

OUR S. S. PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

| | |
|---|--------|
| Christian Guardian, weekly | \$2 00 |
| Methodist Magazine, 96pp., monthly, illustrated | 2 00 |
| Methodist Magazine and Guardian together | 3 50 |
| The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly | 1 50 |
| Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly | 0 60 |
| Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16pp. 8vo. | 0 60 |
| Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 50c. per 100 | |
| Home and School, 8pp. 4to., fortnightly, single copies | 0 30 |
| Less than 20 copies | 0 25 |
| Over 20 copies | 0 22 |
| Pleasant Hours, 8pp. 4to., fortnightly, single copies | 0 30 |
| Less than 20 copies | 0 25 |
| Over 20 copies | 0 22 |
| Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies | 0 15 |
| 20 copies and upwards | 0 12 |
| Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies | 0 15 |
| 20 copies and upwards | 0 12 |
| Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month | 5 50 |

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HURSTIS,
8 Bleury Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal. Halifax, N. S.

Home and School

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNE 18, 1887.

\$250,000
FOR MISSIONS
FOR THE YEAR 1887.

Maskepetoon—A Triumph of Grace.

BY REV. JAMES MUDGE.

THE following striking illustration of the power of Divine grace I had from the Rev. Egerton R. Young of the Canada Methodist Church, who was for nine years a missionary among the Cree Indians of the far Northwest in British America. He had the incident from his predecessor in that field, the Rev. Geo. McDougall, under whose eye it occurred. So that it can be relied upon as in no degree apocryphal or exaggerated. I give it in a form somewhat condensed, but nearly in Mr. Young's own words.

The most powerful chief of the Cree Indians at the time of McDougall's stay among them was Maskepetoon, or "the crooked arm," so called from the fact that his arm after being fearfully hacked in battle had remained crooked. It was the missionary's custom to live with the Indians, sometimes for months together, travelling with them and mingling, so far as possible, in all their pursuits. He always had religious service every evening where they camped for the night.

One evening he read of the crucifixion of Christ and his prayer for his murderers. Knowing well the Indian spirit of revenge, he dwelt strongly upon the point, and told them plainly that if they really expected forgiveness from the Great Spirit they must forgive their enemies as Christ did. Maskepetoon was observed to be deeply moved under the sermon, but nothing was said either to him or by him that evening.

The next day, as the great company consisting of many hundreds was riding along, an Indian chief rode up

quickly to the side of McDougall and in quiet but excited tones asked him to fall back to the rear, as they did not wish him to witness the torture and death of a man who was in the little band of Indians that was approaching them in the far distance.

Months before, Maskepetoon had sent his son across the mountain range to bring from a sheltered valley a herd of horses which had there wintered. He selected one of his warriors as his son's companion to aid him in the work. The man, having a chance to sell the horses, and being overpowered by his cupidity, murdered the chief's son, disposed of the horses and concealed his booty. Returning to the tribe he told a plausible story, how that as they were coming across one of the dangerous passes in the mountains, the young man lost his foothold, fell over one of the awful precipices, and was dashed to pieces, while the horses, he alone being unable to manage them, had been scattered on the plains.

This story, there being no one to contradict it, was accepted at first. But, unknown to the murderer, there had been witnesses of the tragedy, and so, after a while, the truth came out. And now, for the first time since the truth was known, the father was approaching the band in which was the murderer of his son. No one doubted but that dire vengeance would at once be wreaked upon him. Hence the missionary had been asked to fall back.

He did not do so. On the contrary he quickened his pace, and rode up as near the chief as he could. It was no time to speak, but he kept praying that the wrath of man might be turned to the praise of God. When the two bands approached within a few hundred yards of each other, the eagle eye of the old warrior instantly detected the murderer, and, drawing his tomahawk, he rode up until he was face to face with the man who had done him the greatest possible injury. With a voice tremulous with suppressed feeling, and yet with an admirable command over himself, Maskepetoon, looking in the eye the man who had nearly broken his heart, thus sternly addressed him:

"You have murdered my boy, and you deserve to die. I picked you out as his trusted companion and gave you the post of honour as his comrade, and you have betrayed my trust and cruelly killed my only son. You have done me and the tribe the greatest injury possible for a man to do; you have broken my heart; you have destroyed him who was to have succeeded me when I am not among the living. You deserve to die, and but for what I heard from the missionary last night at the camp-fire, before this I would have buried my tomahawk in your brains. The missionary told us that if we expected the Great Spirit to forgive us we must forgive our enemies, even those who have done us the greatest wrong. You have been my

worst enemy and you deserve to die, but as I hope the Great Spirit will forgive me, I forgive you."

Then speaking more quickly and loudly he added: "But go immediately from among my people, and let me never see your face." Hastily putting up his bonnet over his head his forced calmness gave way, and quivering with the suppressed feeling that tore his heart, he bowed down over his horse's neck in an agony of tears.

He lived for years afterward the life of a devoted Christian. All his old warlike habits were given up. Having mastered the syllabic character so as to read the Word of God, that precious book became his solace and joy. He spent the remainder of his days in doing good.

The manner of his death is especially touching and significant. Anxious to benefit his old enemies, the Blackfeet, and to tell them the story of the Saviour's love, he went to them fearlessly and unarmed, with the Bible in his hand. A bloodthirsty chief of that vindictive tribe saw him coming, and, remembering some of their fierce conflicts of other days, seized his gun and deliberately shot him down.

Thus perished Maskepetoon, truly a wondrous trophy of the cross. The power of the Gospel enabled him to conquer the most closely besetting sin of the Indian character, and even under the most extreme provocation. The whole current of his life was arrested and turned back at once. Thus will



REV. E. R. YOUNG, IN TRAVELLING DRESS.

it always do when it is allowed to have full sway upon the heart. How sad that in such multitudes of cases it is kept from its complete work by our wilfulness and unbelief.—*Gospel in All Lands.*

Mark Twain's Latest Success.

MARK TWAIN has struck a success in "English as She is Taught." He read extracts from the book at the Author's Readings in Boston for the benefit of the Longfellow Memorial Fund, and Dr. Holmes, who sat upon the platform and who was wholly unprepared for what was coming, laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks to hear himself described by a well-meaning, but altogether inaccurate school-boy, as "a profligate and amusing author," while the clergymen in the audience joined in the laugh created by the remark of a similar boy that "there are a great many donkeys in theological gardens." The little book from which Mr. Clemens made these extracts was a success before Messrs. Cassell & Company published it.

ETHEL used to play a good deal in the Sabbath-school class. One day she had been very quiet. She sat up prim, and behaved so nicely that after the recitation was over the teacher remarked: "Ethel, my dear, you were a very good little girl to-day." "Yes'm, I couldn't help being good; I dot a tiff neck."