

gift of the boy's dead mother; out of mere wantonness one of them begins in a scoffing way to read aloud, but his fingers and eyes were guided by a power greater than his own, for first he read how Jesus came walking on the sea and then the story of the Good Samaritan. The laughing and oaths had ceased and all were listening, when the wind blew the leaves over and the reader found himself reading solemnly the awful tale of the Crucifixion, a tale well remembered though forgotten, old but still new; as he came to the last words of the penitent thief and our Lord's reply, the book fell from his hands to the ground amidst an awe-struck silence, only broken by sobs. God has His chosen ones in every assembly of His children; He has His corner in every human heart. A hoarse voice came up from the rear

"Will no one pray? Can no fellow remember a prayer?"

The echo of far-off English Sunday Schools, the warning throb of their own death struggle, perhaps not far distant, stirred into life those dead hearts; the fool may have said in his heart that there was no God, but these men were no fools and knew better, that God was near unto them. The call was for some one to pray, but words are not forthcoming unless the Spirit supplies them. As the lad crouched forward to recover the lost Testament he was caught up by strong arms and ordered to pray. As his childish treble went up to the clear sky, repenting the little prayer which he had often heard at his dead mother's knees, hats were off, and knees were bowed, and a deep calm fell over the assembly, while this innocent child became the mouth-piece of these rough emigrants. Not as yet had he learnt to be ashamed of his innocence, not as yet had his lips been defiled with oaths and obscenities and his little prayer rose up to heaven above the tall pines, and who can say how many brands may be saved from the burning by the chance contact of one little Testament.

### A GERMAN CRADLE SONG.

"Sleep, baby, sleep;  
Your father tends the sheep;  
Your mother shakes the branches small,  
Whence happy dreams in showers fall;  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

"Sleep, baby, sleep;  
The sky is full of sheep;  
The stars the lambs of heaven are,  
For whom the shepherd moon doth care,  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

"Sleep, baby, sleep;  
The Christ-Child owns a sheep,  
He is Himself the Lamb of God;  
The world to save, to death He trod;  
Sleep, baby, sleep."

### AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE NORTH WEST.

#### A TRUE STORY OF TRUE HEROISM.

Rev. J. Young gives the following incident of his experiences in the North West.

"A few years ago that terrible disease, the smallpox, broke out among the Indians of Saskatchewan, and wrought terrible havoc among them. Thousands died. It got into the home of our beloved missionary McDougall, and three of his loved ones died. The Province of Manitoba had then been organized, and the Government decided that there should be no traffic between the Province and the distant settlement of Saskatchewan. This meant a great deal of hardship for the missionaries and the Hudson Bay officials and the surveyors and a few traders and settlers who had gone in. So a gentleman came up to Norway House and said:

"Mr. Young, can you possibly induce one hundred and sixty of your best Indians to take a large number of those new