

What a good thing it would be for the Church in Canada if all her little ones were like the children of Brinkworth! Let us hope that after they have read this story they will try to become so.

CHAPTER III.

Although very delicate and frequently weak and ill, Charlie Tristam's place in the catechetical class was but rarely vacant, as nothing would induce him to remain at home except the express wish of his parents.

Now, it happened on a certain Sunday afternoon that the Missionary work of the Church formed the subject of the vicar's catechising. This was to prepare the children for the approaching visit to the parish of a distinguished missionary of the Church of England from India where he had spent many years of his life in evangelizing the Brahmins, Buddhists and others. Mr. Maitland told his children in a simple, but very interesting manner, that the Church herself was a great missionary society and she expected that all her people, whether children or adults, should be missionaries too, not indeed in the same sense in which her bishops, priests and deacons were missionaries; but that they should all preach to those with whom they came in daily contact by the silent yet powerful influence of a good life, and give of their means as God prospered them to the support of these noble men and women, who, leaving home and friends and all, go forth to distant lands to carry messages of "peace and good will" to their brethren the heathen. He told them, too, that a church which is not alive to the work of missions forfeits its right to exist, and likewise the individual. He further told them a few short stories from the lives of missionaries, and, after reminding them that he should expect them to give as much as they could to the offertory on the following Sunday which was to be devoted to mission work, he concluded by expressing the devout hope that God would call one or more of the little boys who sat before him to the great and glorious work of preaching the Gospel to the heathen.

Although, unknown to the good clergyman, and his fellow-scholars, perhaps even to himself, an impression was made on that Sunday afternoon by the vicar's forcible words and earnest manner, upon the heart of one of those little boys, which like a fruitful seedling cast into good ground was to grow and ripen into an abundant harvest. At the conclusion of the catechising Charlie Tristam cast a look of deep and earnest longing upon Mr. Maitland. Mrs. Tristam, who was present, caught the look; a strange trembling seized her and filled her with anxiety. Soon, however, she was to experience happiness of a higher order begotten not of earth but of the "peace of God which passeth all understanding."

During the singing of the last hymn "We are but Little Children Weak," Charlie Tristam prayed fervently for something to do "for Jesus sake." His prayer was heard, and answered.

(To be continued.)

A VISIT FROM CHIEF SHINGWAUK.

FROM "OUR FOREST CHILDREN," BY REV. E. F. WILSON.



AGUSTIN SHINGWAUK, the Ojibway Chief at Garden River, after whom the Shingwauk Home is named, is now just about 80 years of age, and is still hale and hearty. The other day he walked into my office while I was busy at accounts, and said he was going to stay with me two or three days to talk to me. I was very glad indeed to accept him as my guest, sent his pony and sleigh with the boy round to the stable, got out an old Indian stone pipe with a stem a yard long and gave it to him, poked up the fire, and made him settle in a chair and make himself comfortable. He told me that his object in visiting me was two-fold. (1) He intended to tell me all that was known of the early history of his people so that I might write it down; and (2) he wished me to take his likeness. I was equal to both and very glad of the opportunity. I knew the old man was tired, so I got David to wheel me in an iron bedstead, put a mattress on it and some rugs and buffaloes, and folded up an old tepee for a pillow, and soon the old Chief was reclining on it whiffing away at his pipe and feeling as much at home as if he had been in his own log house at Garden River. He had his meals in the next room, one of my daughters acting hostess, and two or three of the elder boys being invited in each time to keep him company. The old man, I think thoroughly enjoyed his little stay with us, and a part of each day he kept me busy writing down the history of his people. I also made an oil painting picture of him, arrayed in his feathers which was very fairly successful. He said he wished to stay till Sunday so as to worship with us in our chapel. After morning service was over his sleigh arrived for him, and he bade us adieu and went back to his people. I should mention, however, that he was present at the meeting of our "Onward and Upward Club" on Friday, and gave a very nice little address to the boys, which David interpreted.

Golden head so lowly bending;
Little feet so white and bare;
Dewy eyes, half shut, half opened—
Lisping out her evening prayer.

Well she knows when she is saying,
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
'Tis to God that she is praying,
Praying Him her soul to keep.

Half asleep, and murmuring faintly,
"If I should die before I wake"—
Tiny fingers clasped so saintly—
"I pray the Lord my soul to take."

O the rapture, sweet, unbroken,
Of the soul who wrote that prayer!
Children's myriad voices floating
Up to heaven, record it there.

If, of all that has been written,
I could choose what might be mine,
It should be that child's petition,
Rising to the throne divine.