

wild, free life; and a regular bed hour, early though it may be, has possible advantages when it comes as a peaceful close to a day undisturbed by perils and alarms.

Not long after his father's death our little Indian started with his mother and some friends for the military post on the Popoagie, to lay in a store of such things as they needed in their simple housekeeping; and as they went, a band of the hostile Shoshones and Bannocks fell upon them, killing an old man and taking the rest of the party captive. But the little Arapahoe was not to be left to the tender mercies of his father's enemies. A soldier, passing by, rescued the women and children, and, perhaps taking a sudden fancy to this particular little boy, carried him to the neighboring military post, and gave him over to an army officer. Captain Coolidge by name.

The boy could not speak one word of English. He had never known any garment but his Indian blanket. He had never been bound by law or rule; had never dwelt anywhere but among his own people. Now, among strangers, who spoke a strange language and had ways that differed from any that he had ever seen, separated from his mother, homesick and forlorn, do you think life was showing its dark side to him?

Ah, God leads us through the darkness often that we may come out into a place of greater light, and He had work for this little wild Indian lad to do, for which all his hard experiences were fitting him.

His new friends—for friends in the truest sense of the word they proved—intended to train him to be a house servant; but they soon discovered that he was bright and quick, eager to learn, and determined to improve himself as soon as he had found out what improvement meant. They saw that he would profit by any advantages they could give him, and they sent him first to Skattuck School, and then to the Divinity School, since it was now his heart's desire to return as a missionary to his own people, and to teach them the good things he had learned.

He had been baptized by the name of

Sherman Coolidge, a name which stood high on the honor-roll of his class. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Whipple in June, 1884, and in the following September he was sent to his tribe at the Shoshone agency, to carry to them the good things of which he had become possessed.

It was sixteen years since he was taken from his home; and when the news of his arrival spread among them, his people flocked from all directions to greet him as one given back to them from the dead. The White-Man-Arapahoe they called him, seeing him in the white man's dress, with the white man's ways, and speaking the white man's tongue.

Was not that a wonderful coming-back for the little, wild, ignorant lad? And what do you think the mother felt, whom he sought out instantly, as she recognized her son through all the changes those strange sixteen years had made? What would your own mother feel if you had been taken from her suddenly and given back to her, the same child only in the love of your heart, after many years?—*Young Christian Soldier.*

JUGGERNAUT.

There are a great many idols in India. No less than three hundred and thirty millions. Just think of it! And the people worship them all, but at different times and in different places. The three great gods whom they worship chiefly are Brahma, who creates life, Vishnu, who preserves life, and Siva, who destroys life. Vishnu is the most friendly and is worshipped under different names.

One of the names under which Vishnu is worshipped is that of Juggernaut, and there are some very fine temples erected to this god in different places. He has twenty thousand priests and priestesses to wait upon him, bathe, wash and dress him, and bring him food. On festal occasions he is dressed in silk and gold, and drawn through the streets on a car kept for that special purpose, followed by a crowd of priests chanting songs, and men, women and children dancing and shouting.