

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

Mourn not the goods that fall not to your share;
Each longed for blessing to your prayer denied
Does but give place to gift more rich and rare,
Impossible had you not thus been tried.

Grieve not when efforts fail, as fall they will;
Each purpose thwarted, is but leading you
To fields of striving, nobler, loftier still,
Which earlier success had hid from view.

To win the heights where peace and joy abide,
Our bleeding feet try many a path in vain;
But every crooked way and treacherous guide
We find, at last, has helped those heights to gain.

—Fercy F. Bicknell, in Christian Register.

A FRONTIER HERO.

JOHN SANFORD was only about 14 years of age when he did the brave deed that saved a hundred lives in all probability. He was the son of a farmer who had settled on a frontier farm in Minnesota.

For some time before the opening of this story, it had been reported among the settlers of the frontier towns and neighborhoods that there was serious danger of an outbreak among the Indians. Several of the tribes had reservations in that part of the State. But because the intercourse between the white and red men had heretofore been mostly of a friendly, peaceable character, not many believed the reports and rumors of impending trouble to be well founded, therefore nothing was done to protect the settlers in case of an outbreak. Every home was practically defenseless.

One day Mr. Sanford yoked up his oxen and loaded his wife and all the children, except John and Hugh, his 12-year old brother, into the lumber wagon, and drove off across the prairie to visit a relative who had lately settled in the State. The road they had to go over was a rough one, and as they had about thirty miles to make each way, they expected to be gone at least four or five days.

On the afternoon of the day of the family's departure the boys were surprised by a visit from Jim Crow, an Indian who had been a frequent visitor of the family from the time of its settlement there. He had given his name as Red Crow, originally, but John had christened him Jim Crow, and he had accepted the new name as if it were a mark of distinction, and seemed quite proud of it.

"You haven't been here for quite a long time," said John. "Where have you been all summer?"

"Long ways off," answered Jim Crow, pointing to the west. "Come back las' week. Found out something. Come to tell fodder. Where is fodder?" looking about the place in search of Mr. Sanford, whom he had always called "fodder" from hearing the children call him "father."

"Gone visiting," answered John. "Won't be back for three or four days."

"Which way go?" asked Jim Crow. "That way," answered John, pointing to the east. "Gone to see a man who lives as much as thirty miles from here."

"Good," grunted Jim Crow. "Hope he stay. You go, too. Go soon's you can."

"Why?" asked John, in surprise.

Jim Crow explained to the two boys why he had come to see Mr. Sanford. The Indians were ready to break out at any time. Already they had killed several settlers on the extreme frontier limits, and burned their homes. Several tribes were expected to unite in a general uprising against the whites. Some of these had not yet agreed upon the terms of warfare proposed by the leaders of the revolt, but in all probability they would do so very soon, and as soon as a general understanding was arrived at between the tribes, the murderous work they plotted would begin in earnest.

"Mebbe to-night, mebbe next week," said Jim Crow. He had come to warn Mr. Sanford of the danger ahead, and advise him to get away from the place at once. If they were to remain, they would certainly be massacred.

"Fodder gone—you go, too," said the Indian. "No injun that way—all this," pointing to the west, signifying that they would have no difficulty in making their escape.

In the course of the conversation John found out something that startled him quite as much as the realization of the danger at home. As soon as the tribes got together, they would endeavor to surprise St. Mary's, which was the name of a town about twenty miles down the river. It had, perhaps, a hundred inhabitants, two-thirds of them women and children. Among them was John's grandparents, and with them Alice, his oldest sister.

"Have you any idea when they will attack the place?" asked John of Jim Crow.

The Indian could not tell when the

raid would be made, because he did not know when the expected tribes would arrive, but he was certain that it would take place very soon—any day, in fact.

"Hugh, I'll tell you what we'll do," John said to his brother. "You take old Doll and follow father up. You'll be pretty sure to overtake him somewhere on the road. I'll go down the river to St. Mary's and let the folks there know what to look out for."

"Can't do it," said Jim Crow. "Injun both sides river, all along road, clear down to big bend."

The "big bend" was about ten miles away, half way of the distance, by river, to St. Mary's. Once beyond that, according to Jim Crow's knowledge of the situation, there would be no danger likely to befall the traveler, but the question was, how to get beyond it. It seemed that the Indians had camps on both sides of the river between Mr. Sanford's place and the "big bend," where the roads ran over which settlers from above would be likely to go if they became frightened and sought safety in flight.

