfect silence, then away in the back of the meeting, a little voice said, 'Please, it's me, Jesus—it's me!'—'Christian Herald.'

Lord Jesus, Thou Hast Taken.

(Sequel to 'Consecration Hymn.' F. R. H.)

(Edith Gilling Cherry.)

Lord Jesus, Thou hast taken
This fleeting life of mine,
That it may be a mirror,
Wherein Thy life shall shine.
Lord Jesus, thou hast taken
My moments, and my days,
And tuned them to the key-note
Of Thine unending praise.
Lord Jesus, Thou hast taken
These feeble hands of mine,
And laid Thine own upon them,
To work Thy plans Divine.
Lord Jesus, thou hast taken
My restless wandering feet,
To go, or stay, henceforward,
Just as Thou seest meet.

Lord Jesus, Thou hast taken
This voice of faltering tone,
To sing amid life's discords
For Thee, and Thee alone.
Lord Jesus, thou hast taken
My lips, that they may be
Touched with Thy fire and laden
With messages for Thee.

Lord Jesus, Thou hast taken
My silver and my gold
To spend but at Thy bidding—
A trust from Thee to hold.
Lord Jesus, thou hast taken
All powers of mind, or brain,
To use but for the Giver;
Ne'er for myself again.

Lord Jesus, Thou hast taken
This wayward will of mine;
Not crushing it, nor breaking,
But blending it with Thine.
Lord Jesus, thou hast taken
My heart Thy throne to be—
O loving, tender Saviour,
Whose own heart broke for me!

Lord Jesus, Thou hast taken
My love, and so I rest;
All love grown purer, truer,
For loving Thee the best.
Lord Jesus, thou hast taken
Myself, and sealed me
Thine only, all and ever;
'Yea, 'Set apart' for Thee.

—From 'The Master's Secret,' and other poems.

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