

dance circle, and pondered over the joy of his pagan brothers.

This was the hour of trial, and the patient missionary went daily to and fro among the people calling them away from the tempting circle, urging them to put aside this madness, arguing with Sitting Bull. They answered her from her own lessons,—the white man had a Saviour, why was it not possible that the Indian should have one? Nevertheless, the village became the centre of a party who opposed the dance. Some of these were Christians, some were far-sighted men who doubted Sitting Bull, and remembered that the last time his medicine was strong he had provoked a conflict that robbed them of their nationality.

To break up this haven of doubters and unite the nation in an appeal to the past, the Ghost dancers decided to start a circle in the village. Early one morning, Ezuzu knocked at the little log mission, crying out, 'Winona, Winona, I want to see you.'

His jovial face was sober, the laughing eyes anxious, as he gave his news.

'My niece, they are putting up the Ghost pole in the village, and the dance will begin at sun-up.'

It was a critical moment. This woman and the old man with a handful of followers, forty miles from human help, were face to face with that wave of pagan triumph which broke at last in blood at the battle on the Wounded Knee. This was an open defiance to the new faith, yet she answered firmly:

'My uncle, if that pole goes up, we cannot hold the people.'

'Truly, my niece, so I thought. I must stop it,' he replied, and hurried away toward the open space where the people were already gathered. He considered the chances, and shook his head. The leaders meant to win this village, and would stop at nothing.

When he reached the ground, he found groups of grave-minded men like himself, but stronger and bigger, waiting with clouded brows, while the younger people crowded forward to watch the consecration of the great pole. One or two said it must be stopped, but no one knew how to do it. Suddenly an enthusiastic dancer broke out in the song:

'Ini chaghe kte  
'Ini chaghe kte  
Ate he yelo  
Ate he yelo.'

The crowd quivered and sighed, and a woman cried:

'Michinkshi mita waye.'

Her neighbors crowded forward and strained their eyes to see what she saw.

Even those who feared, or doubted or scoffed, instinctively pressed forward, and many began, unconsciously, the cry:

'Ate, Ate.'

'See,' cried the medicine men,—'see what is for those who sing, but the unbelievers who touch the pole shall be turned to dogs.'

It was evident that if anything was to be done, it must be done at once. Ezuzu pushed his way to the front as the crowd swayed and moaned in answer to the medicine men.

'Stand back, stand back, all who do not believe. Fear and fall before it. Stand back until your hearts are strong, for he who, doubting, touches this pole, at that moment shall be turned to a dog,' cried the medicine man, pointing at Ezuzu.

The little old man answered by walking resolutely across the open circle. A dozen threatening hands were raised, but before

a word could be said, he caught the slender pole, flung it to the ground, and stood on it.

'Look, my children,' he cried, 'look well. I have not only touched it, but I stand on it, and yet I go on two feet, and do not bark!'

There was a minute's silence, like a catch of the breath, then some one laughed. Color came slowly back to whitened faces, strained muscles relaxed; no one listened to the dancer's protest; people were talking and laughing at Ezuzu, whose face was again wrinkled with smiles. He gave one or two humorous retorts to angry protests, as he moved off, but the circle was broken. Men called their women away, boys jeered, and the great Ghost Dance was a failure at Takcha Iyanka.

So Ezuzu saved the village for Christianity, and to-day, in his shabby clothes and far from thrifty home, is awkwardly working at the new trade of civilization. Others, younger and better trained men, will raise bigger crops, but none are more ready to help and encourage all than Ezuzu. Surely the old Indian has a place and a work to do.

## What Jennie Found at the Primary Union

(Miss E. E. Hewitt, in 'The Westminster Teacher'.)

It was half-past four; mischievous Tommie Simpson had at last found his hat; gushing Kittie Trevor had said a final 'Good-by!' and the last little loiterer had disappeared. Yet Miss Jennie sat by the organ in the primary Sunday-school room, looking too tired or discouraged, or both, to rise and go home.

'Still here, Miss Jennie?' asked a cheery voice, as the pastor entered the room. 'How goes the school?'

