

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Saviour, bless a little child ;
 Teach my heart the way to thee ;
 Make me gentle, meek, and mild ;
 Loving Saviour, care for me.

I am young, but thou hast said
 All who will may come to Thee;
 Feed my soul with living bread;
 Loving Saviour, care for me.

Jesus, help me, I am weak:
 Let me put my trust in thee;
 Teach me how and what to speak;
 Loving Saviour, care for me.

All my days be Thou my guide,
 Light and strength and joy to me;
 And when life is ended here,
 Let me find my heaven with Thee.

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HOW THE INDIAN OVERCAME EVIL WITH GOOD.

A friend of ours, living at the time near Red River, Ark., relates that one day an Indian with whom he was friendly came to him in a great rage about a certain planter who had set his dogs on him. He declared he would kill him or set fire to his buildings. "O no," said my friend; "that would not be right." "What!" said the Indian; "not right to kill him when he set his dogs on me?" "No," was the reply; "besides, what good would it do you to kill him?" "I would have my revenge," said the Indian. "That," said my friend, "would be nothing, and you would be guilty of murder, and be in constant danger and dread of punishment."

The Indian looked very thoughtful a short time, then said, "Well, what shall I do?" "Why," said my friend, "do

that man some good at the very first opportunity, and you will find that sweeter revenge, and it will bring you into no danger, but may bring you many blessings." The Indian looked at him earnestly, and said: "You never told me a lie. I will try it, and find out if you lie to me now."

Several months passed. My friend had forgotten the circumstance, when one day the Indian came to him with new blankets, overjoyed to see him. "Ah!" said he, "you told me true; it is no lie."

"Well, what is it?" said my friend.

"Why, you remember I was going to kill such a planter, and you told me not to, but to do him good. Well, some days ago that man was lost. He had wandered about in the woods until he was almost starved. I found him. 'Now,' said I, 'I can easily kill him for setting his dogs on me, and so I took him to my camp and fed him, and kept him over night, and the next day took him to his plantation. When just by it I said to him, 'There is your house; you see it go.' He was so glad he shook me by the hand, and called me 'good Indian.' 'Yes,' said I, 'but you did not think me very good when you set your dogs on me.' 'I set my dogs on you?' said the planter, turning pale at the thought of the hazard he knew he had been in from his knowledge of the Indian character. 'Yes,' you set your dogs on me at such a time, and I had to run for my life.' 'I am sorry,' said the planter, 'and you have rendered me good for evil. Come in.' So he took me to his house, and told all his negroes to treat me well if I came there and he was not at home. And he gave me these fine blankets, and made me feel very happy. You told me no lie."

Here was sown a little good seed which bore its good fruit, and all because the Indian thought my friend "did not lie." "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing this precious seed, shall doubtless come with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—*Living Way.*