

and Louise will wonder what has become of the Joneses. I'm not sure but they'll really be lonesome.' Beth laughed softly, but the laugh sounded rather forced and mirthless. 'I hated to hurt Mary Ellen's feelings—poor little thing! but there was no help for it.'

Somehow Mary Ellen's crestfallen face haunted Beth, even after the sponge-cake vexation had given place to another, browned to a turn, and looking toothsome enough to tempt the veriest epicure. It was a rather raw April day; but Mary Ellen's pink toes, Beth recalled, were peeping out of the ghostly rents in her shoes; and she shivered,—Mary Ellen always did shiver when the winds were cold,—and was on the way to the big kitchen stove piping hot for the baking, when Beth's sharp answer arrested her, and sounded the signal for retreat.

'Poor little thing!' All the hard, matter-of-fact tone had gone out of Beth's voice now. 'It may be they hadn't the flour to make bread for Sunday. Mother thinks they are wretchedly poor. Mary Ellen "looked" hungry. She eyed that burned-up cake as though she would like to eat it. I didn't think so much about it at the time, but she "did." I've half a mind—'

Beth's 'half a mind' appeared to resolve itself into a whole mind almost instantly, for she closed the dampers of the stove with a bang, and glanced at the clock as she hurried on her hat and coat.

'We could spare two loaves well enough,' she assured herself, bending over the big stone crock in the corner of the pantry. 'There are two tins of biscuit, and mother made brown bread day before yesterday. I'm going to put in a few of the doughnuts I fried this morning, and some sugar cookies.'

It was a market-basket of comfortable dimensions, covered with a snowy cloth, which bore Beth company when she presented herself at the door of the Jones cottage less than a half-hour later. It was not far to the cottage; but Beth was somewhat out of breath, for the basket had grown heavier with the growth of her generous impulse, and she had hurried, and, withal, she was just the least bit flurried.

'I found we had more than enough bread for over Sunday, Mrs. Jones; so I ran over with it. There are a few doughnuts and cakes in the basket for the children. Little people are always fond of those things.' Beth rushed into her explanations rashly. The pale-faced, spare woman in the skimmed black dress looked bewildered. 'I'm afraid I was cross with Mary Ellen. You see I'd just burned up a cake in the oven, and she was the first person I set eyes on after I'd taken it out. I was ashamed of myself the minute she was gone.'

'O! It's Miss Pearsall,' said the woman, enlightenment dawning in the faded blue eyes. 'It was good of you to take all that trouble, but—but—' Mrs. Jones was sobbing hysterically.

'I didn't mean to—' Beth halted helplessly, trying to think of a way to relieve the tension of the situation. —it must be terribly hard getting things together after one moves. We'd be glad to—to help you—get settled.'

'I've tried to make myself believe that,' wailed the woman, one reddened eye appearing above the checked apron. 'I've borrowed this and that of the neighbors when the children'd get hungry and cry, thinking to myself that I might get work, and could pay 'em all back before they'd find out. I took in washings where I was, but folks don't know here till a body gets acquainted some, and there's so many mouths to fill. 'Tain't easy to tell strangers 'at you're poor—poor enough to beg. I borrowed things I didn't need just to keep up appearances. That nutmeg-grater now.'

'I wouldn't mind, Mrs. Jones, one bit. We understand—now. You'll have plenty of work when people know there's some one willing to do it, and there'll be—be things we can help you to.' Beth was recalling her pleasant memories about the borrowing Joneses, and there was a quaver in her strong young voice.

'I can't thank you enough for these.' Mrs. Jones was uncovering the basket. 'I feel more like taking 'em now, when you know just how it is.'

'Papa would bring you some potatoes, I know,' Beth went on. 'I heard him say the other day that he wouldn't draw them into town at the price, and there are bins and bins

of them in the cellar. Louise and I have—have clothes—things we've outgrown, you know, that you'd be welcome to if you'd want to make them over for Mary Ellen and the others. They're real good—some of them. And there'll be other things when—when I have time to think.'

'I'm sure I'd be glad enough of 'em,' the woman said gratefully. She looked away, a little flush creeping into her pale cheeks. 'I hope you won't lay it up against me, but I feel as though I must tell you when you've said what you have. I thought hard of you when Mary Ellen came home without the bread. I thought you was the kind 'at "had," and didn't think twice of such as "hadn't." It wasn't for myself, but it hurts to hear the little ones cry that hungry way, and not have a crust to give 'em.'

'It was I who was to blame, Mrs. Jones, every bit. You see I was thoughtless, and didn't know how it was.'

There was a thin mist between Beth's eyes and Mrs. Jones's care-lined face when Beth stooped to take up the empty basket.

'Where in the world have you been?' Louise's question and Louise's inquiring face met Beth as she unlatched the gate, and ran up the plank walk. 'Aunt Harriet telephoned she couldn't come, and we drove right back. We've searched the house over for you, and I told mamma at last that I believed the Joneses had borrowed "you." Louise laughed merrily.

But Beth's face was grave. 'They "did,"' she answered quietly.

Satisfying Religion.

