

## Pastor and People.

### LIFT ME UP.

Out of myself, dear Lord,  
O lift me up!  
No more I trust myself in life's dim maze,  
Sufficient to myself in all its devious ways,  
I trust no more, but humbly at thy throne  
Pray, "Lead me, for I cannot go alone."

Out of my weary self,  
O, lift me up!  
I faint, the road winds upward all the way;  
Each night but ends another weary day.  
Give me Thy strength, and may I be so blest  
As on "the heights" I find the longed-for rest.

Out of my selfish self,  
O, lift me up!  
To live for others, and in living so  
To be a blessing whereso'er I go,  
To give the sunshine, and the clouds conceal,  
Or let them but the silver clouds reveal.

Out of my lonely self,  
O, lift me up!  
Though other hearts with love are running o'er  
Though dear ones fill my lonely home no more,  
Though every day I miss the fond caress,  
Help me to join in others' happiness.

Out of my doubting self,  
O, lift me up!  
Help me to feel that Thou art always near,  
That though 'tis night and all around seems drear,  
Help me to know that though I cannot see,  
It is my Father's hand that leadeth me.

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### THE CHILDREN'S PULPIT.

EDITED BY M. H. C.

#### THE GARDENS OF ARIM.

Hassim, set free from his chain, raced along the valleys and water-courses now dry. He thought he was the Hassim of old, but he was not. Once more he fell, and this time his leg was broken. Sheddad bound it up with splints cut from the trees and portions of his own raiment, then took his companion on his back and journeyed on. That night when they halted and ate their dates and drank water from a clear running brook, after Sheddad had carefully laid his burden on the ground and made him a couch of slender branches, the convict's heart softened. "Why are you so good to me?" he asked. Sheddad replied, "Why should I not be good to you, and you to me; are we not brethren?" Then Hassim answered, "I have been a bad brother, can you forgive me?" "Yes," said Sheddad, "yes, as I hope to be forgiven." "You are no convict, no criminal, no breaker of the laws," cried Hassim eagerly; "tell me, who are you?" "If I were to tell you, you would kill me." But Hassim replied, "May my hand wither before it do you aught but good." Then Sheddad placed the signet on his finger, and held it towards his companion, who started, quivered in all his frame, then frantically kissed the extended hand, crying, "O king Haril, my king, the world said that you are good, but the world knows not half the truth. I repent, I repent; there must be mercy even for me, when my king follows me into the wilderness to save me." So there was joy that night in heaven over one sinner that repented. At peace with God, Haril and Hassim slept the sleep of the just.

Next morning they arose and went on their way, Haril, once Sheddad, carrying Hassim upon his royal shoulders, in spite of the repentant convict's entreaty to be left alone to die and be no burden to so loving a monarch. They came to a wall of rock, and heard the cooling plash of waters; they heard the song of many birds and smelt the fragrance of sweet-scented flowers. A great stone door, moved by unseen hands, revolved and let them in to a scene of wondrous beauty. "Let me down, my king, let me down, for I am healed and strong again," said Hassim, and Haril let him down upon the tender grass bespangled with many a fair blossom. Then Hassim walked and leaped and praised God, whole and sound once more. "'Tis the garden of Arim," quoth Hassim. "'Tis the garden of God," replied Haril. So they walked through the garden and ate of the fruit, and enjoyed the songs of the birds and the fragrance of the flowers, until one like unto the Son of Man came and bade them dwell there forever.

The governor went forth with soldiers to seek the fugitives. They came to a great wall of rock, and there on the hard ground lay two bodies, one of a man with a broken leg who was Hassim, and another of one who had a right royal face, and an outstretched hand on which the royal signet shone. "It is the king," said the governor, as they lifted the bodies with reverence and bore them away to the Adite land. But it was neither the king nor Hassim, for they had entered through the gate into the city of God, and, while people grieved over their bodies, they were delighting in fulness of joy. There was no sign or mark on their bodies to show how they had come by their death, so those who spoke about it said that it had come by the visitation of God. They buried Haril's body in a royal tomb and that of Hassim in the prison cemetery. A long inscription told the world of the good king's many virtues; but over the grave of his companion in mine and wilderness there was only a rough wooden board,

"Hassim, the murderer and escaped convict." People thought it strange that the king should be found dead, in mean garb, and with disguised features, away beyond the mines in the place where men looked for the gardens of Arim, and by his side the only criminal who had refused his offer of mercy. They did not know that he had given up power and state, pleasure and comfort, with all that makes life enjoyable, to suffer with the meanest, to seek and save the wickedest, that so he might enter, but not alone, into possession of the inheritance incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away.

