

and comes here. He wouldn't do that, would He? And He wouldn't 'low His friends to, either?'

There was no gainsaying the difficulty. There was no denying that the Christ would have fed them. In my own mind, I couldn't help fearing I should have somehow avoided the issue; possibly by moving off the komatik track each winter, as many I knew had already done. I even ventured to suggest this. But Uncle Malcolm stood firm.

'No, no, doctor, as long as God gives me a bit, I stay right here and share it with 'em. What I'm afeared of is it won't go round this time. Still, if the Master fed thousands with a few fishes them times, I got that many anyhow, and He can make it go round. It wouldn't be much trusting Him now after all these years if I just ran away up the bay wi' them fishes. . . . I knows the Lord'll be true to His promises; but we got to do our part.'

The doctor found him some work to do, hauling wood for the mission ship, and the difficulty was tided over for that time. But two years afterwards he was again in trouble. 'His failing strength made him realize that to haul logs, which got ever further from his door, and to cut billets enough to supply his needs, had become impossible.

'Fourteen barrels of flour I used last winter, doctor,' he began, as he saw my eyes roaming about the great kitchen that outrivalled a Mother Hubbard's for bareness. Not a bone either of beef or of pork would the neediest of visitors have found; no, nor a speck of dirt either; the place was swept and garnished like a great skeleton.

'Fourteen!' I replied. 'Four you mean. Four is more than enough for you and Anthony.'

'Every ounce o' fourteen,' he said, 'and but for what you bought for me in the south, every barrel at \$8.50 a barrel.'

'Who ate them, Uncle Malcolm?'

'Well, we had as many as twenty-seven staying here one week end, and they with ne'er a bite or sup at home. Isn't us told to be given to hospitality, and that isn't feeding them as 'll pay us back, is it?'

'It's you that is the real relieving officer down here,' I answered.

'Thank God,' he replied, somewhat piqued, 'I've not had to come to the Government yet for help, though we has been on dry flour all summer.'

'What, you are without any fats in the house for yourself? Is that true?'

'Well, you see, doctor, they comes round first one and then another, for just a bit to grease the pot, till there's none left for our own pot. I thank God I doesn't have to take none till I catches what to pay for it with, but I haven't seen a bit o' butter this three months.'

'You'll simply have to shut your door to them this winter, whatever happens now, Uncle Malcolm.'

He stood and looked at me and said, simply: 'I'll not last much longer anyhow, doctor, and please God it'll never come to that. I doesn't want to hear Him say, I was hungry and you did not feed Me, a stranger and you took Me not in.'

Then he brought out sixty dollars, all his savings, and asked the doctor to buy with the money flour and molasses, and some butter.

'But, Malcolm, you are getting old, and you shouldn't cut the last plank away yet.'

'He'll take care, doctor. I guess I'll trust Him. It wouldn't do not to have used that sixty dollars and have sent folks away hungry, would it, doctor? It would look as I didn't have much trust in Him. Doesn't the Book say, I was hungry and ye gave me nothing to eat?'

What could be said. I mechanically took the sixty dollars and put them in my pocket and was silent. It certainly seemed to be the Master speaking. I had once imagined I knew what hospitality meant.

Doesn't a story like that make our small attempts at ministering to Christ seem pitifully shabby? But it is grand to know that there are such noble men in the world. I have heard people speak dolefully about the wickedness of human nature, giving one the impression that mankind is swiftly going downhill; but I think that as Christ marvelled over the faith of some people in Palestine long

ago, so He must still gaze in glad amazement at a soul that has climbed as high as Uncle Malcolm. And such souls are not only in Labrador, they are growing beautiful in His service in many a quiet home.

