

when it is just as capable of doing good to a hundred. The story which it has told to a few, it is ready and willing to tell with fidelity to many; and if its possessor does not avail himself to the utmost of its power, he loses a great portion of the value of the work, and incurs, moreover, the guilt of keeping his means of doing good buried, not employed.—*Abbott.*

### North American Indians.

**BAPTIST UNION.**—Mr. Jones, in company with his son and a native preacher, has made a tour into the southern Cherokee territory. The congregations which they had, were large and interesting; many expressed a desire to know the way of salvation, and seven were baptized.

**METHODIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.**—The society at St. Regis numbers 24, of whom 4 were added last year. They are increasing in spirituality. A majority of the tribe, which consists of over 1000, are friendly to the missionaries.

**INDIAN MISSION BOARD.**—Congregations are reported to be good among the Choctaws, and much attention is given to the word preached. A native preacher has lately received two for baptism, and Rev. Mr. Potts has baptized four within a few weeks.—May 22, Mr. Bucknam baptized a Frenchman at the Muskoke church, and the Sabbath previous four Creeks at the North Fork church, where two others are received for baptism. A Sabbath or two before, two were baptized at the Muskoke church, and one received at Hichetee-town.

### Whining is Poor Music.

The singing of little children is always musical. No matter whether it be in tune or out of tune. No matter if they have only a few words, or none at all. The merry hum of a little child's voice always has music in it. What, then, is meant by poor music?

It is that tone of impatience, or complaining, that is properly named whining. A whining voice makes poor music. Decidedly bad music. It is grating to everybody's ear. And no better way could be thought of to correct this evil in any little boy or girl, than to let them sit still and listen to a whiner. Hear him:

"No I shan't do any such thing, now. I wish you'd let me alone, will you? Mother, I want to go out in the street to play, as other boys do. Give me back that book, it's none of yours—give it to me, I tell you. I don't want it done that way, now. Give it here and I'll do it myself."

Whose picture is that? Is it yours?

### A Short and Pithy Sermon.

"Owe no man anything."

Keep out of debt. Avoid it as you would war, pestilence and famine. Hate it with a perfect hatred. Abhor it with an entire and absolute abhorrence. Dig potatoes, break stones, peddle tin-ware, do anything that is honest and useful, rather than run in debt. As you value comfort, quiet independence, keep out of debt. As you value good digestion, a healthy appetite, a placid temper, a smooth pillow, pleasant dreams and happy wakings, keep out of debt. Debt is the hardest of all taskmasters, the most cruel of all oppressors. It is a millstone about the neck. It is an incubus on the heart. It spreads a cloud over the firmament of man's being. It eclipses the sun, it blots out the stars, it dims and defaces the beautiful blue sky. It breaks up the harmony of nature, and turns to dissonance all the voices of its melody. It furrows the forehead with premature wrinkles; it plucks the eye of its light; it drags all nobleness and kindness out of the port and bearing of man. It takes the soul out of his laugh, and all stateliness and freedom from his walk. Come not under its accursed dominion.