

## Longfellow.

From over the wild Atlantic  
And wash of the Western seas  
A voice came like the murmur  
Of summer among the trees.

As sweet as the innocent laughter  
From children at their play,  
Yet fraught with the deepest wisdom  
Of men of an older day.

And never an English household  
But felt its tender thrill,  
Like the weird Aeolian music  
Of a harp on the window-sill.

It came to man and maiden  
Like the swelling of midnight chimes,  
And they knew that the heart of the singer  
Was beating in the rhymes.

It came to the careworn toiler  
As he stood mid the smoky throng,  
And his tears would start in rapture  
At the marvellous gifts of song.

For it told the beautiful story  
That memory still keeps green  
As the murmuring pines and the hemlocks—  
The tale of Evangeline.

It told of Hiawatha  
And of Laughing-Water's grace,  
In the lay that for future ages  
Embalms a vanished race.

And the flower of German legend  
Was culled by the master's skill,  
And offered a fragrant posy,  
That all may keep who will.

The new world and the old world  
Join hands in each liquid line,  
Where the myrtle of classic culture  
Was wreathed with the Western pine.

And never a word he uttered,  
But straight to the heart it flew,  
As soft as the summer's gleaming,  
As pure as the morning dew.

O dear dead voice of the singer  
Whose magical notes are o'er,  
Our hearts are true to the music  
That echoes forevermore.

O poet, thy runes are symbolled  
By thy grave-plot's sacred flow'rs.  
O Death, where is thy conquest?  
His immortal songs are ours.

## The Dyer's Hand.

YOUNG people are apt to be charmed by the wit, the merriment, and the sportiveness with which vicious youth are sometimes gifted. Having been rightly trained they shrink from the bad words, the vile allusions, and the irreligious spirit of those so-called jolly fellows, yet, because they are full of fun, continue to be their companions. "We don't mean to do as they do," they say to their conscience when it whispers, "You ought not to go into such company." O foolish youths! They forget that "evil communications corrupt good manners," that by choosing to mingle with coarse, wicked fellows, they will, insensibly at first, perhaps, but surely grow like them. Shakespeare makes one of his characters say,

"My nature is subdued  
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

And such, sooner or later, will be the feeling, if not the confession, of the youth who finds pleasure in the society of evil-minded associates. His soul, like the dyer's hand, will "inevitably be subdued into the moral likeness of his bad companions."—*Our Youth.*

An Indian School at Battle River, near  
Edmonton, N.W.T.

OUR Indian Sunday-schools would be a novelty in Toronto. To the right sit the men and women, able to read in syllabics, reading under a teacher the *Berean Lesson*, in the Cree Testament. Each prepares, as well as he can, the lesson at home, and brings his Bible to church. In the centre the day-school teacher, Miss De Graff, has her class of boys and girls studying the same lesson in the English Testament. Another class is composed of young men and women learning the syllabics from the lately-printed Cree cards, and with the use of the blackboard.

The day-school is an interesting source of amusement and industry and knowledge. Both boys and girls have become infatuated with the knitting exercises, taking home their knitting, in order to finish articles more rapidly. In this way large and small socks and stockings and mitts, are supplied the various families sending their children to school. Yarn and needles come to us through the Indian Department.

It is surprising how much English the pupils learn, and how little of it they will talk!

I wish to thank the friends who sent rolls of Illustrated Bible Scenes. These fine pictures have been given of late to families that have a taste for and an interest in them. Beauty and use are combined in these works of art. For instance, to day I called at the home of Joe Sampson, whose wife keeps a clean and tidy house, in which I found two of the pictures decorating the walls. One represented Pilate delivering Christ to the Jews to be crucified; the other, Jesus bidding Lazarus come forth. Joe, knowing that these pictures illustrated Bible History, first showed me where he was reading in St. Luke, and then asked me to find and mark the chapters explaining the illustrations, that he might read them for himself.

