

Sunday

Reading.

The Portrait.

Such a careless, gay, young face
There above you on the wall—
She was married, do you know,
Near a hundred years ago.
Here, within this very hall,

They made wives of children, then—
She was not as old as you—
Just fifteen, said they that knew,
And her eyes, you see, were blue
As that morning-glory, dear,
That the wind has tossed in here.

There came days, my little one,
When the merest of a shame,
And a levelled foreign sun
Lighted all the land to flame—
And there came an hour when,
After sob, and kiss, and prayer,
In the little porch out there,

She was left alone, alone,
Just to make her useless moan,
Just to wait, and wait, and wait,
For the hand upon the gate,
For the step that never came.

Ah, the pity of it, dear!
They made wives of children, then,
And of boys they moulded men—
Men to put the love-dream by,
Men to do, and men to die,
As he died, my little one.

Here, within this very hall,
Where she gave her girlhood's all,
Where she played at wifely state,
Where she sobbed all desolate,
Dear, at last an hour came
When they brought him home to her,
And the gladness that were
Vanished as a sunken flame,
For they laid him at her feet
With a sword-thrust in the breast
In the old days, and the sweet.

Such a careless, gay, young face,
There above you on the wall—
Near a century of death,
Sob, and prayer, and laughing breath,
How the face smiles over all!

The Passing of Little Eagle.

The exalted and tender genius of Christianity appears in every incident of life and death. It appears with more distinction where a people but recently pagan illustrates the discipline and spirit of its faith. One of the letters of Miss Mary P. Lord, long a teacher among the Sioux on the Grand River Reservation, North Dakota, gives a long account of a young Indian who died at Little Eagle Village in September, 1899.

His name was Little Eagle, and he was the Christian son of a Christian father and mother redeemed from the heathenism of their tribe. The elder Little Eagle—who was the first deacon of the Grand River Mission church—had been a United States police soldier, and was killed in the fight at the capture and death of Sitting Bull. He was the father of many sons, and the place where they lived was called after the family.

Henry Little Eagle was his widowed mother's pride and dependence, for he was her last living son. The boy studied at the mission and government schools, and developed an amiable and manly character that inspired affection and trust. The Grand River church to which he belonged made the young stock farmer its treasurer, and the local Young Men's Christian Association elected him its president.

In the midst of his usefulness he was attacked with hemorrhage of the lungs, and sank into a rapid decline. So universal was the sympathy and the esteem for him that his sick room became almost a shrine. His Indian friends, and Christians of all sects from the settlements around his village, came to see him in his brave and gentle patience, and sometimes joined in singing to him his favourite Gospel hymns. When the last moment came, it was his own voice that sang 'Jesus, Saviour, pilot me,' and his spirit passed with a prayer.

His Sioux mother, a tall and stately woman, had suffered it all with the silence of her race. When she knew that her boy was no more, her sorrow cried out—in her native tongue—the cry as old as the human heart: 'Micirkei! Micirkei!' (My son! My son!)

It was the lamentation of David in 'the chamber over the gate.'

The thronged funeral, with its full hearted tributes of speech and emblem and tender song, might have honored a statesman's burial. And Henry Little Eagle had lived but twenty two years.

In the cemetery, after the casket had been lowered and the solemn committal and benediction had been said, the people were turning away; but the mother, calmed now by her Christian faith, stood beside the grave and addressed them in the Indian language.

'I am lonely,' she said. 'We were a large family, and now only one is left me—a married daughter. But they all died trusting in God, and I rejoice, I want to help you more. I have something that my son meant to give—a dollar for the Rock Creek people and a dollar and a half for the Wotanin Waste mission paper.' Take it from his own hand.'

Colds ON THE Chest

are dangerous; they weaken the constitution, inflame the lungs, and often lead to Pneumonia. Cough syrups are useless. The system must be given strength and force to throw off the disease.

Scott's Emulsion will do this. It strengthens the lungs and builds up the entire system. It conquers the inflammation, cures the cough, and prevents serious trouble.

See, and \$1.00, all druggists,
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

Saying this, she stooped and laid two little purses on the ground at the head of the grave. It was a slight offering, but it was the last gift of her dear boy.

EXTENT OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The vast work that is being carried on in other lands by our missionaries.

