

A QUIET SUNDAY.

"Come ye apart and rest awhile,"
The Master spoke the words; and light
Came to us when the hush of night
Yielded to morning's hopeful smile,
And we arose and took our way
Down through the restful Sabbath day.

We laid aside our weight of care;
For if God gives a holiday
Why should grim sorrow with us stay
And steal the calmness from our prayer?
For our day all should be forgot
But the great love that fails us not.

And all regrets, and every fear,
Of gathering storms that yet might break,
And thoughts that darkened hues might
take

Were all as naught, for God came near
And walked and talked with us that day,
Until we prayed the hours would stay.

Even the unfamiliar things
Of that still Sabbath taught us more
Of Him than we had known before;
And glad some birds on buoyant wings,
And coloured flower and spreading tree,
Told us how great His love must be.

For where the Plain stretched fair and
green
Was strange Stonehenge in solitude,
And nearer, where old Sarum stood,
The stately Minster spire was seen,
And these memorials of the past
Said to our hearts, "God's love will last."

Nor needed we the tongues of men,
It seemed God's house was everywhere,
And every thought became a prayer,
And earth was nearer heaven then,
While, as the babe on mother's breast,
So God's tired children found their rest.

We thank Him for that quiet day,
And for the joy that made us strong,
And for the restful time of song,
And all the peace that blessed our way;
Now though we turn to work again
We know His love shall aye remain.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

Our Story.

NEDAWI.

(An Indian Story from Real Life.)

By "BRIGHT EYES."

(Continued from last week.)

What a pleasant evening that was to Nedawi, when the whole family sat around a great fire, roasting the huge buffalo ribs, and she played with her little brother Habazhu, stopping now and then to listen to the adventures of the day which her father and brothers were relating! The scene was truly a delightful one, the camp fires lighting up the pleasant family groups here and there, as the flames rose and fell. The bit of prairie where the tribe had camped had a clear little stream running through it, with shadowy hills around, while over all hung the clear, star-lit sky. It seemed as if nature were trying to protect the poor waifs of humanity clustered in that spot. Nedawi felt the beauty of the scene, and was just thinking of nestling down by her father to enjoy it dreamily, when her brothers called for a dance. The little drum was brought forth and Nedawi danced to its accompaniment and her brother's singing. She danced gravely, as became a little maiden whose duty it was to entertain the family circle. While she was dancing, a little boy, about her own age, was seen hovering near. He would appear, and, when spoken to would disappear in the tall, thick grass.

It was Mischief, a playmate of Nedawi's. Everybody called him "Mischief," because mischief appeared in every action of his. It shone from his eyes and played all over his face.

"You little plague," said White Hawk "what do you want?"

For answer the "little plague" turned a somersault just out of White Hawk's

reach. When the singing was resumed, Mischief crept quietly up behind White Hawk, and keeping just within the shadow, mimicked Nedawi's grave dancing, and he looked so funny that Nedawi suddenly laughed, which was precisely Mischief's object. But before he could get out of reach, as he intended, Thunder, Nedawi's other brother, who had been having an eye on him, clutched tight hold of him, and Mischief was landed in front of the fire place, in full view of the whole family. "Now," said Thunder, "you are my prisoner. You stay there and dance with Nedawi." Mischief knew there was no escape, so he submitted with a good grace. He went through all sorts of antics, shaking his fist in the air, twirling suddenly around and putting his head close to the ground, keeping time with the accompaniment through it all.

Nedawi danced steadily on, now and then frowning at him; but she knew of old that he was irrepressible. When Nedawi sat down, he threw into her lap a little dark something and was off like a shot, yelling at the top of his voice, either in triumph at his recent achievements or as a practice for future war-whoops.

"Nedawi, what is it?" said her mother.

Nedawi took it to the fire, when the something proved to be a poor little bird.

"I thought he had something in his hand when he was shaking his fist in the air," said Nedawi's sister, Nazaina, laughing.

"Poor little thing!" said Nedawi: "it is almost dead."

She put its bill into the water, and tenderly tried to make it drink. The water seemed to revive it somewhat.

"I'll wrap it up in something warm," said Nedawi, "and may be it will sing in the morning."

"Let me see it," said Nedawi's father. Nedawi carried it to him.

"Don't you feel sorry for it, daughter?"

"Yes, father," she answered.

"Then take it to the tall grass, yonder, and put it down where no one will step on it, and, as you put it down, say: 'God, I give you back your little bird. As I pity it, pity me!'"

"And will God take care of it?" said Nedawi, reverently, and opening her black eyes wide at the thought.

"Yes," said her father.

"Well, I will do as you say," said Nedawi, and she walked slowly out of the tent.

Then she took it over to the tall, thick grass, and making a nice, cozy little nest for it, left it there, saying just what her father had told her to say. When she came back, she said:

"Father, I said it."

"That was right, little daughter," and Nedawi was happy at her father's commendation.

Nedawi always slept with her grandmother and sister, exactly in the middle of the circle formed by the wigwam, with her feet to the fire-place. That place in the tent was always her grandmother's place, just as the right hand side of the tent was her father's and mother's, and the left hand her brothers'. There never was any confusion. The tribe was divided into bands, and every band was composed of several families, Each band had its chief, and the whole tribe was ruled by the head chief, who was Nedawi's father. He had his own particular band besides. Every tent had its own place in the band, and every band had its own particular place in the great circle forming the camp. Each chief was a representative in council of the men composing his band, while over all was the head chief. The executive power was vested in the "soldier's lodge," and when decisions were arrived at in council, it was the duty of its soldiers to execute all its orders, and punish all

violations of the tribal laws. The office of "town-crier" was held by several old men, whose duty it was "to cry out" through the camp the announcements of councils, invitations to feasts, and to give notice of anything in which the whole tribe were called on to take part.

