

Submission.

(By Ophelia G. Burroughs, in the 'American Messenger.')

'To bend is better than to bear.'—Gold Dust.

Not one burden, not one care,  
Does thy Lord ask thee to bear,  
Only patiently to bend  
'Neath the Cross that He may send.

Every cup of joy or woe,  
Every friend and every foe,  
Take as from His own dear hand;  
Do not ask to understand.

Words of kindness or of ill  
Reach thee only through His will;  
All thou hast to do is rest  
In that will—for thee the best.

Deeds of malice, anger stern,  
Into blessings He can turn:  
Each must end in victory  
If they pass through Him to thee.

Humbly then from day to day  
Walk with Christ the narrow way:  
Nothing that He sends refuse—  
Well content to have him choose.

Small Things Test Men.

In small things lie the crucibles and the touch-stones. Any hypocrite will come to the Sabbath worship, but it is not every hypocrite that will attempt prayer-meetings, or read the Bible in secret, or speak privately of the things of God to the saints. You shall find the same true in other things. A man who is no Christian very likely will not tell you a downright lie by saying that black is white, but he will not hesitate to declare that whitey brown is white—he will go that length. Now, the Christian will not go half way to a falsehood, nay, he scorns to go an inch on that road. He will no more cheat you out of two pence farthing than he would out of two thousand pounds. He will not rob you of an ell. Even a Pharisee will ask Christ to his house to sit at meat with him—he is willing to entertain a great religious leader at his table; but it is not every one who will stoop down and unloose his shoes: for that very Pharisee who made the feast never brought him water to wash his feet, nor gave him the kiss of welcome; he proved the insincerity of his hospitality by forgetting the little things. I will be bound to say Martha and Mary never forgot to unloose his shoe-latchets, and that Lazarus never failed to see that his feet were washed. Look, then, I pray you, as Christians, to the service of Christ in the obscure things, in the things that are not recognized by men, in the matters that have no honor attached to them, for by this shall your love be tried.—Spurgeon.

He Kept No Sunday.

(By Bishop Thompson.)

You may safely write this epitaph over hundreds of graves that will be dug this year for strong men cut down in their prime; for ambitious, prosperous, influential men, cut off in the midst of the race for life. The doctors will say: 'Softening of the brain,' 'paralysis,' 'heart disease,' 'nervous exhaustion'—there are a dozen medical names for the cause of untimely death, but sifted to the bottom the real fact that the men killed themselves by breaking Sunday.

Business men, statesmen, lawyers, students, are all getting in the habit of going out at a moment's warning, dropping dead as they stand, in a way that has never been known before. The probabilities that any prominent man, in any walk of life, will die in his bed at a ripe old age in these days are daily becoming rarer.

Now and then there is enough of toughness in the constitutional fibre, enough of steel and whalebone derived from hard-working parents, the children of the soil, to carry a man through this sort of life to a reasonable old age. But these are exceptional cases, and they are daily growing more exceptional. The children of these parents, whose nerves are raw to the touch and whose brains are in a

restless buzz all their lives, are showing themselves true to the inevitable natural law.

It was to meet just this sort of blunder in human life that the Lord gave His seventh day of rest—because it is absolutely essential to the well-being of man that he should rest the tired hands and calm the fevered brain.

Unspotted From the World.

A recent writer tells of going with a party down in a coal mine. On one side of the gangway grew a plant which was perfectly white. The visitors were astonished that there where the coal dust was constantly flying, this little plant should be so pure and white. A miner threw a handful of black dust upon the plant but not a particle adhered. The visitors themselves repeated the experiment, but the coal dust would not cling. There was a wonderful enamel on the white petals, to which no speck or stain could fasten.

This little plant, with its pure whiteness amid the dust and drippings of a coal mine, is a picture of what every Christian life should be. In this world of evil, where so many unholy influences breathe about us, it is the Christians' mission to be pure, to keep themselves 'unspotted from the world.'—Selected.

Work in Labrador.

ONE OF THE RESCUERS TELLS THE STORY OF DR. GRENFELL'S PERIL.

(The following story by one of the rescuers [George Andrews] was recorded as told by him in the vernacular by Miss Jessie Luther, one of the helpers on the field.)

'It was wonderfu' bad weather that Monday mornin'. The doctor was to Locks' Cove. (None o' we thought o' 'is startin' out.) I don't think th' doctor hisself thought o' goin' at first an' then 'e sent th' two men on ahead for to meet un at th' tilt an' said like's 'e was goin' after all.

Us told un Hare Bay wasn' fit t' cross an' e'd 'ave t' go 'round, an' 'e said 'e would sure an' then after 'e went us didn' think no more about 't.

'Twas evenin' when us knew 'e was on th' ice. George Davis seen un first. 'E went to th' cliff to look for seal; it was after sunset an' half dark, but 'e thought 'e saw somethin' on th' ice an' 'e ran for George Read an' 'e got 'is spy-glass an' made out a man an' dogs on a pan an' knewed it war th' doctor.

It was too dark fur we to go t' un, but us never slept at all, all night. I couldn't sleep. Us watched th' wind an' knew if i' didn't blow too hard us could get un—though 'e war there, three mile off.

So us waited fur th' daylight. No one said who was goin' in th' boat. Un 'oud say, 'Is you goin'?' Un another, 'Is you?' I didn' say, but I knowed what I'd do.

