

The teacher—of whom I shall speak in another letter—is the right man in the right place. He plainly tells them that he has not come to supply them with food, but as he is poorly remunerated for his work, they should assist him—which I am told they do, giving him fish, etc. The councillor told him to go into his cellar and help himself to potatoes. This is a step in the right direction.

(To be continued.)

Missionary Readings.

WHAT SHOULD WE DO FOR MISSIONS.

"WHAT should we do for missions?" Well, well!

The question is proper, and so let me tell
What we should do for the missions.

And first let me say, by way of appeal,
To all our dear readers: You kindly should feel
The sweetest of love for the missions.

For love begets goodness; and goodness, you know,
On errands of duty and mercy will go,
And circle the world with its missions.
And so, when our heads and our hearts are all right,
We shall do with our hands, and do with our might,
And cheerfully do for our missions.

"But what should we do?" Well, first, every day
Be sure from our fulness of heart we should pray
For the blessing of God on our missions;
And then every Christian, no matter how small,
No matter how weak, may expect there will fall
The dew of his grace on our missions.

And then we should give as God gives the dew,
The rain and the sunshine, to bless me and you,
And give all we can for the missions.
To pray without giving—well, well, let us see—
May never reach heaven, nor bless you nor me,
Nor be of much use to the missions.

As the flowers give sweetness, so, Christians should you,
Though your purse should be slender, your pennies
but few,
With prayer kindly give to the missions;
And then the good Father in heaven will smile,
On your kindness and goodness of heart all the while,
And bless what you do for the missions.

—*Gospel in all Lands.*

AN AFTER DINNER SPEECH.

AMONG the notable after dinner speeches for which Mr. Lowell, our late Minister to England, became so happily famous, is one which deserves attention for its brave and faithful defence of Christianity, as against that spirit of genteel skepticism so common among some who wish to be considered men of culture. It was called out by a polite sneer at religion and its claims.

Mr. Lowell unhesitatingly picked up the gauntlet thus thrown down, and in the presence of the brilliant and distinguished company assembled administered this just and merited rebuke.

"The worst kind of religion," said Mr. Lowell, "is no religion at all; and these men living in ease and luxury, indulging themselves in the amusement of going without religion, may be thankful that they live in lands where the Gospel they neglect has tamed the beastliness and ferocity of the men who, but for Christianity, might long ago have eaten their carcasses like the South Sea Islanders, or cut off their heads and tanned their hides like the monsters of the French Revolution. When the microscopic search of skepticism, which had hunted the heavens and sounded the seas to disprove the existence of a Creator, has turned its attention to human society, and has found a place on this planet ten miles square where a decent man can live in decency, comfort and security, supporting and educating his children unspoiled and unpolluted; a place where age is revered, infancy respected, manhood respected, womanhood honored, and human life held in due regard; when skeptics can find such a place ten miles square on this globe, where the Gospel of Christ has not gone and cleared the way and laid the foundations and made decency and security possible, it will then be in order for the skeptical literati to move thither and there ventilate their views. But so long as these very men are dependent upon the religion which they discard for every privilege they enjoy, they may well hesitate a little before they seek to rob the Christian of his hope and humanity of its faith in that Saviour who alone has given to man that hope of life eternal which makes life tolerable and society possible, and robs death of its terrors and the grave of its gloom."—*Morning Star.*

INDIAN NAMES OF STATES.

THE following appeared lately in the *Boston Journal*, from the last and only Massachusetts Indian of full blood, a woman born in 1807:

The definition of Dakota in your issue of January 30 is not correct, owing to its being mistaken for an Algonquin word. The Western Indian words are in different languages, and the object of this communication is to point out some of the variations that should be considered in rendering them. Dakota means "united," and is a part of "United Tribes," "tribes" having been left out. It has the same meaning as "united" does in "United States." Michigan means "Elk Eye." Ohio (O-he-yewh) means "beautiful." Minnesota means "turbid water," or, in Indian, "water turbid." These are Dakota words, as is also Sioux, although applied to a different tribe, using another language, who never call themselves Sioux. When the first French priest visited Dakota he inquired what Indians lived there, pointing over the lake. The Dakota answered, Sioux, meaning enemies, but the priest understood it to be the name of the tribe. Kentucky means "head of the river." Nebraska means "flat." Kansas means "smoky." These last mentioned are in another language. Illinois is a variation of "nnin" or "ninin" or "en-in-in" (as near as I can spell it). It means "man," "mankind," and is in almost all