

Dastor and People.

THE HYMNS THAT MOTHER LOVED.

There's nothing like the old hymn tunes
That mother used to love ;
I kinder think she sings them now
Before the throne above.

They bring me back the country church,
With floor and benches bare,
The country folks in Sunday clothes,
The preacher's thin white hair.

The leader with his tuning fork,
Who used to set the key ;
He taught the village singing school,
A martinet was he.

And then he lined the verses out,
My, how the folks did sing !
You see those people felt it all :
They made the rafters ring !

And when at home on Sunday night,
We had our fam'ly choir,
With father, mother, girls and boys,
Around the open fire.

And mother'd fold her busy hands
And kinder close her eyes,
And look as if she saw the light
Of mansions in the skies.

I've travelled far and wide since then,
And famous singers heard,
I've heard the great musicians play,
But nothing ever stirred

My soul as do those old hymn tunes
The saints and martyrs knew,
They sang them through the fire and flood,
And mother loved them too ?

—Mrs. M. P. Handy.

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THE CHILDREN'S PULPIT.

EDITED BY M. H. C.

THE SLAVE GIRL OF NEW GRANADA.

So faithful was Bachne in all her duties, so obliging and ready to serve, so neat in her dress and ways, that she was promoted step by step, until at last she became a personal attendant to the queen. The court did not remain all the time at Himsa, which is now called Tunja, for the Zaque was anxious to visit all his cities and see for himself the fidelity of his people. Often the queen travelled with him, and with her went the faithful maid. One of these journeys was made into the country between Himsa and Bogota. The camp equipage was set up, the guards posted, and the queen lay down to rest. Bachne was free and there were yet several hours of daylight : so she set out for a long ramble, since the night promised to be clear and bright, and she would not be wanted before morning. There was still a good deal of the love of freedom in the girl, which she had inherited with her Panche blood. Running, bounding, leaping over fallen trees and other obstacles, she passed the last of the pickets with a few words in broken Chibcha and a hearty laugh that revealed her rows of pearly teeth. She must have gone full ten miles at this rapid rate, although two hours had not passed since she left the camp. There were no wild animals to be afraid of and the evening was beautiful, the air fragrant with the dew upon sweet-scented shrubs and flowers. Just as she thought of returning, she saw that she was on the edge of a steep grass-covered hill, which ran in a circle all round a valley some two miles broad in every direction. A run down a hill was not to be despised, so she threw her head back and tripped down it, laughing to herself for very joy of life. When at the bottom, she said to herself, "Now I certainly must go back," but just then she observed some rocks, and beside them large stones that had been placed there by human hands, but so large were the stones that the hands must have been those of giants.

Bachne was a little frightened, but, picking up courage and, at the same time, a stone, she threw the pebble full at the largest of the slabs facing the natural rock. Then she fell to the ground, deafened by a noise like that of thunder or of an earthquake. As she lay there, she wondered if the noise would ever come to an end, for it was not only loud, it was continuous, and echoed the peals of explosion from a hundred points in the round valley, circling about to the starting point. Bachne was superstitious, but she was not weak. The noise ceased and her spirit revived. "I will try it again," she said ; so another pebble was thrown at the slab, and another and another, for she became excited, and such a Babel of awful sounds filled that valley as would have shocked the apostle Paul who wrote, "Study to be quiet." The peals, the explosions, the rents, the roars, the wild demoniac whoops went circling round, catching each other up, rolling into one another, creating entirely new and horrible sounds, until Bachne felt that if the clamour did not stop she must go mad. She tried no more experiments. She knew that God made that valley and its rocks, but she also knew that men had placed the slabs of stone in front of them, men who had lived away back in the forgotten past. Why had they done it? Alas! even she knew the answer. It was priests, who had done it in order to frighten the people. "O, Bochica!" she said, "you are good and do good, you are great and do wonderful things; why do you allow men

who call themselves your servants, to frighten your own children?" Poor Bachne, in her own way, was working up towards the perfect love which casts out the fear that hath torment. May God bless and help all such Bachnes who believe in the love of God.

