

**Majesty in Work for God.**

'God is so great that He communicates greatness to the least thing that is done in His service.' In a moment of soul-weariness, that enters every life when the bounds of the earth task that we have been given seem to narrow and contract our vision, we forget the great Taskmaster who has drawn the plans, and looking down toward the earth, a sense of loneliness environs us, the world fails to understand and we cannot grasp the full meaning, see the finished beauty of the expression of our hands. Then it is that, through the silence, the great void where the voice of the human cannot reach, we hear the still, small voice revealing the meaning of service, the majesty of the humblest task as we work with God.—Home Herald.'

**What She Gave.**

An old Scotch woman used to give a penny a day for missions, and for the sake of so doing went without things that she might otherwise have had. One day a friend handed her a sixpence so that she might buy herself some meat as an unusual luxury. 'Well, now,' thought the old woman, 'I've long done very well on porridge, and the Lord shall have the sixpence, too.' In some way the story came to the ears of a missionary secretary, who told it at a breakfast. The host was much impressed by the simple tale, and saying that he had never denied himself a chop for God's Word, subscribed \$2,500 on the spot. Several of the guests followed his example, and \$11,000 were raised before the party separated. This old saint of God, because she was faithful in doing the little that came to her hand, was the direct cause of putting into the missionary coffers of the Church enough money to support twenty-seven native preachers and Bible women for ten years.'

**Religious News.**

The Arabic version of the Bible is being distributed by missionaries of the China Inland Mission among Mohammedan mollahs and students of theology connected with the mosques of the province of Yunnan, in the southwestern part of China. The Rev. F. H. Rhoades of that mission writes to the British and Foreign Bible Society, which sent him the books: 'In Yunnan Fu, which is a Mohammedan centre, we have access to many mosques. Moslem leaders and mollahs visit us here, and urgent requests for Scriptures in Arabic come from mosques as far distant as thirty days' journey.' Mr. Rhoades has come in contact with one of the large Mohammedan districts in China. The people speak Chinese, and are not very distinguishable from their pagan neighbors, but their educated religious teachers read Arabic.

The Chinese director-general of public instruction at Nanking, China, is a mandarin of high rank. He is not a Christian, but has read the New Testament, and is familiar with the doctrine of Christianity. He lately said to a Christian missionary: 'Our guides are the moral maxims of Confucius, but they no longer have any effect; they are abstract truths; no spiritual motive behind them. Buddhism is occult, spiritual—it has nothing to do with morality. The only religion that teaches both the spiritual wants of mankind and the principles of morality is the Christian religion; that is why we wish you to teach it in your leading schools.'—'Christian Work.'

Missionaries in China are finding unexpected openings for Christian work at almost every turn. Many who hear the Gospel story in some street service are coming to ask for further instruction for themselves or the villages in which they live. In a recent letter Mr. Ewing, of Tientsin, reports that on a journey into the country he was called upon repeatedly by companies who wished to hear more of the message of the Gospel. In one place three sets of callers appeared, all respectable men, who were led to apply for instruction by a probationer, who, living apart from Christian society, had held to his

faith even through the troublous Boxer times.

On his way home from this journey Mr. Ewing reports that while spending a night at an inn in a market town, and while reading in his room, word was brought him that a man from a near-by village wished to see him, with the statement that he and some 40 others from that village would like to connect themselves with the church as inquirers. Having never heard of the man or of the place, he discredited the story. Nevertheless, Mr. Ewing sent for the man, and he adds, 'I had no sooner begun conversation with him than I discovered, in spite of my suspicions, the case was a genuine one.' It seems that these people had been impressed by a preacher of the London Missionary Society who had visited their town, and that they had resolved to seek Christian instruction wherever they could find it.

**Work in Labrador.**

DR. GRENFELL ON MISSIONS AND THE EMPIRE.

