MOTHER'S GOOD-BY.

Sit down by the side of your mother, my boy;
You have only a moment, I know,
But stay till I give you my parting advice—
'Tis all that I have to bestow.

You leave us to seek for employment, my boy;
By the world you have yet to be tried;
But in all the temptations and struggles you meet
May your heart in the Saviour confide.

Hold fast to the right, hold fast to the right,
Wherever your footsteps may roam;
O! forsake not the way of salvation, my boy,
That you learned from your mother at home.

You'll find in your satchel a Bible, my boy;
'Tis the book of all others the best:
It will teach you to live, it will help you to die,
And lead to the gates of the blest.

I gave you to God, in your cradle, my boy;
I have taught you the best that I knew;
And as long as his mercy permits me to live,
I shall never cease praying for you.

Your father is coming to bid you good-by,;
O! how lonely and sad we shall be;
But when far from the scenes of your childhood and youth,
You'll think of your father and me.

I want you to feel ev'ry word that I've said,
For it came from the depths of my love;
And, my boy, if we never behold you on earth.
Will you promise to meet us above?

—*Anon.*

THE LOST INDIAN.

BY THE REV. EGERTON R. YOUNG.

The following beautiful story deserves a place among the great number of real answers to prayer. Still does the Lord God say to his followers: "I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them."

Our Indian converts believe in God. With a simple, childlike faith, they take Him at his word. One of our Indians at his baptism received the English name of Edmund Stephenson. He was an earnest yet simple Christian. His religion made him industrious, and so by his diligent hunting and fishing he comfortably provided for his wife and two little ones.

One evening about the middle of last October he left his family at his little home at Norway House, and started up a rapid river to visit some of his relatives who lived several miles away. In those high latitudes the cold winter sets in very early, and so already the river was covered with ice. To make the trip more quickly he fastened on his skates, and when last seen he was rapidly speeding away on his trip in the evening twilight.

As he did not return the next day, as he had promised his family, they became alarmed, and an Indian messenger was sent to inquire the reason. To his surprise, he was informed by the friends that Edmund had not visited them, and they knew not of his whereabouts. When these tidings were carried home, there was great alarm and a search party was quickly organized. From the point where Edmund was last seen alive, they carefully examined the ice as they hurried along, and after a little time discovered the most conclusive evidence that the poor man was drowned. Over a part of the river where the current is very rapid, they discovered that the ice had been broken through, and although now again firmly frozen over, yet in the congealed mass they discovered one of his deerskin gloves, a button of his coat, and other evidences that here he had fallen through the ice, and had made a most desperate effort to escape.

As it was nearly dark when the searchers made these discoveries as to the place and manner of his death, they were obliged with this to be satisfied, and to postpone the search for the body until the next day.

Early the next morning they diligently set to work. As much snow had fallen during the previous evening they were very much hampered in their efforts, and although a large number of men, with snow shovel, axes and grappling-irons, diligently sought in many places for the remains, several days passed by, and they were still unsuccessful in their efforts.

Among the searchers were some Indians who still believed in the skill and supernatural powers of the conjurers, or medicine-men. These having become discouraged in their efforts, resolved to consult one of these old men, and so they said: "Let us go and consult old Kwaskacarp, and get him to conjure for us and tell us where to find the body."

The Christian Indians protested against this, and tried to dissuade them from their purpose. But they would not listen to them, being so discouraged in their efforts. So they carried a gift of tea and tobacco to the conjurer, and told him of the object of their coming. In response to their wishes, and in return for their gifts, he took his sacred drum and medicine bag into his tent and noisily drummed away until he worked himself up into a kind of frenzy of delirium, and then he told them where they were to cut the ice and drag for the body of their dead comrade.

When the Christian Indians heard that these others had thus gone to the conjurer for help they were very much grieved. One especially was very much distressed in spirit. He is a grand old man, by the name of Thomas Mustagan. While feeling deeply the loss of Edmund, he was very much hurt when the news reached him that some of the searchers, instead of going to God in their perplexity and trouble, had, like poor old King Saul, resorted to such disreputable agencies.

No sooner had he received the news of their conduct than he resolved to adopt a very different course. Getting his wife to cook a quantity of food, he carried it with some kettles and tea over to a spot on the shore near to the place in the river where the men were now diligently searching for the body.

Clearing away the snow, he made a fire, and then, when the tea was prepared, he called the hungry and almost discouraged men around him and made them eat his food and drink his tea. Then he talked to them of the one living and true God, and of his power to hear and answer prayer. He then spoke of the foolishness and wickedness of the conduct of those who, having heard about him, had gone and consulted the wicked old conjurer.

"Let us go to that God about whom we have been taught by our missionaries. He is the one to help us in our trouble." Thus he talked with them. Then with them all around him, he kneeled down in the snow, and earnestly and reverently asked God to hear and help them in their sorrow and perplexity. He prayed that wisdom might be given them, so that they might find the body of their dear friend that was lying somewhere in that cold river, that they might take it up and bury it in their little village graveyard. And very earnestly did he ask God to comfort the poor sorrowing widow and the little helpless children. Thus did this venerable old Indian, of over four score winters, with believing faith call upon God.

When they rose from their knees he said: "Now trusting in God to answer us, let us go to work."

