

causes of the failures of the churches that so much undeveloped capacity remains in the pews?

In what relation would the Christ stand to-day to wrong-doing? On our wild and almost uncharted coast, where the visits of strangers are very rare, many wrecks occurred that, to say the least, suggested to the underwriters that no illegal efforts had been made to save them. We were asked by Lloyds' Underwriting Agency to act as agents for them and furnish reports in case of losses occurring. At first we declined, fearing that the kind of espionage which would be necessary would be likely to interfere with our "spiritual" work. Later we began to think that it was not necessary to knock all the spirit out of men to make them "spiritual," so we accepted the post of Magistrate for the coast, and also Lloyds' agency.

Steaming down a long fjord late in October, we picked up the crew of a small steamer wrecked on the north shore. After landing the men for the last boat south to take them home, we returned and raised the steamer—hauled her keel out of the water at low tide, and found the only damage was a hole driven with a crowbar in her bottom. In endeavoring to tow her some six hundred miles south to St. John's, Newfoundland, we lost her in a gale of wind at sea, and with her our evidence of the crime.

It did not take us long to find out that this blow at unrighteousness had made us more enemies than many sermons. We have a saying that "it is only when you really tread on the devil's tail that he will wag it"—perhaps a modern synonym for "No cross, no crown." So long as the battle with sin is fought with kid gloves on, there will never be any need of the "fellowship of suffering." Last season after every one had left the coast, report reached St. John's that a large vessel loaded with fish and fully insured had been lost on the rocks six hundred miles north. On account of the rapidly forming ice, we were doubtful whether it would be possible to get at the ship. But fortune favored us; we were able to get her, raise her, and, almost to our own surprise, we were able to tow her, in spite of December gales, safely to St. John's Harbor. The consignee (the same man who had owned the steamer we lost, and who had "suffered other losses") was found guilty of barratry and sent down to penal servitude.

It is said that the world consists of two kinds of peo-