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For the S. S. Advocate.

THE YOUNG HERO OF LAKE SHETEK.

A FEW months ago there was a family living in a humble dwelling near Lake Shetek, Minnesota. Besides the father and mother there were two boys, one twelve, the other two years of age.

One day the quiet of this family was broken by the war-whoop of the Indians. The father seized his gun; the mother led her two boys to a thicket of grass and weeds, concealed them, and as she returned to the house to assist her husband in defending it, she said to the elder boy:

"Save your little brother! Be sure you never leave him."

When the mother reached the house she found that her husband had fallen by the hands of the Indians, who were busy

gathering up such things as they wanted or fancied. They made her a captive and carried her away with the plunder.

When they were gone the two boys came out from the thicket and crept up to the house. Seeing the dead body of their father, and not knowing what had become of their mother, they left their ruined home and started for New Ulm, the nearest settlement, which was sixty miles off. *The elder brother carried the younger on his back.*

They had no food, and there were no houses on the way. How did they live? They ate roots and wild fruits. They slept in the tall grass of the prairie, or in the shelter of the friendly woods. Thus they toiled on for seven days, when they overtook a man named Ireland, who had been their neighbor, and who, after being struck by eight bullets, had also fled from the Indians. This poor fellow, wearied with his journey and faint from loss of blood, had lain down to die. The elder boy urged him to proceed.

"No," said he, "I might as well give it up and die here. It's no use trying. The Indians will overtake us, and there is no hope of our ever reaching New Ulm."

"But," replied the boy, "my mother told me to save my little brother and I'm going to do it."

Let all the children from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande shout, "Huzza for that strong-hearted Minnesota boy!" He surely deserves such a shout for his courage, his perseverance, his love to his brother, and his obedience to what he thought was the dying wish of his mother.

Did he reach New Ulm? Of course he did. His spirit could not be daunted. Poor wounded Mr. Ireland was cheered by it, and they trudged on together seven days longer. Then they saw the smoke of the chimneys at New Ulm, and were saved from hunger and death. Mr. Ireland is getting well. Does he not owe his life to the pluck of that Lake Shetek boy?

The day after this boy reached New Ulm his mother was brought in. The Indians had left her in the prairie, and the soldiers who were out in pursuit of the Indians had found and brought her in.

Don't you think that boy and his baby brother, whom he had carried sixty miles on his back, had a joyful meeting with their mother? Isn't that mother proud of her heroic boy, think you? My heart says, "God bless him!" I'm sure you all add your hearty

"Amens" to the voice of my heart. May you all be blessed with a courage and perseverance like that of the young hero of Lake Shetek! W.

For the S. S. Advocate.

JESSIE'S WISH.

If I were to say to fifty children, What do you wish for most? I suppose that one blue-eyed miss would say, "I wish for a new wax doll;" another with black eyes would say, "I wish for a piece of silk to dress my doll;" a third would want "a new dress for herself;" a fourth would desire "a swing put up in the yard of her house;" while the boys would wish for drums, swords, balls, hoops, kites, and I know not what things of that sort besides. Would you like to know what was pale-faced Jessie Hay's

wish when a lady said to her one day,

"What do you wish for most?"

"A new heart," said Jessie.

What do you think of Jessie's wish? I like it, and think Jessie was a very wise little girl when she made it. Dolls, drums, swings, kites, and other playthings are well enough in their places, but a new heart is better than all the playthings in the world. Toys soon wear out; a new heart brings joys with it which last forever. Toys cost a little of the gold or silver that perishes; the new heart cost the blessed Saviour his precious blood. Toys cannot be taken beyond the grave; a new heart can be carried to the other world. Isn't it worth wishing for, then, most of all?

Jessie Hay had her wish. God gave her a new heart, and when he called her to live with him in the Celestial City she said, "Yes, Lord, I am coming now," and went with her new heart to heaven.

Jesus keeps new hearts for all the children who wish for them. He gives them away too. Let all who wish to have one go and ask for it. He refuses none. Will you ask him, my child? X.

If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.

