

ed tepees appeared here and there through the trees.

The mountains were purple in the distance, the shadows lost themselves in the twilight, and the prairie grass swept in soft waves to our feet as it yielded to the evening breeze.

We stopped for a moment in the beautiful hush, and, as we waited, there rang out that cry, that exceeding bitter cry, which marks the Indian mourner. Month after month, following the death of a child, the mother goes aside to mourn for the lost treasure, cutting herself with a knife, beating her breast, and tearing her hair in hopeless grief. Oh! that wail, how it hurts one's heart! The mother trying to pierce the darkness of that great Unknown into which her child has gone.

The spell of silence and peace was broken. We hurried on, and while I unpacked our belongings and the boys put up our tepees, Carrie went to find our little girl. She stayed until dark, then came back with the poor mother. One glance at her hand and arm told the story; the great scars above the elbow had hardly healed, and the poor mutilated hand told the double tale of loss and cruel custom.

The tears poured down her cheeks as she talked rapidly to Carrie, turning now and then to me, with gestures so expressive that I could almost read the story of her grief in them. In the early winter the little one had taken cold and the cough which followed had given her no rest night or day. 'She say, Miss Herron,' interpreted Carrie, 'Tatchnee talk all time 'bout school, and ask all time "Will teacher come now?" and she say medicine rattle no good and hurt her head, and when the days get so hot and the water from the river so bad, she talk and talk 'bout the little white house and want to lie in the good white bed, and look at the picture and drink cool water. And then she say, "No, they got no place for Tatchnee." And then she talk to man in the picture, and ask him to send teacher to take Tatchnee.'

Then one night she very bad sick and sit up and say, "Teacher coming, take Tatchnee, heap place now for Tatchnee," and she look so glad and take hold her mother and say, "You go, too," and then she go asleep and wake up no more.

And so the Teacher came for Tatchnee.—M. J. Adams, in 'Over Sea and Land.'

Farewell.

The year is past and over;

What has it done for thee?

Hast thou grown in love and each Christian grace?

Hast thou grown more meet for the heavenly place?

What may the record be?

The year is past and over;

Gone are its golden days

In which to serve the dear Lord of love,

And to lay up treasures for realms above,

Winning the Master's praise.

The year is past and over:

Say, hast thou spent it well?

Hast thou lived each hour with a purpose true?

Hast thou done each task thou wert called to do?

What does the record tell?

The year is past and over,

Save but a breath for prayer;

For the tasks undone, for the evil wrought,
O thou God of grace, is forgiveness sought.

Farewell, farewell, old year!

—R. M. Offord!

The King's Choristers.

Boys are not, as a rule, given to being proud of their clothes, but a lad whose Sunday suit cost two hundred dollars, and is of so striking a character that it is not considered safe for him to go out walking in it alone, might perhaps be excused for being a trifle lifted up.

There are ten boys in London who are thus expensively and brilliantly habited every Sunday and on state occasions beside. They are the ten choristers belonging to the Chapel Royal in St. James's Palace, and truly gorgeous they are when arrayed in their 'State suits.' Scarlet cloth is the foundation of the costume and bands of royal purple between rows of heavy gold lace are the adorning of it. Grandest of all, old lace ruffles are worn at the neck and wrists; but these are so valuable and difficult to replace that it has to be a special occasion on which they are donned, white lawn being substituted, as a rule. A boy has to take care of his State suit for it must last him three years, while his undress suit is replaced every eight months.

The choir of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, is one of the historic institutions of England, and many of its old-time customs—including the dress of the boys—are retained to this day. It has numbered among its singers, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Edward Lloyd, and many other English musicians.

A curious custom is the right of the head boy to demand one guinea as 'spur money' from any officer entering the chapel wearing spurs. It was said that when Arthur Sullivan was head boy the Duke of Wellington would always come to the chapel in his spurs, in order to have the pleasure of paying the forfeit to his favorite chorister.

