

let us make for the woods by the river. They will afford us some protection."

Reaching the growth of cotton woods, they had found a better shelter than they had anticipated, for here was a tepee, and its shelter of skins was not to be despised. Dismounting, they tied their ponies, and hurriedly sought the tepee, the flap of which was drawn aside as they approached. Little Blue Feather, in her pink frock, peered out with timid curiosity, while back of her was her brother. Black as a thunder cloud was the face of the young Indian when he recognized Gilbert, and he made a gesture as if to refuse admittance, but the white lad sprang impetuously into the tepee, saying in joyous surprise, "Well, if this isn't lucky! I say, aren't you the chap who sold me a bow and arrows, not long ago?"

Long-Bow nodded grimly, with his eyes all ablaze.

"I thought you were," Gilbert continued, "and I've been hunting for you ever since. That dollar wasn't good!" here Gilbert paused, aghast at the wrathful face of the Indian. But Elsie came to the rescue, saying in her gentle way, "You see, my brother didn't know it was bad when he gave it to you, and we felt sorry, and father said we must try and find you and give you another."

Here Gilbert fumbled in his drenched pocket and drew forth a bright, silver dollar, at the sight of which the young Indian's face relaxed into something like a smile as he grunted out an acknowledgment of his thanks.

The old Indian and his squaw being away the tepee was thus left to the four young folks, and as Gilbert and Elsie had picked up a little of the Sioux tongue, and the Indian's knew considerable English, they all managed to have a lively conversation. Blue-Feather shyly told of the pride she had in her new pink dress, and the little white girl showed her how she might sew up an ugly tear in the skirt. Long-Bow, with dignified condescension, explained to Gilbert how he twisted his bow strings. Thus the time passed away, and before they hardly knew it the sun shone out again. Casting many a smiling glance backward, Gilbert and Elsie rode away.

And as Long-Bow gazed after their retreating forms, there was a thoughtful look on his dusky face, a look full of suddenly awakened ambition, and turning to his sister, who was patiently trying to sew up the rent in her skirt, as Elsie had directed, he said earnestly: "Sister, the heart of the missionary's son is white, like his face! I believe I will go to their school after all."

Blue Feather clapped her brown hands in joy as she, replied: "Ah, my brother! you will never regret it."

Long-Bow never did regret it, and to-day,

were you to look in his dark face, all aglow with an intelligence that has been stimulated by kind and careful treatment, were you to hear him speak, aye, and read English, you could not deny that no matter how degraded a race may be, by dealing with it fairly and helpfully, ever keeping in mind the blessed Golden Rule, one may elevate that race and glorify its future by hopes and happiness. — *Christian Intelligencer.*

KILLING TIME.

SPARE a copper, sir: I'm starving," said a poor, half-clad man to a gentleman who was hastening homeward through the streets in the great city one bitter cold night. "Spare a copper, sir, and God will bless you."

Struck with the poor fellow's manner and appearance, the gentleman replied:

"You look as if you had seen better days. If you tell me candidly what has been your greatest failing through life, I'll give you money enough to pay for your lodging."

"I'm afraid I could hardly do that," the beggar answered with a mournful smile.

"Try, man, try," added the gentleman. "Here's a shilling to sharpen your memory; only be sure to speak the truth."

The man pressed the coin tightly in his hand, and after thinking for nearly a minute, said:

"To be honest with you, then, I believe my greatest fault has been in learning to 'kill time.' When I was a youngster, I had kind, loving parents, who let me do pretty much as I liked: so I became idle and careless, and never once thought of the change that was in store for me. In the hope that I should one day make my mark in the world, I was sent to college; but there I wasted my time in idle dreaming and expensive amusements. If I had been a poor boy, with necessity staring me in the face, I think I should have done better. But somehow I fell into the notion that life was one continued round of pleasure. I gradually became fond of wine and company. In a few years my parents both died; and you can guess the rest. I soon wasted what little they left me; and now it is too late to combat my old habits. Yes, sir, idleness ruined me."

"I believe the story," replied the gentleman, "and when I get home I will tell it to my own boys as a warning. I am sorry for you: indeed I am. But it is never too late to reform. Come to my office to-morrow, and let me inspire you with new courage."

And giving the man another piece of money, and indicating where he could be found, he hurried away.