

Marching Through the Desert.

We are marching through the desert,
From Egypt's slavish chains,
And our course is ever onward,
To Canaan's happy plains:
We leave behind the bondage
Of selfishness and sin,
And we see before the glory,
Which Abr'am's sons shall win!

Chorus—

March, march from Egypt's strand,
March till we reach the promis'd land!

Though within the bounds of Egypt
Is many a pleasant wile;
Though the plains are green in Goshen,
And fat the banks of Nile;
We choose the rock-drawn water,
And manna from above,
While round us and upon us
Rests God's bright smile of love

Though Amalek arrayeth
His might to bar the road,
We smite him—for our warfare
Is with the might of God.
Though Marah's wells are bitter,
Our God doth make them sweet;
And strengthened by one trial,
We march the next to meet.

So soon we'll reach the Jordan,
'The goal of all our toil,
Dividing from the region
That flows with wine and oil;
We'll to our covenant country
March through the parted tide,
And mount the banks of heaven
With Jesus for our Guide.

THE JUNIOR LEAGUE PONY.

BY PAUL CLARENCE CURNICK.

Two events happened to John Drill on Tuesday, June 16, which proved to be of great interest and profit to the Junior League of St. Paul church. The first event was the gift of a pony and cart by Judge Drill to his son John, who was twelve years old on that day. The second event was the election of John as president of the Junior League. John had long looked forward to his twelfth birthday, because his father had promised him that if he was a good boy he should have a pony and cart for a birthday present.

It so happened that the annual election of the Junior League was on the third Tuesday of June, and this year it came on John's birthday. One day John said to his mother: "I would like to invite the Junior League to meet at our home, as it comes on my birthday, and is the annual election of officers." So it was all arranged, and the children looked forward with great pleasure to going to John's home, as he lived in such a nice place and had a large yard to play in, and then they always had such good things to eat whenever they went there. At last the sixteenth of June rolled around, and about a hundred children with bright faces and happy hearts met at John's.

The first half-hour was spent in playing on the lawn; then John was so proud of his pony and cart that he took all the children to see them. At four o'clock they were all called into the house and had a business meeting, and elected officers for the next year, and John was elected president. After the business meeting Mother Drill gave them all plenty of good things to eat, and at six o'clock the children went home feeling very happy because they had enjoyed such a delightful afternoon.

Next morning, while the family were seated at the breakfast table, John said: "Father, I am going to call my pony Junior League, and make him help me this summer, for you know I am president now."

It was not long before John found plenty to keep himself and the pony busy. One day soon after his birthday his mother said: "John, you know Willie Stafford has been sick a long time with fever and, now that he is strong enough to sit up, he needs more fresh air." So John went and got Willie and took him a nice long ride in the country, and it made Willie so happy, and Willie's mother, who was a poor washerwoman, took John in her arms and kissed him and told him he was such a good boy to come and take Willie to ride.

Then John blushed and said he was president of the Junior League, and that he wanted Willie to join the League.

One day John read in the morning paper that at the Orphans' Home there were six children sick in bed, and he felt so sorry for them because they had no father or mother. So right after breakfast he took the pony and cart and went after Mabel Roberts, who was president of the mercy and help department, and they went around and gathered flowers from the members of the League, which they made into large bouquets and had one for each sick child.

Then they drove to the Home and took the six bouquets out of the cart; John

carried three and Mabel three. They rang the doorbell, and Mother Williams came to the door. At first they were a little timid, but when Mother Williams invited them in, they became real brave, and John told her they had heard that there were six children down sick and they brought them flowers in the name of the Junior League. Then they went home, and both John and Mabel were so happy because they had done something for the Master. John and his pony were known all over the city, and Junior League was a great pet with the children.

Every place John would stop the children would come up and pet Junior League, and he seemed to understand, for he was so gentle toward them. During the summer John was kept very busy doing work for the League. One week he would work for the social department, another week for the mercy and help department, and so on.

The week John and his pony had been promised to the literary department, he gathered together a large number of old Sunday-school papers, and with George Enoch, the third vice-president, distributed them among poor children.

Tuesday and Thursday afternoons John and George went down to Water Street where a great many poor people lived who never sent their children to Sunday school. As soon as the pony stopped in front of one of the poor tenement houses the children gathered from all around and looked with wonder upon the pony and cart.

Then John and George gave each one of the poor children a paper and told them to take it home and read it, and invited them to come to Sunday-school and Junior League. In this way John and George got acquainted with a great many of the poor children, and got them into the Sunday-school and League.

