

to help to lure the man under the influence of the Mission ship, and to solve the question of the long hours in calm weather formerly devoted to 'sprees' on the grog ship. . . .

A still further incentive to bring the fishermen aboard was found in a small dispensary added to each ship. Concentrated mixtures, plainly labelled for their purposes were supplied. The skippers were sent to London, and not only were trained to take the ambulance certificate, but were sent to hospitals and taught how to attend minor ailments. The fisherman has an inordinate love for medicine, and especially for anything that sticks—in the way of a plaster. This tendency was turned to good effect.

One day aboard a ship I moved a sailor's long boot; a bottle of medicine fell out, which I had given him an hour or so previously. I asked him, 'Why do you keep your medicine in your boot, skipper?' 'Lest the other men should find it out; they drank the other bottle you gave me before I had a chance.'

Serious cases were sent, lashed on a newly-invented stretcher, by fish-carrier to London. More than once I have admitted to the London Hospital injured men who had thus travelled up for several days, and had been carried from ship to ship, over a rough sea, and eventually landed at Billingsgate with the fish.

Creditable as the results were to the Mission skippers, it was a patent fact that in the larger fleets a doctor was the only efficient preacher in this line, so when it was found that doctors could live at sea, larger vessels were built, a hospital added below decks, and quarters provided for a Mission surgeon.

I must not forget, however, that which, most of all, makes it easy for a fisherman, shy as he is, to begin an acquaintance with Mission folk, especially a man whose notorious life would have been a bar against his coming aboard 'one of them Gospel ships' at all. This was the fact that in the Mission ship all were brother fishermen. Many a man has first come aboard, as he said, 'to lend a hand scrapin' down the spars' or 'to give yer an hour mendin' the net' that had been torn in the night, or to 'lend a hand to clear up the fish'—using an excuse that made him feel that he had a right to come.

The factor which helps largely to take a fisherman into a saloon is the few pence in his pocket; it gives him a right to go. This, too has been turned to good account by the Mission on the land. For the work begun at sea had to be supplemented by Homes on the land, where the men had a right to go. Each of these Homes was influenced and inspired by some consecrated Christian lady, who voluntarily came and lived near it, and so lent the influence of a good woman (a most powerful factor in influencing sailors). But the caretaker was always a fisherman steward, who had graduated with first-class honors on a Mission vessel at sea, a man who, the fishermen knew well, really loved to listen to their conversation about fish—fish—fish—or, say, the direction of the wind ten years before. No landsman but would be bored in time by it. Our object was to provide, not for what pleased us, but what would attract them. The Home was theirs. They had a right to go in and buy the refreshments there offered, and pay for a bed not attached to the saloon, when, as was often the case, their own home was in the country away from the sea. They could rent and be conscious owners of a locker to keep their 'store clothes' when they were fishing out of some port alone, away from their own wardrobes.

(To be continued.)

Hush!

If hours above in glory,
Were timed by hours of prayer
We spend in this our journeying,
How few we'd reckon there!
If what in heaven receiving,
Were like our giving here,
What wealth should we be missing,
How poor should we appear!
If angels' loving whispers
Re-echoed but the love
We here bestowed, how loveless
Our souls would be above!
I tremble as I ponder!
O God, awake my soul
To all Thy claims, while treading
Life's never-distant goal!
Heaven's mirror is before me,
Which earth's reflections bear;
Oh, may my pilgrim footsteps
Reflect a beauty there!
—Albert Midlane, in 'Evangelical Visitor.'

The Cause of Slow Progress.

(Dr. George Matheson, in the 'Christian World'.)

'I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee.'—Jeremiah xxxi., 3.