Jim Crow was evidently in a rather nervous condition of mind, for he was anxious to be gone. He had risked a great deal in doing what he had to warn of the danger ahead the white family who had befriended him, and he did not care to arouse the suspicion of his red brothers. Therefore he made his visit a brief one, and disappeared in the forest.

"I can't bear to think of letting the Indians kill off everybody at St. Mary's without trying to do something to warn them of their danger," said John. "If I could only get beyond the big bend!"

Just then a tree-top came floating down the river, close to the shore where they were standing. Many of its branches were above the water, and so thick were they that one could not see through them.

A plan flashed through the boy's brain. Why could he not conceal himself among the branches of the tree-top and drift down the river in it? The Indians along the shores would not be likely to suspect that it gave shelter to anyone. They probably were not suspicious, or on the lookout as yet, believing, as no doubt they did, that the whites had no anticipation of trouble ahead.

"I'll do it," he decided, and he jumped into a boat and rowed out into the river after the tree-top, which he succeeded in pushing up against the bank, where it anchored itself among the bushes, temporarily.

He explained his plan to Hugh. "You'll have no trouble in getting away without any help from me," he said. "It's all clear in that direction, if what Jim Crow said is so. So I shan't worry any about you, and you needn't worry any about yourself."

They saddled old Doll, and John saw his brother ride away, wondering if fate would ever bring them together again. Then he climbed out upon the tree-top, and let himself down among its branches, with the lower part of his body in the water, which was warm, and not at all unpleasant to come in contact with. He found that he could very easily support himself by throwing his arms over the branches of the tree-top in such a manner that nothing but his head would be out of water. He pushed the novel craft away from shore and presently it caught the current and swung out into the stream.

As nearly as he could calculate the stream had a current of about a mile an hour. It was now past sundown, and dusk was setting in. There would be about eight hours of comparative darkness in his favor, and allowing his calculations of the movement of the current to be correct, they would take him well along toward the "big bend."

It must have been nearly midnight before he came upon any indication of the enemy. Then he saw the flicker of camp fires here and there along the shores. By and by they were left behind, but presently he came upon others. These he passed safely, and as the first red gleams of dawn began to show in the east he felt quite sure

that he had got out of the enemy's country.

But in this he was mistaken, as he soon found out. As the tree-top swung around a little curve in the stream he saw quite a little village of wigwams ahead, on the side of a hill sloping down to the river. A careful scrutiny of the camp convinced him that it belonged to one of the non-resident tribes, and he concluded that it was well his trip had not been put off until morning, provided it proved to be a successful one, of course—for if this were another tribe, the union Jim Crow had spoken of would no doubt be made at once, and the war on the whites be immediately begun.

He was so intently engaged in watching the camp as he drifted past it, that he did not notice the approach of a canoe containing two Indians until it brushed the branches of the tree-top, as it passed by. He would not have known, then, what jarred his craft, had not one of the Indians said something, as he put out his paddle and gave the tree-top a push. The sound of the voice made his heart beat hard, and fast, but he held his breath and did not dare to move as much as a finger for a long time after that. When he ventured to look around the camp was out of sight.

That was the last he saw of any Indians. But he did not dare to leave the tree-top yet awhile, for, from all he knew to the contrary, there might be others ahead.

About noon he came in sight of the first farm. Here was the place for his work of warning to begin. He managed to paddle his craft near shore, and pretty soon he stood on land again.

He lost no time in telling the settler his story. An hour later the man and his family, with John as passenger, drove toward St. Mary's. They warned all the settlers along the road, and the frightened men lost no time in seeking for safer quarters.

St. Mary's was reached about 4 o'clock. In a short time active preparations were going forward for the protection of the town. The women and children were put in the places of greatest safety, and men were detailed to watch for the enemy's approach from all quarters.

The Indians did not attack the place that night. But on the following night they came, expecting, no doubt, to find it an easy prey to their murderous methods of warfare. But in this way they were mistaken. The citizens of the little town opened fire upon them so briskly that they were taken by surprise, and they made a rapid retreat, leaving several of their number behind them, dead and wounded.

John found himself a hero; but he bore his honors modestly, as the real hero always does. "I only did what anyone else would have done in my place," he said.

