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NIGHT EXPRESS There's a light at tast in the sable mist, and it hings like a lising

On the border line twixt earth and sky, where the rails run straight

And deeply sounds from lall to full, in mighty monotone, .

A distant voice, a hourse, wild note, with savage waining blown "Fis the night express, and well 'tis named, for behold' far from out

the night It comes and darkly adown the rails it looms to the startled sight-Larger, nearcr, nearer yet-till at last

there's a clang and roar, A wave of heat and a gleam of red from a closing furnace door, Then the crash and shrick of the rushing tiam - and our hearts

beat fast and high When sudden and swift through the shadowy must the night express -St Nicholas

he March of the Tin Soldiers.

(B. Pearl Howard Campbell, in Sunday School Times)

Months after the departure of the Marble Man, and in the pleasant summer time, the little Tin Soldier, who was really the Captain, began nightly to assemble his men and put them through the manual of arms

The nursery was rather lonely that summer, for the favorite of them all, little Alice, had gone away. Nobody, not even the nursery clock, knew where she was. She had not gone to grandma's, nor the seashere, because the rest of the family were at home. It was certain that she was not coming back again, for the toys that the child had loved best were all laid away, and nurse cried when she looked at the little empty chair

The Nursery people all loved her dearly, and though the other children still played there, and the sunlight fell across the floor, they all felt that it would never be quite so jolly as when wee Alice played and remped among them.

The Captain of the Tin Soldiers loved her more than any one else did, for, though soldiers are boys' playthings, Alice called them ner Nursery Guards, and marched them up and down the room. Sometimes, before she went to bed, she nosted them before the door and at the windows. telling them, with a playful shake of her finger, not to let so much as a mouse come in How well they kept their watch throught the long night only the Nursery People knew

They were all so sad and dismal that they were quite glad when the Captain began to drill his company It kept them from thinking of the little girl they had loved and lost.

It is true there were only ten soldiers besides the Captain, and this made only the tenth of a company The Captain insisted that each man was as brave as a hundred, and he himself was equal to all the officers, and this made aim a regiment. So he drilled there, night after night, until his "Fours right" fours left!" rang out so loudly that it is a wonder no one heard him.

Sometimes his soldiers mutined, saying they were tired of so much marching and counter-marching Then the Capte a would draw his sword. and look so fierce and bold when he shouted that he would bayonet the first man who descried, that the whole company were ashamed, and meckly fell into the ranks again.

One night he drew them all up in battle array. Then, bristling with importance, he stepped before them, and began to address them.

' comrades," he said, "and you, my nursery friends, learn for the first time the object of my many drills We are going" - he paused impressively → "to scarch for little Alice." Then all the Nursery People leaned

forward in interest "When do you got" asked every-

body at once. "To-night," said the Captain "And if you find here" they asked

breathlessly. "If we find her, we shall either bring her back with us, or remain to guard her," he answered.

Then they all crowded around him. "Take her our love," they entreated "Tell har we miss her so-our gentle

little mistress." and old walting for the touch of her

fairy fingers," said her Plano. "I'vil her" - "Tell her" - There was a perfect clamor of voices as one after another of the child's playthings tried to express its emotion. Above

them all rang sweet and clear the alone which is the height of wisdom. voice of the Paris doll: did with the rest of you, but I too

loved her." And she cried so bitterly gent co-operation with nature would that her tears rulned her complexion. | entirely avoid. "Dear friends," the Captain began in a husky voice, "I shall certainly try to remember your message to our lit- enlarging of the space for the lungs,

or thought you had a heart like the atrictions of nervous tension, habits of rest of us." He drew up his men in twos, and

placed himself at the head. "Forward, march!" he shouted. And soon they were out of sight of the

Nursery People.

veranda they marched, and there they halted A Rosebush that Alice had loved grew at one side, and the Captain spoke to it

"Dear Rose, have you seen our little Alice? We go in search of her - 1 and my men And the Rosebush answered

"I climbed to her window when she came no longer to gather my buds and saw hor lying, all white and still, in a tiny casket I have them bring her forth and bear her away—where, I cannot tell " And the Roso sighed wearily

"Courage my men," said the Cap tain, "we yet hall find her." And on and on down the streets,

till the Captain stopped in thought "Dollard that I are," he said, will ask the Star that shone in at the narvery Window Star, bright Star," he tailed, "do you know where niv

little mistress 1-2" And the Star shone down kindle, and said

"Follow my light, And I'll guide you aright,"

So through the shady streets of the its they followed the gleam of the Stat until they came to the City of Rest, and passed in at the gate Down the quiet avenues they marched, and at last they came to a tiny mound where a marble angel watch-

"Alice is sleeping there," said the

Star sadly. And above they read the words, "Our Little Alice" The Captain placed himself at the head, and all the soldiers ranged themselves about the mound as if the child herself had waked from her deep sleep and scattered them there. The grown people who found them thought that the children must have taken them to the grave and forgotten to bring them back Only the Nursery People knew of the night march of the Tin Soldiers, who stayed and guarded the resting-place of their little mistress until they rusted Away.

liorses are Silent Sufferers.

