

PICTURE WRITING.

IN those days said Hiawatha,
 "Lo! how all things fade and perish!
 From the memory of the old men
 Fade away the great traditions.
 "Great men die and are forgotten,
 Wise men speak; their words of wisdom
 Perish in the ears that hear them,
 Do not reach the generations
 That, as yet unborn, are waiting
 In the great, mysterious darkness
 Of the speechless days that shall be!
 "On the grave-posts of our fathers
 Are no signs, no figures painted;
 Who are in those graves we know not,
 Only know they are our fathers.
 Of what kith they are and kindred,
 From that old, ancestral Totem,
 Be it Eagle, Bear, or Beaver,
 They descended, this we know not,
 Only know they are our fathers.
 "Face to face we speak together,
 But we cannot speak when absent,
 Cannot send our voices from us
 To the friends that dwell afar of.
 Thus said Hiawatha, walking
 In the solitary forest,
 Pondering, musing in the forest,
 On the welfare of his people.
 From his pouch he took his colours,
 Took his paints of different colours,
 On the smooth bark of a birch-tree
 Painted many shapes and figures,
 Wonderful and mystic figures,
 And each figure had a meaning,
 Each some word or thought suggested.
 Gitche Manito the Mighty,
 He the Master of Life, was painted
 As an egg, with points projecting
 To the four winds of the heavens.
 Everywhere is the Great Spirit,
 Was the meaning of this symbol.
 Mitche Manito the Mighty,
 He the dreadful Spirit of Evil,
 As a serpent was depicted,
 As Kenabeek, the great serpent.
 Very crafty, very cunning,
 Is the creeping Spirit of Evil,
 Was the meaning of this symbol.
 Life and Death he drew as circles,
 Life was white, but Death was darkness;
 Sun and moon and stars he painted,
 Man and beast, and fish and reptile,
 Forests, mountains, lakes, and rivers.
 For the earth he drew a straight line,
 For the sky a bow above it;
 White the space between for day-time,
 Filled with little stars for night-time;
 On the left a point for sunrise,
 On the right a point for sunset,
 On the top a point for noon-tide,
 And for rain and cloudy weather
 Waving lines descending from it.
 Footprints pointing towards a wigwam
 Were a sign of invitation,
 Were a sign of guests assembling;
 Bloody hands with palms uplifted
 Were a symbol of destruction,
 Were a hostile sign and symbol.
 All these things did Hiawatha
 Show unto his wondering people,
 And interpreted their meaning,
 And he said: "Behold, your grave-posts
 Have no mark, no sign, nor symbol.
 Go and paint them all with figures,
 Each one with its household symbol,
 With its own ancestral Totem;
 So that those who follow after
 May distinguish them and know them."
 And they painted on the grave-posts
 Of the graves yet unforgetten,
 Each his own ancestral Totem,
 Each the symbol of his household;
 Figures of the Bear and Reindeer,
 Of the Turtle, Crane, and Beaver,
 Each inverted as a token
 That the owner was departed,
 That the chief who bore the symbol
 Lay beneath in dust and ashes.
 Thus it was that Hiawatha,
 In his wisdom, taught the people
 All the mysteries of painting,
 All the art of Picture-Writing,
 On the smooth bark of the birch-tree,
 On the white skin of the reindeer,
 On the grave-posts of the village.

THE CHILDREN'S WORK.

A BOSTON despatch of the 21st ult. to the New York Tribune, says: The Sunday-school children of America have already sent three different vessels to co-operate with the missionaries in the Micronesian Islands, and will soon send a fourth. The first was built in 1856. After ten years' service her name was

changed, and she was lost at sea. In 1866 the children built and equipped another *Morning Star*. She was wrecked in 1869. In 1870 another *Morning Star* was built in East Boston and sent out. She is still in active service, but is not, the *Journal* says, equal to all the demands upon her. It has been decided, therefore, to build another, a brigantine, about twice the size of the present vessel, to be supplied with steam as an auxiliary power.

Once more the children have been called upon, and the subscriptions, of the rate of twenty-five cents from each one, are flowing in. The new vessel, it is estimated, will cost \$45,000; and one dime annually from each subscriber will pay the running expenses. It is but a few weeks since the subscriptions were asked for. Already \$25,000 has been received, and the American Board has determined to begin the vessel at once. It will be called the *Morning Star*. She will be built at Bath, Me., and her measurement will be about 1,425 tons. She is to be in Boston ready to load in September, 1885, and will sail for Honolulu about the first of November.

MY BOY.

SOME years ago, in Old Scotland, I picked up a class of city Arabs off the street and brought them into our mission-school by means of pennies and pictures. Some of these knew nothing of father, mother or home. Clothed in rags and filth, it was sad to look upon them, and yet they seemed happy. Often have I seen in the city of Glasgow children barefooted, with only a simple garment thrown around them, sitting on a door-step at ten and eleven o'clock at night, when the snow was lying thick upon the ground, trying to sell an evening paper or a few boxes of matches. Fleeting from place to place at the sound of the measured tread of the policeman, these children might sometimes be heard singing the old temperance song—

"The Drunkard's Raggit Wean."

Well, I am not going to tell you of my city Arabs, but of a little Stoney Arab, near the Rocky Mountains.

