

teur amputation by fish-knife or hatchet was the only alternative to a lingering death.

Such are the appalling needs of this field where Dr. Grenfell and his staff of assistants are working, ministering to the sick and suffering, tending to spiritual as well as physical needs, distributing warm clothing to needy families, books and papers for those who can read, pictures, or occasionally a few toys, for eager child hearts that know so little of childhood's brightness. This is the work for which we make this urgent appeal for help.

The work is entirely undenominational, or, rather, interdenominational, both as to its workers and its methods. Every needy person is helped, whatever be his creed. The few Christian workers who from time to time visit some of the fishing hamlets, on purely religious mission, find hearty co-operation from Dr. Grenfell or his helpers, and the society is glad to number among its contributors friends in all branches of the Christian Church.

Neither need there be any fear that this work is going to pauperize the people of Labrador. Wherever it is at all possible, those helped make some return for the assistance received, though it be only in labor, or in wood cut and stacked near some cove where the steamer 'Strathcona' can come in and get a fresh supply when needed.

The lumber mills and co-operative stores that are being carried on as a supplement to the direct mission work, open avenues of self-help, and are a guarantee of the practical methods of the mission.

It would be a capital move if in every Sunday-school where the 'Messenger' is taken, each teacher should speak to the scholars, young and old, about this work, and the whole school take up a special offering on the very first Sunday possible. Will you not do this in your school? The money could be sent for the cot fund or towards the general expenses. All would be promptly acknowledged in the 'Messenger.' Individual subscribers can take even more prompt action, and remit at once.

Send money orders or postal notes or registered letters, except for sums under fifty cents, when two-cent stamps may be sent.

### Acknowledgment.

#### FOR LABRADOR MISSION.

Previously acknowledged, \$14.10; Winnifred Campbell, Dalmeny, Ont., \$1; Mrs. McKinnon, Petrel, \$5; Emma Thurman, Yearley, \$1.25; Frank Cavill, Collingwood, \$2; Mrs. A. Mace Chandos, Lakefield, \$5; total, \$28.35.

### A Revival in a Hotel.

One of our ministers when on his vacation last summer had a very unusual experience. It was so unlike anything that had heretofore befallen him that he was embarrassed beyond measure.

He had been spending a few weeks in the mountains. On the morning of his departure for home about seventy-five people—men, women and children—accompanied him as an escort of honor along the quiet country road from the hotel to the railway station which was half a mile away. They sang as they marched, and tossed fresh flowers and beautiful bouquets into the carriage in which he rode, until it was like an Easter pulpit. When I saw him he was trying to dodge the roses and carnations and other tokens of good will and gratitude that were being showered upon him from every quarter. He was smiling, and yet there were tears in his eyes. The whole scene in all its details, was worthy of an artist.

But who were these people, and what won-

derful thing had he done to call forth such an enthusiastic demonstration? Surely some great opportunity had been given him—an opportunity such as seldom comes to a minister—and he had been wide awake to make good use of it. Perhaps he saved somebody's life at the risk of his own? No; he was being rewarded in this open way for a service that cost him nothing and that he himself considered scarcely worthy of mention. Let me tell the strange and suggestive story as nearly as I can in his own words:

'The first Sabbath I spent at the hotel there was, so far as any public or social worship was concerned, no recognition of the day. Eight or ten of the guests went in a mountain wagon to a little Episcopal church about two miles distant, and about half a dozen went to a small Methodist church about five minutes' walk from the house. The rest spent the day very much as they spent the other days of the week, except that games and other social amusements were not indulged in. The Sunday papers were very much in evidence, and the things unseen and eternal were "over the hills and far away."

'I was a stranger to them all, and "while I was musing the fire burned." As I was the only minister of the Gospel at the hotel the burden of the Lord seemed to rest upon myself.

'On the following Sabbath the proprietor was interviewed and a short religious service was proposed. He cordially consented to have the music room, which seated about one hundred people, made ready for the evening and to post a notice of the service on the piazza. The seats were all occupied. We sang a few familiar hymns. A passage of Scripture was read. Then prayer was offered and a few remarks made, closing with the announcement that family worship would be held in that room every morning at nine o'clock.

'I could see by their faces that I had taken them by surprise. I suggested that it would not be a formal prayer meeting, but just a family gathering, that it would be a pleasant way to begin the day, and that although it was an innovation it was none the worse for that. I did not say anything about duty, neither did I urge attendance. My thought was that possibly fifteen or twenty might gather around the little altar for morning worship.

'On the first morning there were about forty present, on the second morning sixty, and from that time on, for five weeks, the meetings increased in attendance and interest until the room was well filled, and the service was as much a feature of the day as breakfast, dinner or supper. All who could come seemed to be present. The old people were there. So were the young men and young women and the little children. You would see them hurry quickly through breakfast in order to be in time for family worship, as they all learned to call it. You would find them postponing their long morning walks and rides until after family worship.

'The little assembly changed from week to week. Some went to their homes, but newcomers took their places, and the interest did not wane but rather deepened. The people were of all sorts and conditions, physically, mentally and spiritually. There were Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Methodists, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, and I don't know what else, but all differences were for the time forgotten. It was delightful. It was like a little heaven in which each heart seemed to be, so far as worship was concerned, in tune with all the rest.

'It was my privilege to lead the service every

morning for five weeks. Promptly at nine o'clock a familiar hymn was announced, such as "Jesus Lover of my Soul," "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Now they did sing in that early morning hour! Then a few helpful verses of Scripture were read—not a long chapter, but just a few verses that would go right to the heart, such as, "He was wounded for our transgressions," or "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden," or the parable of the lost sheep. Now and then a sentence or two of comment. Then a short prayer—just a home prayer that the children could follow. After that the Lord's Prayer was repeated in concert. Then all stood up and sang, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and with bowed heads received the apostolic benediction. It was all over in ten minutes.

'That was all I did. It was not much. There was nothing unusual or sensational about it, and yet the people were more than generous in their expressions of gratitude and appreciation. Sometimes there were tears in the eyes of those who stopped after worship to tell me how helpful the service was to them, and to unburden their hearts a little.

'Yes, it was as one called it, a revival—a genuine revival of religion in a hotel on the top of a mountain. Its influence was sure and felt all day long in different ways. The better angels were in control, and there was a kindness in intercourse that was often spoken of. They who sang together and prayed together seemed to be animated by that charity that doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil. Its fruits will be gathered this winter in not a few homes that were represented in the early morning assembly. There will be a rekindling of the fires, I think, on some household altars, and perhaps more than one new altar will be builded at which a father or mother will minister.

'How far that little candle throws his beams!  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

'The last morning had been one of great surprises. First of all the proprietor kindly tendered me the hospitalities of his house, has begged me to stay at least another week as his special guest. He based his plea on the good that had been done by the morning meetings. Then, while I was busy here and there I was summoned to the music room. Imagine my feelings when I found my little congregation gathered there to bid me a formal farewell. Kind words were spoken by one for all, a dainty souvenir was presented, two stanzas of 'Blest be the Tie That Binds,' were sung, and with the benediction it was all over. The scene on the way to the train you have witnessed. To the loving Master, who has made so much out of such a commonplace little service, belongs all the glory. It was a revival, and it followed the building of a family altar.

'Close would I keep to the Master,  
Empty would I remain,  
And perhaps, some day, He may use me  
To water His flowers again.'

—'Presbyterian Journal.'

## Flags! Flags! Flags!

### CANADIAN FLAGS!

Has your school one? Ask your teacher to write us for particulars as to our Diamond Jubilee Flag offer.

Address 'Flag Department.'

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

'Witness' Building,  
Montreal, Que.