

## Who Calls?

BY MISS M. E. WINSTON.

The following legend concerning the origin of the name of the river "Qu'Appelle," a branch of the Assiniboine, is told by the Crees of Red River Territory.

Where, drooping low, the elm tree branches  
Dip in the crystal stream,  
What time the ash-leaved maple dances  
Gray-quivering in the fiery glances  
Of autumn's sunset gleam  
Who from the darkling wood advances,  
Crossing the golden beam?

An Indian brave from chase returning  
As evening shadows fall,  
For wife and child's embraces yearning,  
And the red fire at evening burning  
Within the wigwam wall;  
For these dear things the woodland spurn-  
ing—  
When hist! A low, clear call!

True to the hunter's forest training,  
To east and west the eye,  
Skilled to discover danger, straining,  
The while soft blows the paddle raming  
Cause the canoe to fly;  
As the day's lingering light is waning,  
And darkness draweth nigh.

And now! A pause—his ear is bending  
Over the gunwale low;  
His fancy to the silence lending  
Echoes of hunters' voices ending  
Their chase long years ago,  
With mingled shrieks the victims rending,  
The air with wails of woe.

Silence! Again the paddle flying,  
Sure stroke with steady hand,  
Fast through the spectral forest flying  
Swift, for the short-houred day is dying  
In the north-western land.  
The boat speeds to the village, lying  
Just yonder on the strand.

Hark! Once again that voice is calling  
In accents clear and low,  
August yet gentle in its falling,  
Nor shriek of beast nor cry appalling,  
Nor groan of pain or woe;  
Some one the chieftain's name is calling,  
Who well the name doth know.

"Who calls?" "Who calls?" The shades  
are deeper,  
Night creepeth on apace;  
"Who calls? Or man, or ghostly sleeper,  
Or feathery wing or shiny creeper,  
Let me but see thy face!  
Say, art thou happy sprite or weeper,  
Or victor from the chase?"

No answer! But the silence broken  
By his own name once more!  
The chieftain heeds the awful token—  
The Manitou thro' times has spoken  
"I come!" and by the shore  
The stream by quivering rings is broken—  
The chief is seen no more.

And so the Indians name the river,  
Which onward to the falls,  
Where the dark elms and maples quiver,  
Eddies in circling curves forever,  
Like closely-folding palls,  
As in the sunset chill they shiver,  
By the sweet name, "Who calls?"

Reports from missionary meetings are still full of cheer, and we trust they will continue so to the end. An advance of from 20 to 50 per cent. in contributions seems to be common, and we have not yet heard of any circuit that has fallen behind. This is as it should be. With growing wealth, growing intelligence, and growing opportunities, we have a right to expect increased givings.—*Outlook.*

## The Emperor's Sin.

CHARLEMAGNE, the great and glorious Emperor of the West, had sinned. But so dark and heinous did his sin appear to him that he dared not confess it in order to obtain absolution, and recover his lost peace of mind. In spite of all his efforts, his lips refused to speak. His sin, that deadly sin, remained buried in his heart, branded on his memory, and he felt himself an outcast from the Church.

Tortured by remorse, Charlemagne finally sought the presence of a holy man who dwelt at Aix-la-Chapelle, and was known far and wide by the name of St. Egidius. Alone, and in a very humble state of mind, the Emperor entered the lowly dwelling, and penitently began his confession. The many minor sins were quickly disposed of, and soon nothing remained but to reveal the one awful sin, whose shadow darkened every minute of his life. But instead of words Charlemagne uttered heart-rending groans, and scalding tears coursed down his pale face as he lifted an agonized glance to his adviser.

Touched by his evident remorse, and longing to assist him to free his soul from its burden of sin, the monk handed him his tablets and bade him write the confession his trembling lips refused to speak. Sadly the Emperor shook his head, pushed the tablets away, and as soon as his sobs would permit sorrowfully revealed the fact that he did not know how to write.

The monk, not at all surprised, for in those days only a few learned men had any knowledge of reading and writing, now offered to teach him how to write so that he might at last confess his sin and obtain forgiveness. This proposal was hailed with rapture, and Charlemagne, whose mighty fist was accustomed to grasp the hilt of his gigantic sword "Joyeuse," and to swing the heavy battle-axe, slowly and painfully learned to handle the pen. The exertion was greater than that required to win a signal victory over a horde of northern barbarians, and great beads of perspiration stood on the imperial forehead, as he diligently traced the intricate characters. But the perseverance which had won many a crown was called into play, and before many days had passed the Emperor was able to trace the words which would reveal his great sin.

Egidius bade him therefore lose no time but write it down; and while Charlemagne bent over his task, he withdrew to another part of the cell, to pour out his heart in silent prayer.

