

“Me give Jesus my blanket, too. Poor Indian he got no lands to give Jesus—the white man take them away. Poor Indian got no more to give,”

The preacher replied, “Jesus is now risen, and is in heaven at the right hand of God, and He can and will make rich those who believe in Him.”

The poor, ignorant, but generous child of the forest bent his head in sorrow and meditated. He raised his noble brow once more and fixed his eye on the preacher, while he sobbed out, “*Here is a poor Indian, will Jesus have him?*”

A thrill of unutterable joy ran through the soul of the preacher and of the people, as this fierce son of the wilderness now sat, in his renewed mind, at the feet of Jesus. Reader hast thou given thyself to Christ?

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Oh, what rest, what happiness for the poor soul, when he sees he has to do with One who has conquered all enemies for him, and in whom he has treasured up all glory for him! Before he came to the consciousness of this, the book of his daily transgressions appeared to ascend up before God black with the catalogue of his offences, on every leaf of which was written, “Sin, sin, sin.” But now these blackened characters are effaced, and on each page is transcribed, in letters of blood, in the blood of God’s dear Lamb, “Love, love, love.”