"Set your affections on things above, not on things of the earth," says one apostle, and another says, "Love not the world, neither the things that are of the world." And Jesus Himself said, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal, for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." It is a hard lesson to have to teach boys and girls who have loving fathers and mothers and are surrounded by kind friends, who are learning to be in love with the many things that God has made beautiful in their time, the heavens which are the work of His fingers, the sunrise blush and the sunset glow, earth's pure snow mantle in winter and green summer carpet bedecked with blossoms, the laughing waters and the life-giving breeze, the gorgeous colouring of the insect world, the songs of birds, the perfume of flowers, the pleasant taste of ripened fruits. Ofttimes you think this is a very beautiful world. And yet you must be told, what you will soon need no telling to know, that is this world beauty fades and life decays, the moth and the rust corrupt, and the thief breaks through to steal. There is a thief ever coming into our life to steal and kill, and destroy. Even the great rocks of the gardens of Arim could not keep him out. The labours of a thousand slaves could not make a lasting paradise. Youth and strength depart, the beauty of health fades before the hue of disease; riches take to themselves wings and flee away, there is no home in which there has not been one dead. So we will use this world as not abusing it; we will enjoy what good things God sends and be grateful for them; but we will first seek the Kingdom of God and its righteousness, whether these good things of earth be added to us or not. Thus we will not be misers of God's gifts, but generous givers to others. Our strength and our talents, our power and reputation and wealth we will lay upon the altar of our God and Saviour by using them for the highest good of our fellowmen. Then when our last journey on earth is taken and we reach the great sky wall that separates earth from heaven and leave our burden of the body on this side of it, the gate of life will open, and ours will be the inheritance incorruptible and undefiled that fadeth not away, which, even now, is reserved in heaven for us who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.

#### MUTAMIN.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.—John xii. 24.

The Algonquin Indians are nearly all in the east, and largely in the north-east, of Canada and the United States. But, long ages ago, they came from a distant land over the big sea water and landed on the western coast of America. This distant land was an island, for all the Algonquin tribes, Crees, Ojibways, Micmacs, Abenakis, and Shawnees, say that heaven is an island far away in the broad western sea. And God's heaven, you know, is an island shut out on every side by the great ocean of His love from the shores on which sin and sorrow dwell and whence the shout of anger arises, mingled with the wail of weeping voices. The Algonquins wandered eastward and were pursued by savage tribes of other blood that drove them up towards the northern snows. They did not move in one great body but in tribes, halting here and there on the way, where good hunting and fishing were to be had, and building their wigwam villages by the side of rivers and lakes. They lived on what they caught with hook, net or spear in the water, and what they shot with their arrows or snared on land, on wild fruit and nuts, and on roots they dug out of the ground. Oftentimes they had very little to eat, and sometimes whole villages of people died of cold and starvation. Yet they believed in the Great Spirit, whom they also called the Master of Life, and they often asked Him, in their time of distress, why He did not send His children food to eat. It is an old old story, dear children, old as Adam's fall, the sad story of suffering men. Would God the time were come for sin and suffering alike to cease!

Among those who travelled eastward were Mistikooos and his family. Mistikooos, the little tree, was a good Indian, though he was poor. He loved the Great Spirit, and his wife and children, and was very grateful for what good things he received; nor did he grumble or complain when times were hard and everything seemed to go against him. He used to say "There is much trouble in the world; and somebody has got to bear it; why should I not bear it as well as anybody else?" The rivers were fished out, the game was driven away, the birds pecked the fruit off the trees and bushes, and in winter the snow hid the roots from view. Still, good Mistikooos kept his faith in the Master of Life, the faith that had led him to call his first-born son Waniskawin, the resurrection. You think this a strange name; and so it is; but

the name was once found in Europe for that of the Greek emperor. Anastasius means the same thing. Waniskawin was like his father, not only in appearance but in heart. He loved his parents and his brothers and sisters, and grieved because they were poor and often had not enough to eat. He thought much of the world that no man can see, where the Great Spirit dwells, and longed to have his eyes opened so that he could see real things, and the land where there is neither hunger nor thirst, nor any pain at all. For this, many a time, he would go out into the summer woods and pray.

