

and, leaving his dear ones to the protection of the Great Spirit, turned his steps toward the south.

That night, the first from home, stretched upon the cold ground beneath the silent stars, wrapped in a single blanket, alone amid the heavy pines, he dreamed of baptism and death. Could it be possible that the predictions of his friends would prove true? Would his renunciation of idolatry bring upon him the anger of his idol gods? Had they, after all, appeared to call the body? Querying thus with himself about his dream, he journeyed along wondering, hoping, fearing. At nightfall he again sought the shelter of the pines, only to dream once more of death.

The third night left him half distracted with concern and apprehension. What should he do? Risk it; dare to do his duty; defy the powers of evil; throw himself upon the protection of the God whom he now desired to serve! His resolve was soon made. Die or live he would renounce paganism forever and embrace Christianity once for all. So, trembling in every nerve, he came to the mission, confessed his sins, and was baptized.

The moon occupying the house where Sandy slept that night say that he rested but poorly. For hours he walked the floor nervously. Then after taking a nap he would start up suddenly as if frightened.

When daylight came he arose from his couch on the floor. Things seemed so new and strange. Was he alive? He pinched his hands and face to satisfy himself. The evil that the medicine men and his relations had prophesied had not befallen him. He was truly alive, and how strangely happy he was! The song that came warbling to his untuned lips was the Indian version of

"Sweetest note in seraph's song;  
Sweetest name on mortal tongue;  
Sweetest, carol ever sang,  
Jesus, blessed Jesus."

Sandy's fear of the power of the evil spirits had left him. He was a new man in Christ Jesus, and with that almighty Name he was ready to defy all that the idols of the pagans could do. Sandy cheerfully joined the rest of the party and ate heartily at breakfast. He spoke of his happiness to all whom he met.

Shortly after he left us to carry his good news to those he had left around his camp fire. On his return journey he consecrated his snow camps with his simple, earnest prayers, and made the woods ring with the name of "Jesus, blessed Jesus."  
Winnipeg, Man.

### A Question Answered.

THE following little story by Mrs. Frances A. DeGraff, in the *National Advocate*, may help answer the question rarely but sometimes asked: "Does the teaching concerning the nature and effects of alcohol in connection with physiology and hygiene in our public schools lead the boys to become temperate men?"

In the year 1901 a boy in Montgomery County, New York, about ten years of age, was riding with a gentleman who lives in the country near his home. After riding in silence for a few moments the gentleman said: "I hear your uncle has gone into the saloon business in Amsterdam. Do you visit him and help him as much as you did when he lived out here on the farm?"

"No, sir," said the boy, "I don't go there at all."

"Why, how is that? Does your father object to your going?"

"No, sir," said the boy, "my father does not object to my going. He goes and drinks now when he wants to."

"Oh, I see," said the gentleman, "your mother does not want you to go."

"You are mistaken; my mother does not prevent my going. She goes with my father and drinks sometimes."

"Well," said the gentleman, "what is your reason for not going?"

"It is what I learned at school, sir. I learned there what alcohol is and how it injures the body, and I have made up my mind not to touch it, and I shall not go into a place where it is sold."

How can we but exclaim, All honor to the manly boy, and all honor to the State that maintains and supports a law whereby scientific temperance instruction may be given in the public schools!

## October.

Those gracious gifts of God, the golden grain  
And ripened fruits of vine, and shrub, and tree,  
Through some fine law of nature's pharmacy  
Have drunken of the sun and dew, and rain  
Their potent influen-ces; the garnered grain  
Repeats the glowing glory of the sea.  
The purpling hillsides scarlet blazonry  
And yellow sunlight shining on the plain.

Amid imperial tints that breathe a tale  
Of olden pomp and storied sovereignty  
The silver moon alone doth wane and pale,  
While planets crowd the kingdom of the sky,  
And Saturn, opening wide his mighty rings,  
October's golden age in triumph brings.

### Revelations of the Voice

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON said, "Shut me up in a dark room with a mixed multitude, and I can pick out the gentlefolks by their voices."

In the compass of every voice there are three registers—the middle, or throat; the lower, or chest; and the upper, or head, register. The use of the middle pitch for talking is very desirable, but the voice should be trained to slide up and down, varying with the emotions—low when the mood inclines toward seriousness, and higher when it becomes tinged with excitement. An interesting speaker constantly changes his pitch—not abruptly, but with ease and skill—and the greater range one has the more certain he is to get and retain the pleased attention of listeners. Our high-pitched, strident voices are sharply criticised, and it is quite within our power to change them.

When we see a woman who laughs and talks loudly in public places we put a severe strain upon our clarity and judgment not to think her vulgar. When to the conventional "How do you do?" she replies, "Fine!" we know on just what rung of the social ladder to put her.—Mrs. Burton Kingsland, in *Success*

### The Stingiest Man.

THE smallest thing the writer ever saw a man do in the line of finance happened about eight years ago in a little village in western Illinois. A man entered the post-office and asked for a one-cent stamp. It was given him, and he paid over the cash. He was just about to place it on an envelope when the postmaster asked him if there was any writing within. He replied that there was, but that he was not going to seal the letter. The postmaster explained that Uncle Sam does not know the difference between a sealed and an unsealed letter if there is any writing in it. It was clear to an observer that the man's soul was undergoing a fierce struggle. That extra red cent seemed more than all his broad acres of rich land. In a few seconds of silence the victory was gained—for the red cent. He put his letter in his pocket, shoved the green one-cent stamp back through the window, got his other red cent out of the cash-drawer, and went away in a thoughtful mood. We have often wondered whether that addressed envelope and written letter failed finally to reach the man's mother, or brother, or friend, or whether he drove six miles to another town and tried to work another postmaster.—*Religious Telescope*.

### An Unpurchasable Editor

IT is a matter of history that to George W. Jones, editor and proprietor at that time of the New York *Times*, was due the exposure and downfall of the infamous Tweed ring, whose operations added over \$100,000,000 to the bonded debt of the city, doubled its annual expenditure, and cost the taxpayers, all told, according to the best estimates, \$160,000,000. Attempts of the ring to intimidate and to bribe Editor Jones were unavailing, the ring was broken up, and Tweed was sent to the penitentiary. The great work of Jones is called to mind by an article in *Pearson's Magazine*, from which we quote: "Immediately it became known to the (Tweed) ring that