

to where Goodwin stood, saying: "They're tearing down a tent." "The fight will be there," said Morton, mounting deliberately. "Catch all you can. Don't shoot if you can help it. Keep close together. We have got to ride all night."

He had increased his guard by mustering in every able-bodied man, except such as were needed to conduct the meetings. Most of these men were Methodists, but they were all frontiersmen who knew that peace and civilization have often to be won by conflict. By the time this guard started the camp was in extreme confusion; women were running in every direction, children were crying, and men were stoutly denouncing Goodwin for his tardiness.

Dividing his mounted guard of thirty men into two parts, he sent one-half round the outside of the camp-ground in one direction, while he rode with the other to attack the mob on the other side. The foot-police were sent through the circle to attack them in a third direction.

As Morton anticipated, his delay tended to throw the mob off their guard. They had demolished one tent, and in great exultation had begun on another; when Morton's cavalry rode in upon them on both sides, dealing heavy blows with their iron-wood and hickory clubs. Then the foot-men charged them in front, and the mob were forced to scatter and mount their horses as best they could. As Morton had captured some of them, the rest rallied on horseback and attempted a rescue. For two or three minutes the fight was a severe one. The roughs made several rushes upon Morton, and nothing but the savage blows that Mellen laid about him saved the leader from falling into their hands. At last, however, after firing several shots, and wounding one of the guard, they retreated, Goodwin vigorously persuading his men to continue the charge.

Then they fled, and this time, letting the less guilty rowdies escape, Morton pursued the well-known thieves and their allies through the country, until the hunted fellows abandoned their horses and fled to the woods on foot. For two days more Morton harried them, arresting one of them now and then until he had captured eight or ten. The orderly citizens of the county were so much heartened by this boldness and severity on Morton's part that they combined against the roughs and took the work into their own hands, driving some of the thieves away and terrifying the rest into a sullen submission. The camp-meeting went on in great triumph.

#### LET IT REST.

Ah! how many hearts on the brink of anxiety and disquietude, by this simple sentence, have been made calm and happy!

Some proceeding has wounded us by its want of tact; let it rest—no one will think of it again.

A harsh or unjust sentence irritates us; let it rest; whoever may have given vent to it, will be pleased to see it is forgotten.

A painful scandal is about to estrange us from an old friend; let it rest, and thus preserve our charity and peace of mind.

A suspicious look is on the point of cooling our affection; let it rest, and our look of trust will restore confidence.

#### "PRAISE THE LORD!"

"I will sing of thy mercy in the morning,"  
Psa. 59. 10.

MY Father, thy praising, my spirit is praising;  
Thy fatherly keeping so bounteous and free,  
In gladness a song of thanksgiving is raising  
For pardon and mercy and favour from thee.

Through the night thou hast shielded and given sweet slumber;  
Each pathway in Dreamland with angels was trod.  
My soul for thy blessings and gifts beyond number  
Withapture adores thee, my Father and God.

Each day that thou givest is taken of kind  
Is proof of thy fatherly keeping and love;  
Oh, keep me from wasting, in folly and blindness,  
Thy beautiful gifts, that may crown me above.

The gladness that comes with the sunlight of morning,  
That shines in the dew that be-crystals the hills,  
Is seen in the flowers the meadows adorning,  
Is heard in the song that the meadow-lark trills.

This gladness and sunshine and music and sweetness,  
Oh grant me! let love all my being enthral!  
Then thought, word and action, in blessed completeness  
Shall praise the Beneficent-Giver of all.  
L. A. MORRISON,  
Toronto, March 6th, 1886.

#### CAUGHT ON THE SANDS.

BY MRS. ROBERT A. WATSON.

"COME away to the sands and watch for uncle George," said John to Edward. "He's to ride across to-day when the tide is down, and we'll get sea-weed and shells, and see the bonny jelly-fish in the pools while we're waiting."

These boys lived in Annan, and it was the sands of Solway Firth they spoke of. You know the Solway Firth is that great arm of sea which rolls up between England and Scotland until it comes near to fair Carlisle! I have seen it, on a summer's day, a broad blue mirror flashing in the sun—the sun seems to be shining always there!—and beautiful soft hills far off on either side.

Do you wonder what these boys meant when they said uncle George was to ride across that wide rolling flood. O, but they knew very well what they said! Living there in little Annan, they knew all about Solway and his ways: how he went rushing down to the open sea every day and night, to get a taste of fresh salt and Atlantic foam; and how, after that, he came racing up again so fast that if you got in his way you would be knocked over and drowned before help could reach you. So when their mother said: "If you are going to the sands, laddies, ye maun heed the tide and no' wander far," you may be sure that they promised to be careful. It was easy to be tempted a long way across the sands when the tide was "out," for it rolled so far seawards that you might think it had gone away altogether from that shore and would forget the way back; and there were many sad stories told of people who set out to cross from one shore to another and were too slow about it, or too late in starting, and so were caught by the incoming rush of water, and never seen again. "Dinna go far, laddies; and keep a look-out for the tide," said their mother.

