

Pastor and People.

BE NOT WEARY.

Yes ! He knows the way is dreary,
Knows the weakness of our frame,
Knows that hand and heart are weary ;
He, "in all points," felt the same.
He is near to help and bless ;
Be not weary, onward press.

Look to Him who once was willing
All His glory to resign,
That, for Thee the law fulfilling,
All His merit might be thine.
Strive to follow day by day
Where His footsteps mark the way.

Look to Him, the Lord of glory,
Tasting death to win thy life ;
Gazing on that "wondrous story,"
Canst thou falter in the strife :
Is it not new life to know
That the Lord hath loved thee so ?

Look to Him whoever liveth,
Interceding for His own :
Seek, yea, claim the grace He giveth
Freely from His priestly throne.
Will He not thy strength renew
With the Spirit's quickening dew ?

Look to Him, and faith shall brighten,
Hope shall soar, and love shall burn ;
Peace once more thy heart shall lighten :
Rise ! He calleth thee, return !
Be not weary on thy way,
Jesus is thy strength and stay.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

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THE CHILDREN'S PULPIT.

EDITED BY M. H. C.

MUTAMIN.

On the third day Waniskawin was very faint and weak, so that he could not rise from his couch, but lay all day in the lodge with his eyes towards the open door. He thought he saw some one coming toward him out of the sky. It was a young man, tall and handsome, graceful in movement, and clad in rich garments in varied shades of green and yellow, while over his head nodded a plume of waving feathers. The young man soon stood before the door of the lodge, and in silvery accents accosted Waniskawin. "The Great Spirit, who made everything in heaven and earth and sea, who cares for all His creatures, has sent me to you," he said. "The Spirit sees and hears and knows all things, and He knows you and why you are fasting here. It is not because you want to be a successful hunter or a strong warrior, to get wealth or praise, but because you wish to do your people good. That is what the Great Spirit loves, so I am sent to show you how you may gain the desire of your heart. You must rise and wrestle with me." Waniskawin knew that he was very weak from fasting, but the heavenly messenger's words gave his heart courage. He rose, hardly knowing whether he was awake or sleeping, and, passing through the door of the lodge, stood before his visitor, determined to strive for victory, even should the struggle cost him his life. So the two wrestled long, until Waniskawin was almost exhausted. Then the gorgeously-clad stranger said : "It is enough for to-day ; I will come again to try you." So saying, he smiled on his opponent and glided away back to the place where earth and heaven meet, and there he disappeared from view. The faster returned to his lodge and lay down once more to sleep.

At the same hour the next day the beautiful stranger came ; and Waniskawin, though weaker in body, had grown more courageous and confident in soul. He wrestled with great determination, so that, weak as he was, his antagonist failed to throw him to the ground, and departed without having gained a victory. The following day he returned and the one after, and each time the fasting youth prevailed against him, yet not so as to bring him to his knees. On that sixth day of the fast, however, the heavenly visitant confessed that he had been worsted, and, begging Waniskawin to cease the contest, he entered the lodge with him for the first time. They sat down together, while he told the youth how he should act when victory was his. "You have wrestled like a great chief and a warrior," he said, "and you have won your heart's desire from the Master of Life. To-morrow is your last day, when your father will come to you with food that will make you strong. Then I know that you will conquer me. Let me tell you what to do when I am beaten. You must strip me of my beautiful garments and bury me in the ground, after you have cleaned it of roots and stones and weeds and made it soft. When this is done leave my body there, seeing that no man or beast of any kind disturbs it. Come again and again to see whether I have returned to life, as, if you follow my directions, I will surely do ; and, as you love me, let no grass or weeds grow on my grave, but, once in every month, cover it with fresh earth, till I appear. Thus will you get the boon which you have craved, and your people will be happy." Waniskawin was grieved, and asked : "Is there no way to this but through the death of my best friend?" He answered : "There is no other way," and thus left him.

And now the seventh, the last fast day, came. The morning sun was high when Mistikoos came to see his son, with a

little food in his hand. The father begged him to take some, lest he should faint and perhaps lose his life. "You have fasted long enough," he said, "if the Great Spirit is going to answer you at all you must have His reply by this time to your prayer and fasting. Arise, my son, and eat." But Waniskawin replied : "Not so, my father. It is true that the Master of Life has heard me, but He has given me a battle to fight, and I must fast, in view of that struggle, until the sun goes down." Mistikoos was glad to hear that his son had received a message from the Great Spirit, and promised to come back at sunset with the food, though he wondered much how the lad was able to endure so severe a fast. "It must be a brave, pure, good heart," he thought, "that makes my boy so strong ; there will be no such a warrior in all the tribe." So he went away and left Waniskawin alone with his thoughts and his hope of a final but a sad victory. The heavenly messenger had to die, and he, his friend who loved him, was to give him over to death and the grave.

