

How to Live Through Things.

Let us fix our eyes on the end of the journey. Travellers to Rome will go through a great many places that are not Rome. Even so travellers going to heaven will go through many places that are not heaven. Foolish as it would be for a man to express himself as disappointed in Rome because he did not find a Forum in Florence, even so foolish is it for Christians to express doubt or dismay about God's dealings because they do not find it all heaven in their earthly estate. See what there is of good and blessing where you are, but remember what there is ahead. So Joseph Mazzini wrote in one of his essays: 'Pain and joy, deception and fulfilled hopes, are just the rain and the sunshine that must meet the traveller on his way. Button up your coat around you from the first, but do not think for a single moment that one or the other has anything to do with the end of the journey.' It is God's wise dealing which gives us the experience of many things before it brings us to the crown of all things.—'American Sunday School Times.'

Principles.

It is not strength of brain that saves a man, or orthodoxy of creed, or connection with a church. All these have often proved to be but ropes of sand. They are not proof against the tides of temptation. There must be firm, heaven-implanted principle—for no one is safe in business or in politics or in social life or anywhere when conscience is unloosened from God. The parting of the rable may be unseen for a while, it may even be unsuspected; but it is a mere question of time how soon the backslider may strike the rocks. Jesus Christ never insures anyone who unites with His Church, and yet has no anchor sure and steadfast which entereth within the veil, and binds fast to Christ Himself. And if you ever reach heaven, my brother, you will come in as I have often seen vessels come into yonder harbor of New York, with the storm-tide anchor swinging proudly at the prow. 'There are ships,' said the eloquent Melvill, 'that never go down in life's tempests. They shall be in no peril when the last hurricane shall sweep earth and sea and sky, and when the fury is overpast, and the light that knows no night breaks gloriously forth, they shall be found on tranquil and crystal waters, resting beautifully upon their shadows.' These are they who have been piloted by the Holy Spirit; these are faithful ones whose inner soul was anchored to Jesus Christ.—Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

As Quick as a Telephone.

One night a well-known citizen, who had been walking for some time in the downward path, came out of his home and started downtown for a night of carousal with some old companions he had promised to meet. His young wife had besought him with imploring eyes to spend the evening with her, and had reminded him of the past when evenings passed in her company were all too short. His little daughter had clung about his knees and coaxed in her pretty, wilful way for papa to tell her some bedtime stories, but habit was stronger than love for wife and child, and he eluded their tender questioning and went his way.

But when he was blocks distant from his home he found that in changing his coat he had forgotten to remove his wallet, and he could not go out on a drinking bout without money, even though he knew that his family needed it, and his wife was economizing every day more and more in order to make up his deficits; and he hurried back and crept softly past the windows of the little home in order that he might steal in and obtain it without running the gauntlet of questions and caresses.

But something stayed his feet; there was a fire in the grate within—for the night was chill—and it lit up the little parlor and brought out in startling effects the pictures on the walls. But these were nothing to the pictures on the hearth. There, in the soft gloom of the firelight knelt his little child at her mother's feet, her small hands clasped in prayers, her fair head bowed, and

as her rosy lips whispered each word with childish distinctness, the father listened spellbound:

'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take.'

Sweet petition! The man himself, who stood there with bearded lips shut tightly together, had said that prayer once at his mother's knee. Where was that mother now? The sunset gates had long ago unbarred to let her pass through. But the child had not finished; he heard her say: 'God bless mamma, papa, and my own self. God—bless papa—and please—send him—home—sober. Amen.'

Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened so suddenly, but they were not afraid when they saw who it was returned so soon; but that night, when little Mamie was being tucked up in bed, after such a romp with papa, she said, in the sleepest and most contented of voices:

'Mamma, God answers almost as quickly as the telephone, doesn't He?'—Selected.

Work in Labrador.

THE ORPHANAGE AND THE REINDEER AT ST. ANTHONY.

