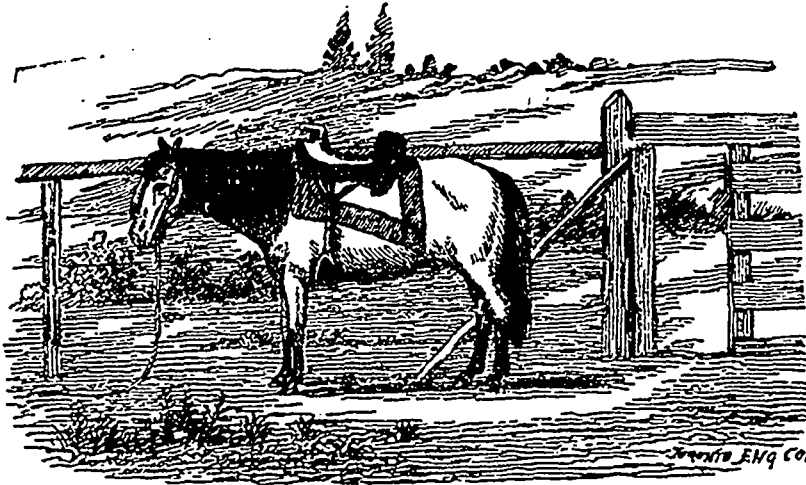


Young People's Department.



AN INDIAN PONY.

THE INDIAN PONY.

This is a picture of a Sarcee pony, standing outside the Indian Agent's office. Some Indian has probably gone in to speak to the agent on some matter of business. The Indian pony is a patient little creature, a sort of rough diamond in horse flesh. Sometimes, especially in winter, he gets very little to eat, but like the Indian dogs he learns to be content simply with what he can get. In winter he may be seen sometimes pawing away the snow so as to get at the stubble or stunted grass that lies beneath it. The Indians, as a rule, are good horsemen and can shoot well while galloping on their ponies. They use them for moving their tents from place to place, and always find them very useful. There are Christian Indians or missionaries among them who use these ponies when preaching Christ to those who do not know Him. Thus even a pony may be a missionary for God, or, like the missionary ship, may be an important means of helping the good work to be carried on to its end.

Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached that heavenly seat
They have ever kept in view?

"I from Greenland's frozen land,"
"I from India's sultry plain,"
"I from Africa's barren sand,"
"I from islands of the main;"

"All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky."

Each the welcome "Come" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin;
Lift your hearts, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in!

ALICE, THE WAIF.

By DOROTHY.

BACK in a Canadian forest there stands the log house of a "settler." He is known as Mr. Gracey. The evening sun is sinking down to rest. The cow bells tinkle lazily in the distance and the trees sway gently to the breeze. Two little girls are playing before the house. Merrily rings their laughter as they chase one another in the play. One was Mary and the other Alice. Mary was Mr. Gracey's daughter; Alice was an adopted child, but the two grew together as sisters. Both were treated alike, yet Alice was once a poor little waif that had been picked up by a charitable lady, off the streets of London, the great metropolis of England. A poor little, dirty, ragged child was she, almost without a home. Better indeed had she been without such a home as was the place which she called by that name. Her father drank and beat them all and made the house a dreadful place to live in. And soon her heart-broken mother wilted and died and then poor Alice used to beg for pennies on the street till the kind lady took her home, and made her clean and tidy, and giving her an outfit of clothing sent her out to Canada. Mr. Gracey at the time wanted a little girl to grow up as a companion to his own little daughter, and to help his wife in the management of the house. And they were all happy together. Alice thought with a shudder of the dreadful home she had had across the ocean. She remembered her poor loving mother and her sufferings and her death. She remembered the good, kind lady that found her when she was hungry and cold and then the great ship that bore her across the deep; but she did