The afternoon sun was sinking towards the western horizon on that balmy spring day, fragrant of atmosphere, with the many scents of opening buds and flowing sap that made them. It was a day of glad nature's resurrection, but Waniskawin was to make it a day of death. The heavenly messenger came ; his garments drooped, his face was pale. But the Indian lad was pale and haggard, and so weak that he could hardly rise from his couch to meet him. As soon as they closed, however, his strength came, he knew not how ; a strange, wonderful strength such as he had never felt before, so that nothing could stand before him. He looked on the man he loved and his heart was nigh relenting, till the thought came into his mind of blessings to his family, to all his race, that were to come out of this contest if he were brave and true. He wrestled like one trained long on nourishing food, and at last, catching his beloved antagonist up in his arms he threw him to the ground with a force that drove all the life out of the body of his heavenly friend. Then he sat down and wept as if his heart would break, wept because he, the conqueror, felt "Would that I had died for him."

Waniskawin believed the word spoken, that his friend would rise again. He stripped his body of its green and yellow garments, and cast his nodding plumes aside. Weak as he was, he dug the ground with his own hands, casting out roots and stones, making it soft, and tenderly lowering into it his victim's body, which he reverently covered with earth, placing stakes all around the grave, that no wild beast might enter through to scratch and burrow there. Now that his work was done he went home, to the great delight of his father and the family, there to partake of food and break his long fast. "What has the Great Spirit given you?" asked Mistikoos. And his son answered, "He has given me the dead that shall rise again ;" whereat Mistikoos marvelled, but understood nothing. Whenever Waniskawin had an opportunity he visited his friend's grave. He weeded out the grass and kept the ground soft with his tears, and on one day each month he piled fresh earth upon it. So the spring passed into summer, and then the green plumes of the heavenly visitor rose out of the ground, which the lad kissed reverently, saying, "Welcome to life, my beloved." Thus the days and the weeks passed away, and the plumes shot up higher and higher, until the beautiful garments of him who was slain appeared in all that living glory close to the site of the lodge where Waniskawin had fasted and prayed.

The summer ripened into autumn. Mistikoos and his son had been hunting, but with no success, for the game had been driven away, and their arrows brought down no supply against the winter's needs. Waniskawin went away to the fasting lodge, and his father, in bitterness of spirit, said : "He has gone to ask the Master of Life why faith has not been kept with him." Waniskawin came back radiant. "Come, my father," he cried, "come and see what great things the Master has done for us." Mistikoos doubted, but followed him. They came to the place of the lodge, and there they beheld the stately plants, stout of stalk, clad in long, green robes, over which waved purple plumes, and here and there among the leaves were large golden clusters topped with thick, silken crests. "It is my friend!" cried the lad, "my friend who was dead and has come to life again for us, for all the children of the Great Spirit who sent him. We will call him by his new name, Manito-menis, the fruit of the Spirit."

So Waniskawin and his father, having thanked the Master of Life, stripped the cornstalks of many golden ears and carried them home. Mistikoos' wife and his other children were waiting anxiously for food, and deep was their grief when they saw no fat buck borne between the hunters, no string of hares or black squirrels, of ducks or grouse, or even of fish, yet the two carried something in their arms, something yellow and green in colour, and the good squaw said, "Alas ! they have failed in the chase, and are bringing home pond lily roots," which Indians eat when they can get nothing better. But no, these were not pond lily roots which Mistikoos and his son laid reverently upon the floor of the lodge. Waniskawin stripped an ear of its outer coatings and cut away the silky crest, then he drew near to the fire in the centre of the lodge, and over its glowing embers he slowly browned the thick, clustering berries, so as to keep all the nourishing milk within the ear. He gave the browned ear to his mother, saying : "Eat it, for it is the gift of the Great Spirit ; it is Manito-menis, and while it remains to us we shall never know starvation." Mistikoos also roasted some ears and fed the children, who rejoiced in the new-found food, and asked for more Mutamin, as they called the Manito-menis, whereupon father and son said together : "It is the children's food, let it bear the children's name." So, among many thousands of Algonquins, it bears to this day the name *mutamin*, but others call it *mandawmin*, a word that better shows the presence in it of Manito, the Spirit.