The time came when Waniskawin was to become a man and be ranked among the warriors of his tribe. This was a very solemn time. Young Indians retired from their villages to a solitary tent in the forest and fasted there for seven days, taking no food at all. Then, when their bodies became very weak, and their minds were separated from earthly things, they had dreams and visions, and he who appeared to them in these dreams became their guardian angel all through life. So now Waniskawin had to keep his fast, or Kowakutahowin. His father, Mistikooos, and his brothers went forth into the forest while the snows were melting and built a hut of branches covered with birch and hemlock bark. Thither Mistikooos led his eldest son and left him, telling him to be brave, and committing him to the care of the Master of Life, Waniskawin entered the lodge and took up his abode there, cheerfully bidding father and brothers farewell for a time. It did not frighten him to think of being seven days and nights without food and drink. He longed to learn what the fast would bring him; to see something of the world that is neither flesh and blood, nor meat and drink. He wrapped his buffalo robes about him and lay down at night to sleep and perchance to dream a dream of wisdom and power.

During the day Waniskawin walked about in the forest to survey the works of the Great Spirit, and forget all about the poor life of His children. There were the pines and spruces, the balsams and hemlocks in their robes of perpetual dark green, showing, here and there, a few brighter touches where the new tufts were forming. The poplars and willows were becoming yellow, and the birch catkins were forming. There were no leaves on the maples yet, but their little dark red blossoms covered the trees. On the ground the early native grass was showing green, amid last year's ferns and mosses, and the red berries of the wintergreen and the twin partridge flower that had lain all winter under the snow. He gathered the trailing arbutus, and thanked the Great Spirit as he drank in its fragrance. "How comes this perfume out of the snow and the black earth and the crumbling hemlock wood?" he asked himself, and then answered, "The Master of Life knows, because He Himself gave it this blessed life." Yes, and there were spring beauties there on feeble stalks, white blossoms pencilled with pinky purple as no human hand can pencil; and squirrel corn, or Dutchman's breeches as our children call them, twin bags of white with yellow frills; and hepaticas, pink and white and blue, rising out of last year's faded three-lobed leaves. There also, at his feet, was the blood-root, pure and spotless in its robe of white, enclosed for a time in great green leaves with downy backs that protected the pear-shaped buds from early frosts. "These are Thy beautiful works, O Master of Life," he said; "all these praise Thee, and why not I?" Other things Waniskawin beheld, the wholesome sassafras, half bush, half tree, the two spikenards or wild sarsaparillas of sovereign power, with their long trailing roots far underground, the ginseng that once in China was worth its weight in gold. Ah, and there too was the poison ivy, and the deadly nightshade, and the acrid crowfoot, and the baneberry, that carries its condemnation in its name. "O Great Spirit," he asked, "why is this? that poison and healing, death and life, grow together under Thy hand, the hand of the Master of Life?" So nature led him up to nature's God, which, alas! is not always the case, and his mind was far, far away from the things of common life.

The cranberries in the swamp putting on their rosiest hue did not tempt him to break his fast, nor those of the wintergreen that children love to eat in the spring, nor of the twin partridge flower that the ruffed grouse greedily devour, while changing their white winter coat for one of sober grey. He saw the squirrels, the red and the heavy black, and the grey flier swooping down from the lofty trees by means of the membrane that stretches from fore to hind leg, gathering their spring food and cracking the acorns and beech-nuts stored up against the winter, on many a limb. The hare went by him to where the cedars grew by the lake and river bank, making a meal off the tender cones and young buds. All seemed to invite him to eat also and be happy in the enjoyment of the gifts of God. But he steeled his heart, thinking, if he did not say, with a wise man of old, that it is well for a man to bear the yoke in his youth.

Next day Waniskawin's thoughts turned towards food, which is not to be wondered at, seeing that he had gone so long and was yet to go so much longer without any. As he saw the living creatures eating what the Great Spirit had prepared for them his heart became sad at the remembrance of those in his own tribe who had died of starvation, and he wondered how it was that He who opens His hand and satisfies the desire of every living thing, left out His own children, the men and women, the boys and girls, and the little ones. What would happen when people multiplied and became many, when the animals in the forests became few, and the rivers were fished out! So he prayed to the Master of Life to think of His children and send them food, something that would live and grow, though forests and streams were empty, that could be gathered and stored away as the squirrels stored away their acorns and beech-nuts in the hollow trees. He felt that he would willingly die himself, if by his death he could make his people rich and forever drive famine away from their doors. In thoughts like these the second day passed into night for the lonely faster.

(To be Continued.)