The day after the attack of the Indians, Mr. Sanford and his family and other settlers arrived. Hugh had overtaken his father when near the end of the thirty miles' journey. Mrs. Sanford was so frightened at the thought of the danger John had braved, that she would not listen to the proposal of her husband that she should stay with her friends and let him go to St. Mary's to find out whether the boy had succeeded in his daring undertaking, so they all came together, and the family reunion was complete.

I presume the world has never heard of this frontier hero of mine before. But I am glad to tell his story, and to assure you that in telling it, I have not been obliged to draw on imagination. John Sanford still lives on the old farm in Minnesota, and there I met him last summer, and found out all about his boyhood bravery. But I found it out from others—not from him.—Montreal Family Herald.

Tender and True.

Squire Benson was often consulted in cases of family difficulty resulting from the storm and stress of time or temper, and he derived a good deal of amusement from the tales told in his little office.

"Is it true that you threw something at Mike that caused the swelling over his eye?" the squire asked a little wiry Irishman who appeared sobbing at his door one day half an hour after her husband had departed.

"Yis, I did," said the little woman, catching her breath, "but I never wint to hurt him, and he knows it well. We'd just come home from the cousin's wedding, an' I was feeling kind of soft to Mike, and I axed him if he loved me as much as he did the day we was married! and—and he was so slow answering me that I up wid the mop an' dung it at him, Squire Benson; for if we poor women don't have love our hearts just breaks inside of us!"

Eminently Qualified.

"I was rather surprised to hear that he had bought an automobile."

"Why?"

"Why, he's a great walker, you know, and he's very fond of that sort of exercise."

"Of course, so, you see, he would mind it."—Philadelphia Press.

It isn't the shortcomings of a man that the girl's father shows in the east he felt quite sure

THE POPULAR PULPIT



"SALT WITH SALTNESS IN IT."

By Rev. James MacLagan.

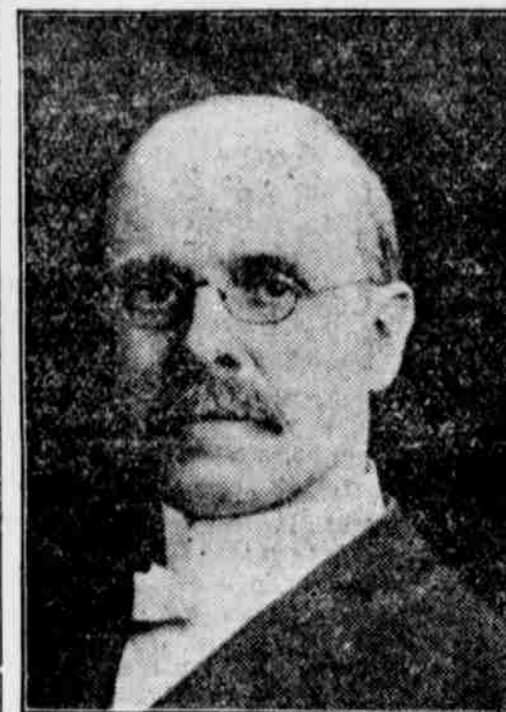
"Have salt in yourselves and have peace one with another."

These remarkable words of the Great Hebrew Teacher are found at the close of the ninth chapter of Mark's gospel.

As is well known, the present division of Scripture into chapters and verses is comparatively modern. Hugo de Santo Caro in the thirteenth century and Mordecai Nathan in the fifteenth are respectively credited with dividing into chapters and verses. We find the Hebrew retaining the division of the Latin Bible into chapters, made by the Dominican Cardinal, and later the Christian world copied after the Hebrew rabbi in the arrangement by verses. Although the work thus done is not without mistakes, it has proven of immense value to all who study the Word of God.

While thus accounting in a natural way for the present convenient arrangement of the sixty-six books of the Bible, we are often struck by the grouping together into single chapters of truths bearing upon each other. These truths require to be reviewed in their just relationship to each other.

Let us take broad outlooks from God's Word, and not try to crowd too much into a single parable, or miracle. Let Scripture interpret Scripture; and



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use sanctified common sense in your search after truth. Stand for something definite in your hold on the truth, yet be wonderfully lenient in your judgment of others' views.

But we are anticipating. The chapter from St. Mark, which closes as above, does so because the Master saw in the conduct and spirit of His apostles some things requiring the "salt with saltness in it." As His followers, they were to qualify themselves for triumphant service by acquiring a certain grace of spirit represented by salt, which would cleanse and vitalize their love for each other and for the whole world. Their work as later outlined to them by Himself in the Great Commission was to be, in the words of the greatest living American Presbyterian, "rescue work" and "construction work;" not quibbling over non-essentials, but "saving immortal souls from death, and building up the saints in their most holy faith."