St. Anthony, Nfld.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

We have, close to this hospital, a small orphanage, which we are able to maintain through the unselfishness of an English lady. She being able to live on her private income, has left the pleasures of a country house in Kent to devote her splendid capacities to the service of our humble brethren out here. In many cases, no doubt, the giddiest height that our expression of love for Christ's sake for his scattered brethren, can, through force of circumstances, attain to, is a speech at an annual missionary meeting or a more or less generous cheque. There are, however, without any question, many who, if really animated by the same spirit as the Christ, which spirit they so continually pray for, could, with the very greatest advantage, both to themselves and the Empire entrusted to our race, go out into its outermost parts and do an infinite amount of good. It is essentially British to get up and go out in the world. It is largely that spirit in our young men that has given us our Empire. Are not many of our single ladies, with means of their own, throwing their lives away on small things, simply because they do not know the joys of service offered them so bounteously in countless of the outermost parts of the vast British Empire. It is not too much to say that the homeland would be richer for such unselfish service. God's blessing would more surely and more richly rest upon our country. More than half the staff of our own expanding work will this year again be composed of volunteers who state that they are repaid, though not in money. They include men well able to be useful elsewhere, doctors, engineers, nurses, and others. It seems that the sudden discovery of the immense value of their lives and talents compared with the half-recognized consciousness that their actual environment at home is not positively in need of them, and that their places would be immediately supplied if they left it, affords an intense joy which no advantages accruing under other circumstances could afford. It is certainly only ignorance of these things that keeps so many staying at home to their own detriment who would be of infinite value to their brethren, their country and their God, if they would but launch out into the great depths of the Empire.

A few days ago we noticed from the harbor some black objects drifting southward on the floe ice. The glass revealed that it was the wreck of a schooner, her two broken spars still piteously held up in the now battered and useless hull. There was evidently no life aboard her, and she was drifting along to her final doom in the great deep, when the ice, which had crushed the life out of her, should cease making sport of her, and permit the pitiable spectacle to disappear from view forever. Ice-killed seem the capacities of many Christians.

I was called to go north, a journey of fifteen miles, last week. Being still crippled in the toes from frost-bite for the first time in my life I had to be hauled down in a komatik box. This is, for all the world, like a child's cradle lashed on the dog sledge, and is called by many 'a woman box.' I

must confess to the most humiliating sensations on being tucked into it. It felt as if one had suddenly taken a jump into a hopeless old age, as if one's days of active usefulness were drawing to a close. Fortunately, a fit of the blues is almost impossible in this atmosphere, if we keep clear of stomach troubles, but nowhere in the world can man free himself from the bitterness of life, that is engendered by the impossibility of doing service for which we have for the first time recognized our capacity. That must be the remorse of hell which nothing can rid man of. It seemed to me like one of God's new and best gifts given again to see the last of that old komatik box.

It has been difficult, during my visits to the cottages around, to avoid some reference to one's recent experiences on the ice. For the surprising warmth of affection shown by the many friends around has not yet permitted it to disappear as an eight-day wonder. In the house of one who has already passed the Biblical limit of human life, I was regaled with many stories of somewhat similar experiences. My old friend is still as active as a kitten. He started on this coast with the proverbial quid of tobacco (though he had acquired even that on debt). He is now the owner of a fine house, a well-educated and well-to-do family with houses of their own. He has boats, and nets, and guns, and traps, and outfit galore, and a snug little holding both in the bank and the local Co-operative store. He is a living testimony of what a 'snapper' man can do in this country, for he has not gained it by peddling goods to others, but, as he says, in his own simple words, 'I got un all out of the water, doctor.' Many are the tales told of the old man. One was especially interesting to me. A number of would-be seal killers were gathered on the rocky point outside his house, and with their glasses could make out a fine patch of young seals sunning themselves on the running ice which covered the sea as far as the eye could range. But, alas, between the inner edge and the shore, were some 25 yards of lolly ice, through which neither boat could go or over which no one was willing to risk a passage. He, however, decided to go. The heavy sea which had pounded up the lolly ice was still heaving a big swell in under it. As soon as he saw a rise on the surface, he ran out and threw himself down on his stomach and grabbed hold with his hands and feet of as large a surface as he could while it was pressing together, just sufficiently to bear him up. While the wave receded he held on like grim death to what he had, and by a succession of frog-like jumps, watching his time with perfect pluck and admirable agility he got off, and had, as he said, a good time among the white-coats. Moreover, he succeeded in getting some of them ashore, though he had eventually to slip his last 'tow' in order 'to save his own pelt.' That is the kind of man bred of this life near to nature, a class of men the Empire can be proud to own.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

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