

'I Was Sick, and ye Visited Me.'

When pain and sickness lay the strong frame low, or when anxious hearts see a young life ebbing away that some skilled help might save, what a boon the modern, well-equipped hospital is, with its wonderful appliances for lessening pain and promoting comfort. Little wonder that poor souls, to whom it comes as a haven of rest after noisy, close, comfortless surroundings, should exclaim, 'Tis heaven, that's what it is.'

But still more marvellous is it to think of such possibilities being within reach of the sick fisherman, who instead of lying suffering or dying in the wretched cabin of a small vessel, may, in some favored spots at least, be taken by his comrades to the hospital ship, there to find rest and comfort for the body, as well as sympathetic ministrations to the heart's deepest need.

The hospital ships of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen are always close in attendance on the fishing fleets off the coast of Britain, and many a heroic scene is witnessed from their decks as brave men battle with boisterous waves, rowing a sick comrade to where alone he can be cared for.

The Labrador branch of this mission, for which we have in previous issues appealed for funds, while it has temporary hospital appliances on board the mission ship 'Strathcona,' has three hospitals on shore for the sick fisher folk, two on the Labrador coast at Battle Harbor and Indian Harbor, and one, St. Anthony's, on the north shore of Newfoundland, all of which are doing splendid service, though it has not as yet been found practical to keep both the Labrador hospitals open all winter. These hospitals, though they have received generous help from friends on both sides of the sea, are by no means fully equipped, and their current needs are always great, increasing with the extension of the work, so sorely needed in that bleak, desolate land.

Will not those who appreciate their privileges of being always in reach of medical aid when needed, who have 'freely received' of the good things of this life, bestow some thought on this needy work and 'freely give' of their means to support and extend it, remembering our Master's words, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me?'

A cot may be supported for a whole year for \$50.00, but any sum, large or small, will be welcomed, to be used in the general expenses.

We will be glad to receive at this office, and forward to Dr. Grenfell for the mission work, any sums that may be sent in by readers of the 'Messenger,' and will promptly acknowledge all such receipts in these columns.

A Remarkable Conversion.

The following remarkable incident is related by Dr. T. D. Carruthers, the founder of an inebriate asylum at Hartford, Connecticut. Calvin B——, a wealthy New York merchant, was walking up Broadway, New York, sadly under the influence of opium, to which he was greatly addicted. He strolled into a bookstore in a half-sleeping condition, and said to the store-keeper, 'Give me a book to drive away the blue devils.' The man handed him a copy of the Rev. E. Payson Hammond's 'Conversion of Children,' a book written more especially to assist Christian parents and workers in leading children to the Saviour. The merchant paid for the book without knowing what it was, put it in his pocket and found his way to his beautiful home. There he threw himself on a lounge and was soon buried in slumber.

Awaking by and by, he said to his wife, 'Where is that book I brought with me?' She handed him the book. As he looked at it, and being no longer under the influence of the drug, he exclaimed, smiling, 'Why, that bookseller has played a joke upon me; the idea of his giving me that book to read!' On second thoughts he added, 'How can that be? He could not have known me; I must be a perfect stranger to him.' Still he took the book and read it. His wife was a Christian, and doubtless she lifted up her heart in prayer that God would give his blessing.

Calvin B—— soon became deeply interested in the little book. As he came to the middle of it, where he found one of Mr. Hammond's Gospel addresses to the young, he was led to see himself as a lost, guilty sinner, and to see Christ as the only Saviour. He fell down on his knees and cried for mercy. The prayer was heard and answered; the peace of God filled his soul. He at once abandoned the use of intoxicants and of opium, which had been ruining him soul and body.

Dr. Carruthers states that from that time he has lived a consistent Christian life. He keeps in his office in New York a supply of 'The Conversion of Children.' When any of his old companions in sin come into the office, he urges them to read it, saying it has been the means of his salvation, temporarily and spiritually, and praying that it may be blessed to them in like manner.

