

member, inequality in their fortunes must bring about inequality in gifts.

Nor need the contributions be made with any condition except that they are to be parts of a great Missionary Enrolment Fund. Their object cannot be changed. The fund which they go to make up must continue to be itself and nothing else.

May God speed this work!

ST. PATRICK'S BREADPLATE.*

I.

I bind unto myself to-day
The strong Name of the Trinity,
By invocation of the same,
The Three in One, and One in Three.

II.

I bind this day to me for ever,
By power of faith, Christ's incarnation;
His baptism in Jordan river;
His death on Cross for my salvation;
His bursting from the spiced tomb;
His riding up the Heav'nly way;
His coming at the day of doom;
I bind unto myself to-day.

III.

I bind unto myself the power;
Of the great love of Cherubim;
The sweet "Well done" in judgment hour;
The service of the Seraphim,
Confessor's faith, Apostle's word,
The patriarch's prayers, the Prophet's scrolls,
All good deeds done unto the Lord,
And purity of virgin souls.

IV.

I bind unto myself to-day
The virtues of the star-lit heaven,
The glorious sun's life-giving ray,
The whiteness of the moon at even,
The flashing of the lightning free,
The whirling wind's tempestuous shocks,
The stable earth, the deep salt sea,
Around the old eternal rocks.

V.

I bind unto myself to-day
The pow'r of God to hold, and lead,
His eye to watch, His might to stay,
His ear to hearken to my need,
The wisdom of my God to teach,
His hand to guide, His shield to ward;
The word of God to be my speech,
His heavenly host to be my guard.

VI.

Against the demon snares of sin,
The will that gives temptation force,
The natural lusts that war within,
The hostile men that mar my course;
Or few or many, far or nigh,
In every place, and in all hours,
Against the fierce hostility,
I bind to me these holy powers.

VII.

Against all Satan's spells and wiles;
Against false words of heresy,
Against the knowledge that defiles,
Against the heart's idolatry,
Against the wizard's evil craft,
Against the death-wound and the burning,
The choking wave, the poisoned shaft,
Protect me, Christ, till Thy returning.

VIII.

Christ be with me, Christ within me,
Christ behind me, Christ before me,
Christ beside me, Christ to win me,
Christ to comfort and restore me,
Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
Christ in quiet, Christ in danger,
Christ in hearts of all that love me,
Christ in mouth of friend and stranger.

IX.

I bind unto myself the Name,
The strong Name of the Trinity;
By invocation of the same,
The Three in One, and One in Three,
Of whom all nature hath creation;
Eternal Father, Spirit, Word;
Praise to the Lord of my Salvation,
Salvation is of Christ the Lord.

* This hymn is a translation by Mrs. C. F. Alexander from the Irish of "St. Patrick's Breadplate." Thirty thousand copies were sold in Dublin the first day it came out, and it was generally sung in the churches in Ireland on the following Christmas Day.

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE OGLALAS.

BY C. S. COOK.

Now that the loud music from the great churches of our land has well-nigh subsided in the matter of reports of Christmas services, etc., and thinking that on that account I might, perhaps, secure space in your columns, I venture to send you a few items from this corner of the Indian mission field.

In the year 1877, permanent missionary work was begun among these Pine Ridge Indians by the Rev. John Robinson (now of the Sisseton Agency, S. D.) in a tent first, then in a log cabin, then in the skeleton of the dining hall of the present Government Boarding School. In due time the present Church of the Holy Cross was erected, with funds given by the late Mrs. Astor. Several years afterward the building had to be enlarged in order to accommodate the increased congregation. Since the inception of the missionary effort, the work has steadily extended its borders, multiplying the single chapel to six neat houses of worship, the germinal first congregation to ten organized assemblies of regular worshippers, and four others, as yet not organized, making a total of fourteen congregations.

Among these fourteen congregations, eleven Christmas services and eleven "trees" were held during the Christmas-tide just past.

Large congregations and happy festivities were the order of the day everywhere. Here at our own central Church of the Holy Cross God seemed to be especially near us in our services and Christmas festivities. The neat little church was elaborately decorated with native cedar, some ten wagon-loads of it having been given by the congregation, and the women and the young men doing the work of beautifying this wilderness Church of God.

