

Coming presently upon the singer, a boy, small and frail, he talked with him long and earnestly. A month later, little "Parson Pete," as his companions jeeringly named the boy disciple, was thrust roughly out of his father's hut, on a cold, dark night.

"No room for preachin' and psalm-singin' round here, Parson. Clear!" Those were the farewell words of his parent.

The beautiful voice of the 'little parson', under the minister's kind care, soon won friends for him, and many doors were open to Indian Pete. And day after day would he toil up the steep mountain side to his old home, in the hope of speaking with some one there. But the children, his former friends, followed him with stones which they threw with unerring aim, and their elders laughingly cheered them on, or even entered into the same amusement themselves.

One day Pete heard that 'Thunderclap', the oldest Indian of the camp, was lying sick and alone, in his little hut on the mountain's side.

Taking his Bible under his arm he started straightway for Thunderclap's cabin.

His path lay through the Indian settlement where the usual greeting awaited him. But today the stones were sharp and heavy, and flew swiftly from the cruel hands of jeering men and lads.

Soon the feet of the brave boy were bruised and bleeding, but still he pressed onward and upward. A stone aimed skillfully at his head, left a deep wound, that drew low groans of pain from the child, and his trembling lips were pale and dry as he murmured softly: "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities."

Gradually as the path grew steeper and rougher the crowd fell back, and were soon left far behind.

The infinite peace of eventide fell upon the land, like a benediction from heaven. The west was bright with sunset tints of gold and purple, and below in the clear water of the lake they were mirrored again—the reflection of heaven's beauty upon earth.

As Pete entered old Thunderclap's cabin he found the Indian raised on his mattress, and facing the golden west — "the red man's paradise."

With his long trembling finger he beckoned the boy to him.

"The voices," he whispered weakly, "the voices are calling—calling from the Spirit land."

"Look, look, Parson," he cried faintly, and his dimmed eyes grew bright for a moment, "see, the hands beckon me, the faces smile in the west, in the great hunting ground."

One moment the old Indian gazed eagerly forward, then with a slight moan, closed his eyes again while a grey pallor spread over his dark face.

Silently beside the bed little Pete sat until the

moon had risen over the mountain top, and only the breathing of the sick man broke the stillness. Old Thunderclap was sleeping. But presently he opened his eyes and looked at the boy beside him.

Weak with the pains from many wounds, and stiff in every limb, Pete rose.

Grasping his Bible tightly, he stood by the bedside and sang sweetly and clearly the beautiful hymns he had learned at church.

The dying man listened eagerly.

"Leave, ah, leave me not alone  
Still support and comfort me."

The words, born on the night breeze, reached a number of the roughest Indians from the settlement who were climbing silently and swiftly up the mountain side, towards the hut. They paused for a moment, then with awe-stricken faces and bated breath, they stole softly to the door. Within, Pete stood, his pale face raised, and his eyes closed, and beside him lay the dying man, his eyes fixed on the singer.

Without, the cowed and startled listeners, armed with stones and sticks motionless, and gazing silently upon the boy.

And the weird moonlight over all.

One moment and the eyes of the singer opened. He saw the dark faces at the door, saw the cruel stones, and trembled before them.

His eye fell on old Thunderclap. A sweet peace was stealing over the seamed face, where death had laid its hand, and the eye brightened beneath his look.

Turning bravely from the door, and thinking only of the happiness of the dying man, Pete began to sing in his trembling voice, "Rock of Ages."

Awed and subdued by this child heroism, the crowd stood and made no sound.

The hymn was almost finished before the little singer faltered. A strange mist passed before his eyes, and he grew dizzy and faint. But through the gloom he saw the eager face of Thunderclap.

With a silent prayer the child began the verse again.

"While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyes ———"

The voice faltered.

——— shall close in death,"

Breathed almost in a whisper.

"When I rise ———"

Another pause—it was the last.

One more effort failed, the voice would not come; a low moan of pain broke the deathlike stillness and tottering forward, little Pete fell to the floor.

The same moment old Thunderclap closed his eyes to open them in another world.

The crowd, terrified and bewildered, turned and fled wildly down the mountain.

On a sunny slope in the Indian burial ground lie two fresh graves, one, small and short.

At the Indian settlement, now, the minister is always a welcome guest, and the rough voices of the men grow gentle when they speak of little "Parson Pete."

Hampton.

MARGARET EVANS'