One day Mabel Roberts came to John very much distressed, and told him she had found a poor widow woman with three little children who was going to be turned out of the house because she could not pay the rent. So John took Mabel in his cart and they called on the widow, Mrs. Gilmore, who lived in one room on the third floor of a poor tenement house.

She told them how hard she had tried to get work, and how she had toiled all day for 50 cents, and with that had to keep herself and three children and pay rent. The landlord had told her if she did not have the month's rent by the next day he would turn her and her children out into the street. John and Mabel did not know just how to help, but their hearts were touched so that at last John said to Mrs. Gilmore: "You tell the landlord to come to Judge Drill's house to-morrow morning at ten o'clock and get his month's rent." The poor woman with tears in her eyes thanked John and Mabel as they left.

John knew that his father was a good man and would pay the rent before he would let a poor woman with three children be turned out into the street. But he did not want to ask his father to give him the money, and so he worried all day to know how to earn that \$4.00 to pay the widow's rent. After supper they were all in the sitting-room, and had just finished family prayers, when Judge Drill said: "Mother, I am out of street-car tickets again, and will have to buy some to-morrow, for it takes just \$1.00 worth of tickets a week for me to pay my street-car fare." Just as Judge Drill said this, John jumped up with a cry of joy and throwing his arms about his father, he said, "Oh, papa, let Junior League be your street-car and give you your street-car money! Oh, won't you, please, papa? It will make me so happy!" The judge said: "My son, what do you want with so much money?" Then John, sitting on his father's knee and looking into his face, told the sad story of the poor woman, and how she was to be turned out-of-doors to-morrow unless her rent was paid, and that he had promised to pay the landlord \$4.00 at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning.

"Now, papa," said John, with beaming face, "it just costs you \$1.00 a month for your street-car rides, and Junior League and I will take you to your office and back every day, and you can give me the \$4.00, and I can pay the widow's rent."

So the next day the landlord called and John proudly paid him the \$4.00 for the widow's rent. John drove his father to and from the office every day in his cart, and he was the happiest boy in town, because he knew he was doing this to pay the widow's rent.

The pony was known all over town as the Junior League pony and was greatly beloved and petted by all the children.

John made the best president the Junior League had ever had, because he loved to work for the Master.—*Epworth Herald.*

CONVERSION OF AN INDIAN GIRL.

A missionary among the Indians tells of a poor little Indian girl who attended the mission school. She saw a picture of the crucifixion and wished to know what it meant. The teacher told her, in very simple words, the story of the cross. As she went on with the history, tears streamed down the face of the little girl, who did not speak for a while. Then her first words were, "Me never want to do bad any more."

Her heart was so touched with the love of the Saviour, who died for our sins, that she resolved never to grieve him, but desired to please him perfectly. From this resolution she never wavered, but became her teacher's right-hand girl, always ready to do her bidding, and she exercised a powerful influence for good at the mission. She afterwards married, and is now foremost in the work of improvement among the Indian women.

THE VERY SAME CHAP.

Mr Paxson relates the following "In a log school-house on the banks of the Grand Chariton, in Missouri, after I had finished a speech in favour of a Sunday-school, a plainly-dressed farmer arose and said he would like to make a few remarks. I said, 'Speak on, sir.'

"He said to the audience, pointing across the room at me,

"I've seen that chap before. I used to live in Macoupin County, Ill., and that man came there to start a school. I told my wife that when Sunday-schools came round game got scarce, and that I could not go to his school or let any of my folks go. It was not long before a railroad came along, so I sold out my farm for a good price and came to Pike County. I hadn't been there more than six months before that same chap came to start a Sunday-school. I said to my wife: "That Sunday-school fellow is n'out, so I guess we'd better move to Missouri." Land was cheaper in Missouri, so I came and bought a farm, and went back for my family. I told them Missouri was a fine State; game plenty, and, better than all, no Sunday-school there.

"Day before yesterday I heard that there was to be a Sunday-school lecture at the school-house by some stranger. Says I to my wife: "I wonder if it can be possible that it is that Illinoisan?" I came here on purpose myself to see; and, neighbours, it's the very same chap.

"Now, if what he says about Sunday-schools is true, it's a better thing than I thought. If he has learned so much in Sunday-school, I can learn a little, so I've concluded to come to Sunday-school and to bring my seven boys!"

"Putting his hand in his pocket, he pulled out a dollar, and coming to the stand where I was, he laid it down, saying, 'That'll help to buy a library. For, neighbours,' he added, 'if I should go to California or Oregon, I'd expect to see that chap there in less than a year.'

"Some one in the audience spoke up. 'You are treed.'

