

provisions to-night, we will not take them on the morrow, hungry though we are."

"Why," replied the paymaster, "I thought we would camp here this Saturday night, and then going on early to your camp to-morrow, would at once distribute the supplies and then, later on in the day, have our annual council talk, and then we would be ready to pay the treaty money on Monday."

The reply of the noble chief to this was short but emphatic: "If we will not take food, we certainly will not have the talk, on the Sunday."

From this position the chief would not move. The result was the dilatory paymaster was obliged to order one of his subordinate officials to return that Saturday night, through the darkness, with Pakan, and see to the distribution of the food among the people.

The next day the big white man made his entry in the camp of Pakan. No salute of fire-arms or demonstrative greeting welcomed him. In that large encampment there was nothing but the quiet decorum of a restful Sabbath day. Vainly did the big official try to gather the Indians in council for their annual discussions over their affairs. Not one person put in an appearance at the place he had appointed, but they all, as was their custom, faithfully attended their religious services.

In solitary grandeur the representative of the government was allowed to remain in his tent, with his attendants, until the following day, and then the Indians were promptly on hand to attend to business.—*Egerton R. Young, in Young Men's Era.*

THE following from a recent issue of the *Brooklyn Eagle* should encourage us to expect the rapid settlement of Western Canada:—"Immigration and normal increase have led to the taking up of practically all the land this government had to give away. The railroads have made possible the thing that our fathers believed to be improbable before the twenty-first century. The taking of all the better lands on our side of the border has diverted immigration into British America and the vast plains—even wider than our own and just as rich—of Manitoba, Keewatin, Saskatchewan, Assiniboia and Alberta, will in the immediate future be occupied and made productive."

CORRUPT, selfish, greedy hearts are the chief obstacle to Christian missions. The one all-powerful remedy is the Gospel preached with the Holy Ghost come down from Heaven. There are many helpful agencies in mission work, but the hope of success is that He, who, in the beginning of Gentile missions, opened the heart of Lydia, will, in infinite mercy, open the hearts of modern heathen. For this let us all pray.—*Rev. John M. Foster, Swatow, China.*

BUDDHA'S LESSON.

BY REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D.



MOURNING mother, with her dear, dead babe,
Came unto Buddha, wise and merciful,
And said, "O, Prophet, bring to life my child!"
"Daughter," great Buddha said, "bring me a
grain
Of mustard seed from home, in which no child
Or parent ever died, and thy sweet child
Shall live again."

With eager feet she hied
Away; but ever, as she sought, she found
No single threshold stone uncrossed by death.
From all she answer got, "The living are,
O lady! few, the dead are very many."
The weeping mother buried her dead babe
Beneath the banyan's glooming shade, and, sad
With weary steps, and slow, returning from
Her bootless quest, reproached great Buddha with
Deceit, and trifling with a mother's grief.
"O daughter," said he, "thoughtest thou that thou
Alone hadst been bereft? Learn thou this—
Thy child hath but a little gone before;
Soon to Nirvana thou and I shall go—
Into blank nothingness—our souls blown out
Like lamps sent floating down the Ganges stream
On gusty night. Oblivion wraps us all
With his inky cloak, and we—what reck's it?—
Are as tho' we had not been. Farewell,
O daughter! grieve not for thy buried son,
Thy lot is but the common lot of all.

GORDON'S GENEROSITY.



ORD WOLSELEY, in the course of an interview with a representative of the *Strand Magazine*, related a story of General Gordon. When Gordon left London for the Soudan for the last time he started from the house of Lord Wolseley. Shaking hands with him as he stood there in "his tall silk hat and frock coat," Wolseley offered to send him anything he wanted. "Don't want anything," was the reply. "But," it was suggested, "you've got no clothes!" "I'll go as I am!" replied Gordon. "He never had any money," we are told, for "he always gave it away." Lord Wolseley asked him if he had any cash. "No," was the reply. "When I left Brussels I had to borrow £25 from the king to pay my hotel bill with." "Very well," said his friend, "I'll try and get you some, and meet you at the railway station with it." "I went round," continues the narrator of this anecdote, "to the various clubs and got £300 in gold. I gave the money to Colonel Stewart, who went with him, Gordon wasn't to be trusted with it. A week or so passed by, when I had a letter from Stewart. He said, 'You remember the £300 you gave me? When we arrived at Port Said a great crowd came out to cheer Gordon. Among them was an old sheik to whom Gordon was much attached, and who had become poor and blind. Gordon got the money, and gave the whole of it to him!'"