

bread for my mother and little sisters, and many a day I felt my own weakness and could never have pulled through but for the help of the Lord. Just let young Donald read it to you, sir, and you'll understand why I like it.

WE TWO SHALL WIN.

I cannot do it alone,
The waves run fast and high,
And the fogs close chill around,
And the light goes out in the sky;
But I know that we two
Shall win in the end—
Jesus and I.

I cannot row it myself,
My boat on the raging sea;
But beside me sits Another
Who pulls and steers with me,
And I know that we two
Shall come safe into port—
His child and He.

Coward and wayward and weak,
I change with the changing sky.
To-day so eager and brave,
To-morrow not caring to try;
But He never gives in,
So we two shall win—
Jesus and I.

Strong and tender and true,
Crucified once for me!
Never will He change, I know,
Whatever I may be!
But all he says I must do,
Ever from sin to keep free.
We shall finish our course
And reach home at last—
His child and He.

I did understand, and reverently gave thanks for the message I had heeded so badly in my discouragement over work that seemed a failure, though I had been giving all my strength to the service of Donald's Lord and mine.

A Response.

(S. Alice Ranlett, in the 'Youth's Companion'.)

A little wayside pool, left by the rain,
Earth-bound, nor fair, nor bright;
But, see! the sun, low sinking, with its train
Of gold and crimson light.

A living, glowing color ecstasy,
Freed from its earthly bonds,
To all the glory of the western sky
The wayside pool responds.

A lowly life, humble and meek and still,
Set in an obscure place,
May shine with glory, living out God's will,
Reflecting his own face.

Work in Labrador.

WHAT TO SEND TO HARRINGTON.

The following letter, written by Nurse Mayou, in response to some queries about the main needs at Harrington, should set a good many friends of the mission to work at once preparing such gifts to go by the earliest shipment. The sooner your gifts reach Harrington the better, as it does not do to risk their being too late. The suggestions as to packing and forwarding are just what so many have wanted, but if it is not desired to send such contributions direct, send early in May to Miss Roddick, 80 Union avenue, Montreal, and your gifts will go forward with the main shipment.

Harrington Hospital,
Oct. 28, 1908.

Dear Mr. Editor:

The 'King Edward' has been here just four times this summer, not at all in September, and her owners are doubtful whether she will come in November as she did last year. If she does not we shall be in rather a bad fix, for she is to bring twenty tons of coal for the hospital furnace, sugar and butter for the doctor's winter supply, besides our mail and various other small things.

We have been very short this year of clothing of all kinds for men and boys. Last year we had a barrel of beautifully warm un-

derwear and socks for men (there was no name in the barrel, so we could not thank the donor) and some fine warm grey and blue flannel shirts; this year nothing of the kind. With the exception of some beautifully dressed dolls from Montreal we have had very few things for us to use as Christmas gifts. Nevertheless, we have had some beautiful things sent to us, abundantly proving that the Mission has many true and generous friends. Two Woodstock Chapters of the Daughters of the Empire worked for us last winter with magnificent results of perfectly made warm clothing of first-class material, and several tins of canned goods, which I find so valuable for distribution. Semi-starvation is the chronic condition of nine-tenths of those needing the doctor's care, and the body needs a more varied diet than is afforded by tea, flour, molasses, dried fish, pickled pork and beef; I was so glad to be able to give away to anaemic, poorly nourished convalescents, cocoa, milk, bovril, jelly powders, soups, etc. Woodstock always sends us first-class articles, and they are always so well packed. One word about the packing. Several things reached us in a damp and mildewed condition; unless the boxes, barrels, and bales are well lined with magazines or waterproof paper, the damp and rats get inside, for it is often several months before we get them. Things sent this year in the beginning of June, we received on Sept. 22.

As the dietary of the people needs enlarging, I am planning to have next year a flower show to encourage the growing of vegetables. I mentioned to my friends my need for seeds, and have had most generous responses, and to my surprise and delight an assortment of seeds grown in Alaska from Mr. David Fairchild, of the Bureau of Plant Distribution, Washington, D.C. He sent them unsolicited, and has been most courteous, I am hoping for great things next year. Gardening is done here under great difficulties, for a foot below the surface the ground is permanently frozen; the snow does not all disappear until the first of July; we have no leaf mould, for here are no deciduous trees; no stable litter, for there are no domestic animals; cod's heads, sea-weed, wood washes, and soapy water are the only manure; the ground has all to be made, for our island consists of either swamp or rocks covered with peaty moss, and when made must be closely fenced in with pickets, for the dogs eat everything that is growing.

Dr. Hare is away at present on a trip to the west, the last long one he will be able to make before the ice forms and the winter storms begin. He will have travelled 2,000 miles this summer in his little launch.