"Yes,' he said, 'I am treed at last. Now, I'm going to see this thing through, for if there is any good in it, I am going to have it."

A DOLL THAT BECAME AN IDOL.

Dr. Cousland, a missionary in China, tells how a doll was changed into a god. "A child at Ampou was playing near a pit with a painted paper doll. The doll fell into the pit. Somebody picked it out soon afterward and set it up to dry. Another person passing by, struck by its position or attitude, or by its existence there, worshipped it, and obtained something which was desired. Then the friends and neighbours of this suppliant came to worship. They wanted their pigs to grow fat, their business to prosper, to have many sons; and so they burned incense to the paper doll.

"The doll did not last long, but there is an incense urn there to this day, and people bend before the pit, and stick their incense sticks into the ashes of the urn, praying that the Idol of the Pit would bless them!" How very sad that such terrible ignorance should prevail!

CYRUS HAMLIN'S FIRST MISSIONARY OFFERING.

When Cyrus Hamlin, the famous missionary, was ten years old, his mother gave him seven cents to celebrate a great holiday. The money was for gingerbread, buns, etc. "Perhaps, Cyrus," said she, "you will put a cent or two into the missionary-box at Mrs. Farrar's." As he trudged along he began to ask, "Shall I put in one cent or two? I wish she had not said one or two." He decided on two. Then con-

science said, "What, five cents for your stomach and two for the heathen! Five for gingerbread and two for souls!" So he said four for gingerbread and three for souls. But presently he felt it must be three for gingerbread and four for souls. When he came to the box he dumped in the whole seven, to have no more bother about it. When he went home, hungry as a bear, he explained to his mother his unreasonable hunger. And, smiling through tears, she gave him an overflowing bowl of bread and milk. And he pathetically asks, "What was the meaning of mother's tears?"

ENCOURAGE THE CHILDREN.

Parents are too often slow to see the motive of their children's kindest actions. A little fellow had been reading of some young hero who helped his father and mother in all sorts of ways; and after racking his brains to think how he, too, can help, he remembers that he can fetch his father's slippers and take his boots away and put them in the proper place. Without saying a word to anybody, when evening comes he does it, but the father is so occupied that he notices not what the boy has done. The little fellow hopes on, thinking that when he goes to bed his father will say how pleased he was to see Charley so willing to help; but not a word is uttered, and the boy goes to bed with a choking feeling in his throat and says his prayers by the bedside with a sadness very real in his heart.

Parents often complain of children not being so ready to help as they should be. The fault is with the parents, who have not known how to evoke feelings with which the heart of every child is richly stored. All words of approval are helpful and encouraging. In a large family there have been days of anxiety and care. The eldest daughter by her skill in teaching has earned a little extra money and without a word to any one she lays nearly all of it out in buying things that are much needed in the house. What joy fills her heart when a fond mother takes her aside, and with emotion that cannot be concealed says how thankful she is for such considerate kindness, and murmurs: "I don't know what we should do without you, darling!" My friends, do not be chary of these words of encouragement.—*Good Words.*

Strange Sight in India.

When the late Bishop Phillips Brooks was in India, in 1883, he wrote the following to one of his nieces in the United States, and it was afterward printed in The Century:

Little Mistress Josephine:
Tell me, have you ever seen Children half as queer as these Babies from across the seas? See their funny little fists. See the rings upon their wrists! One has very little clothes, One has jewels in her nose; And they all have silver bangles On their little heathen ankles. In their ears are curious things, Round their necks are beads in strings, And they jingle as they walk, And they talk outlandish talk. One you see has hugged another, Playing she's its little mother. One, who sits all lone and lorn, Has her head all shaved and shorn. Do you want to know their names? One is called Jeefungee Hamos, One Ruddisanda Arrlick Bas, One Teedundee Hanki Sas.

Many such as these I saw In the streets of old Jeypore. They never seem to cry or laugh, But, sober as the photograph, Squatted in the great bazaars While the Hindus, their mammas, Quarreled long about the price Of their little mess of rice; And then, when the fight was done, Every mother, one by one, Up her pattern child would whip, Set it straddling on her hip, And trot off all crook'd and bent To some hole where, well content, Hers and baby's days are spent.

Aren't you glad, then, little queen, That your name is Josephine? That you live in Springfield, or Not, at least, in old Jeypore? That your Christian parents are, John and Hattie, pa and ma? That you've an entire nose And no rings upon your toes? In a word, that Hat and you Do not have to be Hindu? But I thought you'd like to see What these little heathens be. And give welcome to these three From your loving

UNCLE P.