RAINBOWS.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

LONG, long ago, before the red men had been driven so far westward by their white invaders, on what is now the American side of the rapid Niagara River, close up to the great Falls, lay an Indian encampment. One might have almost called it a village, but for the tent-like look of the leathern lodges; it was a village of tents, and the principal home of the now nearly extinct tribe of the Tuscaroras. They had established themselves within full view of the great waterfall, of which, with another tribe on the opposite banks, they disputed the possession.

The Indians in camp were not numerous, being chiefly old men and women, the principal braves and young men having gone on a hunting expedition.

The little brown children rolled and tumbled about with their playfellows, some half-starved, wild-looking dogs and bear cubs. The elder boys amused themselves trying their skill in shooting at a mark with miniature bows and arrows, which their grandfathers made for them and taught them to use.

Watching all these things lay an old bear, the mother of the cubs, licking her paws, and thinking how much better off she had been since the day when she had fallen into a pit made by the Indians, and so was caught and brought to their camp, where, though far from tame, she had become somewhat domesticated. It is true that at times she got more than usually restless, and would wander away, but never too far to return easily for the food she was sure to find in the camp; and so, by degrees, she became accustomed to her new life, which for some things she preferred.

Her meditations were, however, rudely disturbed by her cubs suddenly scrambling on her, in the hopes of coaxing her to romp with them. They had tired out their canine playmates, and now came to amuse themselves with her. Not feeling at all disposed to be troubled with them, she gave the nearest one a pat with her paw which sent him tumbling against his brothers, whose equilibrium was completely upset, and, like so many brown woollen balls, they rolled about. She then got up and slowly shuffled away to the edge of the great waterfall, whither they were too subdued to follow her.

Here she found a friend—a large old dog, basking in the sun. He belonged to the chief of the Tuscaroras, and was very devoted to his two children, a boy and a girl, who were playing near, and from whom he was always inseparable.

"Isn't this a fine morning, Mokwa?" he said, looking towards the Falls, which were unusually active, owing to the previous great rains, that had swelled their torrents, and so also increased the wide mist column, which ascends everlastingly from the battle of waters below.

"Beautiful!" answered Mokwa, "and I never saw the rainbow so marvellously brilliant, and large; why it seems almost to reach from bank to bank; what a pity that we can't go over on it to the other side; there is some nice hunting there I hear. But what makes the rainbow? I sometimes see two, and last night I came here in the moonlight, and there it was still, but bluer, and not standing quite as this does."

"Would you really like to know?" queried the dog.

"Certainly!" she answered, "for my cubs are often asking questions about it, and, between you and me, I don't like to appear ignorant in their eyes. But you know everything. Do tell me!"

Mokwa lay down, and with a snap at a fly the old dog said—

"As you seem really to wish to know, I shall have much pleasure in telling you. Look at the sun if you can; you will see his great beams spreading over us all, and sometimes forcing their way through the clouds. Each of these beams is made of many rays, and each ray can be broken up into beautiful colours."

"Broken up!" growled Mrs. Mokwa, who had at times a little backwoods roughness about her manner; "what nonsense you talk!"

"Not at all, I assure you," continued the dog. "Do you know that three-sided piece of glass or crystal that Soange-ta-ka" (stronghearted) "our chief, my master, wears on his necklace?"

"Yes!" answered Mokwa.

"Well, that was given him by a paleface, who came here as a trader, three months ago, and he told him it was called a prism, and that it could catch any light, and divide it into the colours of the rainbow, red, blue, and yellow, which, in mixing together, make in all seven colours as you see them there, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red, and violet. Now you see that great cloud of spray that rises up always from the falls; it fills the air with water drops which fall down again in rain, just like what the clouds are made of; and when the sunlight faces these drops, either in mist like this, or a dark cloud in the sky, each drop becomes a natural prism, and the rays are divided into the different colours we see in the rainbow."

"You are very wise, my friend," said the bear; "but tell me how is it there are two rainbows, another one outside the bright one, and pale, like a Jiebi" (ghost) "of the other, but with its colours all upside down?"

"I thought you would wonder at that," returned her companion; "it is because the clouds of drops hang so very irregularly

that the direction of the rays is often altered, so that some shine on the upper and some on the under side of each drop, this makes the two rainbows, and as the rays strike the drops of each rainbow at opposite sides (one at the top, and the other at the bottom) the colours are reversed. The reason also that you see the blue brightest is because it is a colour that reflects more easily back to your eye than the red, which, as if heaviest, remains at the bottom of the bright rainbow whilst the blue stays at the top."

"I quite understand you," interrupted Mokwa; "but still you do not tell me why the upper rainbow is so pale."

"I am coming to that," quietly answered the old dog, scratching his ear; "but as it is rather more difficult to understand, you must pay great attention. Sometimes the ray of sunlight or moonlight (for the moon also makes rainbows) as it strikes the drop is not reflected straight back to your eyes, but is bent round, and then reflected back to you. This is called refraction; so it happens that a ray is both reflected and refracted in the same drop. Can you follow me?"

"So far, certainly," grunted Mokwa.

"Well then," pursued the dog, "in the first, or brightest rainbow, the ray enters each drop on its upper side, and is then bent once, down to the bottom of the drop, whence it strikes out to your eye; but in the second, or pale rainbow, the ray enters each drop at the bottom, and is bent twice, and reflected twice upwards round the drop till it strikes out to your eye from the top of the drop; all this double bending, or refraction, and reflection dims the colours, and causes the second rainbow to be paler. I forgot also to say that the blue and red are thus reversed in position, the blue being at the bottom and the red at the top. I hope I have made it clear to you!" and the old dog looked inquiringly at his friend, who was now sitting up, swaying herself from side to side with a bear's usual restlessness.

