

## AFTER MANY DAYS.

Some years ago a party of English hunters in the far West, descending a thickly wooded mountain, came suddenly upon a glimpse of an Indian camp in the valley. A strange, unearthly sound ascended from the camp, which, on their drawing nearer, proved to be an attempt at singing. About thirty in all, men, women, and children, were gathered around a leader, who, to the surprise of the party, was found to be leading them in religious service. They were singing "Rock of Ages." The settlement was an isolated one. They had no connection with any other tribes. For fifteen years no missionary had been among these people, and yet for all these years this daily religious service had been kept up. Fifteen years before a Methodist missionary had been there for a short time, and had taught them about God. And this was the result! For three weeks the party staid with these Indians, and for the first time in their travels left all their property exposed and unwatched. Nothing was taken. On leaving the chief asked them if they had lost anything, and on being answered in the negative, said simply, "We love the same Jesus that you do."

One of the joys of the Great Reaping time will be the ingathering of such unlooked-for harvests.—*Church Miss. News.*

## KIND HEARTS.

It was a warm day, and a warm dispute was going on in the pretty summer-house in Mr. Mayne's garden between Lily and Victor Mayne.

At first it was a half-laughing dispute, but it grew and grew, until Mrs. Mayne heard the angry voices and went out to see what could be the matter. But when she saw the flushed faces, and noted how high the tide of anger had risen in each little heart, she said:

"No, I cannot hear your story now. You may both remain here without speaking for a half-hour. I will return in a few moments, bringing something which

you are each to learn by heart and recite to me at the end of the half-hour.

Lily and Victor were silent. They were obedient children, and did not think of resisting their mother's will. At the end of the half-hour they were ready to repeat the verse she had given them to learn.

They both looked a good deal ashamed as they walked slowly up to the piazza where Mrs. Mayne sat. But there was no shade of reproof on her face. Her eye and voice were as kind as ever, and she listened with the most pleased attention to the recitation, first from Victor, and then from Lily.

This is the verse they recited:

Kind hearts are the gardens,  
Kind thoughts are the roots,  
Kind words are the blossoms,  
Kind deeds are the fruits;  
Love is the sweet sunshine  
That warms into life;  
For only in darkness  
Grow hatred and strife.

"And now, Lily," said Mrs. Mayne, "you may tell your side of the story first, as you are the lady."

"Oh, mamma," said Lily, "I haven't any side to tell! I got angry at nothing, and I am sorry and ashamed."

"And you, Victor?" said Mrs. Mayne, smiling.

"I was the only one to blame, mamma," cried Victor, eagerly. "If Lily will forgive me, I'll try and behave better another time."

And so it was all over, and kind hearts won the day!

A boy of five years was "playing railroad" with his sister who was two and a half years old. Drawing her upon a foot-stool, he imagined himself both the engine and the conductor. After imitating the puffing noise of the steam he stopped and called out "New York," and in a moment after, "Paterson," and then "Philadelphia." His knowledge of towns was now exhausted, and at the next place he cried "Heaven." His little sister said eagerly, "Top; I dess I'll dit out here."