There is a religion which is satisfying. I will call your attention to four features of it: First, a sense of the conscious favor of God. You feel that God loves you, that he holds you in his arms. Second, the consciousness that he has made you good. If the word pours into your lap all its wealth and honors you would still be a miserable creature unless you knew that you were good and honest and true and pure. Third, the consciousness that you are doing your duty to the Lord and to those about you. Fourth, the assurance that all is going to be well. There may be difficulties in the way now, but if we have the assurance in our hearts that all will be well in the end it will bring satisfaction. And this satisfying religion you can have without money and without price, on the simple condition that you go right down and submit yourself to Christ, believe in Him and trust Him.—General Booth.

In Canterbury Crypt.

'A few years ago,' said the Rev. F. B. Meyer, in one of his addresses during his visit to America, 'I visited Canterbury Cathedral. After I had wandered through the vast edifice, the verger asked me whether I would not like to see the crypt, and I readily assented. But I soon regretted that I had done so, for as he opened the doorway that led to the dark recesses of the vaults, there met me a cold, chill atmosphere, heavily laden with the mouldy smell of corruption and death. I was ashamed to show any reluctance after having asked to see the burial-place of the nation's great men, and proceeded to descend a winding staircase. The darkness was so dense that I could not see a foot in front of me, but the verger called to me that I would find an iron railing at hand, and by following that I would be guided safely to the crypt. I descended, then, into the darkness of the tombs. On reaching the bottom, I was surrounded on all sides by black vaults, but in the distance I could discern a light, on approaching which I found that the crypt really opened upon the cloister gardens of the whole cathedral. There the glorious spring sunshine was bringing flowers into bloom, and in the midst of the garden there was a beautiful fountain playing, and I then realized how through darkness I had come to the bright glory of the spring sunshine. And thus it was that Christ upon the cross, after descending step by step in His humility, passed into the gloom and darkness. I can imagine that as He reached out His hand in the darkness it rested upon the will of God: and as He descended into the grave His soul cried out, "Thou wilt not leave My soul in hell; neither wilt Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption." "Thou wilt show Me the

path of life; in Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." Thus, through the darkness of the grave, Christ came into the bright light of the resurrection morning.'—*Christian Herald.*

Work in Labrador.

'WE ALL KNOWS THE DOCTOR.'

Grenfell in the Hearts of His People.

It was during a trip through Newfoundland on behalf of the new fishermen's institute at St. John's, that Mr. Charles F. Karnopp found how large a place the missionary doctor holds in the hearts of the people to whom he has given his life.

A number of times we were hailed as political agitators, writes Mr. Karnopp, and were often compelled to demonstrate that our interest was non-partisan, for the country had just passed through a very keen political campaign. It was a rare delight to watch the sudden change in the attitude of a harbor when we mentioned the magic name of Dr. Grenfell and said that he had sent us to tell them about the new institute at St. John's. In a few hours' time the news would spread from cove to cove and from village to village and the meeting-houses were usually crowded to the doors with men and women eager to hear what Dr. Grenfell had in store for them. We usually found the doors and windows nailed shut, a blazing stove in the centre of the room, the air reeking with tobacco smoke and heavy with the odors of unwashed bodies. One immediately realized that these conditions presented one of the very bulwarks of the deeply entrenched tuberculosis scourge against which the institute is to open war.

Very closely they listened to the description of the building and the account of the activities to be carried on there. Perhaps the most interest centred in the swimming pool and the prospect of a chance to learn to swim. The waters of the Atlantic so far north are too cold to admit of bathing. At the close of the meetings we have often times listened to stories of easily avoidable drownings had the poor fellows been able to keep afloat for but a very short time. Many an old skipper has said, 'My days at sea are almost over, but my boys can learn, thank God!' These and many other testimonies would be given at the close of the talk when the men in the audience were asked to tell what they thought of the plan. Special gratitude was always expressed for the provision for the care of the schooner-girls and those who go to St. John's seeking employment, as house servants. They were more than glad of the opportunity to help put up the building and would crowd around the table to look at the plans and make their subscriptions, some twenty cents, some fifty cents, some a dollar. At no time did we ask for a subscription but merely gave the opportunity to give. We often felt like restraining them from giving rather than urging them to give.

We were curious to know how extensively Dr. Grenfell and his associates on the Labrador had come in touch with the men of a certain harbor in Bonavista Bay, it being one of the more southerly bays. Accordingly we asked at the meeting that all those who had ever been treated in the 'Stratheona' or in one of the hospitals raise their hands, and to our surprise over two-thirds of the men present responded with considerable enthusiasm. Just before the singing of the Fishermen's Ode with which the meetings were usually closed, a tall powerful skipper stalked toward the platform in his heavy sea boots and asked that he might say a word. We were told later that he was an old sealing captain who had been a terror in his younger days. He said, 'Well, men, you all knows me; you knows what I has been and what I's tryin' to be now, but I want to tell ye all again and this yere gentleman that ails is, I owes to Dr. Grenfell.'

Often a meeting would close with three hearty cheers for Dr. Grenfell, for the mission, and for the institute. Love and admiration for him is in the hearts of all who have ever come under the Doctor's influence. One day on the mail boat Mrs. Karnopp asked a girl who came from Conche, if she had heard of Dr. Grenfell. Her quick response was, 'Oh, yes, we all knows the Doctor. Its always Christmas when he comes to our harbor.'