

What a joy it would be to go to the invalid and do even a little thing for her! Yet she was so weak after the morning's work, and the work of yesterday, and thousands of other yesterdays. Then there was her rheumatism. How could she do such work?

Her heart was warmed, however, to the thought of the delight of helping one who had been her enemy, and the rheumatism seemed to be less acute. So her resolve was taken. 'I'll do it,' she said aloud. 'One hundred and fifty bushels will be only five hours' work if I carry two full buckets at a load. I can get that done to-night, and then I can take up something tasty for supper.'

She hurried to her task. Ironing was postponed. Rheumatism was forgotten. She set her thin lips, and carried the first load. How far she had to go, down the stairs, and through the long, dark cellar! Yet it was not so bad at first, as after the first few loads. Then how she ached! And the pile seemed to become no smaller.

Finally, just at dark, she gathered the last lumps. She realized then that she had never before known what utter exhaustion was. She longed to throw herself on the bed, and rest.

But no. She had done the work for a purpose. Her gift must be prepared, and that before her husband's return. He might recall his permission. She dragged herself to the cupboard, and looked within, only to find a part of a loaf of bread and a little butter. As she realized the impossibility of reaping the reward of her industry, she sobbed aloud.

At that moment the milkman knocked at the door, and handed her a half-pint of milk. She took it, and was just setting it on the shelf when she thought:

'Milk toast! Just the thing for Mrs. Bendig. I know she'll like that.'

A moment she looked with longing at the glass which held her supper. Then she re-kindled the fire, and prepared the toast, and warmed the milk. As she poured the milk over the toast, she with difficulty refrained from eating the appetizing dish, she was so faint. Resolutely she denied herself, however, and tottered from the room and up the stairs.

Mrs. Fogarty opened the door. She looked surprised as she identified the visitor, who hesitatingly approached the bed.

'Mrs. Bendig, here is a little bite for your supper,' she said as she laid the bowl on the table. 'I'm so sorry you are laid up, and I hope you'll be better soon.'

The invalid's eyes flashed, but not with gratitude. 'It's you, you hussy, is it?' she screamed. 'And you have the face to show yourself here after all these days and nights you've let me alone? I might have died for all of you. O, if only I had my strength, I'd black both eyes for you this time.' And with an oath she ground her teeth in rage.

Poor Mrs. Dolliver shrank from the room, and crept down-stairs. She ate a little dry bread,—her butter had all gone into the toast,—and went to her bed. She was so disappointed! She did not mind the curses—she had been cursed before. But she could not bear the thought that Mrs. Bendig did not know her Saviour's love. And Dr. Sandys had said she might pass away any day. If she could only do something! But what could she do? Why, she could pray! And from that little back room in the tenement a prayer went up to heaven.

'O Lord, save Mollie Bendig!' The petition was repeated again and again. And as she prayed she fell asleep.

A week later there was once more a hush in the tenement. Mollie Bendig was dying.

The word came to the half-drunken hag in the room above the invalid, and she was instantly sobered. It was whispered to the children in the court, and they shrank away, awestricken, to their mothers. It was told to the policeman on the beat, and he stood under the window, and silently threatened every disturber of the dying woman's peace. The news was told to Mrs. Dolliver as she stood at her wash-tub. She groaned aloud.

'And she doesn't know Jesus yet!' she sobbed. Then she fell on her knees. 'O God, save Mollie Bendig,' she pleaded in an agony. 'O God, for Jesus' sake save her soul before it is too late.'

Then she rushed up the stairs and into

the sick-room. Mrs. Bendig, gasping for breath, saw her at once.

'Take her away!' she whispered hoarsely. 'What is she doing here? Tell her I didn't eat her old toast, and I won't see her.'

Mrs. Fogarty, with a gentle touch—strange to those who knew her—pushed Mrs. Dolliver from the room. 'You poor dear, I'm sorry for you, but you had best go. I know all about that toast. How we have misunderstood you! My man heard what Jake said to you about the coal. She doesn't know.'

Mrs. Fogarty returned to the sick-room with a determined look on her face. 'Mollie Bendig,' she said when she stood by the bed, 'hear me before you die. You've wronged a good woman, a woman who wanted to do something for you so bad that when her man told her she couldn't unless she carried in, from the alley to the cellar, a hundred and fifty bushels of coal, she did it. I saw her staggering under the awful load. When she brought you the toast made with the milk which should have been her supper. She didn't tell me, but I know. Why did she do it? I don't know how she can, but I guess she loves you—yes, loves you, who've been so mean to her. Well, it must be all along of that religion she got last spring; it makes her do a heap of queer things.'

