

A New Year Prayer.

(Jeannette McMillan, in the 'Intelligencer'.)

Another year ahead!

We may not know this New Year Day,
What it contains for us,

But we can humbly, truly pray—

Lord, all the days to come

Be clouds ahead, or sunshine bright,

Keep us, oh, keep us true,

Honest, and loyal in Thy sight!

Honest in all our work,

We do for Thee, dear Lord, above;

Loyal in every way

To the Master whom we love:

Keep us from every thought,

Or action mean, or unkind word,

Any disloyalty,

To those we love, who also serve:

Grant that our daily tasks

May show to Thee and all with whom we
have to do,

That we are honest, brave,

Loyal to Thee and ever true.

The Master's Hand on the Harp.

A strange instrument hung on an old castle wall, so the legend runs. No one knew its use. Its strings were broken and covered with dust. Those who saw it wondered what it was, and how it had been used. Then, one day, a stranger came to the castle gate and entered the hall. His eye saw the dark object on the wall, and taking it down, he reverently brushed the dust from its sides and tenderly reset its broken strings. Then chords long silent woke beneath his touch, and all hearts were strangely thrilled as he played. It was the master, long absent, who had returned to his own.

It is but a legend, yet the meaning is plain. In every human soul there hangs a marvelous harp, dust-covered, with strings broken, while yet the Master's hand has not found it. Is your soul-harp hanging silent on the wall? Have you learned the secret of glad, happy days?

Open your heart every morning to Christ. Let him enter and repair the strings when sin has broken, and sweep them with his skilful fingers, and you will go out to sing through all the day. Only when the song of God's love is singing in our hearts are we ready for the day.—J. L. Miller.

Postal Crusade.

Beginning with February 1909 we wish to send out papers to many whose names we have been forced to drop from our list. Will all who can, send us amounts large or small to help send the latest papers direct from the office. Eighty-two (.82) cents covers the expense of sending 50 copies of the 'Messenger' in the year. You can be a foreign literary missionary in India and preach by type every week just by sending that small amount.

If you have clean carefully kept copies of the 'Messenger,' you can send them direct to India, but be sure to remember to post on the full postage of one cent for every two ounces, and wrap the bundle well in stout paper, or you will hinder instead of helping.

It would be a great blessing if the postage could be reduced between Canada and India, and also between Britain and India. Until that is done we must carry a heavy burden.

Address all communications to Mrs. Edwards-Cole.

Received from Mrs. Mary Holden... \$2.00
From Mr. Washington, of White Lake,
Ont... \$5.00

Work in Labrador.

DR. GRENFELL IN A NEW OFFICE.

Schooner 'Vernie May,' at sea.

This letter is indited to you, Mr. Editor, from the cabin of the fishing schooner 'Vernie May.' It is very thick of fog on deck and as dark as pitch, consequently—for it is late October—and the moon will not rise until morning. The darkness on deck is a little relieved by the figures of a dozen men or so who are boiling their kettles over a fire made in the half of a large cask filled with sand, and partially protected by some pieces of iron stove-piping that has been hammered out for the purpose. The vessel is primarily carrying

a load of codfish, salted, to St. Johns, but, secondarily, is serving to carry to their homes some fifty odd men and women—who have been 'down north' since spring—and are now called freighters. As for myself, belated by missing the fortnightly mail steamer, I must either lose three weeks, or 'travel up,' as we say; that is, get along on Shank's pony or anyhow good fortune enables you; so I find myself here with 57 freighters.

This is election year in Newfoundland, it is no easy task casting votes simultaneously. To facilitate matters the government always charters a steamer to carry the ballot boxes and collect the results. The offer of the task was made to us this time, and was duly accepted. For we balanced in our minds whether it was not better to earn \$2,500, enough to enlarge the Hospital at St. Anthony, than even to pay the many visits which we are well aware those on the Southern Coast of Labrador are so anxiously waiting for.