Horses are the most abused of animals, not only because they happen to be the most used and the most useful, but also, and perhaps even more because nature, for some mysterious reason, has denied them the power of audibly expressing pain, such as is possessed by the cat or the dog. Under extraordinary circumstances they have indeed been known to overcome the impediment. The extremity of terror, as when they have been attacked by savage beasts, or the sudden shock of agonizing pain, as when they have been horribly wounded on the battlefield, has sometimes extorted from them a piercing, dolorous, almost human scream, which nobody who has heard it can easily forget. But most horses who die in pain expire in silence, or utter merely a moan. All observation shows that they almost invariably endure their agony in silence The hunter who has been staked will rush on his course till he drops from loss of blood. The cart horses of our busy cities make no audible complaint under the lash of or the stupid jerkings of the reins by ignorant drivers. It cannot be that they lack the will, but they have been denied the power-Bullalo Horse World

How to Breathe.

Few people breathe as nature intended everybody should it is not merely necessary to draw in the breath through the nose. When the breath is taken without perceptibly inflating the lungs, the result is that all the organs are depressed. They are being pressed upon from above, and the suspending muscles are constantly stretched with decreasing power of contraction The result is that they have constantly decreasing power of keeping the organs in place. With this decreasing activity the organs grow constantly heavier and fall below their normal position. If the lungs inhale only by depressing the diaphragm they do so only by robbing the organs below. They are robbed not only of the room which belongs to them, but of the exercise which the natural co-operation in the act of respiration would give, and, missing this rhythm, there is no other exercise left to them, and they become a troublesome dependency

The tendency to lavishness which exists in all nature, and is entirely consistent with her absolute economy, is, of course, nowhere more apparent than in the breathing of a baby

The rhythm of the baby's breath and the continual muscular activity "Tell her that I have grown cracked | entirely in harmony with the breath are the necessary preliminaries to the union of the conscious with the un-

conscious life But few of us try to imitate the baby's breathing, or even to give the youngster that wholesome letting parishes would indeed be surprised to And so our unintelligent desire to help "She never played with me as she creates an atmosphere of tension for ourselves and baby which an intelli-

The natural breath comes by a widening of the intercostal muscles and tie mistress, especially yours, ma- so that the cells may be easily filled. dam,"—to the Paris doll—"for I nev- We have only to see to it that no reofficious interference by untrained muscles or outward pressure is put in | the first time on these immense prairnature's way

BRONCHIAL AFECTIONS, coughs | tudes. Sursery People.

And colds, all quickly cured by Pyny-Through the long hall and down the Balsam. It has no equal. Acts stairs where the Marble Man had rollpromptly soothes, heals and cures. and Paganiam, between civilization naming this paper, W. A. Noyes ed before filed the little company. Out Manufactured by the proprietors of and barbarism. Connected by ties of Powers Block, Rollegier, N. Y. through the street door to the broad I Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

HOPEFUL VIEW

The hopeful view consumpyear is showing a larger percentage of cures.

good hope is the record of use Scott's Emulsion.

great benefit comes.

THREE LITTLE KITTENS. Three little kittens, so downy and

Were cuddled up by the fire, And two little children were sleeping

aloft. As cosy as heart could desire; Dreaming of something ever so nice, Dolls and sugar-plums, rats and mice.

The night were on, and the mistress said.

"I'm sleepy, I must confess, And an kitties and babies are safe i I'll go to bed, too, I guess."

She went upstairs, just a story high

While the kittens slept by the kitchen

"What noise can that be?" the mistress said. "Meow! meow!" Dear me! dear me! wonder what can the matter be?"

The mistress panded on an upper stair, For what did she see below?

But three little kittens with a frighted air, Standing up in a row!

With six little paws on the step above And no mother cat to caress or love

Through the kitchen door came a cloud, of smoket The mistress, in great alarm,

To a sense of danger straighway awoke. Her babies might come to harm

On the kitchen hearth, to her great amaze, Was a basket of shavings beginning to blaze.

And three little kittens were hugged and kissed, And promised many a mouse.

While their names were put upon honor's list, For hadn't they saved a house?

And two little children were gathered tight the whip, the strain of an overload, To a mother's heart ere she alept that

-Home and School Visitor

Father Lacombe and the Metis.