A new boy once impaired his reputation by meekly enquiring why all the other boys raised their hats to a certain officer whom they had passed on horseback in the street. The head boy merely replied:—'Who in the world does the duffer know if he doesn't know the Prince of Wales!'

Why Jack Morton Failed.

'Jack Morton'll get it to a dead cert. Nobody has a chance beside him.'

'Well, he's a good chap, and he's worked uncommon hard. No one'll grudge it to him.'

The 'it' of which the boys talked, was a scholarship which carried with it the entrance to a great public school, and thence to the university.

Jack's own hopes were high. He was not conceited, but he knew that he had worked hard, and that he was well prepared. 'Keep your head cool and you've every chance,' had been his teacher's parting words. He had set his heart on the prize. His ambition was fixed upon a university career, but without this scholarship he knew that, as one of a large family, his parents could hardly afford such an outlay. But he would win, and then his way in life would lie clear before him, and he would be a help as well as a pride to all at home.

The eventful day came, and his first papers, he knew as he left the hall, justified his bright dreams and his teacher's assurance. If only he did well in the afternoon when the exam. was resumed—but why shouldn't he?

There was an interval for lunch, for which he went to the house of some old friends near.

'My dear,' said the kindly old lady to her husband, seeing that the boy was too

excited to eat much, 'Jack must have a glass of wine, it'll keep him up for his afternoon's work.'

Jack hesitated. Wine was very seldom used at home, more from economy than principle, save on some very special occasion, and he had rarely tasted it; but the old folk were pressing, declaring it would do him good, so he took one glass, and then another, of strong, heady port.

As he hurried back to the hall, he thought his friends had been right after all. He felt a lightness, a warmth, a vigour he had never known before. He seemed to walk upon air. Once seated at his desk, though, with his papers before him, this strange, new power suddenly deserted him. He read and re-read the questions, but they seemed to have no meaning, he could frame no answers to them. What was the matter? His head was burning, his ears buzzing, his throat dry. All afternoon he struggled on like one in a nightmare, while the clock-hands went remorselessly on. Only when the closing hour was near at hand, the cloud slowly lifted from his brain, and he made a desperate effort to make up for lost time. But it was too late, and he left the hall, which he had entered so hopefully, bitterly conscious that he had failed, and that his dreams and plans had vanished.

The blow was a terrible one, and it was very hard to face the wonder and disappointment of parents and teachers and friends. For some years his failure made life harder to him, and it cost him a struggle to work his way to the university at last. In after life, however, when he told the story to his own boys, he said, though it had been a severe lesson, he did not regret it. It had taught him once and for all that if a cool head and clear brain were needed for special work, they were not to be got by the help of the wine glass.

'Help,—it's a cruel hindrance! Take my word for it, boys, whatever work you may have to do, of mind or body, do it in your own strength, and the strength you know where to seek, for you'll find none in the bottle and the glass.'—'Adviser.'

He Needed it Later.

At Cornwall all the mechanical engineering students have to learn seven trades. One of these trades, that of blacksmith, is very distasteful to some of the students; but it has to be learned all the same. One young fellow who was unusually adverse to soiling his hands, begged hard to be exempted from wearing the leather apron; but the professor took special care there was nothing lacking in the thoroughness of his training at the forge.

Last fall the student went to the professor and thanked him for being compelled to learn blacksmithing. 'You see,' he said, 'I am now superintendent of a mine away back in Colorado. Last summer our main shaft broke and there was no one in the mine but myself who could weld it. I didn't like the job but I took off my coat and welded that shaft. It wasn't a pretty job, but she's running now.'

'If I couldn't have done it, I'd have had to pack that shaft on mule back and send it three hundred miles over the mountains to be fixed; and the mine would have had to shut down till it got back. My ability to mend that shaft raised me in the eyes of every man in the mine and the boss raised my salary.'—'Advocate.'

Every time we find a new promise in the Bible the angels open the windows of heaven a little wider.—'Ram's Horn.'