



The Family Circle.

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

When the morning paints the skies,
And the birds their songs renew,
Let me from my slumbers rise
Saying, "What would Jesus do?"

Countless mercies from above
Day by day my pathway strew;
Is it much to bless Thy love?
"Father, what would Jesus do?"

When I ply my daily task,
And the round of toil pursue,
Let me often brightly ask,
"What, my soul, would Jesus do?"

Would the foe my heart beguile,
Whispering thoughts and words untrue;
Let me to his subtlest wile
Answer, "What would Jesus do?"

When the clouds of sorrow hide
Mirth and sunshine from my view,
Let me, clinging to thy side,
Ponder, "What would Jesus do?"

Only let Thy love, O God,
Fill my spirit through and through,
Treading where my Saviour trod,
Breathing, "What would Jesus do?"
—Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, in *Sunday at Home*.

STOPPING THE PAPER.

Mrs. Jacob Willis sat lost in thought, not very pleasant thought either, judging from the manner in which she knit her brow and tapped an impatient foot. The fact was, Mr. Willis had been complaining that family expenses were increasing instead of decreasing. Something must be done to cut them down, that was evident, and she, Mrs. Willis, must be the one to devise some plan whereby the income must be made commensurate with the outgo of the family funds.

"The very foot with which I am tapping the floor this minute needs a new shoe," she soliloquized, "to say nothing of Jamie and Jennie who need not only shoes, but rubbers and mittens to keep out the cold, and to-morrow the milk-bill will be left. I owe Mrs. Jenks two dollars for making Jamie's pants, and next week two dollars and a half must be forthcoming to pay my subscription for our religious paper for the year—that is, if we continue to take a religious paper. I wonder—here she again became lost in silent thought, but her brow was still knit in perplexity, and the impatient tapping of the shabbily-booted foot went on.

Pretty soon she broke out again, but more impetuously than before:

"I believe it will have to be done; of course I can't expect James to give up his daily paper; a man wouldn't know where to find himself without his paper, and I'd be ashamed of a man who would be content not to know what was going on in the great world from day to day. It will come hard, awfully hard, but really I begin to think it my duty to deny myself the luxury of a religious paper; with our growing family and increasing expenses I must make the sacrifice, and might as well go about it at once. Shoes we must have, school-books must be bought, food is a necessity, and help in the kitchen I cannot do without, so I see no other way to begin saving but to write and stop the paper."

She was not a weak-minded woman by any means, Mrs. Jacob Willis, but once convinced a certain course was the inevitable or the best one to pursue, she set about pursuing it forthwith. So down she sat and penned a little note full of regrets, but said plainly the pressure of unavoidable expenses necessitated the act on her part of stopping her paper. "And it was my paper, and I loved it," she said as she closed the envelope; and brushing away a falling tear, she called Jennie and bade her post the letter on her way to school.

When Friday night came, Mr. Willis remarked to his wife that as he was to take

part in the meeting, he should like to run over her paper a moment.

"I've stopped it," she said.

"Stopped it!" he ejaculated blankly; "why, wife, what made you do that?"

"Because you said we must cut down expenses," she answered, her voice trembling, "and besides," she added gently, "you have said for two or three successive years when the subscription price was due, that it seemed a useless expense."

"Very true, so I have," assented Mr. Willis, "and I believe we can very well do without it, at least better than we can afford to pay for it year after year."

So Mr. Willis departed for the meeting of prayer without the useful hints with which the religious paper might have furnished him had he been able to afford it.

On Saturday morning a neighbor ran hastily in, asking Mrs. Willis if she would allow her to see her paper for a moment. "I heard," she said, "there was another list of those useful recipes such as you allowed me to copy once, and I knew you would spare it a few minutes."

"I've stopped my paper," faltered poor Mrs. Willis.

"Stopped it! oh, well, never mind," and the neighbor departed rather confused.

"What made you tell her you'd stopped it?" asked Mr. Willis, who was just leaving for his business when the neighbor appeared. "I'm a little ashamed to have it known that we, a Christian family, take no religious paper."

"I'm not half as ashamed of it as I am regretful," his wife answered gently.

Saturday night found the week's work nicely done, the children had taken the usual bath, and now gathered about their mother, lesson-papers in hand.

"Come, mother," said Jennie, "Jennie and I are ready for our Sunday-school lesson. Where's the paper—I'll get it."