The venerable Father Lacombe, O M I., that well-known friend of the Canadian Northwest Mells, has issued to the public his "Memoirs of the ritories of the Canadian Northwest "

Lacombe, "in publishing these memoirs, is to show what the half-breeds really are, thereby ensuring a better appreciation of them and helping to remove the injurious accusations hurled against them by the white popula- the number of pupils, all to the tion, especially since a few years.

roaming life, and that through prosperity or misfortune. I have had therefore ample opportunities to get an intimate knowledge of them I can also assert that I have rejoiced or morning with them, according to circumstances

"I now appeal to the patriotism of my countrymen in behald of those poor half-breeds, who hade relations in almost every patish of the province of Quebec. Family names which are wellknown along the shotes of the St Lawrence, can also be found along the Red River and the Saskatchewan And, as for me, I cannot but say that the indifference, if not the contempt, which many French-Canadians resent for the half-breeds, must be found to be altogether atrange, and regrettable, Many among the richest and most important people of our learn that they have cousins and nephews among the French half-breeds.

And yet such is the case." In these memoirs, he says, he avails himself for the most part of what was written by Mgr. Tache, who was their friend and delender through life. "who knew and loved them," "And," he continues, "we like them still for we cannot forget that they were our first children of the Christian faith. Not only were they for us sure and faithful guides, when we set foot for ies seeking for the aboriginal tribes roaming at large in these wild soil-

"They have been, so to speak, the connecting link between Christianism blood with the different tribes, fore-

most in war and in huntime either for bravery or skill, they soon arquired an immense influence among the Intives take of their own cases is votion and intelligence at the service strongly in their favor. Each of the missionary to help him conquer souls for the church?

Father Lacombo then proceeds to show the valuable work they did for One of the best reasons for the Hudson Bay Company as voyagcure, hunters, trappers, carriers. They are men of fine physique, intelligent Scott's Emulsion as a medicine and quick to learn, still they are lickfor consumptives. So long as le and are depressed regarding their the system is strong enough to future There are from 13,000 to 15, the system is strong enough to 000 of them, many of whom draw use medicine of any kind it can their resources from tarming and stock raising, but the same causes ex-16t which have been fatel in the past The reason for its helpful- to the half-breeds. As the flow of im ness in this disease is because migration expands more and more in of its long tolerance by the the praises, the Metis give way, and patient; one does not tire of in time will be without homes in their own native land. The Catholic clergy it as quickly as other medi- hun grasped the situation, and it cines and that is where the knows now how urgent it has become to stop the exil which promises to destroy that race

This is how Father Lacombe proposes to remedy the evil-

"I would have the half breeds all gathered together in a colony, of which they would receive the usultuct | instead of a clear title They would then be in the impossibility either to sell or mortgage their lands. Such a colony, placed under the exclusive control of a syndicate made up of the Catholic hierarchy of Manitoba and the Northwest and of some devoted laymen, would have its own saw and flour mills, and an industrial school where boys and girls would be taught domestic economy, a few trades, and

especially farming.
"We have been working five years to put our project in a complete form Have we not with successes sufficient to encourage the hopes of the many adherents of our plan of redemption? Facts will speak for themselves In 1896, at the time of the settlement of the colony, there was not a soul living there, to-day, we have 70 families, with an aggregate population of 600. And the steady flow of immigration keeps slowly but steadily coming in. We could have had many more immigrants, if we had made up our minds to accelerate the settlement of the colony, but we were opposed to such a plan Prudence made us a rule to act slowly. The first thing to do was attending to our own installation, and building milis and the school, so as to put the colony upon a firm basis If we had desired it, we could have shown now population of 1,500, because the half-breeds who have come to us have done so without any solicitation whatever, and we will continue to act in the same manner until the day when we will be ready to lend our aid to a movement of immigration on

a larger scale. "All our efforts were directed to make them understand that they could only have their existence assured by drawing upon their own encegy and their work of every day They understood the situation—and they set to work. What with farming and stock raising, hunting and fishing, they succeeded in facing all difficulties. The government has helped us in securing farming implements, which we loan to the half-breeds Some colonists have bought implemnts with their own mones To-day, after five years of persistent efforts either of ourselves or the half-breeds, we can show a remarkable progress. The number of acres in cultivation is constantly growing, that number is now Half-Breeds of Manitoba and the Ter- between 1,500 and 1,800 acres. The number of animals belonging to the "My principal object," says Father half-breeds is 1,500 cattle and 900 horses. There is a saw and a flour mill, also a large school which can accommodate 150 children This school is under the supervision of the Reverend Sisters of the Assumption, of Nicolet, whose devotion and capacities deserve every praise. At present clothing, feeding and instruction of all 'W have now been living over fifty of them Lack of resources has forced ears among the half-breeds, either as | us to postpone the admission of about their pastor as a companion in their a hundred other children who are now

in age to frequent school." Father Lacombe concludes as foll lows:

"The work undertaken has cost us much toil and anxiety, but we must say that all that is of very small account compared with the good which must accrue in preserving a whole people for one's religion and coun-

Dr Marlay, Bishop of Waterford, once ordering his coachman (in the absence of the footman) to fetch some water from the well, the coachman objected that his business was to drive, not to run errands "Well, then," said the bishop, "bring out the couch and four, set the pitcher inside, and drive to the well'" a service which was several times repeated, to the great amusement of the bishop's neighbors.

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