Once more Charlemagne's tears began to flow and deep sighs and groans heaved his broad chest, as with tear-dimmed eyes he painfully recorded the story of his sin. When he was quite finished, and when he had added a remorseful and fervent prayer for the forgiveness of God, he dropped his pen, slowly rose from his seat and carried his confession to Egidius. With a

face of blank astonishment, the holy man gazed at the tablets, for although he had seen Charlemagne busily tracing his unformed characters, the surface of the tablet was perfectly smooth, and no writing was to be seen. Still gazing fixedly upon it he now saw some words appear and eagerly read:

"God forgives all those who truly repent. Your sin has been washed away by the blood of Christ."

A low exclamation of gratitude and joy escaped from Egidius' lips. The Emperor, whose head was bowed in shame and contrition, eagerly looked up and beheld with his own eyes the comforting words sent to save him from utter despair. Gladly and humbly he sank down upon his knees, and with a broken voice returned thanks to God, who had deigned to answer his prayer.

The characters traced on the tablets of our hearts are for God alone to see. When his all-seeing eye reads the prayer of true repentance his hand gently blots out the record of our transgressions, and deep down in our hearts are heard his tender words of complete forgiveness for all our sins.

## The Puzzled Committee Man.

Down to Conference they sent me,  
With full power to pick and choose,  
Though they favoured Brother Bently,  
If our call he'd not refuse.

So I eyed my man and waited,  
Without makin' any fuss,  
Till at last I calkerlated,  
"That is just the man for us."

He was willin', for a wonder,  
Though our place is rather small,  
For he had been laborin' under  
Burdens he must now let fall.

So 'twas settled he was comin',  
As, the fact, some way, leaked out,  
Then, like honey-bees a hummin',  
All my friends came round about.

They began congratulatin',  
And one preacher, Brother Fox,  
Closed a glowin' speech by statin',  
"We should find him orthodox."

While I sadly sat surmisin',  
What to do, good Dr. Dick  
Said a thing still more surprisin',  
"You will find him catholic."

Well, I thought the world is movin',  
With a motion rather quick,  
If our preachers now were provin'  
Orthodox and Catholic.

But I smothered my vexation,  
As I took my homeward ride,  
He might meet our expectation,  
I would hear him—then decide.

So I ended up my tourin',  
Rather pleased with what I'd done,  
I'd succeeded in securin'  
Three good ministers in one.

But, with all the church a sittin',  
While all thro' to once held forth,  
Seemed to me that we'd be gittin'  
Rather more'n our money's worth.

Well I heard him Sunday mornin',  
Heard him sing, and preach, and pray,  
Listened to his solemn warnin',  
Given in the old-time way.

And I told my dear companion,  
As we jogged home through the mist,  
"Spite of forty men's opinion,  
He's an old-time Methodist."

## Women as Burden-Bearers.

In Stockholm, woman is almost exclusively employed as hod carrier and bricklayer's assistant. She carries brick, mixes mortar, and does all the hardest work about a building. She is paid for a day's work, which is fully twelve hours, the sum of one krooner (equivalent to a shilling and three pence). The women do all the street cleaning, haul the rubbish in hand-carts over cobble-stones and out upon the hills, unload the boats at the quays, do the gardening and run the ferries. They take the places of horses and dogs in much of the carrying business, bringing the large and heavy milk cans from the dairies and distributing the milk. In many other parts of Europe it is scarcely better. You can see woman in highly civilized England employed day by day in the coal-pit, at the forge, and in brick-yards. In France she fills furnaces, and tends great coke ovens, and does the greater part of the market gardening, besides tending a greater part of the shops. In Germany she is often hitched with a dog to draw a heavy cart, and this is also done in other European countries. In Germany she does more agricultural labour than in almost any other land; but this is not quite so hard and debasing as work in mines and coal pits, although sufficiently destructive of all the finer qualities of womanhood. In Belgium young women and even little girls work continuously in the coal-pits, and there are bent and crippled old women about these pits who have worked in them since early childhood. In Holland they work on the canals with a rope over the shoulder, and do a large part of the work on the dykes which hold the sea at bay. In all the other laborious occupations they also take a large part, and their coarse and sunburned faces retain hardly a trace of womanly softness, nor their broad and muscular forms a trace of womanly lightness or grace.

## Church and Child.

DURING a certain revival a little boy was converted who wanted to join the church. His father told him he had better wait six months, and see if he could live his religion first. Shortly after he was in the field with his father and found a lamb separated from its dam, bleating piteously. The father directed the son to put the lamb with its mother. The boy replied: "I think we might as well leave it six months and see whether it will live or not, and then, if it lived, we could put it with its mother." Feeling the force of the application, the father said: "Put the lamb with its mother, and join the church if you want to."

An oyster is said by Poli, a great authority on this subject, to contain as many as 1,200,000 eggs, so that from a single oyster enough to fill 12,000 barrels might be born.