

Speaking-trumpet Salvation.

The report of the Italian Government describing a great shipwreck said: 'A large ship was seen coming to shore last night; we endeavored to give every assistance through the speaking-trumpet; nevertheless, 401 bodies were washed ashore this morning.' That shows the futility of attempting to save men by speech. It is not the whole truth, but it is a part of the truth. In saving men it is very often a life for a life; you have to give your life to the men whom you are trying to better. About the least Christian act a man can do for his brother man is to talk about Christianity; the case is of a man laying down his life as Christ laid down his life.—Drummond.

Through Suffering.

(M. B. Davidson.)

Flames, and the fire, and the angry smoke,
Kiss of a furnace hot,
Trial, and test, and the hammer's stroke,
By these is the metal wrought;
Only thus is it fit to bear
The impress of a king—
Changed into gold all pure and fair,
Made perfect through suffering.

Hunger, and exile, and visage bowed,
Cup of Gethsemane,
Cross, and the curse of a careless crowd,
Torment of Calvary,
But the comfort of consolation
Only thus to a world could He bring—
That Captain of our Salvation,
Made perfect through suffering.

Darkness, and gloom, and doubt, my child,
Clouds, and the end of day,
Tears, and the dread of the lonesome wild,
Thorns, and a weary way,
Burdens, and fears, and a starless night,
And the scoffs the scornors fling,—
Only by these can you reach the height
Made perfect through suffering.

Others may climb by the smoother road;
But for Christ, and the gold, and you,
A cross, a furnace, another's load,
If the metal would all ring true.
For only those who have proved their worth
Shall stand before their King,
Heroes—the tested and tried of earth,
Made perfect through suffering.

—Selected.

Reasons for Lean Christians.

They own Bibles, but feast on newspapers.
They sing about peace, but do not surrender to get it.

They pray that the kingdom of heaven may come, but block the way by worldly living.

They listen to sermons on unselfishness, but pamper themselves on food and dress.

They wear crosses, but shrink from bearing them.

They praise Christ with their lips, but declare the things he did to be wholly impracticable now.—Selected.

Why?

Mr. Harold Spender, the Alpine climber, in his book on the High Pyrenees, tells of an unexpected climax to one of his feats.

With two companions he had scaled one of the most difficult peaks, and descending, found refuge from the storm and night in the chalet of a goatherd. The three men, half frozen, and exhausted with the long and terrible strain, but glowing with triumph, crouched before the fire.

The goatherd's wife, a dull old woman, stood looking at them silently for a while, and then pronounced a single word—

'Pourquoi?' (Why?)

Mr. Spender declares that he and his companions looked at each other with an expression of surprise on each face. They had risked health and strength and life itself. 'Why? What had they gained?'

There was no answer. The one word struck like a blank wall across their consciousness of useless struggle and suffering and danger.

There are other heights in the world besides those in the Alps, which men try to scale to as little purpose, barren heights, at the top of which is neither profit nor honor.—The 'Religious Intelligencer.'

Cause for Rejoicing.

In a certain city the singing at a religious service disturbed some of the weak-nerved neighbors, and they petitioned against its continuance.

In that neighborhood lived a Jew whose signature they confidently expected. So they first secured the endorsement of all the Gentiles who, of course, to the Jew were nominally Christians. When they approached the Jew, to their surprise he refused to sign.

'These people,' he said, 'believe that their Christ has come, and are rejoicing over it, and persuading others to believe it. If I believed that my Christ had come, I should sing louder than they do, and should move heaven and earth to make everyone else believe it.'—The 'Temperance Leader.'

'Let Us Not Do This.'

'But the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied.' Just so God's purposes are often hastened, apparently, by the blind fury and opposition of men. In the anti-foreign outbreaks in China in 1900 a mob of infuriated Boxers destroyed an American mission station only to discover that the missionaries proposed to rebuild on a still larger scale. As the new structure rose above the ruins of the old there were many angry threats of destruction, but the counsel of one wise man prevailed. 'Listen to me,' he said. 'Let us not do this. At first the Christians built but one story; now they are building two stories; if we destroy again they will build to the sky.'—Selected.