As much snow had fallen on the ice, they had to first scrape it away, and then use their judgment where, over the rapid waters, to cut through the ice and drag for the body. Although Thomas was such an aged man, he now seemed the most alert and active man in the party. By common consent he was given charge of the party of Christian Indians, who now all diligently worked under his direction. As fast as the snow was scraped away from the ice he carefully scanned every part of it.

In the meantime the old conjurer, Kwaskacarp, in a confident voice told his followers that he had conjured, and the answer was that they were to cut the ice in a certain designated place.

Paying no attention to him and his party, the Christian Indians worked away, and as fast as the ice was cleared of snow Thomas looked through it as well as he could.

All at once he quickly rose up from a spot of semi-transparent ice which he had been carefully examining. Calling to the men with the axes and ice-chisels he said, "Try here." Soon they had a large hole cut through the ice, the grappling-irons were speedily brought into use, and there the body was found and quickly brought to the surface, although it was hundreds of yards from the place where the conjurer had directed his followers to look for it.

Thomas, while intently searching through the ice, had seen on the under surface at that place a quantity of air bubbles. The thought came to him that here the body had rested, and the last air from the lungs had escaped, and formed these bubbles. He asked for wisdom and help, and he obtained it, and in less than an hour after these pious Indians had been on their knees in earnest prayer in the snow, the body of their comrade was being borne away to his home, and from thence to its final resting place in the "God's Acre" of the little Christian village.—*Christian.*

THE PERNICIOUS EFFECTS OF TOBACCO.

Dr. Willard Parker, of New York, says: "For many years my attention has been called to the insidious but positive destructive effects of tobacco on the human system. Tobacco manufacturers and excessive chewers or smokers of tobacco are more apt to die in epidemics, and cannot recover soon and in a healthy manner from injuries or fever."

Dr. J. H. Kellogg says: "The fact is established beyond all controversy that tobacco is a poison, deadly in large doses, pernicious and harmful in all doses. Its influence is to lessen vitality, to benumb the sensibilities, to shorten life, to kill." A prominent physician in New York city stated, several years since, that in his own practice he could distinctly trace three-quarters of all the nervous disorders among children to the use of tobacco by the parents.

The example of a smoking minister is pernicious in its effects upon the boys of any church or community. "The dominie smokes" is an excuse they are only too glad to use. "It is an undisputed fact that two-thirds of the young men who begin to smoke before they are fifteen years of age become drunkards. The mouth and throat become hot and dry—a thirst that water does not quench in a majority of cases, and craving something else, beer or wine is taken; thus tobacco becomes the first step to the drunkard's grave." In that day when small and great shall stand before God, to be judged out of those things written in the Books, may none of our dominies come under the condemnation of having led any mother's boy into bad habits by his own example. If St. Paul was willing to "eat no meat while the world standeth," lest he should make his brother stumble, surely those who preach his doctrines can be a little more self-denying than they are already, and do without tobacco, in which there is no nutriment, but only poison.

We all preach by our lives, and each life is a sermon. Let us be living epistles, known and read of all men. Let Christian parents strive to make and keep their bodies healthy and pure—fit temples for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. With minds set to the highest attainments, and all consecrated to God's service, the parents shall thus "lay up for their children" a pure and untainted heredity, so that with clear brains, steady nerves and pure hearts, they may do the Master's will on earth as it is done in heaven. "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord."

—*Myra Worth, in Intelligencer.*

AN INFIDEL LECTURER SILENCED.

Miss Leitch, a missionary in Ceylon, gives the following striking narrative of how an infidel lecturer, who came to the island for the purpose of speaking against Christianity, had his meetings stopped and the tide turned against him by a native minister bringing before the people the life and labors of Dr. Daniel Poor, the distinguished American missionary to Ceylon: "The mention of Dr. Poor's name turned the tide at certain meetings where the question was being discussed whether Christianity was the true religion. An infidel lecturer came for the purpose of speaking against Christianity. He took his stand in the heathen temple, which is on the other side of the street from our house. He spoke there night after night to large crowds. Our native Christians undertook to answer this lecturer. They appointed meetings, and they also were well attended. Mr. Rice (the native pastor at Batticotta) came to speak. After the introductory part of his speech he laid his hand on the Bible and said to those present, most of whom were heathen, 'You do not know what is within the lids of this Book, but one thing you do know, you know the lives of the missionaries who have dwelt among you.'

"Then, with a look of deepest love and reverence, he mentioned the name of Dr. Poor. He said: 'He was more than a father to the people in this district. There is not a house but he has visited again and again. [The district contains over 20,000 people.] When the famine and cholera raged, and the friends and near relatives of the sick and suffering forsook them, what did Dr. Poor do? Did he leave them? By no means. He took care of the sick, he sat by the bedside of the dying, he buried the dead. He gave his life for the people. Was it a good or a bad religion that could make a man do like that? He told many beautiful incidents about Dr. Poor. One was this: 'He had been out all day visiting in the village. It was a little later than he thought. The darkness came on and he lost his way. He called some one passing by to show him the way. The man went to light a torch, and when he returned he found Dr. Poor on his knees pleading for a blessing on Jaffna, and the preacher asked, 'Was it a good religion or a bad which could make a man forget his hunger and weariness in seeking a blessing for others?' The appeals turned the tide. The infidel lecturer had to stop giving his lectures. The people would not hear him, and the result of these meetings was that many became inquirers and have since been received into the church."

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