Some valuable compilations of facts concerning missionary work are to be found in a book by Dr. S. L. Baldwin, just published by Eaton & Mains and entitled "Foreign Missions of the Protestant churches." Dr. Baldwin has been a careful student of missions for many years and was secretary of the Executive committee which had in charge the recent great Ecumenical council in this city. In his book he discusses the nature and scope methods and administration of foreign missions and then goes on to tabulate in historical form the origin and work of the various foreign missionary societies. In a chapter of sixty pages he gives a brief account of the important foreign missionary bodies in the nation.

First in chronological order and one of the most efficient in achievements is the American Board, which is the Congregational missionary organization. Formally installed in 1810, it really took its rise from the historic 'haystack prayer meeting' of Williams College students in 1806 to ask for guidance in the matter of sending out missionaries to the heathen. Five Commissioners and an audience of one person attended the opening meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, as it was entitled; yet from that small beginning there spread a movement that inspired in almost all cases and fostered in many cases the foreign missionary efforts of other denominations. At present the board has 101 principal stations, 1,271 out-stations, 465 churches, 47,023 communicants, 1,270 schools, 56,641 persons under instruction, 539 American laborers and 2,975 native laborers. Its yearly income is \$644,200.

The Presbyterian Board was organized in 1837 and has at present an income of nearly \$900,000 with which it supports 111 principal stations, 1,081 out-stations, with 35,995 communicants and 21,516 persons under instruction. There is also a Southern Presbyterian Board with 40 principal stations, 176 out-stations and 3,378 communicants.

The American Baptist Missionary Union has the largest number of communicants, 128,294, in 91 principal stations, and 1,495 out-stations supplied 1,028 churches. The annual income of the union is \$563,494. This is the next to the oldest society in the country, having been formed in 1814.

The Methodist Episcopal Church Missionary Society was founded in 1819, and is now one of the largest having 134 principal stations, 500 outstations, 676 churches, 124,611 communicants, and the largest annual income of any missionary society \$954,063.

The Protestant Episcopal church's society was formed in 1835. It has now 200 principal stations, 45 churches, 5,582 communicants, and an income of more than a quarter of a million dollars.

The Disciples of Christ, a small but strong denomination particularly devoted to foreign missionary work, maintain 91 churches, with 5,280 communicants and an income of \$144,783.

The undenominational American Bible Society, founded in 1816, has an income of \$152,696, upon which it supports 33 American workers and 243 native workers.

Among other denominations having missions in the foreign field are the Dutch Reformed, United Presbyterian, Covenant, Cumberland Presbyterian, German Reformed, Southern Baptists, Southern Methodists, Evangelical Lutherans, and American Friends. Dr. Baldwin also gives statistics of British and Continental foreign missionary societies.

In his chapter on 'False and True Con-

ceptions of Mission and Missionary Work,' the author declares that for a missionary to look upon his work as a civilizing and elevating agency for the barbarous or semi-civilized nations is a low and unworthy conception of the work. The missionary he says, must have in mind simply the carrying of the Gospel, and nothing else. Civilization and elevation may come incidentally, but they are no part of mission work. In regard to China, the chapter having been written, of course, before the present outbreak, he writes:

'The great dislike for foreigners, in the prevalent superstitious, the bitter antagonism of the literary class, the opium habit, and other difficulties have barred the way of Christianity, but it is gradually overcoming these obstacles. * * * Christianity is surely gathering momentum, and its outlook for the twentieth century is very promising.'

MY DAD'S THE ENGINEER.

A Three-Year-Old Boy Who Acted as Engineer on His Own Account.

There was an exciting time on the motor line between St. Johns and Albina, (a part of Portland, Oregon, lately. As the story is related by the Portland Oregonian, an engineer on the motor-line, W. B. Evans, had left the motor-engine on a switch at the water-tank at St. Johns while he went to get his luncheon. During his absence his son Fred, three years old, climbed up on the engine. He had often ridden on it and had observed the way in which his father operated it.

Little Fred had no sooner mounted the engine then it occurred to him to open the throttle and see if it would start. He pulled it open, wide, and the engine did start. It was full of oil, coal and water and steam, and moved off at a high rate of speed immediately. Several persons saw it going, and saw that a child alone was on the engineer's seat, but no one was near enough to stop it.

Word was at once taken to the boy's father. He reached the track just in time to see the locomotive disappear around a curve. Although wild with grief, he went to a telephone, and the operator began telephoning and telegraphing down the line in an attempt to get the locomotive stopped. Little Fred's mother came, too, but she was almost fainting.