As soon as 'twas light us went to th' cliff wi' th' spy-glass to see if us could see un, but thar warn't nothin' in sight. Us know by the wind whar t' look for un, an' us launched th' boat. George Read an' 'is two sons, an' George Davis what seen un first, an' me, was th' crew. George Read was skipperman an' th' rest was just youngsters. Th' sun was warm;—you mind 'twas a fine mornin',—an' us started in our shirts an' braces, fur we knowed thar's be hard work to do.

I knowed thar was a chance o' not comin' back at all, but it didn' make no difference. I knowed I'd as good a chance as any an' twa' for th' doctor, an' 'is life's worth many—an' somehow, I couldn' let a man go out like that wi'out tryin' fur un—an' I think us all felt th' same.

Us 'ad a good strong boat an' four oars, an' took a hot kettle of tea an' food for a week, fur us thought u'd 'ave t' go far an' p'rhaps lose th' loat an' 'ave t' walk ashore on th' ice.

I didn' 'ope t' find the doctor alive an' kept lookin' for a sign o' un on th' pans.

'Twar no' easy gettin' to th' pans wi' a big sea runnin'. Th' big pans 'ud sometimes heave together an' near crush th' boat, an' sometimes us 'ad t' get out an' haul her over th' ice t' th' water again.

Then us come t' th' slob ice where th' thick an' that was worse 'n any.

Us saw th' doctor about twenty minutes

before us got t' un. 'E was wavin' 'is flag an' I seen 'un.

'E was on a pan no bigger 'n this pan 'ad ground together an' 'twas all floe an' I dunno what ever kep' un fro' goin' abroad, for 'twasn't ice, 'twas packed snow. Th' pan was away from even th' slob, floatin' by hisself, an' th' open water all roun' an' 'twas jist across from Goose Cove an' outside o' that there'd been no hope.

I think th' way th' pan held together was on account o' th' dogs' bodies meltin' t' an' 't froze hard durin' th' night. 'E was cold with th' water an' th' sea washin' over un all th' time.

When us got near un 't didn' seem like 'twas th' doctor. 'E looked so old an' 'is face such a green color. 'E was very solemn-like when us took un' an' th' dogs on th' boat.

No un felt like sayin' much, an' 'e 'ardly said nothin' till us gave un some tea an' loaf, an' then 'e talked. I s'pose 'e was sort o' faint-like.

The first thing 'e said was, how wonderfu' sorry 'e was o' gettin' into such a mess an' givin' we th' trouble o' comin' out for un.

Us tol' un not to think o' that; us was glad to do 't for un, an' 'e 'd a done it for any one of we many times over if 'e 'ad th' chance, an' so 'e would. An' then 'e fretted about th' b'y 'e was goin' to see, 't bein' too late to reach un, an' us tol' un 'is life was worth more'n th' b'y, for 'e could save others an' th' b'y couldn'. But 'e still fretted.

'E 'ad ripped th' dogs' harness an' stuffed th' oarum in th' legs o' 'is pants to keep un warm. 'E showed 't to me. An' 'e cut off th' tops o' 'is boots to keep th' draught from 'is back. 'E said 'e d'roled off once or twice, but th' night seemed wonderfu' long.

Us took un off th' pan at about half-past seven an' 'ad a 'ard fight gettin' in, th' sea still runnin' 'igh.

'E said 'e was proud to see us comin' for un, an' so 'e might, for 't grew wonderfu' cold in th' day an' th' sea so 'igh th' pan couldn' a lived outside.

'E wouldn' stop when us got ashore, but must go right on, an' when 'e 'ad dry clothes an' was a bit warm, us sent un to St. Anthony with a team.

Th' next night an' for nights after, I couldn' sleep. I'd keep seein' that man standin' on th' ice, an' I'd be sorter half awake like sayin', "But not th' doctor. Sure not th' doctor."

There was silence for a few moments and George Andrews looked out across the blue harbor to the sea:

'E sent us watches an' spy-glasses,' said he, 'an' pictures o' hisself that one o' you took o' me, made large, an' in a frame. George Read an' me 'ad th' watches an' th' others 'ad th' spy-glasses.

'Ere's th' watch. It 'as, 'In memory o' April 21st' in 't, but us don't need th' things t' make we remember 't, tho' we're wonderfu' glad t' 'ave 'em from th' doctor.'—'Among the Deep Sea Fishers.'

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—A Friend, Wachusetown, \$1.00; 'Boston,' \$5.00; W. F. F. Hart, Roydale, Alta., \$4.60; Wm. Turnbull, Brussels, \$1.00; Total... \$ 11.60

Received for the cots:—Mrs. H. Janes, Delaware, Ont., \$2.00; A Friend, D.B.S., N.S., \$1.00; 'Boston,' \$5.00; Wm. Turnbull, Brussels, \$1.00; Total... \$ 9.00

Received for the komatik:—W. H. Somenos, B.C., 25cts.; Wm. Turnbull, Brussels, \$1.00; Total... \$ 1.25

Previously acknowledged for all purposes... \$ 1,654.82

Total on hand Jan. 19... \$ 1,676.67

We have also received the following sums for other special objects in connection with Dr. Grenfell's work:—

W. T. J., Barry's Bay, Ont... \$1.00  
Union Sunday School, Centreville, N.S.,  
per Truman H. Eaton... \$3.50  
A Few Friends, Newdale, Man... \$3.00

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.