

Brave Deeds Of Youthful Heroes.

AN INDIAN HERO.

You have heard many stories of the bravery of English boys and girls; now I am going to tell you one about a lad of eighteen. He was a Red Indian, and lived in Alaska, which is in the north-west corner of North America.

One day in February, about eleven years ago, a man named Williams started for a long journey. He was a messenger, or postman, and he called at the different camps or settlements on the Stewart River, and

that try as hard as he would he took five whole days to travel over twelve miles.

Then, happily for him, they met some Indians who took the sick man and carried him to a camp, where he died.

By this time the brave young Indian was in such a bad state himself that he was thankful to be taken care of by his fellow Indians who took him to a little place called Juneau.

He was so badly frozen that they were obliged to cut off part of one of his feet; but the people received him as a hero; and he was tenderly nursed until he was quite recovered.

It is rather amusing to hear that when the Indian lad saw a horse he thought it was a

vintion o' yourn?" "Well, your Majesty, mum," says I, "I had that in my head for a sight o' days afore that come straight. I see what was wanted plain enough, but I couldn't make out how to git it. I thowt, an' I thowt, an' I better thowt, but that wouldn't come clear nowhow. So at last I made it a matter o' prayer, and one mornin' that come into my mind like a flash—just what you see in that there model." "Why, Mr. Smith," she say, "do you pray about your ploughs?" "Wu there now, your Majesty, mum," says I, "why shouldn't I? My Father in heaven he showed I was in trouble about that, and why shouldn't I goo an' tell him? I mind o' my boy Tom—he's a fine big man now, keepin' company along o' my nabor Stebbins' darter he is, an' a rare good gal I know she be—but when he was a teeny little mite of a boy I bought him a whip, and rarely pleased he was with that. Well, he come to me one day cryin' as if his little heart was bruk. He'd bruk that whip, he had, an' he come to me with that. Well, now, your Majesty, mum, that whip that worn't nothin' to me—that only cost eighteen pence when 'twas new—but it was suffen to me to see the tears runnin' down my boy's cheeks. So I took him up on my knee, and I wiped his eyes with my handkercher, and I kissed him, I did, and I comforted him. "Wu, don't yow cry, Tom, bor," says I. "I'll mend that whip, I ool, so that'll crack as loud as iver, and I'll buy you a new one next market day." "Well now, your Majesty, mum," says I, "don't you think our Father in heaven he cares as much for me as I care for my boy Tom? My plough worn't o' much consequence to him, but I know right well my trouble was." Mr. Smith, of Dickleborough, was only a simple-minded old Norfolk farmer, but he had got to the very heart of the mystery which was hidden from men like Huxley and Tyndall, and which the philosopher will never discover until he becomes 'as a little child.'—Melbourne 'Spectator.'



THE INDIAN LAD FOUND HIS BURDEN VERY HEAVY.

started with his various messages, letters and parcels to make his way to the sea-coast. When we talk of going to the seaside in England we know that we can get there in a few hours; but when Williams started he knew that he must travel four hundred miles before he would reach the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

He took with him a sledge, drawn by dogs, and an Indian lad. I cannot tell you his name, but you may be sure God knows it, and has written it down in heaven.

They travelled along for miles and miles, until at last the dogs died, quiet tired out. Then of course the travellers had to drag the sledge themselves.

The next misfortune which befell them was a terrible blizzard.

Williams and his friend built themselves a snow hut then and took shelter in it. It was better than being out in the storm, but they had no fire and no food, except some flour. Then Williams began to cough, and was so feverish and ill that he could not move. The Indian took care of him for six days. I can fancy that as the lad moved about doing what he could for his sick friend he must have wished over and over again that he could go to his own tribe. Of course he could have gone if he liked—there was no one to prevent him; but he loved the white man and chose to stay with him, even if he should die because of it.

At last Williams got better, and they both started on their journey again. They had not gone far when Williams sank down on the snow quite exhausted. Then the Indian took the poor man on his back and toiled onwards. The storm was still fierce, and the Indian lad found his burden so heavy,

very strange monster; and when he caught sight of a negro he exclaimed—

'He had been frozen more than I was, or he would not be so black.'—E. M. Waterworth in 'Child's Companion.'

'As A Little Child.'

Mr. Smith, of Dickleborough, in the county of Norfolk, was a fine old Methodist farmer of the last generation, and a simple-minded earnest Christian. He was a genius, too, in his way, and invented a plough which was a great improvement on the cumbrous implement then in common use. His invention came under the notice of Prince Albert, who took great interest in agriculture, and he sent for him to explain certain matters connected with the plough. The old farmer accordingly journeyed to Windsor—no light undertaking in those days—and had an interview with the Prince. While Mr. Smith was explaining his invention to Prince Albert, the Queen came into the room, joined in the conversation, and was greatly pleased with the good old man. After a while he began to think that his duty as a Methodist class-leader and local preacher ought to lead him to 'spake a word for the Master,' and he cast about for what he called 'an oopenin'—but we had better let him tell this part of the tale in his own words. His narrative used to run somewhat as follows:—"Smith, bor," I say to myself, "you're browt afore kings and princes, and you must testify." I said, "I ool," and I looked to the Lord for an oopenin', and 'twarn't long afore t'come. The Queen she say to me, "Mr. Smith," she say, "howivir did you come to think o' this in-

The Land Of Nod.

There's a beautiful land, my children,
In the heart of the vale of Sleep,

And saucy winds blow,
Where bright flowers grow,
And the sunbeams shed o'er the sea their glow,
Or up on the mountain creep.

In that beautiful land, my children,
Dwell sweet little elves, so fair;
With bright sparkling eyes,
Like the azure skies,
In whose blue depths such beauty lies,
That none can with them compare.

Their voices are low and gentle,
Like the sound of a rippling stream,
And all through the day,
They frolic and play,
But never an angry or cross word say,
And life flows on, like a dream.

These dear little elves, my children,
Have hair like the finest gold;
For a sunbeam gay,
(So the fairies say,)
Up in their shining curls, did stray,
And they chained him with each wee fold.

You have dwelt in this land, my children,
Its paths you have often trod.
You have played for hours,
Mid its brightest flowers,
And climbed to the top of its highest towers;
For it lies in the Land of Nod.

—Lizzie English Dyas.