

for those crippled in some way that prevents them working at the hard out-door occupations alone that this country has to offer, the best remedy is to get out of it. The Mission has been able to do a little in this line also. There are on the coast a large number of Eskimos and, ranging the interior, a number of Montaignais In-

dians. With these we have only to do incidentally. The missionary work among them has been faithfully done for the past hundred years and more by the Moravian missionaries. As a complete outsider to their work, I should much value an opportunity to add my humble testimony to the great value of it.



REFLECTIONS—PHYSICAL AND MENTAL.

THE NORTH SEA.

BY CURTIS MAY.

The voice of the North Sea calleth,
Solemn and full and slow;
"Come down to my icy caverns,
My grottoes and deeps below.
I will lay my hand on your forehead
And on your fevered breast.
You shall sleep serene and quiet—
No dreams shall haunt your rest.

"I saw the boat of the Norseman
Afloat in the silent night;
I marked in the danger calmness,
In the eye undaunted light.
'Come down!' I cried. 'We are kindred,
Thou man of fearless brow!
The door am I of Valhalla!'
How still his slumbers now!

"When the herring-boats outwander
I lift my mighty arms.
'How beats my heart for fishers,
The lovers of ocean charms!

The cold it has kept these waters
As pure as falling snow.
Come hither, intrepid seamen!
Behold, they lie below.

"No harbor am I for spices.
Upon my diadem
In filigree of frost I wear
The midnight sun for a gem.
The Unknown North has fingers
That reach into my tide.
Oh, not for balmy pleasure
He clutches deep and wide.

"Ho, ye who fear not anguish,
Ye souls of steel, come forth!
As Jacob fought with the angel,
Come struggle with the North!
Stand face to face with trouble
And meet death with a shout.
The gale that dims your courage
Shall blow the North Star out!"