On Christmas Day, promptly at 6:30 A.M., the first service was held, which was a celebration of the Holy Communion. A congregation of some 125 was in attendance—twenty-five of them making their Communion.

The second service was at 10 o'clock. It was entirely in the English language, and was for the benefit of the children of the Government Boarding School,—near 200 of them being in attendance—as they are every Lord's Day, constituting my regular second congregation in the mornings.

At this service the Lord's Supper was again celebrated. It was sweet to see some fifteen boys and girls kneeling before the altar to partake of the Sacred Feast. At 11:30 o'clock, the third service was held. A large congregation filled the church. For the third time the Eucharist was celebrated—this time for those who did not receive at the other services. Over forty communicated at this the third service of the day. Thus at these three services held on a week day (to be sure the day was Christmas!) almost to a man every communicant connected with our central church appeared at the chancel rail to testify his allegiance to the Babe of Bethlehem.

At six o'clock in the evening of the same day, the children's service, with the Christmas tree, was held, attended by some 500 persons, old and young, white and red, Romanist and Calvinist, Prelatist and Nothingarian.

This is the one event of our isolated agency life to which everybody comes, and invariably comes with a present to be put on the tree. Every year these blessed festival days are becoming better understood and appreciated, and so they are proving themselves inestimable factors in the up-building of the red men's Christian character and life. The singing, the saying of the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, versicles and Amens were all most heartily entered into by the large congregation.

Thirteen of the boys and girls recited the entire Epiphany Gospel (singly)—volunteers. Then the whole school was catechized, and then an address was made, after which about 450 presents were distributed. God bless the dear helpers who sent these gifts!

The Indians themselves contributed more this year toward the general success and abundance of the tree than ever before, showing growth and advance. Among their gifts were two cards, with ribbons attached, representing two live horses with flesh and bones. Thus came to a close another happy and fruitful Christmas among the Oglalas.

Their missionary desires, in behalf of his people, as well as for his own sake, to thank all those who ever direct their thoughts toward the Dakotas, and materialize them by sending these boxes, etc., for Christmas and Easter festivities among their red Christian brethren.

The lectures on the New Testament lately published by Professor Salmon, of the University of Dublin, give by way of contrast some apocryphal acts of the Apostles. Some of the stories he cites are interesting. The legend of "St. Thomas's Missionary Labors in India" reminds us of modern news from Chagga or Uganda. An Indian king charges a merchant to buy him a carpenter in Jerusalem, and St. Thomas is accordingly bought. "When Thomas arrives in India, he is brought before the king, and being questioned as to his knowledge of masons' or carpenters' work, professes great skill in either department. The king asks him if he can build him a palace. He replies that he can.

He is then commissioned to build the palace, and is supplied abundantly with money for the work." Thomas, instead of building, preaches the Gospel, and spends all the money on the poor. More money is required, and, being granted, is spent on widows and orphans, as before. When the king returns to the city, he naturally inquires for his palace. St. Thomas tells him that he will see it when he dies, and is promptly committed to prison. But that night the king's brother dies, and being taken by angels to see the "heavenly habitations," sees one which belongs to his brother. He is restored to life; both he and the king are converted and baptized.

"If," says Ruskin, "for every rebuke that we utter of men's vices, we put forth a claim upon their hearts; if, for every assertion of God's demands from them, we should substitute a display of His kindness to them; if, side by side with every warning of death, we could exhibit proofs and promises of immortality; if, in fine, instead of assuming the being of an awful Deity, which men, though they cannot and dare not deny, are always unwilling, sometimes unable, to conceive; we were to show them a near, visible, inevitable, but all-beneficent Deity, whose presence makes the earth itself a heaven, I think there would be fewer deaf children sitting in the market-place."

This is true, indeed!

Will our clergy accept a hint from an earnest listener at the beginning of this Lenten season? Too many sermons of too many preachers dwell upon the sinfulness of sin.

What more surely shows black to be black, than the purity of white?

In that matchless sermon preached so many centuries ago, we find the condemnation of the sinner, only like a single dark thread, running in and through the weaving. The opening verses, with their benedictions, shed such a holy light that the weary and erring long to walk in the beauty of holiness.

That Loving Heart, which so blessed the multitude when He dwelt among them, still speaks in His loving words.