

Lend a Hand.

Lend a hand to the tempted.
 Lend a hand to souls in the shadow.
 Lend a hand to the student at school.
 Lend a hand to those who are often misjudged.
 Lend a hand to the soul crushed with unspeakable loss.
 Lend a hand to the poor fighting the wolf from the door.
 Lend a hand to those whose lives are narrow and cramped.
 Lend a hand to the boy struggling bravely to culture his mind.
 Lend a hand to young people whose homes are cold and repelling.
 Lend a hand to those whose surroundings are steadily pulling them down.
 Lend a hand to the prodigal sister—her life is as precious as that of the prodigal brother.
 Lend a hand to the girl who works, works, works, and knows nothing of recreation and rest.
 Lend a hand—an open hand, a warm hand, a strong hand, an uplifting hand, a hand filled with mercy and help.—'The Silver Cross.'

Two Pictures From Life.

I.

A black-eyed baby lay moaning its young life away on the brick bed of a dreary mud house in Pekin, China.

The feeble voice, growing weaker and weaker, was now and then drowned in the sobs and groans of the young mother, who gazed in despair upon her dying child. She longed to press it to her aching heart, but she had always heard that demons are all around the dying, waiting to snatch the soul away, and so because it was dying she was afraid of her own baby.

'It is almost time,' said the mother-in-law, glancing at the slanting sunbeam that had stolen into the dismal room through a hole in the paper window; and she snatched up the helpless baby with a determined air. The mother shrieked, 'My baby is not dead yet! My baby is not dead yet!'

'But it has only one mouthful of breath left,' said the old woman; 'the cart will soon pass, and then we shall have to keep it in the house all night. There is no help for it; the gods are angry with you.'

The mother dared not resist, and her baby was carried from her sight. She never saw it again.

An old black cart drawn by a black cow passed down slowly down the street; the little body was laid among the others already gathered there, and the carter drove on through the city gate. Outside the city wall he laid them all in a common pit, buried them in lime, and drove on.

No stone marked the spot; no flowers will ever bloom on that grave.

The desolate woman wails, 'My baby is lost; my baby is lost; I can never find him again.'

The black-eyed baby's mother is a heathen.

II.

A blue-eyed baby lay moaning on the downy pillows of its dainty crib, and it was whispered softly through the mission, 'Baby is dying.'

With sorrowing hearts we gathered in the stricken room, but the Comforter had come before us.

'Our baby is going home,' said the mother, and, though her voice trembled, she smiled bravely and sweetly upon the little sufferer.

'We gave her to the Lord when she came to us. He has but come for His own,' said the father reverently, as he threw his arms lovingly around his wife.

As we watched through our tears the little life slipping away, some one began to sing softly:

'Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly.'

The blue eyes opened for the last time, and with one long gaze into the loving faces above, closed again, and with a gentle sigh the sweet child passed in through the gate to the heavenly fold.

'Let us pray,' said a low voice. We knelt together, and heaven came so near we could almost see the white-robed ones and hear their songs of welcome.

There are no baby coffins to be bought in

Pekin, so a box was made; we lined it with soft white silk from a Chinese store. We dressed baby in her snowy robes and laid her lovingly in her last resting place. We decked the room with flowers, and strewed them over the little one.

The next day we followed the tiny coffin to the cemetery.

With a song of hope and words of cheer and trust, and a prayer of faith, we comforted the sorrowing hearts.

Now a white stone marks the sacred spot where we laid her, and flowers blossom on the grave that is visited often and tended with loving care.

'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord,' says the baby's father, while baby's mother answers, 'Our baby is safe; we shall find her and have her, some glad day.'

The blue-eyed baby's mother is a Christian.—'Gospel in All Lands.'

Religious News.

In a recent contribution to the Mysore 'Review' these unqualified words of commendation are bestowed without solicitation by an Indian gentleman, which certain critics will do well to read, note, mark, and inwardly digest. He says:

We take this opportunity of entreating our countrymen not to misunderstand our European missionary friends, and to impute to them sinister motives for the work they are doing in our midst. 'They do not mask their object in coming to India. It is avowedly to evangelize her children by conviction.' They do not use force or compulsion. They are, however, the great pioneers and successful prosecutors of Western higher education, and, being divested of official prestige, give us object-lessons of British home life and 'morals.' They are sincere in their beliefs and enable us to correctly appraise the intrinsic social position of the Britishers, who are drest in brief authority over us. They moreover sympathize and mix with us in many a social and public function, and we have much to learn from them to improve our general condition. Their colleges and high-schools hold their own among the best in the land, and some of the best among our men of light and leading are the 'alumni' of these institutions. We ought always to look upon these unselfish workers as India's real friends.—'C. M. S. Gazette.'