The Angel of the Spring.

(Mary A. Mason, in the Boston 'Congregationalist'.)

O, didst thou see her pass,
On instant, living wing?
Her breath hath moved the grass,
And told the birds to sing;

Hath fashioned clouds on high
As ships with sails all set,
Afloat against the sky
In idle silhouette;

Hath warmed the pensive air,
And loosed the brook that flows,
And left a perfume rare
For every flower that grows;

And something sweet, apart,
That thrills akin to pain,
Hath stirred within the heart
And made it young again!

John Pounds.

John Pounds was only a lame cobbler, living in a poor room at Portsmouth: but he did a noble work. At first he lived quite alone, except for his birds, of whom he was very fond, and by-and-by his little nephew came to stay with him. This poor boy was a cripple, and could not walk or run about like other boys. It struck his uncle how much more pleasantly the time would pass for him if he taught him to read and write. And so he began to instruct him. As he went on, it occurred to the cobbler that it would be just as easy to teach a class as one pupil. And so gradually he filled his little room with all the children he could get hold of, and there taught them to read and to write and to count, and taught them, too, to be good and honest and true. And as the years passed, nothing pleased the old man so much as when some of his grown-up scholars appeared at his door, and thanked him for what he had done for them when they were ignorant, ragged boys.—'Waif.'

Little love, little trust; but a great love a great confidence.—Robert Leighton.

Communion With God.

'Enter into thy closet and find thy Father' is the message of Jesus. Seclusion is the first step of communion. Get alone with self and you will soon be ready to get in touch with God. We are too much with others; we are not enough with our own self. Moses climbed the mountain side for his tryst with Jehovah. So climb up some stairway that leaves behind the bustle and business and close your door and pray. God meets his children alone. What he wants to say to them, he will say to them alone. Communion is dependent upon seclusion. Jesus knew that from experience. How often he got away from the crowds and took to the mountains for a talk with his Father! He knew what was needed when he left those simple commandments on prayer found in the Sermon on the Mount.

Communion is first being with God. The message of Jesus to the Samaritan woman is a message of communion. 'God is a spirit and those who worship him must worship in spirit and truth.' There can be no communion between God and man until they come together in spiritual fellowship. It is not the place but the persons that make communion possible. 'Not in this mountain, not yet at Jerusalem' marks the end of places of worship. Christ makes communion possible anywhere if the spiritual conditions be met. Daily communion is possible if daily living with God is practiced.

Communion next is a talking with God. Prayer is heart-talking with God. I know a cripple who had spent years in bed with a wasting of the bones. Going to visit him in his garret room I heard him talking to some one in tender tones. I entered the room and no one was seen but the cripple. 'Who was here with you, Peter,' I asked. 'Jesus,' was his reply. 'I often talk with him when I lie here alone.' That bedridden cripple had found the secret of a happy life. Talking with God is the Christian's happy privilege.

'A little talk with Jesus,
How it smoothes the rugged road.'

Communion then becomes a walking with God. Some of our happiest heart-talks have been on a walk with a friend. Life is a long walk with God. The way of our life is unknown to us, but not to him. He goeth with us and his assurance is our strength. Christ's message to his disciples is 'Follow me.' That following of Christ means a life walk with him.

Communion means a walking with him. God's work is the Christian's daily mission. 'Co-workers with God' is the Apostle's cheering message. Men that work side by side usually become close friends. To work with God is to grow into fellowship with him. Perhaps no greater proof of Christ's union with the Father is given than when he said, 'I do always the things that please him,' and when his Father said of him, 'This is my Beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.' The working communion is the sort to be coveted.—'The Christian Intellecter.'

Rubbing the Corners Off.

A poor Indian was asked one time what his conscience was. Putting his hand over his heart, he said: 'It is a little three-cornered thing in here. When I do wrong, it turns all around and hurts very much. If I keep on doing wrong, it will turn until it wears the edges all off, and then it will not hurt any more.'—'Bible Advocate.'