I have been asked what Dr. Hare needed most in his journeys: Eating chocolate for his winter journeys, tinned and condensed foods on the launch, coffee and milk, desiccated vegetables, condensed soups, tinned meats, bovril, pork and beans, in fact, anything that does not require cooking, for they have no galley or cooking accommodation.

I have been very busy this summer, and expect next week to begin my winter classes of sewing, night school, and basket making.

People still seem to be a little uncertain as to how things should be sent to us, and as to when it is too late to send any more for the current year. Things should be sent freight paid to either Halifax, care Jas. Thompson, Wood's wharf, and addressed Deep Sea Mission Hospital, Harrington Harbor, or else to Quebec, care Holiday Bros. The first schooner leaves Halifax the beginning of May, and the last the end of August. The date of the steamer's sailing from Quebec would have to be found out from Holiday Bros., who charge storage for anything waiting there.

The cold frosty nights remind us that Christmas will soon be here, so Mrs. Hare and I are already planning for the entertainment that we shall give the children. Mrs. Hare is musical, so she takes charge of the singing and the recitations. Each child in the harbor wants to 'have a piece'; some are so young that they can hardly articulate plainly, but it gives them intense joy to stand up and recite. We tried to make Christmas as happy a time as we could last year. On Christmas Day we had in the afternoon a Christmas tree—with a present on it for everybody in the harbor—recitations, dialogues, gramophone selections, and singing. In the evening, to give harmless recreation for men and boys, we had an entertainment with refreshments. As many of the men and

boys could not come because they were away seal fishing, we had as soon after New Year's Day as they could come, an entertainment, with refreshments, for all over fifteen. We had some local talent, some of the Christmas Day dialogues were repeated, and every one seemed to be very happy.

As soon as the ice across to the mainland was strong enough, we went with the presents 'on dog' to the Barageois. It was fine spinning across the ice behind the dogs, who really seemed to enjoy pulling us, and obeyed so quickly, turning to right or left as their drivers shouted 'raa, raa,' or 'eek, eek.' A tree was soon cut down and decorated with the dolls and presents we had brought—mufflers, mitts, braces, handkerchiefs, stockings, socks, for the men, work-bags for the women, mouth organs, knives, books, marbles, tops, games, and noise-producing toys, with trains and blocks for the boys. We had heard whispers, strictly on the quiet, that all the girls wanted dolls, so as friends had been good to us, no one was disappointed. I wish that those who sent us the things could have seen the intense pleasure they gave. The mother instinct sprang into life at once as the little girls, with a look of gratification and joy, took their babies from the tree and at once began to crow over them and utter words of endearment. The boys at once tested the sharpness of their knives, and made music (or noise) with their mouth organs.

A few days later we went to the Sound, nine miles away, taking ourselves the gramophone and the presents 'on dog,' and there again soon had the Christmas tree decked and ready.

The other settlements were all too far away for us to go 'on dog,' so before navigation had closed we had sent the boxes of presents in charge of the teachers sent here by the Diocese of Quebec, so they managed their respective trees and entertainments. Four hundred and twenty in all we made happy last Christmas. Many of them were children who never before had had a present or seen a Christmas tree. I hope we shall be able to do the same thing next year. I should like to say that old broken toys, and fragile mechanical toys are of very little use; they cannot stand the long journey, and generally arrive in a battered condition. Games, too, requiring education, skill and intelligence are not appreciated, for the majority can barely read and write, and the remainder can do neither. I am sure there are some boys in Canada who would like to make happy some boys on the lonely Labrador by sending them some of the things they like themselves; knives, pop-guns, musical tops, and things to blow, tops, balls, ninepins, soldiers, trains, blocks, furnished pencil boxes, games of checkers, toy pistols, kites, pocket handkerchiefs, paint boxes, chalks, ties, warm mitts and gloves, and the girls would, I am sure, like to dress some dolls, for the children here have nothing of which to make dolls' clothing; every bit of material is used for patching the children's own clothes, and when these are too old to be worn, they are torn into strips to be hooked into mats for covering the floors.—Among the Deep Sea Fishers.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—A Friend, Newmarket, Ont., \$1.50; Robert G. Sergeant, Clarendon, Ont., \$1.50; S. F., P.E.I., \$1.00; Young Workers, Lennoxville, Ont., \$2.50; A Friend, Hawkesbury, Ont., \$1.00; W. H., Somenos, B.C., 25cts.; Total \$ 6.75

Received for the cots:—Mrs. James Cavert, Carleton Place, Ont., \$2.50; Christine Frizell, Winnipeg, \$2.00; S. F., P.E.I., \$1.00; Total \$ 5.00

Received for the komatik:—Bethany Sunday School, Cobourg, Ont., per Herbert Macklin \$ 6.25

Previously acknowledged for all purposes \$ 1,740.92

Total on hand Feb. 16 \$ 1,758.92

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.