

cution; but it was of no avail—for the good Princess Marr would never yield; and when it was all over peace reigned over the face of Prince Tommigh's territory, and—Tommy came down to dinner with clean face and hands!—*Harper's Young People.*

### THE PRAIRIE.

The following is an extract from the fine poem of Canadian life, "The Prairie," by Charles Marr, just published by Hunter, Rose & Co.:

LEMON. We left  
The silent forest, and, day after day,  
Great prairie swept beyond our aching sight  
Into the measureless West—unhatted  
realms,  
Voiceless and calm, save when tempestuous  
wind  
Rolled the rank herbage into billows vast,  
And rushing tides, which never found a  
shore;  
And tender clouds, and veils of morning  
mist,  
Cast flying shadows, chased by flying light,  
Into interminable wildernesses,  
Flushed with fresh blooms, deep perfumed by  
the rose,  
And murmurous with flower-fed bird and  
bee,  
The disapproved bison-paths like furrows lay,  
Turned by the crows' hoofs of thundering  
herds  
Primeval, and still travelled as of yore;  
And gloomy valleys opened at our feet—  
Shagged with dusk cypresses and hoary  
pine;  
And sunless gorges, rummaged by the wolf,  
Which through long reaches of the prairie  
wound,  
Then melted slowly into upland sales,  
Lingering, far-stretched, among the spread  
ing hills.  
BROCK. What charming solitudes! And  
life was there?  
LEMON. Yes, life was there! Inexplicable  
life.  
Still wasted by inevitable death.  
There had the stately stag his battle-field—  
Dying for mastery among his kin.  
There vainly sprung the affrighted antelope,  
Beast by glittering eyes and hurrying feet.  
The dancing grouse at their insensate sport  
Heard not the stealthy footsteps of the fox.  
The gopher, on his little earth-work, stood  
With folded arms, unconscious of the fate  
That wheeled in narrowing circles over-  
head.  
And the poor mouse, on heedless nibbling  
lent,  
Marked not the silent coiling of the snake.  
At length, we heard a deep and solemn  
sound—  
Erupted moanings of the troubled earth  
Trembling beneath innumerable feet:  
A growing uproar, blending in our ears  
With noise, tumultuous as ocean's surge,  
Of billows, fire-breath and battle shock,  
And a roar of no mortal's voice!  
A multitude whose trampling shook the  
plains,  
With discord of harsh sounds and rumblings  
deaf.  
As if the swift revolving earth had struck,  
And from some adamantine peak recoiled  
Jarring. At length we topped a high-  
browed hill—  
The last and loftiest of a file of such.  
And below us lay the tameless stock:  
Slow wending to the northward like a cloud!  
A multitude in motion, dark and dense—  
Far as the eye could reach, and farther still,  
In countless myriads stretched for many a  
league.

### ARE YOU SAFE?

"ALICE," said little Alice, "when people put their money into a bank, do they worry about it because they're afraid it isn't safe?"  
Her aunt replied, "That depends upon the character of the bank. If the persons who manage it are reliable men, those who place money there have no reason to fear for its safety."  
"I thought so," said Alice. "And, auntie, I was thinking about my soul—whether it is safe, and I've given it to Jesus, and I feel as if it must be safe there, and I needn't worry about it. He will take care of it won't he?"  
"Yes, dear, it is perfectly safe in the hands of Jesus," replied her aunt.

### WITH THE BLOOD INDIANS.

A MISSIONARY LETTER TO A SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

AFTER the lessons had been concluded in the Metropolitan Sunday-school on a recent Sunday, Mr. Boustead, the superintendent, called it to order, and read portions of the following letter from a missionary known to most of the scholars:—

BLOOD RESERVE, Jan. 24, 1886

As I cannot visit you in person I will try to address you by proxy, viz., through your esteemed superintendent, who will read my address to you. I have something to relate that I have no doubt will be interesting to you, and which cannot fail to enlist your warmest sympathies. On the 15th of November, after one of our services, I was called in by chief "Strangling Wolf," to see a little girl who was bleeding badly at the nose. On entering the wretched wigwam I saw a very sad spectacle indeed. A little girl, about ten years of age, with scarcely any clothing on, and reduced almost to a skeleton, lay in the very best possible position for bleeding to death; while beside her was a dish containing about half a pint of the life fluid she could so poorly spare. I got the blood stopped, and then despatched a messenger on horseback to a store, Sunday and all as it was, to get suitable material to prepare nourishment for her. I believe, had our Saviour been here, he would either have done the same or have wrought a miracle to supply the want. The chief then came to me and said, "Your medicine is good, and your talking with God is very good," for the child soon began to get better. On the morrow the bleeding commenced again, and as the body was now almost deathly cold, I saw plainly that her life could not be saved if she remained in the tent, so I carried her home, gave her a warm bath, wrapped her in my own robe and blanket, and soon had the pleasure of hearing her ask for something to eat. For a week I carried her backwards and forwards to the tent night and morning to sleep, but finding that she was catching cold, I made a bed for her in my own house, and for a month doctored and watched with her night and day, Mr. McLean and the Agency supplying me with proper remedies to combat the disease. One day when she was somewhat feverish, her father came twice to take her away to an Indian doctor. I positively refused to let her go, telling him she would die if he did. He yielded, and the next day when he came to see her she was sitting up and able to talk with him. As soon as he saw her his eyes filled with tears and he grasped me three times warmly by the hand, telling me I had saved his child's life. He then told me that he was a Blackfoot, and that as he had to go to his reserve and I had offered to take his child he gave her to me. I promised to do the best I could for her. From that time her recovery was rapid. But in a fit of jealousy and also, I believe, at the instance of her grandmother, she ran away to the wigwam one morning, and when I went for her the chief and his wives gathered around her and refused to let me bring her away. I told him with tears what the result would be, that he might as well plunge a knife into her heart as to keep her in a tent in her present weak state. But 'twas all