The maid hastened back in the bright moonlight, taking note as she went of every landmark, because she wanted to come to this place again and test it in daylight. She was tired, and it took her three hours to return. She feared the pickets, who might take her for an enemy, a wild animal, in the dark, but there were no pickets. She sought the camp, there was no camp. Bachne was in trouble, for here she was all alone like her namesake, the mother of the human race. She knew the way towards Himsa, and fear and a sense of duty lent wings to her weary feet. Away she sped into the north, and after two hours' more journeying, she saw lights, heard a sentry call "stand," as he twanged his bow, and joyfully answered, "It is I, Bachne." The soldiers looked at her, and said, "Are you a sorceress or a traitress; was it you who raised the shouts of ten thousand fiends against us, that made us lift our camp and come up here?" She replied, "No, I am Bachne, the queen's servant; let me go to my royal mistress." So the girl reached the queen's tent, and lay down outside the door to sleep and be ready for orders. "The queen had to shift her quarters," she said to herself, "and I was away. How can I answer for this night's work?" But the morning came and no questions were asked. The dreadful sounds of the early night were uppermost in the thoughts of all. Brave men had been missing from their posts; was it any wonder that a superstitious Flathead maiden had failed in her duty towards the queen. So the court went back to Himsa, and the Zaque began to gather his forces together, sure that the Zipa of Bogota meant further mischief to his throne and kingdom.

He was right. The rebellious general, now called the Zipa, aimed at being the sole emperor of the Chibchas. He had heard how the Zaque, not far from Bogota, had been forced to shift his camp, because of terrible noises such as no human voice could raise. "The gods are against him," he said, "because he let the Panches go free. So the gods are with us, and we will go forth to battle strong." The Zipa summoned his forty thousand warriors, and sent a challenge to his late master to meet him between Himsa and Bogota, there to fight for the empire of the Chibchas. The Zaque called his lords together, but they were terror-stricken. The wicked priests of Porras had turned traitors, and in order to help the enemy, they frightened the Chibcha chiefs, saying that their powerful god of blood was angry with the Zaque, who had not only offended him by setting his victims free, but had increased his crime by giving the name of the first mother, Bachne, to a Flathead girl and by allowing her to wait upon the queen. So the chiefs were afraid of the black idol and of his lying priests who were in league with the Zipa. They refused to gather their warriors together under the king, unless he satisfied the demands of the priests of Porras, which were to make theirs the chief sanctuary of the Chibchas, to present the temple with human victims on the occasion of every festival and after every war, and to surrender to them immediately the Panche girl called Bachne. The Zaque listened to them with grief and indignation.

The priests of Porras had asked too much. Bochica's high priest at Iraca would never submit to be placed under them, nor to allow the humane god of the Chibchas to be replaced by one who revelled in blood. The king was determined to have no more human sacrifices in his dominions; and the queen loved Bachne too well, in spite of her flat head, to dream of giving her handmaid up to cruel men's tender mercies. So the Zaque dismissed the assembly for the day, and called about him the officers of his own tribe, who were faithful, commanding them to summon their warriors and prepare for a great contest. The chiefs of the other tribes loved the king, but were afraid of the priests of Porras, who continued to ply them with superstitious fears. A little council met in one of the chambers in the royal palace of Himsa. It consisted only of the Zaque, his queen, and the high priest of Iraca, but Bachne was allowed to be present to fan her royal mistress. The king told the queen all that had taken place, and how he had the men of his own tribe under arms, ready for war. "What shall we do next?" he asked, and Bochica's priest answered, "Arrest the priests of Porras, and put them in confinement, lest they do more mischief, for I fear that they are traitors, and in league with the rebel who calls himself the Zipa." So this was straightway done, and before the wicked priests could send a message to the Zipa at Bogota, the loyal guards seized them all, and shut them up in a strong fortress. Thereupon some of the lords whom they had terrified, submitted, and promised to be faithful to their master. But, in the meanwhile, the Zipa with a large army was marching towards Himsa.

