

watchful eyes grew dim, the nimble feet dragged, the straight form drooped. Hunger was eating out his life, yet he could not lie down and die; the thought of the mothers and little children waiting for food made him stumble on, when sight and feeling were almost gone.

Suddenly the forest ended. There was bright sky all around. Wahala was standing on the edge of a cliff, and below was a village, smoke rising from the chimneys, fat cattle feeding from the hay-ricks, corn and meat in abundance. He darted forward; but his strength was gone; he stumbled, and fell down the face of the steep rock.

A little life was left when friendly hands raised him gently. "Hasten," he panted; "mind not Wahala; he goes to the Great Spirit who loves him, he does not fear; but the white brothers and their little ones wait for food, they will die if help comes not. The path is marked. Wahala's tomahawk wrote it on the trees. Hasten; carry them food, and bring them here, and tell them that Wahala is happy in the white life beyond the sky. He has made a way for his brother."

So the settlers with their wives and their little ones were brought safely to the land of plenty. Do you think they forgot who made the way for them? No indeed! So long as they lived in that land the grave where brave Wahala's body lay was bright with flowers; and there, each spring, as the day of their rescue came, they met and lovingly recalled how Wahala suffered hunger, cold and weariness, and at last gave up life, that they might be saved. The little children were taught to lisp Wahala's name; the boys were urged to copy his bravery and self-sacrifice, the girls sang songs in his praise. Wahala always lived among them in grateful and loving memory.

Children, we have an Elder Brother who trod life's rough pathway that we might know where to stop; who bore hunger, weariness, shame and death to make a way for us in the land of perfect and endless happiness; who has sent us back food and help for the journey.

Shall we forget to offer thanks and praise for such great goodness? Surely we ought never to forget His great love to us.

A LITTLE TALK ABOUT THE TONGUE.

"But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison." St. James iii, 8.

MY DEAR LITTLE CHILDREN,—I mean you who are in the habit of saying sharp, unkind things which hurt the feelings of brother and sister, and often provoke in return a sharp, unkind answer—you who find it so hard to keep in check that unruly member which you can read of in this third chapter of James. Get your Bibles, little ones, and read it all, and then I will talk to you. You have done it? Well now, tell me, you little rosy-

cheeked girl with your earnest eyes, who have so often begun the day with firm resolutions *not* to speak one unkind word, *not* to be provoked at Harry whatever he may say or do, cannot you say, as you remember your numberless resolutions all broken, "That is certainly true, no man can tame it."

Well, then, my dear, what are we to do about it? Have you and I, because we have such strong desires to give vent to our unkind, angry thoughts, always to go up and down the world making those we love unhappy by speaking out our bitter thoughts? Is there no help for it? The Bible tells us "The tongue can no man tame."

But let us go to the root of the matter. The tongue is only a servant, that is all; it but does the bidding of what? of our thoughts? When we have pleasant thoughts, how do we speak? And when we have angry, unkind thoughts, then it is that the sharp, bitter words come rushing out, wounding we care not whom, hurting those the most whom we love the best. Where is it, then, my little girl, that the remedy must be applied? Do you think it will do any good for us before we go down stairs in the morning to say, "I will not utter one unkind word. I will control my tongue; it shall be quiet." That is foolish, isn't it? when the root of all the evil lies down in the heart, from whence come all the angry thoughts. It is here then that we must apply our remedy.

Or wait! Am I not wrong? *We* must apply the remedy—there is another point I want you to remember. "The tongue can no man tame," but in no place can you find that God's grace cannot control the tongue. Ah, here are the two points, my little friend with the unruly member, you who earnestly desire to have this evil corrected. The first point is, that we must apply whatever remedy we do apply, not to the tongue, but to the heart. You see it don't you? If we want to speak gentle, loving words, we must think gentle, loving thoughts. But is that too hard? How can we help our thoughts, do you say? We cannot help them; no man can control them. But God's Spirit can. If we ask Him he will give us charitable, excusing, loving thoughts, which will lead to gentle, loving words, and our tongue will no longer be an unruly member, but an instrument of good.

Don't then, try yourself to control your tongue. Go deeper, and instead, ask God to control your heart.—*Selected.*

RELIGIOUS DOGS.

The famous St. Bernard dogs are very carefully trained. A traveller who visited some of the monasteries of the monks of St. Bernard a few years ago, found the monks teaching their dogs from the earliest stages of puppyhood.

Not only is physical and mental training in-