

## THE INDIANS.

And the stranger paused, and viewed her more,  
And beheld her as none had beheld before.  
Such purity, loveliness, all combined,  
Partaking her draught from the all divine.

And he turned his face from that way-side Inn  
For a new channel of thought opened up to him  
For a man of culture he once had been  
Surrounded not by temptation, and free from  
sin.

And it brought him back to his mother's knee,  
When in childhood he had asked her to "pray  
for me ;"

And she prayed that her son might only grow  
To be God's messenger here below.

He grew in stature firm, and tall,  
A handsome man he was called by all ;  
And his mother had called him her joy, her  
pride.

The day that he brought to her home his bride  
Then he thought of the grave-yard far away  
Where side by side four graves were made,  
And he knew that his all was buried there,  
His mother, his wife, and his children fair.

And as he thought of those other days  
When he had not been to the wine a slave,  
He had viewed himself, as he had viewed the  
rose,

With his manhood wrecked and in tattered  
clothes.

And weeping, that great, strong man sat there,  
And his grief seemed greater than he could  
bear,

But he had learned in that long ago  
Of one who had loved his strength and aid to  
bestow.

And he sought for that aid in earnest prayer,  
And the Father heard, and a message came  
there :

One that spoke peace within that soul  
Go weary one, watch and sin no more.  
This little messenger seemed the rose  
So much for a simple flower to disclose.  
But he took a lesson from that flower,  
And a Christian lived from that very hour.

And he tried to teach as 'twas taught to him  
Of a pathway pure, and free, from sin  
By only partaking of what was given;  
For man but needs the gifts of heaven.  
O we are all teachers as was this flower,  
Teachers by influence, if not by power,  
And who would not a teacher be  
When so much was learned of a little rose tree.

O man of influence, wealth, and power,  
Your mission may be like this sweet flower  
To reach some brother, to teach some good,  
To lift up poor fallen brotherhood,  
It may be to teach it within your home  
Or it may be when over the land you roam,  
You may teach in silence as did the rose  
And what are your teachings God best \*knows.  
MYSTIC.

Chauncey M. Depew said at a meeting in New York City, 4th mo. 2nd, in the interest of the Indians, that our system of dealing with them had come down to the present time from two methods, practised by the Puritans and Dutch. "The Puritan method was to steal the Indians' land and shoot them if they objected and tried to recover it, and the Dutch method was to buy Manhattan Island for \$24, and then take the money away from them for fear they would spend it for drink." I think this method is about on a par with the man who hired his son to go to bed without his supper for one cent, stole it from him in his sleep, and then whipped him the next morning for losing it.

C. M. Depew further said : "When the Indians comprehended the situation and fought against it in their own way the whole world was horrified at the atrocities of savage warfare." "He thought if the audience he was addressing had been isolated on reservations with nothing to do, and then brought in contact with the worst elements of our civilization, they would have deteriorated as rapidly as the Indians. He spoke urgently for work and Christianity as the only two elements that would cure the Indian trouble" While in company with Robt. S. Haviland, on a recent religious visit in Bucks county, we saw many Indians employed by Friends, who gave them the name of being reliable and industrious. They were from the Carlisle School in Penn, where there are about six hundred, mostly boys. The managers of the school like to send them out among the farmers in order that they may learn what will be of practical use to them when they return to their tribes. It was hard to realize, when seated at the table with them, that they really belonged to the savage race we have been wont to associate with the tomahawk and scalping knife.

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