

"The Little Shoes—They Did it All."

"ONE night on the verge of ruin,
As I hurried from the tap,
I beheld the landlord's baby,
Still on its mother's lap.

'Look here, dear father,' said the mother,
Holding forth the little feet;
'Look, we've got new shoes for darling!
Don't you think them nice and neat?'

You may judge the thing was simple—
Disbelieve me if you choose;
But, my friends, no fist e'er struck me
Such a blow as those small shoes.

And they forced my brain to reason;
'What right,' said I, standing there,
'Have I to clothe another's children,
And to let my own go bare?'

It was in the depth of winter;
Bitter was the night and wild;
And outside the flaring gin-shop
Stood my starving wife and child.

Out I went and clutched my baby,
Saw its feet so cold and blue;
Fathers! if the small shoe smote me,
What did those poor bare feet do?

Quick I thrust them in my bosom!
Oh, they were so icy chill!
And their coldness like a dagger
Pierced me. I can feel it still.

Of money I had just a trifle,
Just enough to serve my steed;
It bought shoes for little baby,
And a single loaf of bread.

The loaf served us all the Sunday,
And I went to work next day;
Since that time I have been teetotal:
That is all I've got to say."

NORTH-WEST MISSIONS.

IN 1863 the Rev. George McDougall (father of the present Rev. John McDougall, of Morley) arrived on the banks of the North Saskatchewan from Norway House. This zealous and devoted missionary was a host in himself. Possessed of a hardy, healthful frame; all the enduring qualities of an early pioneer; carrying in his breast the quenchless zeal of the Christian missionary, and fairly acquainted with the Indian language and character, this sower of the Gospel seed in the wild north land accomplished wonders. But the Rev. George McDougall was not the first missionary to pierce those far-off lands. Forty-four years ago the Rev. Mr. Rundle, a gentleman possessing all the qualities estimable and valuable in a missionary, planted the flag of Methodism in the vicinity of (then) Fort Edmonton. The labours of this good and zealous man extended westwards to the Rocky Mountains. The Wood Crees and Stonies were converted to Christianity, and the foundation of Christ's kingdom laid amongst the aboriginal inhabitants of the north. Nigh half a century has passed since Mr. Rundle first sang the soul-stirring hymns of John Wesley from Fort Edmonton to the Rocky Mountain House; yet at this day, amongst the Thick-Wood Crees and Rocky Mountain Stonies, is that missionary's name cherished and revered with proud and affectionate remembrance. After seven years' toil amongst the wild men of the north Mr. Rundle was succeeded

by Ben Sinclair, a "local" Half-breed preacher fresh from Norway House. In 1855, at Mr. Sinclair's departure, missionary work was taken up by the Rev. H. B. Steinhaer and the Rev. Thomas Woolsey. North-West travellers have devoted pages of thanks and praise—and, no doubt, justly—to the latter missionaries, but it must be remembered they took possession of the good soil already prepared by Rundle and Sinclair.

Wherever the Christian missionary has trod there is found the indelible foot-prints of an exalted civilization. There is a something in the character and temperament of the converted heathen more noble and lovable than can be found in the person of the most educated and accomplished unbeliever. The christianized Indians of Alberta and Saskatchewan may have clinging to them still many weeds of the barbaric past, but in the observance of that simple, moral code, which is the foundation of the highest order of Christianity, they deserve our respect and praise. The commandments are kept with the zeal and devotion of primitive Christians, a fact which has frequently proved a matter of surprise to many of our so-called pioneers of civilization.

The Rev. George McDougall having for several years laboured with great success along the North Branch, left for Edmonton. Here he built a Methodist mission. Mr. McDougall's subsequent removal to Morley, the success of his after years amongst the Stonies, and his sad death on the lone prairie, are matters of comparatively recent occurrence, and are fresh in the minds of the North-West readers. Conspicuously interleaved in the history of the territories is the name of McDougall. Many bearing that respected name live in Canadian story, and when the lives of our early pioneer missionaries come to be written, not the least prominent in the van of armour-bearers will be the Methodist preacher of Victoria, Edmonton and Morleyville, the Rev. George McDougall.

A GOOD JOKE.

MANY are fond of playing jokes, as hiding a boy's cap, or a girl's bonnet, at school. Such things may sometimes be done for amusement, or to confer pleasure, but never to any one's serious inconvenience.