'Not very well, I am afraid, Dr. Colter. Indeed, I am thinking of giving it up.'

'Never!' said the doctor emphatically. 'What is the trouble?'

'I am too inexperienced to meet the necessities of the case. How to keep the restless little bodies in order and the restless little minds employed, to say nothing of the little hearts that need nourishing,—these are the problems that I cannot solve.'

'The next best thing to having our needs supplied is to have an idea what our needs are. So far, your list is encouraging. Have you asked advice of others?'

'Yes; and one says, "Just tell them stories—that's all such tots can understand." Another says, "Fill up the time with singing." I do tell stories—the Bible lessons are the most wonderful stories!! But I am afraid in trying to make them vivid, I fail to make them bear on the children's lives. They listen as if to a new kind of fairy tale; then, when the application comes, at the end, they lose interest. I teach them to sing, but I do not know where to go to select new songs, and they are tired of the few suitable ones I have been able to discover. Some one told me it does not make any difference about the words, so the tune is lively. But I cannot agree with that view.'

'Miss Jennie, I will tell you what to do. Go to the primary union. It meets every Saturday afternoon in the Eastwood Church. I think you will find there the solution of all your difficulties.'

So, on the next Saturday afternoon, Jennie went to the Eastwood Church. She felt quite nervous about it. Would all the other teachers look very wise and superior? Suppose the president or somebody should ask her a question! 'I would never go

again,' was her mental answer to this horrible supposition.

But nothing terrible happened, after all. The teachers all looked bright and friendly and helpful; she was met at the door with a pleasant word of welcome, and there was a home atmosphere about the room that put her at ease at once.

A little song was taught, during the opening exercises, which was just what Jennie wanted, and she was delighted to hear that she could buy it at the table in the rear of the room. It was in a book of other gems, that seemed to have been written specially for her children, she gratefully thought. 'Such a moderate price, too,' she murmured, remembering her slender purse. 'Perhaps I can afford to buy some of the pretty cards I saw on the table.'

The lesson! Somehow Jennie became a child again as she listened. She discovered that the application was not kept for a dry and solemn part at the end, when the children were tired, but was given in telling bits all through—loving, tender bits that brought the tears to her eyes, with the longing, 'Oh if I could only teach that way!' Not that she wished to appropriate the very words or mannerisms of another—she was too honest for that—but to catch something of the plan, the working out of the lesson—this would mean so much for her. There was an illustration, too, she could use to advantage, and a simple drawing put on the board. 'I believe I could do that, with a little practice,' she said to herself, in happy surprise.

In the prayer she was drawn very close to the Lover of children, and realized anew that she and her little ones had place in his arms.

'I am glad I came,' she said impulsively to the stranger at her side, at the close of the meeting.

'I am very glad, too. Will you not come regularly? Let me tell you what you will find here—not only hints and helps all along the line of your work, but a loving sympathy, which, when you have once experienced, you will not be willing to do without.'

'Thank you; I am sure of it,' answered Jennie heartily. 'I will give my name to the secretary to-day.'

## My Treasure is Safe.

Love gave me once a treasure,  
A treasure very rare,  
With eyes of heaven's own blue,  
And lovely golden hair.

Love knew I longed for comfort,  
And so the treasure sent;  
Love came and took him from me,  
Since only he was lent.

Love knows my heart is weary,  
And I long to leave this sphere,  
To join my darling treasure,  
Where I shall shed no tear.

There is an aching void,  
Which never can be filled,  
Until I reach the other side,  
And with that joy be thrilled.

That joy that I shall know,  
When my darling I shall meet,  
And live forever with him,  
Right at my Saviour's feet.

Love took away my treasure,  
Because he knew 'twas best;  
Sometimes in calmer moments  
I feel that I am blest.

I feel that I am blessed,  
Because my treasure is there;  
And when I leave this earthly home,  
I will the glories share.

For God is love; I know it,  
He leads me every day,  
And with His love to guide me,  
I can never go astray.

P. M. WOODMAN.