Doctor Grenfell describes the coming of a beautiful yacht, among the fishing fleets of Labrador, on one occasion. On board were gaily-dressed ladies and gentlemen, seeking pleasure, on a fishing expedition. The doctor was invited to lunch with them, and says: 'To the table, laden with Southern delicacies of fruit, fresh from her ice-lockers, was added all the attraction that the best of silver and cut glass could afford.' But these people, who had spent so much money and energy in the pursuit of pleasure, were very discontented. They grumbled far more about their 'bad luck' in fishing than the men who depended on the fish for their necessary food. Just as the doctor was leaving the yacht a fishing boat came up, and the fisherman pleaded for a sick girl who was in his boat, asking the pleasure-seekers to take her to the hospital, which they would pass before night. But the ladies were afraid there might be infection, and the gentlemen were afraid the fishing-boat would scratch the glossy sides of the yacht. So the doctor decided to ask the skipper of a schooner that was not far off if he would take the girl. The owner of the yacht was greatly relieved, and offered \$100 to pay the skipper for leaving his important work of fishing. The doctor said: 'The skipper wouldn't take the money, I can assure you, for carrying any sick person along, unless his sharemen will lose by it. I know his men are on shares, and it might give them cause to complain, as they wouldn't feel they were asked in the matter, and therefore they wouldn't have the pleasure of doing the kindness. We never pay on the coast for this kind of brotherliness. It is the only wealth they have to give away much of, and they know the value of the joy of service.'

When Doctor Grenfell told the story to his colleague on the mission hospital steamer, the latter remarked: 'I hope they won't have anything more to interrupt their enjoyments, but it sort of makes one feel not desirous to change places with them.'

It certainly takes more than riches, fine clothes, and 'a handle to one's name,' to make anyone great. Those 'cultured' pleasure-seekers must have felt very small beside God's noblemen—

but it is good for us to realize our smallness sometimes, don't you think so?

DORA FARNCOMB.

The following verses were sent to me by one of our English readers, and I gladly pass them along to you.—Hope.

'At Thy feet, our God and Father
Who hast blessed us all our days,
We with grateful hearts would gather,
To begin the year with praise.

'Every day will be the brighter
When Thy gracious face we see,
Every burden will be lighter
When we know it comes from Thee.

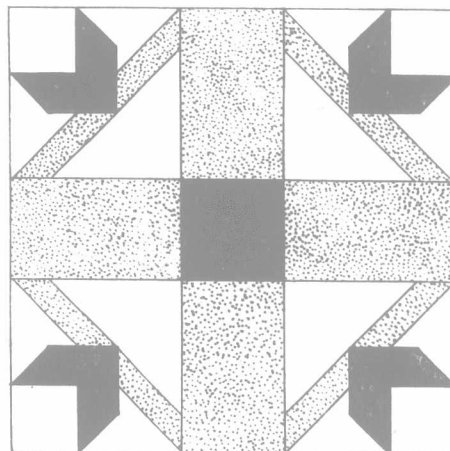
'Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us,
Give us strength to serve and wait
Till the glory breaks before us
Through the City's open gate.'

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondents in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen-name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this department for answers to questions to appear.]

Quilt Patterns.

I am very sorry that we could not insert sooner the quilt patterns which so many of you have been kind enough to



'Fly-by-night' Pattern.

Sent by Miss Annie Jameison.

send us. However, the winter is still young, and no doubt there will be plenty of time yet for quilt-making. A few patterns still remain to be inserted at a later date. D. D.

One of the "Quilt" Letters.

Dear Dame Durden,—I notice in a recent "Advocate" that someone wished a pattern for a tulip quilt. I have a beauty, made many years ago by my husband's grandmother. Mine is green,



Tulip Pattern.

Sent by Mrs. R. Boyes, Churchill, Ont., and "Muggins," Brant Co., Ont.

red and orange on white, and certainly wins the admiration of all who see it. The tulips on mine are all sewn on by hand, not pieced, and it is all double cross quilted. Much more labor than the ladies of to-day care to spend on work of that kind

With best wishes for this department, I remain, yours,
"MUGGINS,"
Brant Co., Ont.

Oatmeal Cakes—Laundering Collars.

Dear Ingle Nookers,—Here is a good recipe for oatmeal cakes:—2½ cups flour, 2½ cups oatmeal, 1 cup shortening, 1 cup white sugar, 1 small teaspoon salt, 1 small teaspoon soda dissolved in ½ cup warm water. Filling:—2½ cups raisins, ½ cup sugar. Cover raisins with water and let boil until softened, then thicken with two dessertspoons cornstarch. Dates may be used instead of raisins if desired.

Can any of the Nookers tell me how to launder linen collars and cuffs, to



The Field Oak.

From a painting by Homer Watson, R.C.A. Exhibited at the Royal Canadian Academy Exhibition, Toronto, November-December, 1911.