

dog! Do please look, papa. It is the image of my Jip that the carriage ran over. Oh, do look! I believe, I really believe he must be Jip's brother."

There was some reason why this little girl's wishes were like commands to the gentleman, so he came over to the curb stone and said to Tony: "Where did you get that dog, boy?"

Tony had never had many people beside the man and the woman that owned him and Tom Callihan speak to him so, as he didn't know how to answer. He put his hands in his pockets and began to dance a little double shuffle, crying "Pipers. Here's yer morning pipers," but as he shouted the child had released her hand from her father's clasp, and bending down, patted Varni's rough little head. It was right in the middle of his shout that the boy, seeing this, stopped short and looked into the face of the beautiful girl. He had never been so close to anything lovely before. There was nothing nearer than the sky that had such blue as her eyes, such gold as only the sunshine had in it was in her curls, and when she spoke something woke and stirred in the boy's nature that had always slept before.

"I had a little dog just like this one of yours," she said. "His name was Jip. He was run over by a carriage and killed. That is why I like your dog."

No word did Tony utter in reply, but Varni wagged his tail in joyous fashion and laid a warm kiss on the little lady's gloved hand. "Good-bye, doggie," she said; "Good-bye, boy. Every time I come to town I shall stop and speak to you both." Then she stepped into a waiting carriage and was driven away. Tony looked after the departing brougham until it was lost to sight; then it was that Policeman Callihan broke in upon his reverie:

"Say, Tony, but youse gettin' de glad hand wid de nob!" he said. And somehow he did not so much as smile when Tony made answer:

"Youse jess leave her alone, Callihan. She's me steady."

And so it proved, for as the months glided on, more and ever more frequently the little lady paused to say a word of greeting to Tony and Varni, until it came to be that the boy unconsciously looked for her coming as to the one joy of his life, and the

little girl's habit of Tony and Varni as "her dear friends."

One day toward the close of the Advent Season the child came out of the station door to find that Tony was not in his accustomed place, and she walked up to where Officer Callihan was standing

on the curb, for by his side, shivering in the winter chill, was little Varni. Her touch was so light that Tom Callihan might not have noticed it had not Varni given a glad bark of recognition. Then he raised his cap and said, with a quiver in his rough voice, to the gentleman.

"Have ye been after hearin' about Tony, sir? No! Well, God have mercy on us! The little Dago got hurted. He slipped an' fell under a big truck. He's in the 'orspital. No, sir, it's watin' to die he is. No sir, he ain't got none belongin' to him. The feller that owned him ain't got no use fur the kid now, and his woman, she don't darst to go an' see Tony. But I goes every day; they lets me in and then she comes here an' I tells her Tony an' me was great friends, so he's give me Varni." And here the big policeman laughed. Why he laughed and at what, the little girl wondered. And it seemed strange that he could laugh when a big tear came out of his eye and fell down on his rough cheek.

"Do you think," said the little girl, "that they would let me see Tony?" "Sure," said the policeman brightening up, "an' Tony! why he would just be tickled to death."

So it was arranged through the little girl's father that the little girl should pay Tony a visit, and it chanced that the day before Christmas was the time selected.

It was a lovely afternoon. Snow was lying thick on the roadways and the merry jingle of sleigh bells filled the air.

In the children's ward on a white cot lay a beautiful boy. His soft hair in its curly luxuriance made a halo for the delicate face with its wonderful dark eyes. Eyes in which there was a wistfulness, a look of expectancy so intense that the nurse being touched by it bent over the cot and said gently: "She will be here soon, Tony. What did you say her name was, dear?"

"Oh, she is just my steady," answered the little voice in slow, labored breaths, and said no more.

It was only a few moments after this that Tony's friends came to him, the gentleman and the beautiful little girl, Tom Callihan and, in Tom's arms, Varni.

The little girl knelt down beside the bed and took one of Tony's small hands within her own. "Tony," she said softly, "I want to see you for

the Christ child's sake, and in the Christ child's name."

Officer Callihan had gone to the other side of the

bed and had gently laid Varni upon it, and Varni neither barked nor wagged his tail. He knew. He crept slowly up until his head touched the other little hand lying there and Varni laid his cool nose in it and was still.