I was visiting the McDougall Orphanage, at Morley, where Indian orphan children live, and as I was amusing myself with the associations of the place, the missionary came in, leading a boy of seven or eight years of age. The poor little fellow was dirty, and the few clothes he had on hung in rags about him. I said to myself, "Now, here's a job. It will remind me of old times." Getting a comb and a pair of scissors, the long tangled locks were soon removed, and "my boy" was ready for a bath. Placing a few cents in his hand, and patting him gently on the head to keep him in good humour, we set to work with soap and water. Such a scrubbing you never saw. We laughed and scrubbed until my arms ached, and then we both thought we had done our work well. "My boy" and I were now on good terms, so we concluded that we should throw the rags away, and have a new suit. Sending along our orders to the matron, we soon had clothes, but the trouble was to make them fit. There was no time to cut the clothes down, and we

could not wait until "my boy" grew large enough to fill them. After a short delay, we managed by twisting and turning to get the suit into proper shape. As each garment found its own place, the countenance of the Stoney Arab beamed with joy. When boots and cap were fitted on, it seemed as if we had been following in the footsteps of that eminent sculptor who took the angel out of the block of marble. It was a transformation scene. The little fellow put his hands in his pockets, looked up in my face and smiled. The boys and girls of the orphanage gathered round the "new comer," and with kind words and deeds sought to make him feel that he was now one of themselves. Throwing my coat over my shoulder, I started off with him to school. The friends living near were looking out of their windows, smiling approval. They saw him go into the orphanage dirty and ragged, and now in a few hours he stood before them neat, clean and happy. The cold and weary life in an Indian camp he had forsaken for a cozy home. The winter's snows might fall heavily all around him, but now he was warmly clad, and kind friends ministered unto his wants. Sad, indeed, is the life of an orphan among Indians, and blessed, indeed, is any agency that will rescue them from hunger, cold, ignorance and vice. Could you have seen the ambitious spirit that seemed to have taken possession of the little fellow after being cared for, you would have felt like saying, "Here are ten dollars to help pay his board." "My boy" is too young to work, and he is not old enough to have forgotten how to eat. He will eat in spite of all we can do. Somebody must work for him why; won't you? He is "somebody's bairn."

When you read this, send along something to support "my boy." It will help him. You won't miss it, and you shall be doubly blessed.

ROBIN RUSTLER.

Fort Macleod, N. W. T.
 [Subscriptions for the McDougall Orphanage received by the Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Toronto.]

A THOUGHTLESS BOY PUNISHED.

"I SHALL never forget," remarked a friend of ours, "an incident of childhood, by which I was taught to be careful not to wound the feelings of the unfortunate. A number of us school children were playing by the road-side one Saturday afternoon, when the stage-coach drove up to the neighbouring tavern and the passengers alighted. As usual, we gathered around to observe them. Among the number was an elderly gentleman with a cane, who got out with much difficulty, and when on the ground he walked with the most curious contortions. His feet turned one way, his knees another and his whole body looked as though the different members were independent of each other, and every one was making motions to suit itself.

"I unthinkingly shouted, 'Look at old Rattle Bones!' while the poor man turned his head, with an expression of pain which I can never forget. Just then, to my surprise and extreme horror, my father came around the corner, and immediately stepping up to the stranger, shook hands warmly,

and assisted him to walk to our house, which was but a short distance.

"I could enjoy no more play that afternoon, and when tea-time came I would gladly have hidden myself; but I knew it would be in vain, and so trembling went into the sitting-room. To my great relief, the stranger did not recognize me, but remarked pleasantly to my father as he introduced me:

"Such a fine boy is surely worth the saving!"

"How the words cut me to the quick! My father had often told me the story of a friend who had plunged into the river to save me, as I was drowning when an infant, and who, in consequence of a cold then taken, had been made a cripple by inflammatory rheumatism; and this was the man I had made a butt of ridicule, and a laughing-stock for my companions!

"I tell you, boys and girls, I would give many dollars to have the memory of that event taken away. If ever you are tempted as I was, remember that while no good comes of sport whereby the feelings of others are wounded, you may be laying up for yourselves painful recollections that will not leave you for a lifetime."
 —Selected.

THE MISSIONARY.

FROM the distant land of Wabun, From the farthest realms of morning Came the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet. He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-face, With his guides and his companions.

And the noble Hiawatha, With his hands aloft extended, Held aloft in sign of welcome, Waited, full of exultation, Till the birch canoe with paddles Grated on the shining pebbles. Stranded on the sandy margin, Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face, With the cross upon his bosom, Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha Cried aloud and spake in this wise: "Beautiful is the sun, O strangers, When you come so far to see us! All our town in peace awaits you, All our doors stand open for you; You shall enter all our wigwams, For the heart's right hand we give you.

And the Black-Robe chief made answer, Stammered in his speech a little, Speaking words yet unfamiliar: "Peace be with you, Hiawatha, Peace be with you and your people, Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon, Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary!"

Then the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet, Told his message to the people, Told the purport of his mission, Told them of the Virgin Mary, And her blessed Son, the Saviour; How in distant lands and ages He had lived on earth as we do; How he fasted, prayed, and laboured; How the Jews, the tribe accursed, Mocked Him, scourged Him, crucified Him; How He rose from where they laid Him, Walked again with His disciples, And ascended into heaven.

And the chiefs made answer, saying: "We have listened to your message, We have heard your words of wisdom, We will think on what you tell us. It is well for us, O brothers, That you come so far to see us!"

Then they rose up and departed Each one homeward to his wigwam, To the young men and the women Told the story of the strangers Whom the Master of Life had sent them From the shining land of Wabun.

From his place rose Hiawatha, Bade farewell to old Nokomis, Bade farewell to all the young men, Spake persuading, spake in this wise: "I am going, O my people, Listen to their words of wisdom, Listen to the truth they tell you, For the Master of Life has sent them From the land of light and morning!"

A CALAMITY is better borne for not being previously dwelt upon.