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### HELP THY BROTHER.

MRS. CHARLES.

Is thy cruise of comfort failing?  
 Rise and share it with another,  
 And thro' all the years of famine  
 It shall serve thee and thy brother.  
 Love divine will fill thy storehouse,  
 Or thy handful still renew;  
 Scanty fare for one will often  
 Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving  
 All its wealth as living grain;  
 Seeds, which mildew in the garret,  
 Scattered, fill with gold the plain.

Is thy burden hard and heavy?  
 Do thy steps drag wearily?  
 Help to bear thy brother's burden;  
 God will bear both it and thee.

Faint and weary on the mountains,  
 Would'st thou sleep amid the snow?  
 Chafe that frozen form beside thee,  
 And together ye shall glow.

Art thou stricken in life's battle?  
 Many wounded 'round thee moan;  
 Lavish on their wounds thy balsams  
 And that balm shall heal thine own.

Is thy heart a well left empty?  
 None but God its void can fill;  
 Nothing but a ceaseless Fountain  
 Can its ceaseless longings still.  
 Is the heart a living power?  
 Self-entwined, its strength sinks low;  
 It can only live in loving,  
 And by serving love will grow.

### PARSON PETE, THE BOY-MARTYR.

The shy, sweet breath of spring kissed the forest flowers a soft good-night, and blew away across the mountains to bid another world good-morning.

Within a shaded dell, where the evening breeze had found its way, and lingered lovingly; there, where the flowers closed their dewy eyes with his, and bowed their heads before a common God—knelt little Pete, an Indian boy, in prayer.

The dark face was beautiful, as, for one moment, it was raised toward heaven, and through the waning light the eyes could almost catch the sheen of angel wings.

A smile passed over the lips and the child whispered "Angels, and the pearly gato."

A rough hand on his shoulder startled the boy, and dispelled the holy vision.

"Psalm-a-singin' and a-prayin' yet, Parson Pete, ye be? A-trainin for the heavenly choir. Quit!"

It was a man's voice, and a man's face, dark, like the child's, peered thro' the evening gloom.

The hand tightened on Pete's trembling arm, and, with the little strength needed to raise such a slight form, the man lifted the shrinking child, and threw him several feet away, where he fell heavily on the moss-covered ground, but recovering himself almost immediately sprang quickly up and darted away.

Three years before in that same mountain dell, had little Pete first heard of heaven.

A minister of the town six miles or more away, returning from a visit to the Indian camp, where he had received only insult and indifference, heard, as he descended the mountain-path, a beautiful voice, clear and sweet, singing a wild Indian song.