"Tony," said the little girl, "it is merry Christmas time. The children will hang up their stockings tonight and there will be thousands of Christmas trees, and Tony, it is all because long, long ago, a little baby boy came down from Heaven to be the Christ-child. He was poor like you, Tony, and his mother had no cradle to rock him in, only just her arms. There is a song about it, Tony. Hark! why the people at the end of the room are singing it now!" And through the silence came:

*"Once in royal David City  
Stood a lowly cattle shed,  
Where a mother laid her baby  
In a manger for his bed.  
Mary was that mother mild,  
Jesus Christ, her little child."*

*He was little, weak and helpless,  
Tears and smiles like us he knew.  
And he feeleth all our gladness,  
And he shareth all our sadness.  
Thus he leads his children on  
To the place where he has gone."*

The little thin hand holding the girl's dimpled fingers drew them closer and closer until they were on his lips. As if their touch gave him a power of speech not his before, he said slowly:

"The priest he tella me I going home to be with the blessed Virgin, the mother of the dear Christ-child. Will you go there, too? Will you come some day?" and the child reading the other child's heart made answer: "Yes, I will come."

"Then," said Tony softly, "I watch for you by the big door," and so saying, he fell asleep. And down the room the choir, not knowing that their melody was making a pathway for a little departing soul, sang joyfully:

*"Oh, star of wonder,  
Star of light,  
Star of royal beauty bright,  
Westward leading,  
Guides us to the perfect day."*

## The Indian Problem of To-day

THOSE who heard Miss Densmore's recent lecture-recital at the Presbyterian Church, will be particularly interested in the following statement by her regarding the "Indian Problem" which appeared in a recent issue of "The Indian Friend."

As she so suggestively says, the "problem" is ours, not theirs. The welcome which the white man gives his Brown Brother returning after centuries of wandering in "the deep of the canyons and the quiet of the pine forest" will determine the future of the Indian race.

Miss Densmore's article is valuable not only for its beauty, and for its interpretation of the spirit of the Brown Brother, but for its suggestiveness. It contains a lesson in universal brotherhood we all need to learn.

"Long ago, when the world was new, a little Brown Brother of Mankind strayed away and was forgotten. The animals welcomed the child, leading him far up among the mountains, where they hid him in the deep of the canyons and the quiet of the pine forest. There they told him strange stories of the winds and the clouds; there, too, he learned the history of every beast and bird.

"Soon he forgot his human ancestry and believed that he descended from an animal. When he played at war he cried, 'I come from the wolves,

for the wolf spirit is in me!' and again he cried, 'I am from the bears,' or 'I am of the turtles.' For this reason he never killed an animal except for necessary food. On the walls of the canyons he drew strange pictures, and when he roamed the prairie he drew pictures on the skins that framed his dwelling. He knew the meaning of his pictures and his magic. He loved the sound of his own singing, although it often sounded like the cry of his wolf-friends.

"Time passed, and the White race in the pride of manhood came face to face with its Brown Brother. It saw the pictures and they brought a memory of its half-forgotten childhood, but when it heard the wild songs, mingled with shrill whistles and pounding drums, it turned aside. Too many centuries had passed since, by the shore of a forgotten sea, it played with bits of broken shell and whispering reed, calling it music.

"The Mowgli of North America was still a child and with the trustfulness of childhood he welcomed the stranger, calling him Brother.

"He offered him freely of the spoils of the chase, told of his visions, sang his songs, and exhibited his magic, but there was no answer of understanding in the face of his Brother, who mocked and cheated him. Then the child grew suddenly to be a man. Wrapping himself in his robe of buffalo

skin he hid his heart in a grim silence, but under the buffalo robe he held the poisoned arrow, and beneath the silence lay a deadly treachery. So the Indian became the problem of the New World.

"For five centuries there has been a struggle. Spanish adventurers, French priests, English soldiers, and American civilization have tried to bring the American Mowgli back to man and he has defied them. Cheated and deceived, he has kept the haughty dignity that is his by right of inheritance; beaten back step by step he has flung out his defiance, and borne his defeat with proud stoicism.

"But a change has come. To-day he returns to his White Brother led by something within himself that he does not understand. He no longer teaches his children the weird jungle songs, but he sings them to himself when the night is full of the witchery that the wild creatures know. He comes at last—ignorant of the ethics of clothes, with the pitiful childish decorations in his hair, but in his heart the strength of Nature's noblemen. He comes of his own accord to the brother race which does not understand him, comes to beg that his children may be given the education which he can never have, and taught the White man's road.

"He comes—what shall be his welcome? This is the Indian problem of to-day."