

AN INDIAN'S OBJECT LESSON.

AT a recent meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Bishop of Minnesota remarked:—"Many years ago the late Rev. Lord Charles Hervey paid a visit to his missions, and after service, the head chief, turning to him, said, 'Do you know the history of the North American Red men? Shall I tell you it? Before the white man came, the rivers and lakes were full of fish, and the prairie and forest were full of game; and hunger and thirst never came into the wigwam of the Indian. Would you care to see one of my braves such as he was before the coming of the white man?'"

He clapped his hands, and the door of the tent opened, and there appeared an Indian, proud and erect, and in all the finery and feathers of a young warrior, with his squaw by his side. 'That,' said the chief, 'represented my people before the white man came. Now shall I show you what the white man has done for us?'

He clapped his hands again, and there stood before them a squalid, miserable-looking wretch, and by his side an equally degraded woman. 'O Great Spirit,' exclaimed the chief, 'is this an Indian? How came he to this pass?' He produced from beneath his blanket a black bottle. 'That,' said he, 'is the gift of the white man. But if that were all that the white man had done for us, you would not be my guests to-day. Many years ago a pale-face man came to us, and at last we listened to what he had to tell us. Would you like to know what that story has done for us?'

Again he clapped his hands. The door opened and in stepped a young man dressed in a black frock coat, and by his side a young woman in a black alpaca dress. Said the chief, 'There is only one religion in the world to lift man out of the mire, and to teach him to call God his Father, and that is the religion of Christ.'—Sel.

A GOOD PLACE.

ABRIGHT little fellow observed the other day that he grew very tired in church. "I don't understand the sermon," he said. "I feel as if it would never end."

"No matter," answered the boy's father, "you are in a good place, and you are forming the habit of going regularly there. One of these days you will be surprised by finding that you do understand."

There may be a lovelier sight this side heaven than a pew full of children of all ages, from sixteen to three, but if there is, Aunt Marjorie has never seen it.—C. *Intelligencer*.

GOOD WORDS FOR BOYS.

BE GENTLE, boys. It is high praise to have it said of you, "He is as gentle as a woman to his mother." It is out of fashion to think if you ignore mother and make a little sister cry whenever she comes near, that people will think you belong to the upper stratum of society. Remember that, as a rule, gentle boys make gentle men (gentlemen).

Be manly, boys. A frank, straightforward manner always gains friends. If you have committed a fault, step forward and confess it. Concealed faults are always found out sooner or later. Never do anything which afterward may cause a blush of shame to come to your face.

Be courteous, boys. It is just as easy to acquire a genteel, courteous manner, as an ungracious, don't-care style, and it will help you materially if you have to make your own way through life. Other things being equal, the boy who knows the use of "I beg your pardon," and "I thank you," will be chosen for a position, three to one, in preference to a boy to whom such sentences are strangers.

Be prompt, boys. It is far better to be ahead of than behind time. Business men do not like tardiness. They realize that time is valuable. Five minutes every morning amounts to half an hour at the end of the week. Many things can be done in half an hour. Besides, disastrous results often follow lack of punctuality.

Bethorough, boys. Black the heels as well as the toes of your shoes, and be sure that both shine. Pull out the roots of the weeds in the flower beds. Don't break them off and leave them to spring up again when the first shower comes. Understand your lessons. Don't think that all that is necessary is to get through a recitation and receive a good mark.

"When Morrison, the Chinese missionary, the man of God who first gave the Bible to China in its own vernacular, offered himself to the directors of the London missionary society as a candidate, they inquired if he was willing to go simply as an assistant in one of the missionary schools? 'Gentlemen,' was young Morrison's noble reply, 'while the temple of Christ is building I am willing to be a hewer of wood or a drawer of water.' In a moment they decided that a man who so loved his Saviour, who was willing to undertake any service for Jesus, was the fittest for the higher office of a missionary to the heathen. They accepted him as such, and the result proved that they were not mistaken in their judgment. If you love Jesus you will be willing to undertake any service your Lord and Master may appoint you."