

oared passionately and labored ceaselessly for the spiritual and material welfare of his brother men; and, while utterly free from all taint of 'worldliness and uniformity with worldliness,' he looked forward with serious anticipation to the great work which seemed to be in store for him when the process of Nature should make him master of his vast inheritance in South Wales." Upon this work, however, he was not to enter. While hunting he received an injury to his spine from which he never recovered. "After three months' intense and increasing suffering, borne with exemplary patience, and constantly cheered by the rites of the Church, he died on June 18, 1876." "All felt," says his biographer, "that faith blessed him to the end."—*Selected.*

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

THE HELPER.

Amid the scenes of every day,
Sunlight and shadow of life's way,
Lest heart forget or footsteps stray,
Dear Lord, our helper be!

When pleasure wings the hours along
And lips overflow in smile and song,
Oh, let not earth do heaven wrong,
But, Lord, our helper be!

From duty if we fain would turn,
And our dim eyes alone discern
A painful cross which must be borne,
Then, Lord, our helper be!

Should cares and toils around us press,
Give faith to cheer and love to bless—
The manna in the wilderness—
Thus, Lord, our helper be!

When to that baptism none may shun,
Who with thee would be truly one,
Our feet go down, thy will be done,
And, Lord, our helper be!

Through joy and pain, through shade and light,
Lead our souls upward to the height
Of duty one with love's delight,
Thus, Lord, our helper be!

And when earth's changes all are past,
And thy veiled angel's touch at last
Seals from all grief our eyelids fast,
Then, Lord, our helper be!

—Mrs. Mary Johnson, in the *Christian Register*.

TWO ENDS OF A MISSION BOX.

BY LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.

PART II.—THE WEST END.—(Continued)

"Wasn't that a nice dinner?" asked the reader, as she finished a description of a Christmas feast; "wouldn't you have liked to be there?"

"Yes, indeed!" answered both the children; little Herbert adding, "If mamma had some of that nice chicken pie, perhaps she could eat it."

Mamma tried to smile, but it was a faint smile, and in a minute more, she amazed herself and her companions by bursting into tears.

"There, never mind, children—mamma is a goose, that's all!" said Mrs. Root, controlling her hysterical sobs with one of those great efforts that mothers understand. "Somehow or other, Herbie's little speech brought back to me, all in a minute, a basin of chicken broth that grandmamma made me once when I was taken with sick headache at her house. I believe such another would cure me. But never mind, dears, mother won't be so silly again."

"I do wish we could get you some," said Kitty, the reader, "but don't know of a chicken anywhere except Mary Hawkeye's pet white

hen. I do hope father will bring some tea from Smithville. There is not a bit at the agency."

"I don't think he will, dear. Our bill at Green's is already too large, and papa has no money, you know. There, never mind. It will come all right in time—or in eternity"—added the pale mother softly to herself. "Has sister come?"

"Not yet, mamma. She and Emma were going to visit Mrs. Whitehouse after school."

"I hope they will not be late," said Mrs. Root, raising herself and looking anxiously at the windows. "It is very cold and begins to snow."

"Don't be uneasy, mother," said the Indian girl, Mary Hawkeye, speaking in the soft measured cadence which belongs to her race. "Emma rode her pony, and my father sent sister his white horse to come home on. I will put on the hasty pudding for supper if you will watch it, Kitty, and then I should like to run home for a few minutes. Perhaps father or my brother may have shot something."

"They will need it themselves if they have," said Mrs. Root, "and to tell you the truth, Mary, I don't believe I could eat any game if I had it. Be back as soon as you can, my dear. What a comfort she is," added Mrs. Root, as Mary left the room. "I think if your father had made no more converts than that family, he would be repaid for all his work."

There was a little silence, while the children watched with lively interest the meal which Kitty sifted into the boiling pot with one hand, while she stirred it with the other. The cooking stove was removed to a shed in summer, but in winter its heat was too precious to be lost, and it was used in the one room that was "kitchen and parlor and hall," as the old song says. Presently the pudding, after judicious thickening and thinning, was pronounced just right, and the pot was lifted to the top of the stove, where it simmered softly, with now and then a sigh as of content. Susan returned to the old worn story book which she knew by heart, and Kitty stood at the window looking out on the snow, which was now falling fast. Presently she broke out with—"Well, there is one thing I would like to know!"

"Only one?" asked her mother.

