

a man altogether unafraid; it seems to me that his heart can never have known the throb of fear. Perhaps that is in part because he has a blessed lack of imagination, in part, perhaps, because he has a body as sound as ever God gave to a man, and has used it as a man should; but it is chiefly because of his simple and splendid faith that he is an instrument in God's hands—God's to do with as he will, as he would say. His faith is exceptional, I am sure—childlike, steady, overmastering, and withal, if I may so characterize it, healthy. It takes something such as the faith he has to move a man to run a little steamer at full speed in the fog when there is ice on every hand. It is hardly credible, but quite true, and short of the truth: neither wind nor ice nor fog, nor all combined, can keep the "Strathcona" in harbor when there comes a call for help from beyond. The doctor clammers cheerfully out on the bowsprit and keeps both eyes open. "As the Lord wills," says he, "whether for wreck or service. I am about his business."

'It is a sublime expression of the old faith.'

Thus and all the time, in storm and sunshine, summer and winter weather, Grenfell of the Deep Sea Mission goes about doing good; if it's not in a boat, it's in a dogsled. He is what he likes to call "a Christian man." But he is also a hero—at once the bravest and the most beneficently useful man I know. If he regrets his isolation, if the hardship of the life sometimes oppresses him, no man knows it. He does much, but there is much more to do. If the good people of the world would but give a little more of what they have so abundantly—and if they could but know the need, they would surely do that—joy might be multiplied on that coast; nor would any man be wronged by misguided charity.'

We will gladly receive at this office and promptly forward any contributions sent us by 'Messenger' readers for the Labrador Mission, acknowledging in these columns all amounts, large or small.

### A Book of Thanks.

We are apt to remember our misfortunes and forget our blessings. Dick's idea is a good one. Try it.

'I feel so vexed and out of temper with Ben, cried Dick, 'that I really must—'

'Do something in revenge?' inquired his cousin Cecilia.

'No; just look over my book of Thanks.'

'What's that?' said Cecilia, as she saw him turning over the leaves of a copy book nearly full of writing in a round text hand.

'Here it is,' said Dick; then read aloud:—"March 8. Ben lent me his hat." Here again: "January 4. When I lost my shilling, Ben made it up to me kindly." Well,' observed the boy, pleasantly, Ben is a good boy, after all.'

'What do you note down in that book?' said Cecilia, looking over his shoulder.

'All the kindnesses that are ever shown me. You would wonder how many they are. I find a great deal of good from marking them down. I do not forget them as I might do if I only trusted to my memory, so I hope that I am not often ungrateful; and when I am cross or out of temper, I almost always feel good-humored again if I only look over my book of Thanks.'—Exchange.

### Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is April, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

### White and Gold.

Miriam was bending over a book, and she didn't mean to listen, but now and then scraps of talk would reach her ears.

It was the last day of school before the Easter vacation. A group of eager girls gathered around Juliet Henshaw's desk at the recess. Juliet, it seemed, had invited the girls to an Easter luncheon party on Saturday.

'Everything is to be white and gold, girls,' she was saying, 'but I have had one disappointment about it. I planned to have Easter lilies for the centrepiece on my table—just as many lilies as there are to be girls. A golden yellow baby-ribbon was to be tied to each lily and carried to each plate and fastened at that end to a white card with a name and a jolly, appropriate quotation on it. Each one of you girls was to have a lily to carry home as a souvenir of my luncheon party. I have my ribbon and cards all ready. But if you'll believe me, I can't get a lily in the whole town for love or money. They are all promised to the churches and the hospital. Isn't it too bad? I'll just have to stand a tall glass dish of oranges in the centre of the table.'

There were girlish 'ohs' and 'ahs' of sympathy. Then some one suggested: 'Why, Juliet, Miriam Kinsman has Easter lilies; two great stalks of them full of blossoms. She'd let you have 'em, I guess.'

'Nonsense!' said another girl quickly, 'don't you know Juliet and Miriam haven't spoken to each other this ever so long?'

Juliet flushed as she answered, 'Oh, no, I couldn't ask her for them. You see I haven't invited her to the luncheon; and the group of girls slowly sauntered out of the room.

'Mean thing!' thought Juliet, as she passed Miriam. 'I don't suppose she'd ever speak, though she knows well enough I'd be willing to make up.'