Meantime the locomotive dashed down the road. Some people near St. Johns heard the little boy crying, 'Mamma!' and saw that he was weeping. Presently the locomotive passed Portsmouth station. The telephone message had already been received there, and an operator rushed out but the speed of the locomotive was terrific. The operator caught a glimpse of the little boy sitting upright on the engineer's seat, not crying now, but looking very well pleased.

Word of the affair spread, and at St. Johns a crowd collected. Women were crying and wringing their hands. The locomotive sped on. It passed Peninsular station at the same rate of speed as that at which it had passed Portsmouth. No one dared to throw it on a switch. Word came by telephone to Albina before the engine had reached that point, and a party of men ran out along the line to meet it.

The approach to Albina is by a long up-grade. On this up-grade the steam had gone down a little, and the speed of the locomotive diminished, although not to any marked degree. As the engine neared the end, the man from Albina stepped aside. Could any one of them board it?

John Woods, a motorman on the City & Suburban Railway, did board it, at frightful risk. He caught the hand-rail and swung up, although in doing so he was dragged seventy feet, and the observers for an instant were sure he would lose his life. He at once turned off the steam, and the engine slowed down and stopped.

He found the little boy full of delight. 'I can run an engine like papa!' he exclaimed. He was sitting erect on the engineer's seat and was not a bit scared.

The gage indicated a pressure of eighty pounds, which proved that the speed of the engine was very considerable when Woods boarded it. He told the crowd which gathered that he was much surprised that he had succeeded in getting on. The locomotive had travelled several miles at a rate of at least thirty miles an hour. It was promptly run back to St. Johns, and the little engineer was restored to his almost frantic parents.

MR. MUSKRAT AT DINNER.

As Eats his Succulent Dish Exactly as a Boy Eats his Banana.

If you know where there is a colony of muskrats—and if you don't know you can easily find out, any farmer or hunter will show you their village of grass houses by the river—you can have no end of enjoyment by going there at twilight and calling them out. Squeak like a mouse, only louder, and if there is a pointed nose in sight making a great letter V in the water,



Speaks for itself

—Pearline. That accounts for its quick and large success. A five cent package of Pearline (follow the directions) shows you the ease, comfort and quickness of washing with little or no rubbing. You won't see all the wear and tear that it saves, perhaps. But you will later when you find that the clothes last longer.

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it turns instantly toward you. And if the place is all still you have only to hide and squeak a few times, when two or three muskrats will come out to see what the matter is, or what young muskrat has got into trouble.

If you go often and watch you may see a good many curious things. See 'musquash' (that's his Indian name) digging a canal or building his house, or cutting wood, or catching a trout, or cracking a fresh water clam, or rolling a duck's egg along on the water's edge so as not to break it, to this little ones in the den far below. And if you like bananas you may sometimes smack your lips at seeing him eat his banana in his own way. This is how he does it:

First he goes to the rushes, and diving down, bites off the biggest one close to the bottom, so as to have the soft, white part that grows under water. This he tucks it to his favorite eating place. This is sometimes the top of a bog, sometimes a flat rock on the shore, sometimes a stranded log; but, wherever it is he likes to eat in that one place, and always goes there when he is not too far away or too hungry to wait.

Crawling out to his table, he cuts off a piece of the stump of his rush, and sits up straight holding it in his forepaws. Then he peels it carefully, pulling off strip after strip of the outer husk with his teeth, till only the soft white pith remains. This he devours greedily, holding it in his paws and biting the end off and biting it off again, until there isn't any end left—exactly as a schoolboy often eats a banana. Then he cuts off a second piece, if the rush is a big one, or swims and gets another, which he treats in the same way.

And if you are a boy watching him your mouth begins to 'water,' and you go and cut a rush for yourself, and eat it as a musquash did. If you are a hungry it is not very bad.

Stronger Than Appetite.

The New York Commercial Advertiser reports that an elderly gentleman, with bald head and a full grey beard, recently took a seat at a table in a downtown restaurant, and ordered steak and coffee. This done, he produced a pocket chess board, with flat paper men, and proceeded to lose himself in the consideration of a problem. Having placed the men, he looked at them, moved one after another, muttered to himself, shook his head, then replaced them as they were at first, and began over again.

His steak and coffee came and shed their aroma unheeded. He heard nothing, saw nothing, but the problem before him. One young man, sitting behind him, finished his meal, and while waiting for his check, turned to watch the chess player. But the bishops, queens and pawns could not be made to accomplish their destiny.

At last the young man grew tired of watching, and in a voice a little louder than was absolutely necessary to attract the attention of the waiter, he called, 'Check!'