Before the snows of winter arrived the corn was all gathered in and stored away for use. It was too hard now to roast, but not too hard to pound into powder in a large stone mortar, and this powder was meal of which the daily bread was made. Some of the ears were saved until spring came round again. Then Mistikoos and Waniskawin prepared the former ground and added to it that on which the lodge had stood, and much beside. In this large piece of ground they planted the seeds of Mutamin, in sure faith that they would rise again. Carefully they tended the ground till the bright green blades appeared, and afterwards until at least the heavenly visitant appeared before their eyes multiplied an hundred-fold. Thus there was always food in plenty in the lodge of Mistikoos ; and to him other Indians came, asking for food and for seed, that they also might share the benefit. Gladly he gave what he could spare from the abundant harvest. "It is the gift of the Great Spirit to all His children," the gift He bestowed in answer to the fasting and prayers of my son Waniskawin." So the Indians lifted up their eyes to heaven as they partook of the gift, saying Mutaminuk, by which they meant bread from heaven.

Starvation of the body is a very bad thing and hard to bear. It is very hard, for anyone who has a kind heart, to look upon others that are suffering from want of food. But the want of food will not starve the soul which God made to live for ever. Can the soul be starved? Yes, it can be so starved as to die forever. It must be fed as well as the body. What are souls fed with? Jesus said to Satan, when that tempter asked Him to show that He was the Son of God by commanding a stone to become bread, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God." God has spoken many words, all of which we find in the Bible, words by patriarchs and scribes, by kings and prophets, but He who spake in time past to the fathers by the prophets has in these last days spoken unto us more excellently by His Son. Therefore the Lord Jesus Christ is called The Word, and He called Himself the Bread of Life, given for the life of the world.

The world was starving in soul, even while men's bodies were well nourished. Their souls were offered false gods by false teachers, and there was no nourishment in these false gods, nothing to make a soul healthy and strong. Gods like Baal and Moloch, that were worshipped by human sacrifices, could not make healthy souls, but the very opposite. The souls of young and old became faint with terror before these and other frightful beings, with whom they peopled the sky. Then these souls became red and inflamed with the love of cruelty and bloodshed and many more vile things, in loving which they imitated their false gods. Still there was no food found to strengthen them, so the souls died, having no hope and being without God. Many wise men and good in their way saw the dying all around, and, like Waniskawin, they fasted from earthly pleasures and prayed to God that He would send food to His children's perishing souls. Many of them did not know how it was that they were led to fast and pray, but it was the same great power in all their hearts, even the Holy Spirit saying within them Abba, Father! God heard the world's cry, for He so loved that world, sinful as it was, that there was nothing He would not do for it. God sent the world a gift.

He who bestows a gift does so according to his ability. Now God is very rich, rich in everything with unsearchable riches. We need to practise economy in many things, because our stock of everything is limited. God is so very, very rich that He can afford to let many things go to waste.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance on the desert air.

In many parts of our own Canada, where neither white man nor Indian dwells, millions of berries ripen on the bushes, only to fall to the ground and rot away, save the few that passing birds peck or a stray bear devours. Giving, then, is no hard task for God ; there is bread enough and to spare in our Father's house. What will He give, what has He given out of His riches? He has given what no teacher of any god ever dreamt of, He has given Himself. I do not know how God feeds the souls of the angels, of the cherubim and the seraphim, but for our souls nothing less than God Himself will do. So that men might see the gift of God with their eyes, and hear Him and look upon and handle the Word of Life, He came among us in the person of His well-beloved Son. He has gone back to heaven, but we have His story and can read or have read to us the life of that holy Child who became the God Man.

What did He come to do? He came to say : "I am God ; come to Me, my children, and find life for your souls." But He came for more than this. He came to die. It was no kind hand of a Waniskawin that stripped our Bread of Heaven of His humble robes, that slew Him who neither strove nor cried ; by wicked hands He was crucified and slain. Yet all the world had part in that death, for the wickedness which nailed Him to the cross was but part of the wickedness of all the world that lieth in the wicked one. The Bread of Life was laid in the tomb, and His own disciples even did not expect to see Him rise again. If He had not risen there would have been but one Son of God, a mere memory, on the page of history. But when He rose again He was declared to be the Son of God with power, even God manifest in the flesh. Thus the grain of corn died to bring forth much fruit in all them that believe. What is the heavenly fruit that feeds our souls? It is what God is, God Himself ; therefore it is light and life and love. God's light feeds the soul with heavenly wisdom, with the joy that cometh in the morning when darkness is gone ; His life makes it strong to believe, to endure, to hope, to live above the world and beyond the world ; and His love takes away the enfeebling fear that hath torment and all the fever of sin and selfishness, filling us with the peace of God that passeth understanding. So in Christ Jesus has our God given Himself for the life of the souls of men.

(To be Continued.)

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