

preferred ever after to wade ashore." The station, when reached, was 100 miles from the nearest post-office, and the Indians were partly Christian and partly Pagan. We let it be known that we did not intend to look a door or fasten a window, that nothing was under lock and key, that we had come from a far happy home to live among them, and we told them that in return we expected them to be honest and true to us. This confidence in them was never abused, we never had anything stolen from us, and yet, like our hosts, they loved to come to our house and visit every room and examine every thing strange to them. They came by day or night, and, without knocking, would search for us through the whole house.

KEEPING SUNDAY.

The Indians kept the Sabbath with the utmost reverence. It was the custom for all of each family to attend all the services, and the babies, strapped on boards, were stowed in the windows or hung on the walls, while the Indians sat on the floor in preference to using the benches. "I have no sympathy," says Mr. Young, "with the nervous preacher, who cannot stand the music of a baby's voice, whether the child is red, black or white." It was noticed that year by year, although the brigades of Indians with their valuable cargoes started together from Norway House for the Mackenzie River and Athabasca districts, yet the mission Indians were always the first to return with their loads of furs. When asked the reason they stonced and unanimously declared that it was because they rested on the Sabbath day, and explained at length how easily they caught up and passed the brigades, which kept no rest day, concluding: "We were three days down on our way home, when we met the other brigades going up. We rested every Sabbath day during the whole trip of about two months, and yet were home about a week before the Indians returned who kept no Sabbath, but pushed on every day."

"As I looked upon the bronzed yet healthy faces, and contrasted them in their manly vigour with some worn-out, spiritless men in the other boats, as their missionary I rejoiced in their story. Deeply interested in the question, I watched, and as well as I could, I studied it for a number of years on these severe testing grounds. Physically our Indians were no larger, and apparently no stronger, than were those of other places, and yet here is the fact, witnessed and commented upon by others as well as by myself that the men who had kept the Sabbath did their work in less time and returned in much better health than those who knew no day of rest."

One of Mr. Young's most interesting chapters tells the story of some Indians who travelled fourteen days down great rivers and across stormy lakes to tell the missionary that they had the great book and could read it, but wanted some one to tell them what it meant. Startled by their story Mr. Young tested them with an Indian Bible and found that these men who had had no teacher among them could all read fluently. They told him that when far away from home out hunting, they had met some of the mission Indians also many days out, and these would not gamble with them, but read them their beautiful stories out of their great book.

"When your Christian people saw that we were so interested they said, 'Would you not like to learn to read for yourselves?' and, of course, we said 'Yes.' So they began teaching us. It seemed strange that we who had thought it was all such foolishness a short time before, should be now seated in their wigwams and hard at work learning a, e, oo, ah; pa, pe, poo, pah, ta, to, too, tah, and all the rest of the characters which your Indians had marked out for us on pieces of birch bark with a burnt stick. But we had got hungry to know for ourselves, and when we found that 'ma' and 'ni' and 'to' put together meant 'Manito,' the Great Spirit, then, indeed, we were excited and studied hard to know more."

Then the Indians told of a visit to York factory and a present of Indian Bibles, and the return home with the resolve that every Indian who learned to read should have a Bible. Soon the books were all distributed, "and" they said to the missionaries, "we have the book, but we

want somebody to make it plain to us. We are like one who found an instrument which makes music. We get a sweet sound here and another there, but we have no way of having any teaching, and so we cannot play it aright, and so we have come all this way to ask you to come to our land and tell us what these things mean about which we are reading. The man who made the instrument with which Mr. Young made the music may be better pleased than I am. He talked and prayed with the Indians and promised to visit them the next winter. The Indians were deeply interested in his promises while the first winter was long and proportionally hard. We have only time to give you a few samples of the delightful incidents of which the book is full. Mr. Young has a charming set of humor which brightens up the driest details, and makes the fun of his stories perfectly irresistible. The volume is illustrated, and with its predecessor, "By Canoe and Dog Train," might profitably be placed in every Sunday-school library in the Dominion. (Price \$1.25.)

ONE OF THE LOST NINE.