The Orphanage on the hill, with a fine view of the harbor, enlisted our interest at once, writes Miss E. White, of Boston, on her first visit to St. Anthony. Here are fifteen children who have been either taken from homes of poverty and starvation or have been left without parents and support. No child is received under four years of age. Miss Storr, the matron, has such a well-ordered family that all seem to enjoy the daily duties and home life there. One little girl expressed her preference for her present abode at the orphanage, as she says she 'does not have to stay in bed so much,' showing the use for some of the clothes which have been sent.

Each child bears his or her part of the work in the home. One sees them bringing wood and water, and helping in many other ways. One of the older girls has become expert in waiting at table and all will have received much good training. These children also attend the little school taught by Miss Ruth E. Keese, of Massachusetts, who is proving such a valuable helper. She has the love of every man, woman and child in the harbor. She crosses the harbor all winter on the ice to teach in the little school there. One mother spoke to me of her as 'a very ray of sunshine.'

These orphan children have need of strong boots and shoes, especially the girls of 5, 6, 8, 10, 12 years; laced boots with many extra pairs of lacings.

A visit to the industrial rooms found five young women busy at the looms in the upper room, some weaving homespun for orders, others rugs. One or two were also learning to dye the wool, etc. We saw some baskets which a patient, a blind boy, had learned to make. One young boy was moulding pottery from native clay, and designing on one of these pieces reindeer, on another seals, and on a third fish, and all were well modeled.

Owing to unusual delay of the steamer in getting the necessary brick from St. John's to complete the kiln, Miss Luther, the teacher, was much handicapped and the kiln not yet in use. We saw one boy, however, making brick from native clay, and it is hoped a sufficient quantity of these can be made for use at St. Anthony soon. The ground about the various buildings is being cleared of roots and scrub trees and drains are being dug. The college boys gave much help in this work.

Our visit to St. Anthony would have been incomplete without a day at the reindeer camp. This was accomplished on the very best day of the summer—when the sky was clear and enough breeze to allow the little boat which had arrived the week previous from Boston, the 'Pomiuk,' to spread her sails and take us five miles distant to Goose Cove, where we found Mr. Lindsay, who piloted us over the moss-covered cliffs until we came within range of the long line of deer travelling windward. As we drew near their present feeding-ground we found the deer were on the cliffs directly overhanging the sea and

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THE PUBLISHERS.

getting the strongest of the breeze. All the reindeer were in splendid condition. They had come very well through a winter which had been peculiarly hard for them, and they were as pretty a sight as any one could wish to see. The moss is very plentiful so there is no trouble in keeping the herd together. One hundred and sixty fawns have been added to the original number. These fawns are about as large as a calf and their coats of greyish brown very soft and fine. It was interesting to watch a fawn call to its mother from a hill near by. The mother seemed to recognize the call of her own and came running to meet the little one. It is a queer thing that this fawning time is the only time in the year when the deer are known to make any kind of a noise, and the call of the fawn is more like the grunt of a pig. The horns are as large now as they will be at all though they are still covered with the soft mouse-colored velvet. The deer are much more delicate and graceful than the regular Santa Claus reindeer. The herder hopes to have all the bucks broken for driving this coming winter. Dr. Grenfell expects to have a great deal of work from them. They proved decidedly last winter that the deer were capable of being trained to work and strong enough to do it, but, of course, there was trouble in driving deer when they were not thoroughly broken in. They are also going to try to drive them in a komatik rather than in the canoe-like 'pulka' that the Lapps have used before. The gain is twenty percent better for these deer than the last report of the Alaska project, and this surely is most encouraging. It was expected that the milking would begin the following week.

A word of appreciation should be given of the splendid work done by Mr. Lindsay for the Mission. His is no easy task. He has not only the tent life in all weather in winter and summer, but he has the full responsibility of the success of the reindeer training, and only those who have visited the camp can realize what the life is.

Acknowledgments.

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