

Aspects of Christ.

Of whom shall I paint you a picture? Shall it be of the Prince of Peace, whose coming was heralded by that glad anthem, which has rolled down the ages with its joyous, 'Hosannah in the highest?' Or shall it be of the wondrous Babe, at whose feet the Seers laid their odorous gifts of love? Shall I tell you of the Boy Jesus, the prentice carpenter, of the youth who mastered the Tempter in the wilderness or the indignant son cleansing his Father's home, of thieves and robbers? Will you listen to the Teacher's loving words, 'When ye pray, say 'Our Father which art in Heaven,' or to the Shepherd's, 'suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'

Will you hear of the physician's marvellous cures, of the brother's care for his hungry companions, of the servant washing the feet of the Galilean fishers, or shall I portray the man, he in whom Pilate found no guile, He of whom the prophet said, 'A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.' He stands before us in all the majesty of his manhood, meek and forgiving, clad in the mockery of purple robe and crown of thorn. The Intercessor, bleeding and broken in heart pleads, 'Forgive them, they know not what they do.'

Or wish you rather a paean of gladness? With triumphant chord then sing of the risen Lord, the first fruits of them that sleep, of Him who lives for ever and for ever, who is Alpha and Omega. Shout indeed, 'Deata, where is thy sting, where grave thy victory?'

M. MCGANGLEY.

Emancipation.

(Maltbie D. Babcock, D.D., in the 'American Messenger'.)

Why be afraid of death,
As though your life were breath?
Death but anoints your eyes
With clay—O glad surprise!

Why should you be forlorn?
Death only husks the corn;
Why should you fear to meet
The Thresher of the wheat?

Is sleep a thing to dread?
Yet sleeping you are dead
Till you awake and rise—
Here, or beyond the skies.

Why should it be a wrench
To leave your wooden bench?
Why with happy shout
Run home when school is out?

The dear ones left behind—
O foolish one, and blind!
A day, and you will meet;
A night, and you will greet.

This is the death of Death—
To breathe away a breath,
And know the end of strife,
And taste the endless life.

And joy without a fear,
And smile without a tear,
And work nor care to rest,
And find the last the best.

The First Command of the Risen Lord.

When our Lord arose from the dead He left us as an element of comfort something to do for Him. We know what a comfort it is to carry out the last wishes of our beloved. Last words are very precious. If we may but go on for the sake of the departed with a task that is interwoven with sacred thoughts of them, we receive new strength for the lonely road. Work is a panacea for grief. Work is often a legacy worth more than gold or silver. Our dear Saviour when He rose from the dead gave to all His people the command to go into all the world and preach the glad tidings to every creature. He is at the Father's right hand making intercession for the world that He redeemed. We are to help Him in His work. At Eastertide as on every Lord's day throughout the year shall

we not think of those for whom He longs—the lost sheep, the people who do not know Him, who are trusting in false gods? If we love our Saviour we cannot ignore the duty He laid upon us to carry His Gospel to every corner of the homeland and to the ends of the earth.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Our Labrador Work.

THE DEER ASHORE.

On our way back the wind freshened and soon it was blowing a gale, as it had the previous night. At eight o'clock the Lapp who was collecting the stray deer had not yet returned, and as one of the men said, it was 'wonderful dirty in on dem hills,' snowing and pitch dark, so that one could hardly see a thing; and as he was unfamiliar with the country, we began to be much worried or fear he should lose his way, go on and on until exhausted, and then sink down and freeze to death.

A rescue party was formed which followed the path clear back to the ship, and learned that the Lapp had not returned to the ship.

They returned by another path, calling continually, but failed to find him. It occurred to us that the other Lapps did not seem at all disturbed because the man had not come back, and we asked them about him, but they seemed to think that he would be all right even if he had to sleep unsheltered, for they were accustomed to that sort of thing.

Next morning he turned up and reported twenty odd deer added to the main herd. He seemed to think nothing of having spent the night collecting deer. He had been ten miles down the coast, and early in the morning had stopped at a fisherman's house to get something to eat.