In one of our colleges, a professor who made himself very social and familiar with the students, was walking out with an intelligent scholar, when they saw an old man hoeing in a cornfield. He was advancing slowly with his work towards the road, by the side of which lay his shoes. As it was near sunset, the student proposed to play the old man a joke. "I will hide his shoes, we will conceal ourselves behind the bushes, and see what he will do." "No," said the professor, "it would not be right.

You have money enough; just put a dollar in each of the old man's shoes, then we will hide behind the bushes and see what he will do."

The student agreed to the proposal, and they concealed themselves accordingly. When the labourer had finished his row of corn, he came out of the field to go home. He put on one shoe, felt something hard, took it off and found the dollar. He looked around him, but saw no one, and looked up gratefully toward heaven. He then put on the other shoe, and found another dollar. He looked at it and looked all around him but saw no one. He then knelt upon the ground, and returned thanks to God for the blessing which had thus been conferred upon him. The listeners learned from the prayer that the old man's wife and one of his children were sick, and that they were very poor; so that the two dollars were a great relief sent to them from heaven. The old man now returned home with a cheerful and gratified heart. "There," said the professor, "how much better this is than to have hid the old man's shoes." The student's eyes filled with tears, and he said he would never play another joke upon any one, except in kindness.—*American Messenger.*

PERFECT FAITH.

A STORY is told of a street boy in London who had both his legs broken by a dray passing over them. He was laid in a hospital to die, and another little creature of the same class was laid near by, picked up sick with famine fever. The latter was allowed to lie down by the side of the crushed boy. He crept up to him and said:

"Bobby, did you never hear about Jesus?"

"No, I never heard of him."

"Bobby, I went to mission school once, and they told us that Jesus would take you to heaven when you die, and you'd never hunger any more, and no more pain, if you axed him."

"I couldn't ax such a big gentleman as he is to do anything for me. He wouldn't even stop to speak to a boy like me."

"But he'll do all that if you ax him."

"How can I ax him if I don't know where he lives, and how can I get there when both my legs are broke?"

"Bobby, they told me at mission school as how Jesus passes by, teacher says, as he goes around. How do you know but what he might come around to this hospital this very night? You'd know him if you was to see him."

"But I can't keep my eyes open. My legs feel so awful bad. Doctor says I'll die."

"Bobby, hold up your hand and he'll know what you want when he passes by."

They got the hand up. It dropped. Tried again. It slowly fell back. Three times he got up the little hand,

only to let it fall. Bursting into tears, he said:

"I give it up."

"Bobby, lend me your hand; put your elbow on my pillar; I can do without it."

So one hand was propped up. And when they came in the morning, the boy lay dead, his hand still held up for Jesus. If this little boy learned enough of Jesus to give him such faith in him by attending a mission school just once, think how much good some child might receive by going to Sunday-school often. Is there not some one whom you can invite to go to Sunday-school with you, that he may learn to have faith in Jesus too?—*Selected.*

THE WIDOW AND THE SOVEREIGN.

At a missionary meeting held soon after the ascension of Queen Victoria, one of the speakers related the following anecdote:

A light-house on a southern coast was kept by a godly widow, who, not knowing how otherwise to aid in missionary work, resolved that during the summer season she would place in the box the total of one day's gratuities received from visitors. Among the callers received on that particular day was a lady attired as a widow, accompanied by a little girl. The two widows, drawn together, as it were, by common sympathy, conversed on their bereavements, tears mingling with their words. On leaving the lady left a sovereign with her humble friend.

The widow was thrown into a state of perplexity; her own need seemed to plead on the one hand, while her pledged word to place the receipts on that day in the missionary box confronted her on the other. After thinking about the thing for some time, she put half a crown in the box; but, on retiring to rest, she found conscience sufficiently lively to keep her from sleep. To obtain relief, she rose, took back the silver, and surrendered the gold, after which rest returned to her eyelids. A few days after, the widow received a letter containing twenty pounds from the elder lady, and five pounds from the younger, the first the Duchess of Kent, the other the Princess Victoria.

THE excise is fattened with the rich result
Of all this riot; and ten thousand casks,
Forever dribbling out their base contents,
Touched by the Midas finger of the State,
Bleed gold, for ministers to sport away.
Drink and be mad, then, 'tis your country
bids;

Gloriously drunk, obey the important call!
Her cause demands the assistance of your
throats;

Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.
Cowper.

"HUSH!" whispered a little girl to her classmates who were laughing during prayer, "we must be polite to God."