The chess player almost jumped from his seat. 'Nothing of the kind, sir,' he exclaimed. 'Nothing of the kind! Why—?' 'I beg your pardon,' said the young man politely, 'I merely asked the waiter for my check.'

The old gentleman was too much astonished to say anything but 'Oh! Yet he looked disturbed, disappointed and angry. He took a few swallows of lukewarm coffee, tried to eat his cold steak, and hastily left the restaurant with the dejected manner of a man who had missed a chance for victory.

A Business Vestryman.

A clergyman who failed to recognize the fact that his 'settlement' included business as well as spirituality, was reminded of his relapse by a parishioner who did not think a two-thousand-dollar man could afford to allow a fifteen-hundred-dollar man to do his work. 'Harper's Drawer' tells how the clergyman was made to see the business side of his calling.

Some years ago, in one of my parishes, I had a vestryman who was an excellent man and my warm personal friend. In the neighborhood lived a clerical brother, an excellent and popular man, with whom I often exchanged pulpits. His salary was fifteen hundred dollars and a rectory, while mine was two thousand dollars, with a similar provision for my shelter.

One very hot summer, not being in good health, I exchanged several times with him, so as to save preparing sermons. One day I went into the large store of my vestryman to have a chat with him, which he opened as follows:

'You have lately exchanged a good deal with Mr. —'

'Yes, sir,' I replied. 'He is a fine preacher, and every one in the parish admires him.'

'I know that,' said he. 'I like him very much; but what is his salary?'

'Fifteen hundred dollars and a rectory.'

'But what are we paying you?'

I told him.

'Well,' he put in, 'have you considered how much this parish loses by these exchanges?'

I told him I had made that calculation. 'Nine dollars and sixty cents is the loss per Sunday,' was the statement of this careful guardian of the financial interests of his parish.

Consumption's Victims

CAN OBTAIN NEW HEALTH IF PROMPTLY TREATED.

It Was Thought Miss Lizzie Smith, of Watford, Was in Consumption, But Her Health Has Been Restored—Advice to Similar Sufferers.

From the Star, Watford, Ont.

Throughout Canada there are thousands of girls who owe the bloom of health shown in their cheeks, the brightness of eye and elasticity of step, to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. There are few girls in the first years of womanhood who do not suffer more or less from anemia. We see them everywhere, and they are easily recognized by a sallowness of complexion, or perhaps extreme pallor, they are subject to headaches, dizziness, palpitation of the heart, and feel tired and worn out on the least exertion. To those who suffer in this manner Dr. Williams' Pink Pills offer speedy and certain relief. Proof of this may be had in our own town. Miss Lizzie Smith, daughter of Mr. Wm. Smith, is today the embodiment of health and activity, yet not so long ago her friends feared that consumption had fastened its fangs upon her. A representative of the Star recently interviewed Mrs. Smith as to the means employed to restore her daughter's health. Mrs. Smith's unhesitating reply was that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were entitled to the credit. Mrs. Smith said: 'My daughter is nineteen years of age. For some years she has not been very strong and was subject to sick headaches. Last summer she went to work in an establishment in Paris, and had not been there long when her health grew much worse. She consulted a doctor there who said that her blood was in such a bad state that the trouble was likely to develop into consumption, and on hearing this Lizzie at once returned home. When we saw her we feared she was in a decline. She suffered very much from headaches; was as white as chalk, with dark circles under her eyes and the eyes shrunken. Her appetite was very fickle and she ate very little. She was very despondent and at times said she did not care whether she lived or not. I decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which I heard were so highly recommended in cases like hers, a trial. She had only taken the pills for a couple of weeks when we could see an improvement. By the time she had used a couple of boxes her appetite was much improved, her headaches less frequent, and the spirit of depression passed away. Four boxes more fully restored her health, and to day she is as well and as active as though she had never had a day's illness. I really think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved her life, and believe they are worth their weight in gold to girls suffering as she did.'

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich, red blood, strengthen the nerves, bring the glow of health to pale and sorrow cheeks, and make the feeble and despondent feel that life is once more worth living. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper bearing the full name 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.' May be had from all dealers or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

'He isn't nearly so bright as he thinks he is,' said the young woman who discusses her acquaintances.

'No,' answered Miss Cayerne, 'and that's a very fortunate circumstance. If he were we couldn't look at him without using a piece of smoked glass.'

Magistrate—You are charged with talking back to an officer, sir, have you anything to say?

Prisoner—Dayvil a wurd, yer honor; O've sed too mooch already.