

## READY TO GO.

By MISS C. H. MOUNTCASTLE, CLINTON, ONT.

**R**EADY to go, my Father,  
Ready to part with all  
The earthly ties Thou gavest me,  
That held my soul in thrall.  
I dare not wish to stay;  
Thy will I cannot know;  
Ready to go, O Father,  
Ready to go.

Earth's burdens press me sore;  
Heart fails, and strength is gone;  
And weary hands and feet  
In vain are toiling on.  
I fear the coming years;  
I dread the winter's snow;  
Ready to go, O Father,  
Ready to go.

I crave not length of life,  
With all its toil, its pain,  
It's never ending strife,  
It's ceaseless longings vain.  
The tired head seeks rest,  
The tired heart beats low;  
Ready to go, O Father,  
Ready to go.

HENRY M. STANLEY tells, that once, in the heart of dark Africa a native was dragged before him by some of his followers for stealing a gun. Stanley looked at the gun; it clearly belonged to his expedition. The poor man who had it was frightened at the mention of Stanley's name, and could hardly find his voice or say a word only, "I am a son of God, I would not steal!" This he repeated again and again. It was all he could say.

Stanley was interested, and it dawned on him that this man was probably one of the converts of some of the missionaries labouring in that region, and he accordingly gave him the gun, and allowed him to go, while they pursued their way.

At the next station where they stopped they found the gun waiting for them. It appeared that the gun had probably been lost. This man had found it, and when he was set free he at once went with it to the missionary for instructions, and by his directions it was sent where Stanley would get it.

But what a light must have touched that darkened son of Africa, who, though brought up in all vileness and theft and sin, had come to realize the glorious dignity of a divine paternity, and say "I AM A SON OF GOD, I WOULD NOT STEAL."

How many there are in civilized lands whose ideas of the grandeur of divine sonship are not as clear as his! Let us pray that we may know how much it means to be sons of God, and knowing this that we may walk worthy of our calling, as children of the light, in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, but it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that

when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is;" and though "the world knoweth us not because it knew Him not," yet it is for us to know Him and know ourselves as His children and His servants, who by our lives and conduct should adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.—*The Christian*.

THE Indian of to-day is changing with the changing times. He is commencing to appreciate the fact that he must become civilized, must learn the white man's way, or perish from the face of the earth. He cannot sweep back with a broom the flowing tide. The forests, where he was wont to echo forth his war whoop, have been felled; the game on which he lived has disappeared; the war path has been obliterated, and he is hemmed in on all sides by the white population. He no longer possesses the opportunities to display his nobler traits. On the war-path, and in the chase he was heroic, all activity, patient of hunger and fatigue, cool headed. But, says a well-known writer, "when the chase was over, when the war was done, and the peace pipes smoked out, he abandoned himself to debauchery and idleness. To sleep all day in a wigwam of painted skins, blackened with smoke, adorned with scalps and hung with tomahawks, to dance in the shine of the new moon to music made from the skins of snakes, to tell stories of the Great Spirit, to gamble, jest, and boast of his achievements in war, to sit at the council fire, constituted his most serious employment. His squaw was his slave. With no more affection than a coyote feels for its mate, he brought her to his wigwam to minister to his wants. She brought the wood for his fire, the water for his drink, plowed the fields and sowed the maize." These were the conditions of the Indian's existence in the past; but the tables are turned. Bravery and endurance, on the war path or in the chase, are things of the past. He must now be educated to labour. Idleness and debauchery belong to the days gone by. He does not need the higher education that the white is striving for, but he does need the virtue of industry and the ability of the skillful hand. All the schools for the Indian race should give instruction in the use of agricultural implements, the saw and the plane, the trowel, the needle and the awl. And not only should he be taught to work, but that it is his duty to work; that labour is necessary to his well-being. Personal independence should be inculcated, and delight in individual effort fostered. Let him be imbued with the idea that he contributes to the general welfare; that he is no longer a dependent on, but a part of the community. Let him forget his past, and look only to his present condition; make him feel that he has a position to maintain in order to keep up a reformed memorial of his race, thus snatch him from annihilation and extinction.—*The Canadian Indian*.