It is said that only one out of every ten young men of our country is a Christian. Alexander Patterson in an article in the *Young Men's Era* asked about one of the nine who are lost, and goes on to tell how he became lost and remains so. It is a true picture. He says:

He receives a salary of fifteen dollars a week and lives in a boarding house. There are a dozen or more there like him. Saturday evening he pays his landlady and laundry. He gets up and, after supper, goes down town. Some friends are with him. They first have "a beer" and cigars. They "take in" a show. After that visit a gambling place and risk a few dollars. Drinks and cigars between plays. It is late now, but before returning to his room he visits, with the others, some "lady" friends of easy acquaintance. He gets back to his lodgings about two o'clock. He sleeps late Sunday morning and spends the forenoon smoking and reading the papers. After dinner he takes a stroll, perhaps to the park, or sees a game of baseball. Sunday evening is a repetition of Saturday evening. Monday morning he borrows a dollar for car fare and cigarettes and is down to work just in time. In the intervals of his work he exchanges items of his Saturday and Sunday "fun" with his associates. He varies this programme by visits to the races, where he generally bets. He is free with his money when he has it. He dresses neatly and has a gentlemanly bearing. He seldom attends church, and never gospel or Young Men's Christian Association meetings. He looks on the latter as a "soul trap," as one expressed it. He is severe on church members and regards religion as at best a doubtful matter. Ministers he never meets, and regards them as acting from a professional standpoint, well-meaning, perhaps, but impractical; "something between men and women," as one of them described them to the writer. He is not ignorant of religious things, but purposely shuns them. To him they have been "weighed in the balance and found wanting."

This young man was once in a Christian home and church. For the first seven years of his life the most susceptible—a Christian mother had him hourly under her influence. For ten years the church had him weekly under its instruction. The fullest opportunity was given at the last age under most favourable influences to save him. Yet he was not saved and is not now, and not one in ten of his class apparently are. He is a lost man, and there are eight more like him for each one saved by all our combined influences and agencies—church, evangelistic and association. Where was the fault? Who failed in the splendid opportunity given at the beginning of this young man's life? What was the cause?

First: Efforts were not made early enough for his salvation. As a child he was thought to be too young to understand or to care. It was a cruel mistake. Children do think and feel and understand. Christ was not mistaken when he said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

Second: He was lost in the gulf between the Sunday-school and the church. While still a child in years he came to be a

man in aspirations. The point was his ideal. Man's occupations, recreations and amusements were to him subjects of most entrancing study. He longed to be "a man." He counted the years in advance. When asked, "How old are you?" he replied, "Growing on twelve." The Sunday-school he came to think was for children. It was not so to him. The sailor band and the Junior Christian Endeavour under the local women had no attraction for him. The church had nothing else. He was not accustomed to go to the church services. The Sunday-school took its place for the children in his family. When he quit Sunday-school he was done with regular attendance on everything of a religious kind.

Third: He was ruined in the time between supper and sleep. He was as boys generally are at this age, awkward and noisy and was often reproved for careless slamming of doors and other things trying to be quiet and somewhat nervous people of the family. So he came to feel uncomfortable in the house. He found he could not bring his boy friends home. His absence was felt to be a relief to the older people. Besides, the bric-a-brac was safer when he was away. No one knew just how or where he spent the time. He was attending "the devil's night school." It was then he first saw obscene pictures. It was here he learned the habit which is the curse of boyhood, it was now he learned to smoke cigarettes and to drink beer and find his way to the cheap gallery of the theatre.

Fourth: His parents lost his confidence. It had not been sought particularly. He was shunned when first caught using tobacco, but this only made him more secretive. Others knew his habits, but his parents remained in strange ignorance of them. Within a month a boy of sixteen known to the writer confessed he had used tobacco unknown to his mother for ten years, and another of twelve was almost daily under the influence of liquor, his mother, a grand worker in the temperance ranks, blind to his state or its cause.

The most neglected class in our land are the boys. There are agencies and efforts made for every other class, but those for the boys are few and feeble. To save the boy is to save the man, the family and the church. Here is a field for effort and a subject for thought worthy of the best of hearts and heads. The boy is reachable and impressive. He likes to have attention paid him and appreciates kindness. It is a field scarcely touched by the Young Men's Christian Association. What the Sunday-school is to the church the junior department should be to the association. There should be as many juniors as seniors. It needs a man specially adapted for the work; kind and firm and versatile. Here is a neglected work for churches. Give the boys an evening and a place. Here is a matter for parents' thoughts and prayers and plans. Make home attractive to the boys. Above all, keep their confidence and know where they spend their evenings, and who their associates are. Whoever else is neglected, "Save the boy."