Let us look at the principal events in the chapter bearing out our line of thought and interpreting its closing admonition. Firstly, the transfiguration of Christ, in which Peter, as spokesman for his brethren, wishes to build tabernacles and to remain in ecstatic bliss, forgetting the world lying in misery below. He is quaintly excused by the words, "He wist not what to say." Thanks be to God that the heavenly radiance of Him who is "fairest among thousands, altogether lovely," has been seen and appreciated by myriads in all walks of life since then. Secondly, notice that the lack of faith and prevailing prayer by the other apostles in the valley prevented the casting out of the evil spirit from the lad so grievously tormented. Peter erred in wanting the transfiguration glory all the time; these other apostles were looking to themselves and not to their Master. Both errors were hiding Christ from those who needed Him. Thirdly, we read that while on the way to Capernaum the apostles had been disputing as to "who should be the greatest?" Jesus rebuked their spirit of selfishness, saying: "If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all, and servant of all."

Fourthly, we have John's complaint that some one was "casting out devils in Thy name and followeth not with in." Oh, the wrong and wretchedness of this spirit as it has shown itself in all the ages since!—and is to be found even in this enlightened year of grace, 1904. Hear the words of Jesus: "He that is not against us is on our part." "Whoever shall offend one of these little ones that believe in me, it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the sea."

Thus we are taught how we are to possess the "salt with the saltness in it," that shall permeate the whole earth—and cleanse all motives of service—under four general heads:

A. Not to enjoy selfishly our communion with God, but to intensify it by giving out to others.

B. Not to lose touch with Christ, and miserably fall when the tried and tempted come to us for assistance.

C. Not to seek our own, but our Master's exaltation.

D. Not to disparage work in His name done by those who do not see eye to eye with us.

Such governing principles in our intercourse one with another, and with the world, would assuredly bring "peace one with another" and exalt Him who is the Prince of Peace. The lost are saved to help save the lost.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

By Rev. Morton Hartzell.

No greater necessity exists in our commercial life to-day than the necessity to have restored in us the Christian enthusiasm for man as man. We cannot go back to a reckless condoning of sin. We dare not return to the practical condemnation of all men. With the highest standards of right and wrong, we must recognize our essential kinship with the lowest and the highest of our race. No theology is so deadening to sympathy, so utterly false to the spirit of the Christ and all His disciples as the teaching which denies the universal brotherhood of man. Great as are the facts of sin and ignorance and deep as is the consequent disloyalty of man to man, still, each day reveals us more and more alike in our fundamental human needs and deeds.

God loved the world, with all its sin and misery. There was no one too vile for Jesus to pass by unmoved. And to-day, if we as Christians are to be true to him whose name we bear, we must not rest until we love our fellow men with a love that beareth and believeth and hopeth and endureth all things. Wealth and poverty, knowledge and ignorance, strength and weakness must love each other. The task is great—nay, infinite. But if mankind is to live this actual love of man for man must be.

CHURCH CO-OPERATIVE UNION.

By Rev. R. A. White.

Church membership, in a liberal church at least, must be based upon new motives and organized with a different purpose than characterized the traditional church membership.

First, it will rest not upon common theological beliefs, but upon common service. Its motive will be love, not intellectual assent; deed not creed. It will not be an organization of men and women who are the recipients of special divine favors here and hereafter, but a co-operative union of men and women who want to do good.

Such members will be less concerned about their own souls than about the doing of good to others and making our whole social life better and nobler. In other words, the new church membership will be an earnest co-operation of people of all beliefs and all degrees of ethical fitness in promoting the spiritual and ethical interests of the world. Such a church will not have a creed. It will have some general statement of principles around which it rallies.

But no one will be obliged to slavishly accept even such general principles. The mind must be free. Nothing must interfere with the growing truth and the larger vision of the individual mind and soul. The basis of such church membership should be some simple statement of general principles as contained in the "Aims and Beliefs" of this church.

Bobby (whispering)—Didn't I hear Clara tell you, Mr. Featherly, that she was sorry, but she really couldn't give you a lock of her hair? Featherly—Hush, Bobby! Er—yes! Bobby—Well, you just wait a day or two, and I'll get some for you when she's out.