

"la grippe," which the medicine man could not cure, and the boy, who was the son of the chief, was charged with being in league with the Devil to thwart the effect of his medicine. After the deliberations of the council the father agreed to the boy's death. There was but one escape for the boy. If the old medicine man, who was himself sick, did not die the boy should live, but meanwhile the little fellow was bound to a stake for seven days during very severe weather, with nothing to cover him.

It was believed that the more terrible his suffering the sooner the Devil would be brought to terms and the medicine man cured. On the eighth day, the old doctor grew rapidly worse, and it was resolved to burn the boy alive. All the preparations were made. Fires were to be lighted on the following morning at sunrise. Savage fiends were already singing death songs when the captain and his men arrived in the neighborhood. Hidden by the darkness of the forest, Captain Brown and his men crept forward on their hands and knees. They saw the boy tied amid the fagots, and the black savages lying around him. When the savages went to sleep, the captain crawled up to the boy and cut him loose. The lad remained perfectly quiet. Suddenly one of the Indians awakened and gave the alarm. The captain's force rushed in with cocked revolvers and overpowered the savages. He then retreated with the boy to the river, where the party embarked by the first steamer.—*Selected.*

The Queen sleeps on a small wooden bedstead, and the window of her room is always open.

CHURCH GOING.

BY ALIX.

"I have been very good to-day," said Nettie complacently; "I have been to church three times. I think I deserved to be praised."

Cousin Sue looked thoughtfully at the self-satisfied little girl. "Did you eat your breakfast this morning, Nettie?"

"Why of course I did."

"And your dinner?"

"Certainly."

"And your supper?"

"Why you know I did' Cousin Sue,—what is it that you mean?"

"Do you deserve great praise for eating your three meals?"

"No indeed, for I ate because I was hungry,"

"Who was benefited by your eating?"

"I was, of course."

"Then, do you deserve praise for doing so?"

"Oh! now I see what you mean, You think I was the one benefited by going to church."

"Isn't it so, dear? Our gracious Lord spreads a table for us, where we can partake of the good things He provides for our souls. Why should we feel that we are doing Him a favor, or that we deserve His favor, because we come from time to time to partake of them? Oughtn't we rather to be filled with praise to Him, who so lovingly provides a place where our souls' needs can be met?"

"I never thought of it in that way before."

"Perhaps not. There are to many people who really pride themselves on the regular performance of their Church duties—as though their