'Oh, dear!' Miriam was saying to herself at the same time, 'I don't suppose this quarrel will ever come to an end. I'm sure I don't know how to make a beginning of the end.'

But down in her heart a voice was whispering softly, 'Don't you know how? Is that true? I know of a way!—yes, I know of a way,' repeated the voice when Miriam sat down at home by the side of her pot of lilies.

'Juliet's been awfully mean; I don't want to do it,' her thoughts ran on. 'I'd rather give them to the hospital. That seems to be a better way of doing good.'

'Is it a better way?' asked that persistent voice in her heart.

'No, it isn't; and—I'll do it,' she said out loud at last. It was a confusing remark, rather, but I think the lilies understood, for they all gleamed and glowed more goldenly than ever.

Juliet's lunch table looked very dainty. It was set with her mother's best white china with the gold band. The egg salad with mayonnaise dressing was white and gold. White bread, golden butter, gold and silver cake, white and gold 'floating island' pudding, lemonade, bananas, and oranges carried out the scheme of color further. Juliet surveyed everything with satisfaction as she gave the last finishing touches an hour before her guests were to arrive.

Then she sighed: 'I wish I might have had the lilies. They would have made it really charming.'

She was turning away to go and dress when the doorbell rang. She went to the door herself, and an expressman there handed her two great stalks of Easter lilies. The flowers were hooded with queer little cotton batting nightcaps to keep them from the cold. Juliet stood be-

wildered while the expressman ran back to his team and drove away before she could ask where these treasures came from. She went in and began in a dazed way to remove the cotton batting nightcaps.

'Just twelve of them, the darlings!' she had counted.

She bent over one of the beautiful great-hearts when she spied the tiniest of notes hidden cleverly within. 'Forgive—Miriam,' was all it said.

Juliet burst into her mother's room with a tangle of golden yellow baby-ribbon in one hand and the Easter lilies in the other.

'Mamma, I'm going out a minute. Will you ask Brother Tracy to call a hack for me while I dress? And, oh! mamma, you know how I wanted my lily centrepiece; will you fix it for me, please, while I'm out?'

Juliet's mother gasped: 'My child, whatever are you going out for within an hour of your lunch party?'

'I'll explain later, mamma!' cried Juliet, flying up the stairs.

So that was how a girlish figure in a golden gown, with a white silk sash, happened to be ringing at Miriam Kinsman's house. Miriam came to the door.

'Miriam, will you forgive—Juliet?' the girl in the golden gown was asking without introduction or ceremony.

'Yes,' replied Miriam simply. 'I have wanted to for a long time.'

'Then come back with me to my lunch party, please,' Juliet begged prettily.

But Miriam hesitated. It was one thing to be the generous one herself conferring a favor, and another thing altogether to put one's pride in one's pocket and accept so tardy an invitation. It was rather a sudden test of the sincerity of her forgiveness.

Juliet's eager face fell. 'Ah, I see you have not forgiven me, after all.'

Miriam glanced over to where the lilies had been as if for courage. 'Yes, I'll come,' she said slowly, 'but I've only a plain white gown to wear.'

'Never mind; your hair is the right color, and—your heart—Miriam—that's all gold,' laughed Juliet.

The other girls of the party eyed Miriam curiously. But in the dining-room Juliet took Miriam's hand and pointed to the dainty lily centrepiece.

'You see, girls,' she said, 'Miriam has pardoned me—in white and gold, too.'—Mary A. Winston, in the 'Sabbath-School Visitor.'

### Imperfections.

A party of travellers journeying through Japan, a few years ago, came upon an old artist in ivories. Among the carving which he showed was one most exquisite piece for which he asked a hundred dollars. The price was not at all high for the work, and one of the party at once agreed to take it. Before surrendering it however the artist examined it minutely and the result of the examination was the discovery of a tiny imperfection which he pointed out.

'That will make no difference,' the traveller answered. 'No one but you would ever have discovered it; it need make no difference in the price.'

'It is not a matter of price,' the artist replied proudly. 'No imperfect work ever goes from me at any price. I cannot sell you this.'

The traveller, incredulous, urged again the plea that none but the artist's eye could ever see the blemish; he even offered a higher price still, but to all his arguments the old artist had but the one reply—he could not give his