

Round The Camp Fire.

Sitting in a mission-house in North-West America, the missionary turning saw ten or a dozen Indians. An Indian never knocks at the door and if you do not get up early, you find him poking about the bed after you. He rose, shook hands with them, and asked, "What cheer? What do you want with me? Where do you come from?" They replied, "Very far away." "How far?" "Thirteen nights." for Indians count distance by the number of nights they sleep away from home. "It must be something very important which has brought you so far." They replied, "We are come for you; we have a Great Book, and we know not what it means. Can you read the book?" "Oh, yes," said the missionary, taking down his Indian Bible, and read the text, "Jesus said, I am the way, the truth, and the life." He found, to his surprise, these Indians could read, though they had never seen a missionary nor had a teacher. How had they learnt? An Indian hunter had come to their country, and they used to go and talk with him. They found he had a Book, and as they lay round the camp he would read to them, and the words were very sweet, they said. The missionary asked them if they would like to read the Bible for themselves; to which they answered, "Yes." He then got some burnt bark, and on the side of a rock marked out the syllabic characters, "Ma ne too," that was the name of Great Spirit, and before the snow left they could read pretty well the word of God for themselves. Oh! let us only sow that good seed which can never die, but will surely spring up and bear fruit, for God has written in His Word, "My Word shall not return to Me void, but shall prosper."

Charity Envieth Not.

In all Barkhill Academy there was not a pleasanter boy than John Elliott. He was ready at work and at play, willing to help slow boys with their lessons, willing to take places in the games that no one else liked to fill, willing to lend his skates, his books, or his knife to any one who cared to borrow.

All his schoolmates liked him, with one exception. In Jasper Gray's eyes John Elliott could do nothing right. If he ever missed in class, which happened but seldom, Jasper was glad. If he distinguished himself, Jasper was unhappy. He never heard him praised without putting in some sneering remark or going into an argument to show that John deserved no particular credit. "How very well John spoke this afternoon," said Andrew Lyon one day.

"Pooh!" said Jasper, "every one knows what a fine speaker lawyer Elliott is. Of course he showed his son. I guess we could all speak as well if we had as good a chance."

"Well, his father didn't write his piece for him anyway."

"That's more than you know."

"No, it isn't. I saw him write it."

"Well, it wasn't much of a piece anyhow."

"It seems as if John could do anything he put his hand to," remarked another boy, "how well he can row a boat."

"Pooh!" said Jasper, "I've got a cousin can row ten times better than he can. His rowing ain't much," and he turned away.

"What does make Jasper talk so," asked Andrew, "whenever anyone

says a word about John? John always treats him well."

"I'll tell you why," said Mark his brother. "John's got a watch, and Jasper hasn't. John's got a pony and Jasper don't own one. John's father lives in a large house, and Jasper's in a little one. John's father is rich, and Jasper and his family are not very well off; and as long as that is the state of the case, Jasper never'll see anything good in John."

Such was indeed the truth. Jasper was envious, and envy can never judge righteous judgment.—C. F. G., in *the Child's World*.

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