"We have no paper to-night, Jennie," Mrs. Willis answered cheerfully, "so we'll try and get along without its help."

"Why, where is it?" persisted Jennie.

"We could not afford it this year, my son," spoke up Mr. Willis. "You can learn your lesson just as well without it."

"Oh, dear me," piped up Jennie, "what shall we do without it? I don't see what you stopped it for."

"And there's the story mother always read to us, after the Sunday-school lesson was learned," wailed Jennie. "What shall we do without that?"

"Come, come!" exclaimed Mr. Willis, impatiently, "don't let me hear anything more about that paper; make the best of a necessity. We can't afford it, that's enough. I'm surprised it makes such a fuss all round, just one paper."

No more was said that night.

The next morning, which was Sunday, just as Mr. and Mrs. Willis were starting for church, a man so lame that he walked laboriously and only crept painfully along was seen coming up to the door.

"Ah, here comes poor old Mr. Edson," said Mr. Willis; "what could he have come all this distance for? Good morning Mr. Edson, how is your wife this morning?"

"Better, sir, thank you; considerably better; she is sitting up to-day, and I came over, seeing she was feeling so smart, to see if you'd kindly lend me your paper; wife said 'twould be good as a cordial any day to hear me read one of those nice sermons."

Mr. Willis hastened nervously to forestall his wife's forthcoming declaration.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Edson, very sorry, but our religious paper didn't come this week. I'll find last week's copy for you, and next week I'll send over one of the children with this week's issue, if possible."

Nothing more was said on the subject, until the family were seated at their ample dinner, when Jennie asked a little timidly:

"Pa, are you going to take mamma's paper again?"

"Yes, Jennie, I am; and I'm going to black my own boots hereafter to help pay for it."

The children were very quiet for a moment, then Jennie said thoughtfully:

"And wouldn't it help if we didn't have raisins in the puddings? I'd a great deal rather have our nice story and pretty lesson every week than to have plums in our puddings."

"Yes, Jennie, that would help," replied the mother; "and as Margaret is about to leave, I'll hire a less expensive girl, and do more of my own cooking; that will probably be a great saving in more respects than

one. I miss the information and pleasure derived from my paper enough to make the extra effort willingly."

It was surprising how much happier they all felt; and when towards the last of the week the paper came, impulsive Jennie actually kissed it.

"Why, it looks just like an old friend," she exclaimed.

"Yes, and it is a friend in more ways than we realized, and not only a friend, but a help and a teacher," replied her mother.

Mr. Willis was silent; he saw the child's enthusiasm and heard the mother's comments, but afterwards, when only his wife and himself were in the room, he said:

"Wife, I am positively ashamed that I ever could have been so blind and stupid as not to properly appreciate the worth of a good religious paper; Absolutely ashamed that my poorer neighbors and my own children knew more of the worth and teaching of the religious press than I did. We will economize in some other direction than this in the future—do without something not actually indispensable to our comfort and satisfaction, and I promise you have heard the last from me you are ever likely to about not being able to afford one religious paper. We can't afford not to have it."

And that was how Mrs. Willis succeeded in stopping her religious paper.—*Golden Rule*.

The above story is, of course, a parable to teach the great truth that a good newspaper, sound on religious, temperance, and moral questions, is a prime necessary of life for a family in this nineteenth century. Such a paper will be worth a hundred times its cost in the education of children for usefulness and success in life. In no other way can so much pleasure and profit be obtained for the same money in a year as by laying it out on a good newspaper; and yet multitudes of fathers will rather deny their family that great advantage than deny themselves liquor or tobacco.

THE STORY OF AN INDIAN GIRL.

BY CAPTAIN M. C. WILKINSON.

Emma was the Christian name given to the only daughter of Chief Winum, an Umatilla Oregon Indian. She was about fifteen when her father gave her to me to take to the Indian Training School at Forest Grove. Chief Winum himself is a man of more than ordinary power. The history of the settlement of the new north-west bears undisputed testimony to his singular faithfulness to the whites; although it is true that it does not bear like testimony of their faithfulness to him. Of steady Christian purpose, he ardently desired for his only daughter that she might have the benefit of an education, and he willingly gave her up to our care for that purpose.

