



A MUHAMMEDAN MOSQUE.

Pray for One Another.

With tenderest love and compassion,
Our Master has granted relief
To our hearts, overburdened with longing
To comfort those laden with grief;
To do something to show to our dear ones
The depth of devotion and love
That is burning within us, and seeking
By action that yearning to prove.

When our hearts are nething to utter
Some helpful and loving thought,
When desire to serve overwhelms us,
And the way is with hindrances fraught,
Then pray! for permission is granted
To pour out the soul at his feet
In earnest petition for blessings
On other—for blessings complete.

We can pray that the loved ones be strengthened
With the might of his glorious power;
That the love of the Father may fill them;
That their joy may become every hour
More perfect and deep and unselfish;
That their lives may be beautiful rays
To lighten the darkness about them;
That his presence may brighten their days.

The Master will hear and will answer,
And more blessings than we could impart
By our weak and puny exertions
Will be poured out in love on their heart.
And those blessings, with wonderful sweetness,
Will return to ourselves from the Lord,
In giving a peace satisfying,
By obeying this health-giving word.

An Indian Trophy of Grace.

BY CARRIE S. TATE.

PERHAPS the readers of your valuable paper would like to hear something about Lillie, one of our "Home" children, who died recently. I think I can tell them more that will interest them in her life than in her death, for she lived a simple, Christian life.

She, with her brother, were the first to arrive on the day fixed for the opening of our Home—about two and a half years ago. She was a little over seven years of age; her brother nearly two years older. She was a timid, shy child, and as she neither understood nor spoke a word of English, a sound scarcely ever came from her lips until she learned to sing some of our beautiful Sunday-school hymns. This she was not long in accomplishing, and we often listened to her clear, sweet voice, as, stowed away in some corner secure from all observation, she would sing one hymn after another.

At our camp-meeting—two years ago—Lillie, with some other of her school companions, came forward and made a public profession of her faith in Christ, and said she intended from that time to fight the battles of King Jesus. At the weekly prayer and class-meetings held in connection with "The Home," she rarely lost an opportunity of witnessing for Christ; and her daily life showed that her religion was not "lip-service," but that the love of God dwelt in her heart.

Some little time ago as they were retiring for the night, she went to Miss Somers, and said: "Oh, I have been so happy to-day!"

"What is it that has made you so happy, Lillie?" asked the lady.

"I asked Jesus to help me with my work to-day, and he has helped me," she answered; "and now my heart is so happy!"

Just a few days before she was taken sick, she, with several others, were sitting together darning stockings. The children were comparing their work, when Lillie remarked: "I am glad I know how to work now. When I go home I will mend my brothers' and my sisters' clothes; and, besides," she added, "I have learned to make bread, and to cook—so that, when I go back, my father will not be angry with me, as he used to, when my mother was sick."

I will just say here, that she was the granddaughter of Captain John, one of our most faithful Indian local-preachers. Her home was just inside the mountains, on the borders of a beautiful little lake, about eight miles from our "Home."

Captain John does not know one letter from another, so—during the few visits she made to her home since she has learned to read—he had her read and explain to him the Bible. At her funeral he said, with the tears streaming down his face, "I shall never hear her voice again in this world; but she told me all about Daniel and Joseph, and all the other good men in God's Book; and about what Jesus did, when he was in this world. Her words are here in my heart—I shall never forget them. My heart used to get so warm when she would read to me, and I thought how I shall be able to preach when I have her home to feed me with the words of God's Book; but now," he said, sobbing, "she's gone; God has taken her. I cannot—I cannot tell why—but she has gone!"

We all loved her; for she was gentle and kind—willing and obedient. She was very fond of studying her Bible, and was often found with it in some place alone, when all the rest were in the play-

ground. "But she being dead, yet speaketh." Her death came unexpectedly. She had the "Grip" lightly in the spring; was only a day sick—but we noticed that she did not regain her usual health and strength, and we used such remedies as we thought would build up her constitution. A little more than three weeks ago she was taken ill. The doctor was called, who pronounced it simple fever. We carried her over to the Mission-house, so that she might be quiet. We did all we could for her, and had every hope for her recovery until the last, when she became unconscious, and quietly slipped away.

Many times during her sickness she gave precious testimony to her love and faith in Jesus as her Saviour.

Chillicothe, B.C.

At Harvest.

BY GEORGE WEATHERLY.

When the world is radiant,
Rich with summer hours,
Wood and field and garden
Gemmed with brightest flowers,
When the wheat is golden,
Gleaming in the sun,
And the scythe and sickle
Harvest have begun,
May our thoughts turn often,
In our gratitude,
To the Lord of harvest—
Giver of all good!

He who in the winter
Clad the ground with snow,
He who in the spring time
Caused the seed to grow
He who sent the showers,
And the dew at morn,
Then the sunny hours,
Ripening fruit and corn—
He is Lord of harvest,
And to him we raise
Songs of humble gratitude,
Thankful songs of praise.

The Cure of the Drunkard.

A MAN noted for intemperate habits was induced by Rev. John Abbott to sign the pledge "in his own way," which he did in these words: "I pledge myself to drink no intoxicating drinks for one year." Few believed he could keep it; but near the end of the year he again appeared at a temperance meeting without once having touched a drop.

"Are you not going to sign again?" asked Mr. Abbott.

"Yes," replied the man, "if I can do it in my own way;" and accordingly he wrote: "I sign this pledge for nine hundred and ninety-nine years; and if I live to that time I will come to take out a life lease."

A few days afterward he called upon the tavern-keeper, who welcomed him back to his old haunt.

"O landlord!" said he, as if in pain, "I have such a lump on my side!"

"That's because you've stopped drinking," said the landlord. "You won't live long if you keep on."

"Will drink take the lump away?"

"Yes; and if you don't drink you'll soon have a lump on the other side. Come, let's drink together," and he poured out two glasses of whiskey.

"I guess I won't drink," said the former inebriate, "especially if keeping the pledge will bring another lump; for it isn't very hard to bear, after all." And with this he drew the "lump"—a roll of greenbacks—from his side pocket, and then walked off, leaving the landlord to his reflections.