

To summon me.
And when a shadow falls across the window
Of my room,
Where I am working my appointed task,
I lift my head to watch the door and ask
If He is come,
And the angel answers sweetly
In my home:
"Only a few more shadows,
And he will come."

—Source Unknown.

Bless Me Also.

(By James Buckham.)

The day is done,
And I, alas! have wrought no good,
Performed no worthy task of thought or
deed.

Albeit small my power, and great my need,
I have not done the little that I could.
With shame o'er forfeit hours I brood,—
The day is done.

One step behind,
One step through all eternity—
Thus much to lack of what I might have
been,

Because the temptress of my life stole in
And rapt a golden day away from me!
My highest height can never be,—
One step behind.

I cannot tell
What good I might have done this day
Of thought or deed that still, when I am
gone

Had long, long years gone singing on and on!
Like some sweet fountain by the dusty way,
Perhaps some word that God would say,—
I cannot tell!

O life of light,
That goest out, I know not where,
Beyond night's silent and mysterious shore,
To write thy record there for evermore,
Take on thy shining wings a hope, a prayer,—
That henceforth I unfaltering fare
Toward life and light.

Going for a Walk With God.

Dr. G. Campbell Morgan tells of a little child who gave a most exquisite explanation of walking with God. She went home from Sunday school, and the mother said, "Tell me what you learned at school." And she said: "Don't you know, mother, we have been hearing about a man who used to go for walks with God. His name was Enoch. He used to go for walks with God. And, mother, one day they went for an extra long walk, and they walked on and on, until God said to Enoch, "You are a long way from home; you had better come in and stay." And he went."

That was true. Enoch had become so familiar with God that he just went in and stayed.—'Christian Life.'

Cheerful Service.

We must serve something or some one. If we serve ourselves, we gain nothing by it; for we can give ourselves only what we already have. If we serve our fellowmen, obey their commands, promoting their interests and enhancing their glory, we can obtain from them only what they have to give. Perhaps they will not perceive the value of our service, and have no grateful appreciation thereof. What they can give is perishable and of little worth. God permits us to serve him, that is, to obey his commandments, co-operate with his great movement, and promote his glory. The service of God is a duty; it is also much more; it is a privilege. Christians dishonor their religion by representing Christian life as a chain that must be worn for a season, instead of a magnificent robe which adorns them. Serve the Lord with gladness. Be glad that you are permitted to serve him. Engage in his service cheerfully. Let his service be the foundation of all your highest joys. Do not act as though you would say: "Ah me! I must pray, I must fast, I must give him my time, my money, my labor—ah me!" Go before his presence with singing. Sing praises unto him, that he permits you to

give anything which in anywise connects itself with him. The only permanent joy on earth is the joy of God's salvation.—Selected.

Livingstone Dedicated Life.

After spending many years in Central Africa, David Livingstone, on his birthday, in 1872, made the following entry in his journal: '19th March. My Jesus, my King, my Life, my All, I again dedicate my whole self to Thee. Accept me, and grant, O gracious Father, that ere this year is gone, that I may finish my task. In Jesus' name I ask it. Amen.' A year later David Livingstone had finished his course, and he was taken home to receive his crown of righteousness. To us who are seeking to save the heathen of our own land, and who desire to set men free from the slavery of sin, the Lord asks for our whole-hearted consecration to His service. We may dedicate our lives as truly as did the famous missionary; and then it shall be ours to use the words of Paul: 'I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.'—The 'Religious Intelligencer.'

My daughter, just home from college, said to me this morning: 'Oh, father if the great preachers who come up to college on Sundays, would only preach out of the Bible, the girls would be so glad. We have enough of philosophy and speculation all the week; we want something to help us in our lives.'—Selected.

Work in Labrador.

SOME WHO HELP AND WAYS OF HELPING.

Since the summer opened, writes Miss E. White, of Boston, the great addition of an electric light plant has surprised the natives at St. Anthony! The Pratt Institute of New York has furnished a man to put this in for the benefit largely of the hospital—especially the operating room—Mr. F. E. Hause being given the opportunity of doing this work for the Mission, and we can hardly imagine the splendid help it has been. The convenience of it is also greatly appreciated at the wharf-landing when patients are brought ashore in the small boats.

As we left St. Anthony at daybreak, again boarding the 'Prospero,' this time for Battle Harbor, it was with real affection that we turned to the hills about and to the little settlement which had given so many lessons of life-long use to us all, and we waved farewell to the simple folk whose lives had so little of the world outside.

The following two weeks were likewise of great interest at the settlement at Battle Harbor across the Straits of Belle Isle, where the hospital is also growing rapidly. A noble nurse, Miss Nellie Gilmour,* has here given a summer of hard work. The hospital has been enlarged, and Dr. Grieve receives patients from the west coast as well as the east. His winter work extends to the far north, where he is absent ten weeks every winter. He drives a strong team of powerful Eskimo dogs, and is known all along the coast. Dr. Seymour Armstrong, a surgeon of London, has also been giving his services at Battle Harbor during August. Sister Bailey has been the housekeeper and had charge of the distribution of clothing and the oversight of the general mission work outside. She has consented to spend the winter again at Forteau on the Canadian Labrador, where there is no doctor or nurse for a hundred miles in each direction.

We noted the barren rocks all about and felt more isolated on this island, where the great sea seems close upon us on both sides. At times it seemed depressing. It was a comfort to see the Marconi station and to feel that in time of need one could reach the world outside from this far-away-island. The great Eskimo dogs roam at large, and at night we saw the wonders of the aurora borealis, seeming even as the Eskimo believe, to be the very spirits revealing themselves in magical wonder.

The home-coming by the western coast in

* Miss Gilmour, of the Royal Victoria Hospital, has but lately returned to Montreal from her volunteer work for the past summer in Labrador.

About Winter Renewals.

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THE PUBLISHERS.

the little steamer, the 'Home,' to the Bay of Islands, acquainted us with other settlements and left us with a deeper knowledge and fuller appreciation of the vast extent of the work which the Labrador Mission is doing for a very needy people.

Perhaps the most has been gained on this visit from the conversations with the natives and their testimony of the great help which is being brought to them by their tireless and devoted friend and benefactor, 'The Doctor.' It was worth going a long way to listen to the account of one of the men who first greeted Dr. Grenfell as he was brought back to the hospital after his marvellous escape on the ice in April last. There could be no truer friendship than expressed by these fishermen for the one man who has brought help to them; as they say 'to body and soul.' More than ever have we realized the power of the life which has the secret force of an utterly unselfish devotion.

We have come back to our own work with renewed strength and desire for a faith to encounter all hardships even in this fortunate part of the world, and with such memories of the North Land as to cause a constant desire to extend the helping hand, especially to the women and children whose lives are so shut in and who have so very little by way of opportunity for betterment. There are so many ways to help. One is by sending material for knitting and for weaving. Pure woollen yarn would be most useful to these women for use in winter work. When you have all that comfort can give on a cold day in winter, think of the people far away north absolutely cut off by ice from any help, and make ready for the time when the schooner will another year early in May be taking a cargo of necessary supplies to last another long year, and so get greater pleasure in your own comfortable homes.

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