

before such things as you told me to-day. I am so glad I have not died before hearing this wonderful story. Stay as long as you can, and when you have to go away come back soon, for I have grandchildren; I have gray hairs, and may not live many winters more; come back soon."

And he turned as though he would go to his place; but he soon again faced me and said, "Missionary, you said just now 'Our Father.' That is very sweet to us."

Then he said, "May I say more?"

"Yes, say on."

"You say our Father—He is your Father?"

"Yes."

"Does it mean He is my Father—poor Indian's Father?"

"Yes, your Father."

"Your Father, missionary's Father, Indian's Father?"

"Yes."

"Then we are brothers?"

"Yes," I said, "we are brothers."

"Ah," said he, "it does seem to me that you, my white brethren, with that great book and its wonderful story, have been a long time coming to tell it to your red brother of the woods."

That is the question which the weary, waiting, longing pagan millions of earth's nations are asking us—why we, with the Bible, should be so long coming with its wondrous story.
—*Selected.*

SOME children roam the fields and hills,
And others work in noisy mills;
Some dress in silks, and dance, and play,
While others drudge their life away;
Some glow with health and bound with song,
And some must suffer all day long!

Which is your lot, my girl and boy?
Is it a life of ease and joy?
Ah, if it is, its glowing sun
The poorer life should shine upon—
Make glad one little heart to-day,
And help one burdened child to play.

—*St. Nicholas.*

A BOY WITH WITS.

IN January, 1882, a fire broke out in a large building in New York. Many lives were lost, but three lives were saved—saved by the quick wit and prompt courage of a boy named Charlie Wright, a bootblack. When the flames were raging, three men were observed high up at a corner window in the upper story. What could be done? The longest ladder would not reach half the distance. In the great crowd was the boy just named. To this lad came a bright idea. Looking up, Charlie Wright saw something that set him thinking. He saw that, fastened to the roof of the building just above the window where these

men were, there was a rope of wire. He saw that this rope ran across the street to the top of a telegraph pole on the other side. And he knew that if this rope could be cut at the top of the pole, it would fall right across the window, so that the three men could reach it. This was the bright idea that came into Charlie's mind. No time was to be lost. In an instant he seized a fireman's wrench which lay on the stones near by, rushed across the street, and began to climb the tall, smooth telegraph pole. To do this was no easy task in the wind and snow; but by hard, fast, desperate climbing Charlie soon reached the cross-bars. And hard and fast he worked when he got there. In a moment he had twisted the wire rope off. Down it fell, right across the window! A great shout of joy went up from the crowd as, one after another, the three men came down this strange fire-escape safe to the ground.

To this brave lad the American Humane Society voted a medal. Even across the sea people heard of him and praised him. From England came a gold medal, sent by the Royal Humane Society, on which were stamped the words: "Presented to Charles Wright, for saving three lives, January 31, 1882." So you see that what all the firemen of New York, with their ladders and other expensive apparatus, failed to do, a little boy accomplished by his wits. And if you are ready, looking out for opportunities to do good, you may be used of God to save some souls which would not be reached by ministers or other older workers. We hope you may always be ready to help, and quick to see how help may be given.

THE TWO WORDS.

ONE day a harsh word, rashly said,
Upon an evil journey sped,
And like a sharp and cruel dart
It pierced a fond and loving heart;
It turned a friend into a foe,
And everywhere brought pain and woe.

A kind word followed it one day,
Flew swiftly on its blessed way;
It healed the wound, it soothed the pain,
And friends of old were friends again;
It made the hate and anger cease,
And everywhere brought joy and peace.

But yet the harsh word left a trace
The kind word could not quite efface;
And though the heart its love regained,
It bore a scar that long remained:
Friends could forgive, but not forget,
Or lose the sense of keen regret.

Oh, if we could but learn to know
How swift and sure one word can go,
How would we weigh with utmost care
Each thought before it sought the air,
And only speak the words that move
Like white-winged messengers of love!

—*Selected.*