

ESQUIMAUX DOGS.

The Arctic or Esquimaux dogs are exceedingly useful to the natives of the Polar regions. They are the devoted servants and companions of their masters, and carry burdens for them while pursuing game in the summer, and draw sledges over the trackless snows in winter. They have also been very useful to the English and American explorers, and the latter could not have made the discoveries they have done had it not been for these strong, sagacious and trusty animals, who have carried them over the frozen plains at the rate of sixty miles a day.

Some of these dogs are owned by the Moravian and Danish missionaries in Greenland and Labrador, and by the Church of England missionaries in the northern parts of British America, and by means of them the widely scattered stations are reached more speedily in winter than in summer.

Occasionally, however, the missionaries are in great peril, through terrific snow-storms coming on, while they are traveling in winter. Recently, one of the Moravian missionaries, stationed at Hebron, in Labrador, on a journey to Ramah, encountered a terrible snow-storm, the thermometer being twenty-seven degrees below zero. The dogs gave out, the Esquimaux drivers lost their way as they were crossing a mountain, the face of the missionary was so covered with ice that he could not convey food to his mouth, and was only able to breathe through some cracks in this ice crust, even the eyes being almost entirely covered. With the most strenuous efforts the station was finally reached. Of another missionary it is said:

"Leaving Zoar on the 15th of February, with fine weather and good sledge road, he reached Nain, after a favorable journey of seven hours; but during his short stay there so much snow fell that his return on the 18th was rendered extremely trying and difficult. The first portion of it was not so bad, as the wind had again cleared the icy road of snow; but later on, as the snow became deeper and less firm, the dogs could only proceed at a walking pace, and at the approach of night they had scarcely completed half their journey. In order to be at Zoar by the next day, on which the congregation intended celebrating their festival and the LORD'S Supper, they determined to travel all through the night; but neither the Esquimaux driver nor the dogs were able to continue the journey, and they agreed to remain where they were for some hours in order to rest. He was therefore obliged to pass the night lying on the top of the sledge, without any extra covering, when the

thermometer was five degrees below zero of Fahrenheit; and being quite wearied out by his fatiguing walk through the snow, he fell asleep, and slept till day-break. Early in the morning they started again on the journey, but were often obliged to halt to allow their hungry and exhausted dogs rest. The driver also suffered extremely from thirst, which compelled him, in spite of his weariness, to seek water, often at some distance. Owing to all these unavoidable delays, they were unable to reach Zoar that day. They therefore spent a second night on their journey, but this time in an old Esquimaux hut which they discovered near the road."

CHARLIE'S LESSON.

THE THIRD COMMANDMENT.

"What are you rattling off at such a rate, Charlie boy?" asked little Charles Radcliffe's Aunt Helena, as she came upon the piazza one Sunday morning before



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church time, and found her nephew perched on the piazza rail with an open book in his hand, the while his busy tongue, as fast as it could move, chattered some sounds like these—

"Shlnut ake thname
Thlordthegodn vain.
Folordnut oldim gittls,
Taktthisnamn vain."

Over and over Charlie turned this strange-sounding medley on his tongue, and Aunt Helena looked at him in a puzzled way, trying to make out the sense, if sense there might be, in any of it. At last she asked, "Where did you learn that gibberish, Charlie, and what do you mean by it, pray?"

Charlie seemed surprised.

"Why, Auntie," he cried, "don't you know your Commandments? That is a Commandment. I learned it out of the Bible."

"Oh," said auntie. "Out of a Choctaw or Cherokee Bible, probably. I do not know the Com-

mandments in any such language as that."

"Why," laughed Charlie, "that isn't Choctaw or Cherokee. It's just—well, I guess it's English—only it's the careless sort. Mamma didn't understand it any better than you did. She passed just now and said it was naughty to jabber nonsense in such a fashion on Sunday."

"Won't you please translate your careless English into good plain English for my benefit?" asked Aunt Helena, kindly.

"Oh, you know it," said Charlie gayly. "It is the Third Commandment: 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.'"

"Do you understand this Commandment?" asked auntie.

"Oh! yes, indeed," said the little lad. "It means you mustn't curse and swear—be profane, you know."

"What is it to be profane?" asked Aunt Helena.

"I know," said Charlie, smiling,

learned the Third Commandment," said auntie. "It is a lesson that none of us can learn too early or too thoroughly. The name of God is the holiest of all sacred names. We should never let it lightly pass our lips, or use it except with the utmost reverence.

To use God's name in wicked cursing or swearing is a fearful wrong.

To speak it lightly or unthinkingly is also wrong. And God has said that He will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain."

Charlie is a man now, but he has never forgotten the lesson of his "careless English," and always remembers the true meaning of the Third Commandment.

—Child's Paper.

THE LITTLE BUILDERS.

John Brown and Jemmy Atkins were great friends. At school, at play, everywhere, they were together, and when one learned anything new it was not long before the other knew it also. Now they were watching the masons, who were building a fine store on Main street.

"Did you know that we are builders, John?" said Jemmy, as he watched the men putting brick after brick upon the wall.

"No, we ain't; we're only boys," said John.

"But we are; we are building a house which is to last for ever and ever," said Jemmy earnestly.

"Pooh! now you are fooling," said John. "Nothing in the world lasts for ever and ever. That old Morgan house is only a hundred years old, and it won't last a hundred more."

"I can't help that," said Jemmy. "Mother told me our souls would live forever, and we were building houses for them to live in."

"How is that?" said John soberly.

"Well, she said that we build our characters day by day, brick by brick, just as that man is doing. And if we build well, we shall be glad for ever and ever, and if we build bad, if we use shakey bricks, or rotten wood, or stubble, we shall be sorry for ever and ever."

"That is queer. We ought to be pretty careful, then," said John. "But your mother is such a good woman, she knows."

"I think it is jolly nice to be builders, don't you?" said Jemmy.

"Yes, if we build right. But let's see, what kind of bricks had we better use?"

"Always tell the truth; that's a big sill. Be honest; that's another," said Jemmy.

"Good!" cried John. "Mind your mother, there is another."

"Yes, and father, and teachers too," said Jemmy. "There's a big beam of temperance in my building. Mother says that's a gospel beam and keeps the frame steady."

"but I can't exactly tell. Wait a moment, and I'll find out."

Then he ran to the dictionary and looked up the word. His mother had taught him to do this whenever he came upon a word the meaning of which he thought he understood, but which he could not define.

"To be profane means to treat any sacred subject with irreverence or neglect. To profane the name of God is to speak or use it lightly, irreverently or wickedly, and not with that respect and reverence that belong to holy things," said Charlie.

"Yes," answered auntie. "And according to this, it is a sin against God to use His holy name in any but a reverent manner."

"Yes," said Charlie, promptly.

"Then was my Charlie in his careless sort of English just now, using the name of God in a sacred or reverent manner?"

Charlie blushed, but made no answer.

"I hope my little boy has now