It was a cold, stormy night when I left Pendleton, Oregon, with my charge of ten Umatilla children,—four girls and six boys. Arriving at Umatilla, a little town on the Columbia River, I could at first find no one who would give them shelter, though permission was given to bring them in out of the storm into a bar-room. Here I left Emma in charge, while I sought for a barn as a place of refuge for the night. Even this was denied. At last, however, I was able to melt the heart of the "keeper," and to secure a room for the girls. It was equally difficult at my next stopping-place to find accommodations for "Injuns," though the railway company kindly let us remain all night in a caboose car in the stock-yard. Thus we passed our second night. Emma matronized this little party of outcast children with calm dignity; she saw how vain had been the efforts to get accommodations, but her heart bore no fruit of resentment against those who refused it. And this was an Indian child, going to strangers in a strange land, and with one whom she had never seen before!

The Bible had been a closed book to her; but when she entered the school, she sought eagerly every opportunity to learn its truths. She mastered thoroughly her lessons. God had chosen her pen to be the ready instrument of wonderful good to her people. She made speedy progress in the art of composition; and it was through her letters to her Umatillas, and to the Nez Perces, among whom she had many relatives and friends, that the great work of her life was done. As a fact, over one year ago, a church of sixty members was formed

among the Umatillas, this result being due, almost wholly, under God, to these written messages. Two wild brothers, now clothed and in their right minds, are included in the membership, and one of them is a chosen leader.

Last December saw Emma fatally ill at Forest Grove. It seemed strange that God should take her, with her new-found "open Bible," from her people. Years before, from personal observation, I had known how much these Umatillas needed a teacher and leader such as she was proving to be; and now this Indian girl was dying, to whom the Master had given such knowledge of holy things, and a power so great of expressing them that the receipt of her letters was made the occasion for called meetings in her tribe to hear them read, the Holy Spirit using her messages with converting power. When I came to her bed of death, she saw the questionings in my eyes. So quickly did she read my soul through them, that the tears ran large and fast down her face for a moment. Then, as she reached out her hand, I said: "Emma, is it all right?" and she replied "Yes," as only such a loving child of God can say it. There was little need to talk much in such a presence. "It was all right," she said, as we talked about her people; she had "hoped to do so much for them," but she "wanted God's way." After that, I saw her once again, but she was too tired to talk, and in a little time she fell sweetly and peacefully "on sleep."

Only once did I hear her speak to her people; it was when I had taken twenty-five of the Indian children to The Dalles, Oregon, in order that they might meet relatives and friends, called together at that point for this purpose. With great pains did this large company of Indians prepare, just out of the town, a "cloth house," spreading their best blankets, and making everything as attractive for their children as possible. This was a "secret meeting," no whites were there save the matron of the school and myself. It would have been well if the world could have witnessed that meeting; the nights in the bar-room, in the caboose, and the stockyard, were forgotten then; the crowds that had thronged the church, some listening tearfully to the happy voices in testimony and song,—even following to the hotel, eagerly asking us "to sing once more,"—were left behind. At that parting hour, when the little groups gathered together: led by mothers and fathers—Emma's time came, to speak. Meantime, three Indians, painted and blanketed, had discovered our camp. I had noticed them riding in a circle about us, but, interested in the speaking, I had forgotten them; presently I looked behind me, and saw them prone upon their faces just outside of our shelter, seemingly not interested in the least. Just then began Emma's voice.

"O my people!" she said, as only she could say it, "I want you to know about God; I want you to learn to pray to Jesus. The open Bible, the open Bible, that is for you. You must not drink whiskey; you must not gamble; you must not break God's day; you must not curse; you must learn to work; to make homes. If you will learn God's words, his ways, you shall live, not die."

I saw her eyes fixed on those wild Indians; they knew her, and she knew them; they were of her people. Now they crept close to my side; these three faces, that so short a time before looked so savage, had strangely altered. They gazed into the face of Emma; and it was almost painful to see their startled aspect as this chief's daughter spoke to them, understandingly, of life for them, not death, if they would have it. I have been at many Indian scenes, in their camps in time of peace and war, but this picture will never be forgotten,—the pleading of this Indian girl; the group of her deeply interested school-mates; the happy mothers and fathers, pressing closely their redeemed children; the upturned painted faces, in such striking contrast, and, above all, Emma's tearful, soulful voice crying, "O my people, you need not die! God says so." Surely such a memory must go with me until my dying hour.

Shortly before her death she visited her home. That home will long show her handiwork; her neatness, order, and system were proverbial. While at home she labored with great cheerfulness and faith, encouraging her people to make homes, showing them how to keep them neat and orderly. At her funeral, one of the speakers said that he