Every day some of the Lapps went out to round up more deer, and the main herd gradually grew in size. The deer were collected either by approaching them with the leader, whom they followed as he was led towards the main herd, or, if they refused to follow in this way the whole herd was led to the bunch of stray deer, and the latter were absorbed. By the middle of the week the Lapps had located and assembled 285 deer, and the next day reported the whole three hundred safe and sound in one herd. Needless to say, this remarkable record of braving the voyage and facing new conditions without the loss of a single deer pleased us all exceedingly.

Mr. Lindsay went in to show the Lapps the land, taking a guide and the interpreter. At first they seemed very dissatisfied, and said that the deer could never live in there on account of the ice on the moss, which is thicker than usual this year, owing to several periods of thaw, with rain, which froze as soon as it fell. The trip did not produce any results. For some reason the Lapps just at this time seemed very dissatisfied with everything and grumbled continually. One cause of their discontent was that the sugar which we furnished them was granulated, whereas they wanted lump or loaf sugar. It seems that their method of using it with coffee, their steady drink, is to dip the lump of sugar in the coffee, and then suck up the coffee, dip it in again, etc., until the sugar dissolves away. Their diet is quite civilized, consisting of coffee, sugar, cheese, black bread, made of rye flour, oleomargarine, canned meat instead of venison, and canned milk till the does fawn, supplemented with a little venison, which they brought with them, raw, smoked, or boiled.

Within a day or two they had gotten used to the situation, and were as cheerful as could be. They very quickly became acquainted with the folk round about, who visited them a great deal. I happened in one day and found the dog driver teaching one of the Lapp boys to spell out 'Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen' on his sweater. They have now been to church several Sundays, and although they can take very little part in the service, they seem to enjoy it very much.

The day following the first expedition, a second was made further into the country, where moss was found in less exposed places, and the Lapps were perfectly satisfied to move the deer, in fact they themselves were anxious to get into the country to camp.

They said that a civilized house was too draughty for them. Accordingly, the next Monday, a week after the landing, they lassoed five deer, and hitched them to their loaded polkes and started inland. One of the women went ahead and led a deer, and the other teams were all tied in a long line one behind the other. As soon as they were a little way from the houses a Lapp jumped on each polke, shouted to the deer, and away they went at lightning speed, although it was such bad going, and the snow was so soft that the dogs could hardly haul a komatik on the level.

All the women except one, and the two boys, were left here until the camp was settled. The tent, made of blanketing, was pitched about eight miles inland. It is wig-wam shape, with a fire in the centre, and just room enough for a Lapp to lie down with his feet at the fire and his head against the side of the tent. In four or five places the bottom of the tent is raised up to make a draught for the fire, so that as one sits there he freezes his back and burns his face, and yet they spoke of draughts. Their tent is always full of smoke, and after living in it for five minutes I knew why their eyes look so bloodshot.

Mr. Lindsay has moved in near them, with the interpreter, to study the deer and the Lapp language. With them is one of the fifteen-year-old orphans who is to be an apprenticed herder, and an energetic young Newfoundlander, who has been hired to likewise learn the business from the ground up, and eventually take charge of the deer.

The preparations for this second camp were more or less absorbing. The camp itself consists of two canvas tents, one for cooking, and a larger wall tent to sleep in. Each is equipped with a folding sheet iron stove. In one are kept the provisions, hard tack, flour, salt pork and beef, condensed milk, teas, etc., and other things are cooked here and carried out to the camp each week, such as beans, bread, etc.

The four men were provided with waterproof canvas sleeping bags lined with blankets and dog skins, under and on top of the sleeping bags are placed caribou skins. Dr. Grenfell having purchased a bale of them on the Labrador on the 'Strathcona's' last trip north. The wild caribou inhabiting Labrador and Newfoundland in large herds are practically identical with the reindeer.

The next consideration was that of clothing and personal outfit. Besides the necessary woollen clothes, underclothes, sweaters, stockings, skins, boots and mitts, three of the party wore sealskin cossacks, and the boy a sheepskin coat. The other indispensables were the snowshoes, which are rapidly giving place to the skis ('skees') of the Lapps, axes, guns, etc.

The deer have found plenty of moss and are doing nicely, and as they have safely passed through a spell of the worst weather this country is able to produce, and as their greatest enemy, the wolf, is practically extinct in Newfoundland, we have hopes for the future.

C. L.

For WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

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