I wish to mention the large case of clothing forwarded me last autumn, by the ladies of one of the Hamilton churches, through Mrs. Dr. Briggs. When we examined the contents, comprising ready-made clothing, etc., etc., we were uncertain as to the best plan of distributing the articles made for all sizes and both sexes. It has taken time and judgment to choose on the needy.

The smaller skirts and dresses, underclothing, hats, scarfs, mitts, stockings, and shoes, have been appropriated chiefly by the day-school children, and other members of the same families, who are delighted to receive such well made and warm clothing. The women would adopt at once under-skirts and dresses, but they look with disgust on the fashionably-made jackets. One-half of the case is yet undistributed, though the articles are being given out each week.

I need say no more about the Christian motives and kind thoughtfulness of the ladies who collected and sent the clothing, than repeat the Scripture: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The industrial turn the children have taken in the day-school, guided by the lady teachers, creates a demand for material to be cut and made into clothing by the children. We are in need of print, serge, wincey, shirting, jean, and heavier cloth for pants, with which to clothe the pupils, and further train them in making their own garments.

Perhaps some friends will give this idea consideration, and make up a case of material to employ twenty children, and clothe them.

E. B. GLASS, *Teacher.*

## Whistle Them Away, Boys.

HAVE you any petty cares, boys?  
Whistle them away,  
There's nothing cheers the spirits,  
Like a merry roundelay.  
No matter for the heart-aches,  
'Neath silk or hodden-gray,  
For the sake of those who love you,  
Just whistle them away.

'Tis strange how soon friends gather  
About a cheerful face;  
That smiling eyes and lips count more  
Than beauty, wealth or grace;  
But I have seen it tried, boys,  
When trouble comes to stay,  
The brave heart leaps to work, and strives  
To whistle it away.

Then as you climb life's hill, boys,  
Put music in your toil,  
Turn to your traitor trials,  
A whistle for a foil;  
Be steadfast in the right, boys,  
Whatever the world may say,  
Temptations never conquer those  
Who whistle them away!

## The Baby Witnesses.

A poor, pale seamstress was arraigned in Paris for theft. She appeared at the bar with her baby of eleven months on her arm. She went to get some work one day, and stole three gold coins of ten francs each. The money was missed soon after she left her employer, and a servant was sent to her room to claim it. The servant found her about to quit the room with the three gold coins in her hand. She said to the servant, "I am going to carry them back to you." Nevertheless, she was carried to the commissioner of police, and he ordered her to be sent to the police court for trial. She was too poor to engage a lawyer, and when asked by the judge what she had to say for herself, she replied: "The day I went to my employer's, I carried my child with me. It was in my arms as it is now. I wasn't paying attention to it. There were several gold coins on the mantlepiece; and, unknown to me, it stretched out its little hand and seized three pieces, which I did not observe until I got home. I at once put on my bonnet, and was going back to my employer to return them, when I was arrested. This is the solemn truth, as I hope for heaven's mercy."

The court could not believe this story. They upbraided the mother for her impudence in endeavouring to palm off such a manifest lie for the truth. They besought her, for her own sake, to retract so absurd a tale, for it could have no effect but to oblige the court to sentence her to a much severer punishment than they were disposed to inflict upon one so young and evidently so deep in poverty.

These appeals had no effect, except to strengthen the poor mother's pertinacious adherence to her original story. As this firmness was sustained by that look of innocence which the most adroit criminal can never counterfeit, the court was at some loss to discover what decision justice commanded.

To relieve their embarrassment, one of the judges proposed to renew the scene described by the mother. The gold coins were placed on the clerk's table. The mother was requested to assume the position in which she stood at her employer's house. There was then a breathless pause in court. The baby soon discovered the bright coins, eyed them for a moment, smiled, and then stretched forth its tiny hand and clutched them in its fingers with a miser's eagerness. The mother was at once acquitted.

VENTURE not on the threshold of wrong.