Work in Labrador.

A TRIP AND ITS INCIDENTS.

Our recent government trip in spite of several mishaps on a minor scale, ended successfully. We cruised all along the South Labrador coast to the Canadian boundary, and across and back along the North Newfoundland coast to our hospital—though the finish was not as triumphant as our pride could have made us desire.

On the other hand the trip had been the most enjoyable that I have had for many a long day. Our absolute dependence on the affection and hospitality of our people, the longer time we felt justified in delaying our small boat at each place, the more constant call on our capacities to act quickly and wisely, and the sensation of being ten years younger all made us taste again some of the sweetest things life offers. We get laid on the shelf so quickly as the rolling years go by. We had during our trip nearly brought to a finish the new little nurse's house and station at Forteau, Labrador, a place which is central for many people, and at which we learnt the great value of a trained nurse, when a plucky volunteer from the staff of the Johns Hopkins Hospital nurses came and put in some months there two years ago. We had visited on our trip the co-operative stores at Four Stations. Two of these are new—the movement now spreading with considerable zeal. One new store has enlisted nearly every family round, and though the capital in cash was small, there were 1,000 qtls. of fish between the members ready for shipment as their first co-operative cargo. The other stores were all doing well, but a bad catastrophe has overtaken us here, my largest schooner, the 'Edward Blake,' was caught in a heavy breeze and driven ashore and broken to matchwood, with all her cargo of provisions. Fortunately she was partially covered by insurance, but it is very late in the year. It is dispiriting, to say the least of it, to have to fit out and send another vessel, as we have to hire one, and the fish will be a couple of months later coming to a falling and glutted market.

There is no squealing, however, on the part of the men. A sailor's life in these parts injures men's minds to all kinds of disappointments, and with a true resignation, and not a cold fatalism, our men are actually able to regard even these houses as His appointments who acts always for our good. This is simple

fact, and not sentiment or cant—I have known more men than one in my professional career die of anxiety for worries and losses which never deprive them of sufficient sugar in their tea—men who would have done well to come and take a lesson from our men—who, doing their business in great waters, are able to see in adversity even 'His' wonders in the deep. The preparation for some simple Christmas pleasures for these far-off children has also been a part of our programme that we took on us as essentially missionary and worthy of time—valuable as that is here. The doctor who limits the influences of his life on his people to the dosing them with drugs and the excising of tumors, misses half his capacity for usefulness. We have seen more difference accruing to the condition of a whole household through an enlarged vision of the happiness in reach of them, than ever from the severest tracts on what not to do. A little trouble on the nurse's part to help make a home at Christmas bright and worthy of a Christmas tree has left an ambition, which one would scarcely credit to a wax doll, and a few gay trinkets and toys. But this message of encouragement and the undeniable assurance of a friend at hand, is more potent in some cases, than carbolic, sulphur formalin and lessons on hygiene all rolled into a bunch. It is a much more truly human, perhaps I should say divine, message to carry, being much more naturally pleasing to the bearer of it. So we consider the dolls and toys so kindly sent us are true sermons, and we just love to be preaching them.

These material messages have freed the stammering lips of some I know to speak of the great revelation of God's love that we who have faith commemorate at Christmas with the eloquence of a heart warmed by the new vision of joy they were able themselves to thus give—a capacity till then not realized or dreamt of—and thus the key to a true sphere of great usefulness in life has been the somewhat diffident carrying of 'a wax dolly to a child.' One odd thing occurred as we raced back along the straits in our fast little craft. A stronger breeze than we wished for arose behind us, adding still more to our speed—now and again we came across a great cloud of wild ducks disporting in the shallower water near land. So suddenly did we fall on them that they were at first bewildered, losing a few moments very precious to them. Sometimes we would be so near before they made us out they dare not fly towards us, and they could not rise down wind. These heavy birds have to face the wind power to enable them, like kites, to rise from the water. The pleasant result to us was that we had a good bagful to carry to our friends at hospital and orphanage when at last our dilatory boat was brought home.

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'In memory of dear mother', 1.00

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 komatik, or cots.