A SAD STORY.

While touring among the villages about thirty miles from Coanada, I saw a sight that would melt a heart of stone. As I drew near the temple, I heard a cry like the wail of some bereaved mother weeping for her child. I paused for a little before going nearer, lest I might disturb the worshipper, and miss what I longed to see. I had not long to wait. The sound came again—a low, sobbing cry. A step forward, and I could see a poor woman sitting on the ground before the idol, now weeping, now shouting frantically like one in hysterics, now scolding the idol. "You killed my child! You didn't save my child! I gave you three cows and a goat, but you didn't save my child. You mean old thing, you killed my child! Were there no other children in the village? Why should you kill my only child? You mean old thing. You are not God at all. You have no pity for me. I won't give you any more goats. Thus saying, in revenge she spat upon the idol, which made no reply, offered no resistance, and gave no comfort to its worshippers.—The *Juggernaut*.

A Public Junior Service

BY MRS. BELLE S. OSBORN.

A PUBLIC Junior League Sunday evening service occasionally is helpful. It brings the League before the church, and is a good subject-lesson. Such a service, successfully carried out, will fill the church, secure a good collection, and advance the Junior League cause in the vicinity. Try it!

PROGRAMME:

Hymn.
 Temperance Impeachment—
 Praise God from whom all blessings flow.
 Praise him who heals the drunkard's woe;
 Praise him who leads the temperance host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
 Anthem "Incline thine ear to me."
 League Pledge and Response.
 Prayer, by the Pastor.
 Duet: "We will give our hearts to Jesus"
 Scripture drill.
 Recitation.

Map song—

First the line on coast we make,
 Heron nest, a marshy lake;
 Then the Sea of Galilee,
 Exactly east of Carmel see,
 The Jordan River flows through both
 To the Dead Sea on the south;
 And the great sea westward lies,
 Stretching far as sunset skies.

Looking northward you may view
 Lebanon and Hermon too;
 Carmel and Gilboa grim,
 Tabor, Bethel, Gerizim.
 Near Jerusalem we see
 Olivet and Calvary.
 Judea's hills rise south and west,
 Of lonely Nebo's lowering crest.

On Zion stands Jerusalem,
 Six miles south is Bethlehem.
 On Olive's slope is Bethany,
 Batubara by Jordan see.
 Our Saviour drank at Sychar's well,
 Of boyhood days let Nazareth tell;
 At Chana, water turned to wine,
 Snowed our Lord to be divine.

Capernaum, by Galilee,
 Near its twin Bethsaida see.
 Caesarea Philippi
 At Hermon's base is seen to lie.
 Along the coast these three appear—
 Gaza, Joppa, Caesarea.
 South to Bethel we may go,
 To Hebron next and Jericho.

From heathen Tyre materials
 To build a temple to God's name.
 The sorrowing widow's son at Nain
 Jesus raised to life again.
 See Dan, where Jordan's waters rise;
 Beersheba, nearer tropic skies;
 North and south these cities stand,
 And mark the length of Israel's land.

Offering.
 Address.
 Good-night chorus.
 Benediction.

STAY AT HOME, BOYS.

A WRITER in the *Union Signal*, of Chicago, says:—Among the multitudinous efforts being put forth to ameliorate human conditions, none that I have lately seen has in it more promise and potency than the Act of Parliament passed in the Province of Ontario, Canada, of which the city of Toronto is the centre, providing that a curfew bell is to be rung in every city and town at nine o'clock at night, and that all persons under seventeen years of age found after that hour in the streets without the permission of their parents and guardians are to be punished by fine and imprisonment. Children of tender years so found are to be placed in some institution and kept there until the government sees fit to release them. The garden gate is the devil line of boyhood in these days of legalized temptation. It is, as a rule, enough to know about the wholesomeness of a boy's habits that he spends his evenings in the bosom of the family circle. For the good of the nation it was a thousand pities that he was ever permitted to spend them anywhere else. I shall watch this Canadian experiment with intense interest. I see no reason why it should not succeed; and if it does it is sure to be put into practice generally.