And so they meant to do, of course. They had often been there before, for, although there were beathery hill-tops to be climbed inland by lads who could trudge a few miles, I fancy the favorite ramble was to the shore. It was so free and fresh on those wide yellow sands, and there was so much to "notice" in many pools, big and little,—clear pools filled with strange creatures that seemed alive and yet not alive, and shone, some of them, like bits of light. What could be more delightful?

So they rambled from pool to pool, looking now and then across the wet, gleaming wilderness for uncle George, but more engaged in trying which could find the biggest and "bonniest" jelly-fish or other wonder. And here and there a small object moved across the great space,—a cat and hroze, to wit, taking the daily chances of the ford.

Bright sky—bright shore—wonderful shells and fishes—two boys calling to each other as they patter over the sand or stoop over a pool.

"Hi, Johnnie, look here what I've gotten!"

"Eh, mon, see this queer beastie!" They had forgotten Solway and his swift rush up from the sea; they had forgotten their uncle.

The carts crept over to shore and safety, long threads of water began to run from pool to pool, and some banks of sand in the midst were no more to be seen. Was Solway racing back again? Then why did not the boys look about them and turn towards the shingly beach, where they would be safe!

A black speck moved along the sands at some distance; it came nearer, and if the boys had been looking they would have seen a man on horseback riding fast.

In the middle of a dispute over a jelly-fish a horse galloped up to them, and before they knew what was being done, a strong arm caught up first John and threw him across the neck of the horse, then Edward, and stuck him somehow beside the other, and so, like a giant, held them there, and galloped to the beach. Was it really a robber-giant sprung out of the sea? Before the boys could speak or look, the horse stopped, and the other hand of the rider pointed back to the place where they had been seized. It was covered already with the incoming tide!

"D'ye see that, laddies? Ye're mither wad has been weeping this night if I had na seen ye among the pools. But, my certy! is it our own laddies I've saved!"

He had not seen their faces, nor they his, when he caught them up and rode with them to shore; but it was even uncle George!

Had he been ten minutes later, the great preacher Edward Irving would never have been known in this world, for he was one of those boys whom their own uncle saved unawares upon Solway sands.

And now I am sure you are all sharp enough to find the moral of my story for yourselves. I have told it because I want you to remember Edward Irving, and when you are older to read all the story of his life as it is written by Mrs. Oliphant in a beautiful book of which I, for one, am never tired.

"AND how old are you, my little man?" "I'm not old at all. I'm nearly new."

#### WIFE LIZZIE.

COME, my bonnie bairn,  
An' sit on mither's knee;  
To fill my heart wi' pleasure,  
Ye're a' the wa'nt I see.  
Ye rin about the ha'ir as I by the  
Tak' care an' dinna be,  
There's no anither bairn am ahere,  
In a' the land as I draw!

Oft as I look in yer brack' face,  
My bonnie wee bit lamb,  
Ye fill when I sail my heart wi' pain  
Wi' joy I ne'er can explain.  
As through this life we maun gang,  
Wi' a' its care an' sorrow,  
Aye tak' the guid o' every day,  
An' hope for mair to-morrow.

Ay that's wee Lizzie's vacant chair  
That stands beside the bed,  
I oft-times think I see her there,  
But no, alas! she's dead!  
She's gone to dwell wi' angels,  
In that happy land aboon;  
But we'll meet again some happy day,  
When life on earth is doon.

CALLEDONIA.

Fort Macleod.

#### OUR INDIAN BOYS.

As the setting sun is casting his mellow light over this beautiful valley, along the Bow River, I see a sight that cheers my heart. It is the Macdougall Orphanage, in full view from the open window, near to which I am writing. It is a large story and a-half frame building, not yet painted, having four windows on the side and two at each end. On the beautiful lawn of native prairie, between Mr. Macdougall's house and the Orphanage, the boys are playing on the left, and the girls on the right. No one would think them inmates of a public institution, since no two are dressed alike. All are neatly clad, with nothing torn and seedy, yet plain and substantial garments cover them. Far enough away not to see their colour, you would think them Canadian children out at play. They about and laugh and jump and run races and swing, just as white boys and girls do. A few minutes since, these boys were cutting wood with cross-cut saws. It was very amusing to see them, they really worked well. I took hold of one saw with a white boy—little John Macdougall, and we tried a race in cutting off a log with two of the Indian lads. It is only fair to us to say, that we had rather the larger log. But they got their log off first, and they thought it a fine thing, and laughed at us heartily. There were two that sawed together like little men, who could not be over nine years of age. They are only allowed to cut wood a little while at a time.

There, the bell has rung, and they are all in their comfortable home, where they are under the kind and thoughtful care of Mr. and Mrs. Yeomans. Now I have seen hundreds of Indian boys and girls within the last six months; but none so bright and happy and good-looking as these. One of the older boys met me at the station, three miles off, last evening, and rowed me across the rapid and swollen river, and then drove me down to the mission. Let our friends feel perfectly assured that their money is being well spent, and good results are already seen at the Orphanage at Morley.

ALFRED ANDREWS

The two things that did most to make Washington what he is in history were, his thoroughness in all he did, and his trust in God.