The extreme need for more room in the hospital, and especially more convenience to permit the nurses to do their share of the work properly, turned the scale, and on Sept. 26 I found myself and my earthly belongings on the wharf at St. Anthony, and with sorrowful heart my beloved little vessel steaming away towards the southern horizon. She is small, it is true—she had only part of a propeller left—and she has dents enough in her soft steel bilges almost to resemble a biscuit tin that has been used for a football. But she has been home to us for some years now, and it seemed hard to see her going off on other men's business—to return shortly with others in our actual cabins, if not our shoes. However, Labrador life does not tend to foster long laments, and we had to set to work to try to do the work as best we could with what we had. The likeliest boat at my disposal was a 23-foot eight-knot open gasoline launch, for harbors are not very far apart, and we decided to depend on speed to get out of trouble if any cropped up, rather than on sea-worthiness. With my volunteer engineer friend and medical colleague who was travelling our way, we at last got away.

One of the great charms of the missionary's life lies in the variety of experiences it affords in a short time, which is natural enough when we remember our very existence depends on ceaseless metabolism. This is an apology for enjoying the contrast, when it was inevitable, from the security of the 'Stratheona,' to our tiny craft. The real joy, however, of such a change comes in the far closer contact it brings you with your people—when you are their guest they are at their best—whereas when they are yours the very opposite obtains. The kindness and unselfish hospitality shown us, and the needs and opportunities of service revealed, remain as valued experiences in moulding future action into channels more likely to tell for our mutual benefit.

It was just growing dark the first evening, and we were off a long line of perpendicular cliffs, they looked uninvitingly gloomy, and it was falling mighty cold—there was only about three miles to go—when our racing motor suddenly gave out. The wind being on shore and the water deep, we decided that rowing exercise was exactly what we needed, and with light hearts started to finish the trip. But the tide on shore and the wind and sea on shore soon satisfied our ardor, and we suggested all sorts of things to our engineer friend. As it was now dark and we saw a schooner's lights beating down the straits, we fired many guns towards her and waved our lantern on a pole—visions of a night out having no attractions for us. But to our dismay she took no notice and passed on. At length one cylinder came to our relief, and we kind of limped along holding our breath not to disturb it till we rounded the last headland, and came to anchor. The reaction added to the supper of duck specially roasted to celebrate our arrival, even though it was in a fisherman's little cottage, and his eight children might look upon us somewhat in the light of a public entertainment, compared favorably to our minds with the best in the world. The queer thing was the mysterious schooner had anchored in the harbor before us. On inquiring we found that they had seen our light waving, but as one man on watch had said there was always a light to be seen under those cliffs when a gale was coming on, they had hurried on all the faster to find good holding ground before dark. A patient or two to see, a few matters on which advice was sought to settle, and family prayer, sent

Your Address Tag.

If the date on the address label of this copy is still dated December 31, 1908, you will receive in it a blank form for renewal. Kindly remit without delay, and you will thus greatly assist us in promptly coping with the great flood of subscriptions coming in at the end of the year, and you will at the same time avoid possibility of interruption in the service of your own paper.

a sleepy household to bed in the small hours, to enjoy as sweet a night as if housed in the richest of canopied four-posters.

W. T. GRENFELL.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—Lower Truro Sunday School, per Mrs. Wm. Dunlop, \$10.00; A Friend from Manitoba, \$2.00; D. J. Meredith, Vernonville, Ont., \$6.65; A Friend, Montreal, \$5.00; B. C. Marven, Midland, N.B., \$1.65; Miss E. E. Doel, West Toronto, \$1.00; A. Douglas, Walton, Ont., 60cts.; Mrs. J. W. Murphy, Sutton, P. Que., \$1.00; Total \$ 27.90
Previously acknowledged for all purposes... 1,466.07

Total received up to Dec. 8... \$ 1,493.97

We have also received the following sums for other special objects in connection with Dr. Grenfell's work:

T. H. P., Strathroy... \$ 5.00
A Friend from Manitoba... 3.00

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, komatic, or cots.

CUT THIS OUT.

They Say! What Do They Say?

LET THEM STILL BE SAYING.

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