Bachne threw herself at the feet of the queen, and begged that she might be given up to death, if by this her lord's throne might be saved, "for," she said, "I am the guilty person who has struck the army with terror." Then she went on to tell of the round valley with the rocks and standing stones, which she found on the night of her solitary journey from the camp, and of the noises she made which frightened herself and all the king's attendants. The queen was relieved to learn that her little maid had made the wonderful noise and not the angry gods. "Can you do it again, Bachne?" she asked, eagerly, and the girl answered, "Yes, and a great

deal more, if I only had a drum." So the queen sent for the Zaque, who came, with a weary, troubled face, since he found that Zipa's army was to him as five to one, and more than half of his own warriors were cowards from fear. She told him of Bachne's story, and the girl trembled as he said, "O, Bachne, did I save your life to do me this great wrong? You meant me no harm, but your child's-play will be my ruin." But the queen spoke up and said, "Bachne will save us and the kingdom, if she only has a drum, and if you will lead your army where she tells you." The king understood at once and answered, "There must be no delay; this very moment we must march. Can you run, Bachne, for my swiftest warriors must go forward after you?" Bachne modestly answered, "Try me, my lord," but she knew there was no warrior in the host that was fleet of foot than she.

So the Zaque took a drum from one of the musicians and gave it to the girl. A regiment specially composed of couriers, runners from their childhood, was called out, and the king facing them said, "This girl, who bears the name of the first woman, is the noise maker. Follow her as fast as she can go; halt where she tells you; and be afraid of no fearful sounds. They are for the enemy, not for us, and mean terror to the rebels." Away like a startled hare ran Bachne, soon as the words were out of her master's lips, away into the south towards Bogota, her drum strung over her shoulders, and the double-headed drumstick in her left hand. After her went the swiftest of the runners, and the rest of the regiment came straggling over the plain, more like a crowd of fugitives fleeing for their lives than the vanguard of an army going to battle. Then more leisurely but still at the double followed the Zaque and the main body. "What a girl!" cried the panting warriors as they vainly strove to overtake the flying figure whose white and red dress showed clearly against the sky. "Not much danger when she goes so fast," said others. And others said, "She is no mortal girl; it is the great mother come back again." Thus their spirits were cheered, and anon they cried, "Victory for Chibcha!" So they kept on running day and night, Bachne always in advance, praying at every step that she might reach the circular valley before the Zipa's army passed it.

It was early morning when she sighted the landmarks that told her where the valley was. When she came to the hill which bounded it she stood still, to the great delight of the tired soldiers. The first who came up to her was their commander. "Halt here," she told him, "Halt here and rest and eat while I go and look for the enemy." They halted, therefore, and washed the dust off themselves; they partook of food and enjoyed a short sleep, while the maiden ran forward, as if just beginning her journey, to spy out the Zipa's army. She had not far to go, for after a five-mile run she saw their camp, all still asleep, save the few sentinels posted here and there upon rising ground and on little artificial mounds hastily thrown up for the purpose. The camp was full two miles distant, but she dared not go any nearer, lest her red and white dress should be seen by a sentry, and the alarm be given. Back she sped to the place of halt and there rested, while new troops were continually coming in. At last she had seen, and he sent out many scouts posted at different points between the two camps to give word when the enemy began to move. The foremost of these watched the Zipa's soldiers preparing their morning meal as quietly as if there were no enemy within fifty miles of them. The Zipa did not know that his spies, the priests of Porras, were all safe in prison. Had he known, he would have been more watchful.

The Zaque was in no hurry to begin the battle. Soldiers were still coming in, and the frightened chiefs were on their way, at least, to see the conflict. All needed rest, and the king wanted to be sure of his ground, so that time was a great object. The Zipa's army also seemed to be resting, intending perhaps to march by night. In the afternoon having examined the ground carefully, and having seen the stones which Bachne was to make give forth their thunder, the king withdrew his army under cover of a wood, between which and the enemy there was open ground. There he harangued his troops, bidding them to be brave, and terrified by no sounds, for these sounds were from their allies coming to their help and not from their enemies, as they would plainly see. "You know who this is," he said, showing Bachne. "She is going away with her drum to come back with a host to victory." At this the warriors, who admired the brave girl who had outrun them all, gave a great shout, that was heard by the advance sentinels of the Zipa. At once his camp was in motion, his soldiers under arms, and a large body of archers and slingers thrown forward in the direction of the noise. Then Bachne went down into the valley and sat near the sounding stones, uttering no noise lest her secret should escape before its time.

(To be Continued.)

CATARRH IN THE HEAD

is undoubtedly a disease of the blood, and as such only a reliable blood purifier can effect a perfect cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier, and it has cured many very severe cases of catarrh. It gives an appetite and builds up the whole system.

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