"No, a good many; but just now there is one—perhaps two. I would like to know why our good, peaceful Indians are to be kept waiting for their goods and annuities six months behind the regular time, and served last of all, while the Black Horse tribe, that every one knows cannot be trusted, have all their winter supplies—powder and shot, and even new rifles."

"More than you would like to know that," said Susan. "Captain Galbraith sputters like a firecracker every time the subject is mentioned; and no wonder, with all the women crying out for food and clothes, while he has none to give them. Well, what is the other thing?"

"I should like to know," said Kitty, her dark eyes flashing through passionate tears, "why a Church that calls itself Christian should send out missionaries and leave them to starve and freeze, while such things as this are going on?"

"As what, my dear?"

"Such things as this!" and Kitty took a paper from her pocket and read. It was only an ordinary newspaper account of a great ball in a great city. She had picked it up at the house of Mr. Galbraith, the agent, and had saved it to read, as she did every bit of printed matter she could lay her hands on.

"There! That woman's husband is on one of our Church boards! I know, for I saw his name in the Church Almanac. I dare say the lady goes to communion every month. And yet they can spend money like that—thousands of dollars for one evening's entertainment, just to please the world, while father has not a

decent coat or a whole pair of boots, and you are just dying for want of proper food, and poor Lucy." Kitty's voice choked.

"Hush, Kitty! Don't worry mother!" whispered thoughtful little Susan.

"Well, I won't; but I do think it is a shame. If it was done by people who made no profession, I wouldn't care, but it isn't. It is Church people themselves who give great parties and wear fine diamonds and point lace, and give a hundred dollars for useless little dogs. Aleck Hawkeye said to Mary yesterday, when she was talking to him about being a Christian: 'See, little sister, when one of the pagans is sick or poor, all the other Indians help him, and give him bread and clothes and powder. If it is so much better to be a Christian, why do all the rich men in St. Louis and the other cities leave my white father and mother to be cold and hungry?'"

"And what did Mary say?"

"She said: 'There are bad Christians as well as bad Indians, Aleck; but if my white father and mother had not been Christians they would not live here to teach the Indians and take care of them when they are sick. They would live at the East in a nice house, and father would preach in a fine church, like those you saw in St. Louis.'"

"I wish Belle were safe at home, and your father, too!" said Mrs. Root. She was quite willing to change the subject, for there was something in her own heart which responded to the passionate words of the little girl.

"Here comes sister now, and Mary with her!" said little Herbert. "Oh, mamma, Mary has got a chicken—she has as sure as the world."

"The child has never killed her pet hen—her Snowbird"—said Mrs. Root, half rising; "I shall never forgive myself if she has."

"Dear mother, the Snowbird has had a happy life," said Mary, overhearing the words. "Now she will never be hungry again, and mother will have some nice broth to make her well."

"My precious child!" said Mrs. Root, kissing the dark face which bent over her, still showing signs of the tears which the sacrifice of her pet and favorite had cost her. "If all Christians were like you the cause of Christ would not go begging."

"Yes, if some one would sacrifice a little of that lace and velvet for instance, Mary might go to school," said Kitty, on whom the story of the great ball had made a deep impression.

"Don't let us talk about it any more," said Mrs. Root; "we shall be growing envious. Let us be thankful that we have such fruits of our works as Emma and Mary, and others like them. Isabel, my dear, I am afraid you are wet through."

"Oh no, mother," said the tall, bright-eyed Isabel, the rosy hue of her cheeks and lips beautifully deepened by the cold wind and the excitement of the ride. "The old white horse came along nicely, and the snow is dry, so it does not stick. How are you feeling, mother dear?"

"Better, I think," said Mrs. Root. "Did you go to see Mrs. Whitehouse?"

"Yes, mother. It was that which kept me."

"Is she worse then?"

"No, mamma," answered Isabel solemnly, but with beaming eyes. "She is past all her sorrows now. She died while we were there. Oh, mother, you never saw anything so lovely. It was like getting a glimpse into the celestial city."

"She had her senses, then?"

"Yes to the last moment. She bade them all good bye, and sent her love to you and father, and then she clasped her hands and prayed for all of us and for her own family. We thought her gone once, but she revived, and spoke again quite clearly. The chief said to her 'Are you happy?' 'More than happy,' she answered, and then she gave one sigh and was gone. We laid her out, and Emma is staying with the