I understand the word 'drawn' to be used here as the opposite of 'driven.' I take the meaning to be: 'It is because I love you that I do not force you; I desire to win by love.' We often express surprise that human life does not reveal more traces of God's omnipotence. We see the visible universe subject to inexorable law and yielding submissively to that law. But man does not yield submissively; he resists the will of the Eternal. Why should he be allowed to resist? Is he not but an atom in the infinite spaces—these spaces that obey the heavenly mandate? Why not put down his insane rebellion and crush his proud will into conformity with the universal chorus? The Bible gives its answer. It is because love is incompatible with the exercise of omnipotence. Inexorable law can rule the stars; but the stars are not an object of love. Man is an object of love, and therefore he can only be ruled by love—as the prophet puts it, 'drawn.' Nothing is a conquest for love but the power of drawing. Omnipotence can subdue by driving—but that is not a conquest to love; it is rather a sign that love is baffled. Therefore it is that our Father does not compel us to come in. He would have us 'drawn' by the beauty of holiness; therefore he veils all that would force the will. He hides the glories of heaven. He conceals the gates of pearl and the streets of gold. He reveals not the river of his pleasures. He curtains from the ear the music of the upper choir. He obscures in the sky the sign of the Son of Man. He forbids the striking of the hours on the clock of Eternity. He treads on a path of velvet lest the sound of his coming footsteps should conquer by fear the heart that ought to be won by love.

O thou whose name is Love, it is by that name alone I can explain why things move so slow. But in the light of that name I understand; the pauses become musical, the halts are stages of the march. I have heard a man express the wish to be in thy place for one day; he thought he would reform thy universe. He would have spoiled it. He would have conquered the refractory child by killing its will. Not thus would Thy Divine Fatherhood be victorious. Thou wouldst rather draw by the cross than drive by the crown. Often it seems to me that this world of thine appeals more

to the heart than to any other part of my nature. It is not all beautiful, it is not all poetical, it is not all intelligible, it is not all practical; but it is every inch pathetic. There is pathos in the starry night; there is pathos in the moaning sea; there is pathos in the monotonous stream; there is pathos in the song of birds; there is pathos in the human tear; there is pathos even in the rolling wheels of daily labor. Thou are leading me by weary paths—paths where I feel my brother's pain, paths where I touch my brother's thorn. Had I been a butterfly thou wouldst have tempted me by roses and hurried me through the field; but because I am a man thou hast drawn me by the slow cord—the winning of my heart.

The Power of a Living Bible.

A young man joined one of our churches. He was an intelligent, educated young man, and the son of pious parents, but through some strange influence, he got away from the teachings of his parents, and lost his faith in the Bible and in religion. He became an infidel, and would not allow any one to speak to him on the subject. He gave up going to church. He would not read the printed Bible, and so God sent him a living Bible, which he could not help reading. In his father's house a young lady resided, who was a relative of the family. Her fretful temper made all around her uncomfortable. She was sent to a boarding-school, and was absent some time. While there she became a true and earnest Christian. On her return she was so changed, that all who knew her wondered and rejoiced. She was patient and cheerful, kind, unselfish, and charitable. The lips that used to be always uttering cross and bitter words, now spoke nothing but sweet, gentle, loving words. Her presence brought only sunshine, instead of clouds. Her infidel cousin, George, was greatly surprised at this. He watched her closely for some time, till he was thoroughly satisfied that it was a real change that had taken place in his young cousin. Then he asked her what had caused this great change. She told him it was the grace of God which had made her a Christian, and had changed her heart. He said to himself, 'I don't believe that God had anything to do with it, though she thinks he had. But it is a wonderful change which has taken place in her, and I should like to be as good as she is. I will be so.' Then he formed a set of good resolutions. He tried to control his tongue and his temper, and kept a strict watch over himself. He was all the time doing and saying what he did not wish to do and say. And as he failed, time after time, he would turn and study his poor cousin's example. He would read this living Bible and say to himself, 'How does it happen that she, who has not as much knowledge, or as much strength of character as I have, can do what I can't do? She must have some help that I don't know of. It must be as she says, the help of God, I will seek that help.' He went into his chamber, and prayed to that God, whose very existence he had denied. He prayed earnestly. God heard him and helped him, and he became a Christian.—'The Young Men's Christian Magazine.'

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