Well, before Nedawi went to sleep this evening, she hugged her grandmother, and said to her:

"Please tell me a story."

Her grandmother said:

"I cannot, because it is summer. In the winter I will tell you stories."

"Why not in summer?" said Nedawi.

"Because, when people tell stories and legends in summer, the snakes come around to listen. You don't want any snakes to come near us to night, do you?"

"But," said Nedawi, "I have not seen any snakes for the longest times, and if you tell it right softly they won't hear you."

"Nedawi," said her mother, "don't bother your grandmother. She is tired and wants to sleep."

Thereupon Grandmother's heart felt sorry for her pet, and she said to Nedawi:

"Well, if you will keep still and go right to sleep when I am through, I will tell you how the turkeys came to have red eyelids."

"Once upon a time, there was an old woman living all alone with her grandson, Rabbit. He was noted for his cunning and for his tricks, which he played on every one. One day, the old woman said to him, 'Grandson, I am hungry for some meat.' Then the boy took his bow and arrows, and in the evening he came home with a deer on his shoulders, which he threw at her feet, and said, 'Will that satisfy you?' She said, 'Yes, grandson.' They lived on that meat several days, and, when it was gone, she said to him again, 'Grandson, I am hungry for some meat.' This time he went without his bow and arrows, but he took a bag with him. When he got into the woods he called all the turkeys together. They gathered around him, and he said to them: 'I am going to sing to you, while you shut your eyes and dance. If one of you opens his eyes while I am singing, his eyelids shall turn red.' Then they all stood in a row, shut their eyes, as he had told them, and began to dance, and this is the song he sang to them while they danced:

"Ha! wadamba thike
Insha zhida, inshta zhida,
Imba theonda,
Imba theonda."

[The literal translation is:

"O! he who peeps
Redeyes, redeyes,
Flap your wings,
Flap your wings."]

"Now, while they were dancing away, with their eyes shut, the boy took them, one by one, and put them into his bag. But the last one in the row began to think it very strange that his companions made no noise, so he gave one peep, screamed in his fright, 'They are making way with us!' and flew away. The boy took his bag of turkeys home to his grandmother, but ever after that the turkeys had red eyelids."

Nedawi gave a sigh of satisfaction when the story was finished, and would have asked for more, but just then her brothers came in from a dance which they had been attending in some neighbor's tent. She knew her lullaby time had come. Her brothers always sang before they slept either love or dancing songs, beating time on their breasts, the regular beats making a sort of accompaniment for the singing. Nedawi loved best of all to hear her father's war-songs, for he had a musical voice, and few were the evenings when she had gone to sleep without hearing a lullaby from her father or brothers. Among the Indians, it is

the fathers who sing, instead of the mothers. Women sing only on state occasions, when the tribe have a great dance, or at something of the sort. Mothers "croon" their babies to sleep instead of singing.

Gradually the singing ceased, and the brothers slept as well as Nedawi, and quiet reigned over the whole camp,—
St. Nicholas for January.

THANKSGIVING.

If we had to name any one thing that seems unaccountably to have fallen out of most men's practical religion altogether, it would be the duty of thanksgiving. It would not be easy to exaggerate the common neglect of this duty. There is little enough of prayer, but there is still less thanksgiving. Alas! it is not hard to find the reason of this. Our own interests drive us obviously to prayer, but it is love alone which leads to thanksgiving. A man who only wants to avoid hell, knows that he must pray; he has no such strong instinct impelling him to thanksgiving. It is the old story. Never did prayer come more from the heart than the piteous cry of those ten lepers who beheld Jesus entering into a town. Their desire to be heard made them courteous and considerate. They stood afar off, lest He should be angry if they, wit their foul disease, came too near Him. They lifted up their voice saying, "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us!" When the miracle was wrought the nine went on in selfish joy to show themselves to the priest; but one, only one, and he an outcast Samaritan, when he saw that he was made clean, went back, with a loud voice glorifying God, and he fell on his face before our Saviour's feet giving thanks. Ever the sacred heart of Jesus was distressed, and, as it were, astonished, and He said, "Were not ten made clean? and where are the nine? There is no one found to return and give glory to God, but this stranger!" How many a time have we not caused the same sad surprise? Prayer can teach us to depend on God, and answered prayer to trust in Him. But Infinite Goodness will not let us rest on such terms with Him. We are to be with Him to all eternity; He is to be our everlasting joy; to know Him and to love Him is life; and the love of Him is the joyful praise of Him forever. To thank a benefactor simply to get more from him is not thanksgiving, but a flattering form of petition. We thank God because we love Him, because His love of us touches us, surprises us, melts us, wins us. Indeed, so much is thanksgiving a matter of love, that we shall thank Him most of all in heaven when He has given us the crowning gift of the beatific vision; when He has given us all of Himself we can contain, and so there is nothing left for us to receive. Thanksgiving is, therefore, the very essence of worship, and as the practice of it increases our love, so does the neglect of it betoken how little love we have.—*F. W. Faber.*

—The Wesleyans seem to be honored in England. The new lord-mayor of London is a Wesleyan, and the son of a Wesleyan minister. It is said that a dozen other Wesleyans are elected as mayors of provincial towns. The Pan-Methodist Council will be welcomed to London next September by a Wesleyan lord-mayor.

—It requires a long time for a man to learn to preach. One thing, and the first thing, so far as human qualifications are concerned, which by many is not learned at all, is naturalness. It is too bad to see a man as soon as he goes into the pulpit drawn clear out of shape, and to hear his voice keyed up to a high tenor or even treble, when he ought in simplicity to present God's Word. Let him be inspired, let him be animated, let him be filled with his subject, but let him be natural. It is a thing to be learned.