of no use. They had already taken off all the nice clothes Mrs. McLean and I had given her, and put on her a single Indian dress. When I saw they were determined to keep her, I took the remainder of her clothes to her and told them that if they took my child they could take her clothes as well, for she would very soon perish without them. The grandmother very shortly afterwards took her away up the river, and I learned nothing more of her until January 14th, when a boy told me where she was and that she was nearly gone. I hurried away with all possible speed, enquiring my way from camp to camp as best I could, and finally found her at the far end of the camp, 13 miles from my place. Poor creature! heathen tortures, neglect, and starvation had nearly finished their work. She was too weak to converse, but as soon as she fully recognized me she turned and kissed me three times. She seemed to regret very much having run away, and when I asked her if she loved me, and would like to be at my house again, she said "Yes." I got a spoonful or two of gruel down her throat, and then hastened four miles further, and offered \$10 for a vehicle to bring her home, but could not obtain one. On my return I found her sinking fast. She still knew me, and wanted to be with me. She paid no attention at all to the wretch who had stolen and then starved her. She wanted to kiss me, the only way she was able to show her pleasure at having me with her, until she was too weak to hold up her head. I nursed her till she breathed her last. The old wretch who had murdered her by neglect and cruelty wanted to torture her still further in her dying moments by inflicting upon her some of their heathen rites. I can assure you there was no danger of her succeeding while I had either a hand or foot to raise in the child's defence. Shortly after her death I offered up prayer even for the murderers—though I must say I felt as though I would rather have delegated that task to some one else. All in the tent, the children especially, seemed deeply affected. The whole affair had seemed to create quite an impression on the Indians. I received many expressions of warm sympathy, while both the chief and the old woman are openly censured. I feel the bereavement very deeply indeed. She was a very gentle, tender-hearted child. I do not think I could have loved her more had she been my own. I fully expect that when I exchange labour for rest she will be one of the first to greet and welcome me on the other shore. I have no doubt but that my "Prairie Flower," as I called her, has gone to bloom where the chilling winds blowing across the bleak prairie can never reach her, where "sickness and sorrow, pain and death are felt and feared no more." In remembrance of her I am making a crib that will accommodate two children which I wish to keep constantly in order so that a sick child can be made comfortable and cared for properly without any delay. I will also need to keep supplies and suitable nourishment constantly on hand with suitable changes of clothing and also a small medicine chest, for though we do not pretend to know very much about the healing art, we believe we know much more than most of the heathen around us. Now, in conclusion, while we purpose in our

poverty to do the best we can in this matter, if any of our more wealthy friends would like to take a share with us, we will be only too glad of their co-operation. You know, "It is not the will of our Father that any of these little ones should perish." Then let us make an effort to save some of them. Trusting that you are still interested in our welfare, and that you will all offer special prayer on our behalf, I remain your humble servant,  
THOMAS R. CLIPSHAW

### AN OSTRICH-EGG.

ONE ostrich egg for ten guests is the pattern at the California ostrich-farm. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine ten," said Dwight Whiting, counting the guests he had invited to spend the day at the ostrich-farm with him. "I guess one egg will be enough;" and having given utterance to this expression, quoth the *Anaheim Gazette*, "he wended his way to the paddock and soon brought to the house an ostrich-egg. The triumph of the feast was the egg. For a whole hour it was boiled, and though there were then some misgivings as to its being cooked, the shell was broken—for curiosity could no longer be restrained—and a three-pound hard-boiled egg laid upon the plate. But aside from its size there was nothing peculiar about it. The white had the bluish tinge seen in duck-eggs, and the yolk was of the usual colour. It tasted as it looked—like a duck egg—and had no flavour peculiar to itself. But it was immense! As it takes twenty-eight hen-eggs to equal in weight the ostrich-egg that was cooked, it is evident that the host knew what he was about in cooking only one. There was enough and to spare. And before leaving the table the party unanimously agreed that the ostrich-egg was good.

### TO WHAT DO WE LICENSE!

LICENSE me to sow the seed of poverty and shame all over this community! License me to coin money out of widows' sighs and orphans' tears and the blood of souls! License me to weave coats of habit about your strong men and lead them captive, bound to the chariot-wheels of demon rum! License me to make widows and orphans! License me to write the word "Disgrace" upon the fair foreheads of innocent children! License me to break the hearts of fond mothers and fathers, whose sons I bring to poverty and shame, and of whose daughters I will make drunkards' wives! License me to take bread from hungry children, and rob them of shoes for their little feet and comfortable clothing for their shivering forms! License me to befog the mind, paralyze the reason, and benumb the conscience of your legislators, and thus corrupt the very fountains of your political life and prosperity! License me to incite the red-handed murderer to the work of destruction, and turn loose upon society a whole brood of evils that fill your jails and penitentiaries, poor-houses and asylums! License me to aid in the work of sending one hundred thousand of our American citizens down to drunkards' graves every year! Throw around me the protection of the law, while I poison the bodies, enfeeble the minds, and ruin the souls of my fellow-men!—*Catholic Temperance Advocate.*