Mrs. Bendig's eyes had been flashing at the beginning of that speech. When it was ended, they were closed, and her head had fallen on her breast. The watchers thought she was dead, and they looked with accusing eyes at Mrs. Fogarty.

But Mollie Bendig was not dead. She opened her eyes, and, looking at Mrs. Fogarty, tried to speak. Instead of the look of hate they saw a look of longing in her eyes. Again she tried to speak.

'Send—for—Mary—Dolliver,' she whispered.

A moment later Mrs. Dolliver was at her side. Pleading eyes were turned toward her.

'Forgive!' came the whisper, fainter now. 'She—told—me—about—coal—coal—and—toast. You—told—me—about—him—who—made—you—do—it—for—me. Once—in—Sunday—school—I—knew—him—about—him. Tell—me—again. I—need—him—now.'

Five minutes later the soul of Mollie Bendig passed into the presence of her God. And Mary Dolliver was on her knees, thanking Him who had put it into her heart to take to 'one of the least' a bowl of milk toast.

## Our Labrador Work.

### TWO PATIENTS.

Dear Mr. Editor,—We met with a great disappointment at our next port of call. A party of friends in their yacht from New York, who had come down all this way to meet us, had waited for us here, but had left less than twenty-four hours before for England, having given us up. This vessel had ran in the last ocean race and her beautiful lines, fittings and size had set many tongues wagging, as she came along the coast. We marked the event, however, by a Mushroom Party—that is, we joined some Moravian Brethren stationed here, and went hunting about the only thing that is to be hunted now in that region. It is not generally known yet on the coast how exceedingly esculent are many of the fungi that grow plentifully on our barren shore and in the bushes. The homely Agaricus, it is true, is absent, and the gourmand might reject the claims of its humbler confrere, but our large red Russulae, and our big brown Boleti, have considerable substance and are an excellent substitute to our palates. Of these we gathered a large basketful besides regaling ourselves on a field of ripe blue berries over which our path led us. The hill climb, the bracing air, and the invigorating appetite as we sat down to tinned deer meat and mushrooms, helped us to forget our disappointment of the morning. The evening was spent designing a fresh-air supply for winter months for a young woman with consumption, a supply which would be available in the bitterest months in winter, the cold air being additionally required as an affection of larynx made sleep often impossible. A large tube for air of a foot in diameter was made to open into an arched awning over the head of the bed, the outer end opening through a hole in the side of the house.

The bed was devised on the principle of a sleeping bag, and the nightgown abolished for a warm close-fitting suit. The original idea we got from Dr. J. H. Kellogg, of Battle Creek, Michigan, and it appears to us to be a device that ought to be much more widely known and made use of than it at present is. The cold clear air falls directly on the patient's face and a warm soft close fitting cap, with ear flaps if necessary, serves to protect the rest of the head from draughts. It is the nearest approach to the possibility of a sanatorium at home that we could conceive for a climate like this, and that at small expense.

At our next port of call we had to discipline an Eskimo who, conceiving that the goods in the Moravian Mission's store at Hopedale were deposited for his benefit, had endeavored to act on that understanding. He promised to be good in future, and then shortly returned with a deputation of his brethren to read me a long address in Eskimo. The purport of the address was that the fishing was very poor. The people were not to be allowed unlimited debt at the Moravian store, and they wanted me to know their sad condition. I should have been, I must say, much disturbed, but in years gone by, I have had similar experiences, and the outcome has always been they were helped through somehow. The Brethren have served the Eskimo now for a hundred and thirty odd years, and they know them thoroughly. I was delighted in Dr. Low's official record, to see his commendation of the methods they have used. He closes by saying: 'Their method is a kind of parenthood by which they supply food and clothing, taking the product of the hunt very well. There is no premium put upon laziness and false piety as is the case where the missionary makes a free distribution of food and clothing to the natives.' I did not read this to the deputation, however.

A call later to the case of a sick woman gave us an opportunity for a kindness which we appreciated. The woman, who was cook to a large shore crew was 'laying up.' Her husband, who was of the crew, had refused on that account to join his colleagues in an adventurous expedition to the north in search of fish, the fishing being a failure in the immediate neighborhood. Suspicion fell upon her that she was malingering to avoid work, and recrimination and misery were the result. It was quite a relief apparently to all lands to hear she was really seriously ill. Though I have frequently known folks at home to 'enjoy ill-health,' this was the first occasion I can remember when it was a real pleasure to inform a patient it was necessary to at once go to the hospital, in all probability to save life. The denouement, however, was not what one would have expected. For, suffering severely as she really was, she was too timid to act on the advice, and when we left a few hours later, had decided, with her husband's approval, 'to stay where she was and die if it was the Lord's will.' She was a nice woman, but I never had much use for that kind of a husband.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL, C.M.G., M.D.

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