"Perfectly!" answered she. "And I thank you greatly."

Just then the chief's two children ran to the edge of the bank. "Oweenee! Oweenee! Come here!" called the boy to his sister. "There is such a flower-heaven over the great waters to-day!" and he pointed to the rainbows.

"Oh, Naqua, how beautiful! How happy the flowers that die must be to live up there, and Nosa" (my father) "says that when the flower-heaven arches over the land, the Manitto" (God) "lets the dewdrops that fall from it help to colour the little buds of all the flowers that are growing on the ground!"

"How kind of Him!" said Naqua, thoughtfully. Then they turned and walked home to the camp, followed by the dog and the bear.

A SAILOR'S YARN.

A RETURNED sailor once entertained his mother with his adventures at her special desire. "Mother," he said, "I have been to the West Indies, and there I saw sugar mountains and rivers of rum."

"Ay, Jack," that's the place that we get a' our sugar and rum frae; I ken that weel enough."

"Well, mother," he said, "we came round by the Red Sea, and one morning when we pulled up the anchor we found a wheel stuck fast on it."

"Ay," said the mother, "I have heard a' about Pharaoh and his host, and nae dout it was a wheel aff a chariot."

"Well, mother," said the sailor, "I have seen fish flying in th' air like birds."

"Jack," said she, "haud yer whisht, and dinna tell lees to your auld mither."

THE SUNBEAM OF THE FACTORY.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

CHAPTER IV.

GOD IS LOVE.

WORK that week was slack. More than once Katie found her way to the old home in Mile-end, and did good service to her stepmother. Mrs. Morton grew no better, and complained loudly, and justly too, of the bad behaviour and untidy habits of her servant-girl. An unwelcome thought more than once sprang up in Katie's mind. Ought I to give up my little room and go and stay with her? She tried to banish the idea; she would have no time to herself, and if she chose to stay up late, and read her Bible, would be subject to the jeering remarks of her stepmother. But the thought grew stronger and stronger, and it was with an uncomfortable sense of duty unperformed that Katie went to the night-school the following Friday evening.

At the door she was met by Bridget. "A pretty dance you've led me! Here have I been up to your room, and couldn't find you, and nearly smashed my head coming down that dark staircase; it's as black as any coal-hole that ever I saw. Look here, Kitty, all I've got to say is this: Don't go and make an idiot of yourself. Anyone with half an eye can see you're turning religious. Now, if you do, the girls will lead you such a life that I warrant you you'll never be able to stand it. Don't you remember Alice Hurley? She tried it for a time, and then had to give up. They laughed her out of it, and they'll do the same to you."

"And do you remember," quietly responded Katie, "what happened to Alice afterwards? She caught the fever and died in the hospital. I found out her grave the last time I went to look at my father's."

Bridget shrugged her shoulders. Perhaps she felt more than she cared to show as she answered with a careless laugh: "Well, I've warned you; if you do get roasted, it won't be my fault, but don't expect me to help you, that's all."

The evening passed as before, but to Katie, who was eager for Miss Johnson to speak, the time seemed long before the books were closed and the address began.

"This will be my last evening to speak to you for some time to come," said Miss Johnson, when, at length, she stood beside the little desk at the far end of the room, "and my subject is the love of God. I want each girl to go away to-night with this feeling in her heart: 'God loves me! In spite of all my sinfulness and wrong-doing, God loves me, and I must love Him in return.'

"Once, in the lifetime of Jesus, a large crowd had gathered round Him. It was composed of many classes—for He was an equal attraction to them all. There were the rich and the noble, the upright, moral Pharisees, and the learned scribes; and there, *too*, were poor outcast sinners—men and women who were thought too bad for respectable society. And the Lord Jesus received them all; He made no difference between them, unless it were to give a more tender welcome to those who could get a good word from no one else. Then arose a murmuring among the men who prided themselves on their own goodness and respectability. 'This man receiveth sinners,' they said, in their contempt, 'and eateth with them.' Their own doors were shut against the outcast and the vile, but Jesus, the pure and the sinless, was found sitting at the same table, not, indeed, because He loved the sin and the wrong-doing, but because He loved the men and the women themselves. Jesus heard them murmuring that day, and commenced to speak. It was as though He had said, 'It is quite true what you say; I do receive sinners. And now I will show you with what joy and gladness I welcome them to me.' He told them of a father who had two sons. The younger was a wild sort of lad. Very little love had he for his parent; he only cared for what he could get out of him. One day he went to his father. 'Father,' said he, 'give me the portion of goods that falleth to me.' He wanted *them*, not his father's presence, not his father's love. His request was granted; the son was made rich with the possessions that fell to his share as the younger brother. Not many days after—he did not wait long—he left his home, and journeyed into a far country. He wanted to spend his money just as he liked, and where he couldn't hear his father's sorrowful rebukes. False friends gathered round him; and, with these boon companions to help, it was not long before he had wasted away the whole of his property and was reduced to poverty. To whom, then, could he turn? Together with his money, his friends had melted away. The once rich young man was at last glad to hire himself out for work, and he was sent into the fields to feed the swine. Now, at length, he had plenty of time for thinking. Homeless and hungry, the happy, comfortable home he had left often came to mind. What a mistake he had made! Even the servants that used to wait on him were better off than he. They had bread enough and to spare, whilst he was perishing with hunger. At last he made up his mind to return. 'I will arise and go to my father,' said he, 'and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy