

POOR LITTLE HAND.

A touching story comes from Lebanon, that mountain range that is spoken of in the Bible. The story is told in a missionary paper, *The Church at Home and Abroad*. It is as follows:—

The other day in a Lebanon village, about fourteen hours' ride from Beirut, a child about four years of age had his hand cut off in an oil press, and his mother instantly set off with him to Beirut, to the hospital doctor.

Arriving next day late at night, she found her way to the doctor's house and presented her boy; and, after telling how it had all happened, she put her hand into her bosom and drew out the little dead hand that she had been trying to keep warm all the time during the long journey, thinking that in some way, the foreign doctor, the missionary, of whose skill she had heard, could put it on again and heal up the wound.

The doctor was deeply touched by the appeal of such Shunamite faith, and it grieved him to have to tell the mother that the hand could never be restored; but the little sufferer was affectionately and skillfully attended to.

When we get hurt or are sick, we have a doctor near to help, but in heathen lands there is no medical skill. People suffer or die. Even with us that hand could not have been put on again, but in many a case medical skill can help.

Some of our missionaries are doctors of medicine and the story of that poor little hand should lead us, in pity to the heathen, to do what we can to send them healing for the body as well as for the soul.

HOW PRAYER AND THE KEDGE SAVED THE SHIP.



ANY years ago, in the days of the tall masted clipper ships, a great number of sailing vessels had collected, one stormy season, in the harbor in Malta.

A sudden tempest arose. Fiercer blew the wind, hunger grew the billows, that, starting many leagues at sea, rolled terrifically into the harbor.

About the decks of the craft at anchor seamen hurried, upper spars were sent down, boast secured, and extra anchors let go.

But still the storm raged, and the worst

fears of the most experienced navigators of those waters began to be realized. Malta harbor afforded but poor "holding-ground," at least in a blow from one particular quarter, and, as the gale increased in violence, one and another hapless ship began to drag anchor. Here and there a vessel went speedily and bodily on the rocks. Other ships fouling the hawser of their neighbours, and colliding with the latter, foundered where they were in the offing.

It was at this crisis that the incident occurred with which this story has particularly to do. It happened that one of the American vessels was commanded by a godly captain. He was a man of resource, however, as well as piety. Having let go his heavy anchors from either bow, he did the utmost that sailor ingenuity could suggest for the salvation of his ship. But steadily her anchors dragged, and the noble craft was approaching momentarily nearer and nearer to her apparent doom. It seemed but the toss of a penny whether her stout timbers would be shivered against the rolling sides of one or another of her luckless sorts, or shattered in dire wreck upon the projections of the neighboring shore.

Then it was that the godly skipper, having done all that human skill could suggest in a gallant fight for the life of his ship, called all hands together and bade them look to the Almighty for that help which man was powerless to give. Bare-headed, on the reeling deck, the Captain led his men in fervent petition for deliverance from the perils that threatened the whole ship's company. Many a voice, more used to oaths than to orisons, loudly vociferated its "Amen" to the "old man's" prayers for help.

Rising from his knees, the Captain seemed immediately to feel a calm of spirit singularly in contrast with the raging of the storm about; his mind appeared clearer, and his energies quickened. Curiously enough just then there flashed across his mind the thought of a little kedge stowed away on board, hitherto forgotten, and seemingly an utterly insignificant factor in the solution of any such problem as the holding of a big ship in a storm.