Work in Labrador.

DR. GRENFELL BACK AGAIN.

Dear Mr. Editor,—On April 22, my little steamer, the 'Strathcona,' secured a charter to carry ballot boxes for the government for the election of May 8. As she cannot ever begin her season's proper work till May 25, we gladly hail this chance to help out with her expenses. The late and severe winter, however, has kept ice so late on the coast, she was caught in a heavy floe and lost the blades of her propeller, but has been fortunate enough to get into a safe harbor on the north-east coast, where she is repairing. There is nothing to be ashamed of this time, as there was no possible way of escape, and several large steamers, including the 'Mongolian,' of the Allan Line, a large Dominion Liner, and the SS. 'Briardene,' have been among the lame ducks that have met trouble this spring with the icebergs and floes.

Some of the summer volunteers for our work have already left for the coast, and we have heard of some belated in St. John's, awaiting the break up of the ice-pack. Meanwhile, from both side of the Straits stray letters have reached us, all reporting poor fur-trapping, but nothing unusual in the general health and outlook.

From New York I learn that another syndicate of lumber and pulp men are about to commence operations at Sandwich Bay, Labrador. They have secured a most generous grant of timber-bearing land in that safe bay, and all along the courses of five or more rivers—which should enable them to bring their logs to the mill cheaply and easily. The main object is professedly to make pulp, rather than paper, and the situation of the flumes and power houses are to be below the splendid waterfall on the White Bear river. A second

large lumber and pulp company is organized and trying to secure the necessary capital in London. The area secured by this English syndicate is on the north side of the head waters of the great Hamilton Inlet. There is undoubtedly a great deal of pulp wood on this large grant north of Grand river, as far as Mulligan's—an area as large as a small kingdom. There should be also all the power needed at the Musk Rat Falls. But these are a long way distant and the power would have to be converted into electricity, I should suppose, and carried by cable. The promoters seem confident in its feasibility, but as I have no experience in these matters, I was unfortunately unable to in any way assist them. I should prefer to see first that the magnificent preparations made by the Hartsworths, for not only making pulp, but paper also, on their 2,300 square miles concession in North Newfoundland, justifies their great outlay. Needless to say, as far as we in Labrador are concerned, we should welcome any new industries, more especially as the government has been careful to include precautions for the people's welfare in guarding the future of the timber lands and in securing a preference for the employment of the natives.

I have also had sent me from the owners of the Labradorite Island, near Nain, the information that they intend to reopen work at that long abandoned concession. This 'bluestone,' which is only a peculiarly stratified felspar, has undoubtedly a future for ornamental work, and I have often wondered that no more practical interest has been shown in it hitherto.

Having just left 'Home' myself, for my return to Labrador, I am writing this to you, Mr. Editor, from the broad Atlantic. A strange conflict of emotions always goes on in the hearts of those leaving home. Here, on this magnificent 'Mauretania,' the beautiful precautions for one's physical comfort would entirely allay any unworthy regret at exchanging the comforts of the land for those of the journey. But the sight of those one loves standing on the landing stage, waving adieu till the last minute, and gradually, but surely, getting smaller and smaller as the gap widens, makes one realize how utterly impossible it is for anything physical to fill the void created by the separation of souls. On the other hand, once back to work, the calls for the exercise of body, soul and spirit, together, do afford a solace that is, as Dr. Van Dyke has so beautifully put it, the 'blessing of earth.' With us, the very fact that we are deprived of the luxuries of life paradoxically becomes a soul-satisfying asset, for it assures the real self that the unwelcome estrangement was good and right. It helps to put in their right places once again all things that relate to our brief stay on the stage of human life. We learn that sentimental satisfactions no more than sensual indulgences are values by which we can grade what is best. It forces upon us the lesson so few seem to have eyes to see or hearts to understand, that life is really a battle field for the soul, and only those can be real victors who are willing to efface themselves and follow the Christ's ideal for every man, and we see that as the salt dissolving itself to sweeten its environment, or light diffusing itself to show others the way, only so can the real purpose of existence be worked out, or we hope to taste the real 'joy de vivre.'

WILFRED GRENFELL.

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