



GOD IS SPEAKING.

BY IDA FAIRFIELD.

speaking, ye have heard Him in the zephyr's gentleness,
in the mournful music of the sea shell's thrilling moan,
in the babbling of many waters, in the hushing of the brook,
in the forest's softest murmur, in some still, secluded nook,
in the humming, and the dashing, of the crested cataraet's roar,
in the surging of the ocean, on the dim and distant shore.

speaking, ye have seen Him, looking down in purest love,
in the blue, unclouded regions, of the holy Heavens above,
in the reflection, in the pale moon's silvery light
in the glimmering of each jewel, on the starry brow of night,
in the flood of golden glory, from the day-god's gleaming crest,
in the sweeps in silent splendor, down the crimson-curtained west.

speaking, ye have heard Him, in the whirlwind's voice of
the roar of the thunder, when the storm-bird hovers near,
in the lightning's wing,
in the clouds, which rushing onward, a sable shadow fling;
in the tempest, in the wintry whirling sheet,
in the gorgeous Autumn in a shroud of snow and sleet.

speaking, ye have heard Him in the rustling of the leaves,
in the branches of the forest, a mighty garland weaves,
in the grass upon the lull side, in the pine tree's nodding pume,
in the hum of the meadow, in the cypress's bow of gloom,
in the humming of each insect, and warbling of each bird,
in the wild, enchanting music of the upper world is stirred.

speaking, ye have heard Him, ye may hear Him yet again
in the deeper comes unbidden, to the consciousness of man
in the myriad language of nature, by His own all-powerful Word,
in the stirring of His Spirit, have the harp at hearts been sur-
rounded with His warmth, from the paths of sin and shame,
in all, in reverence bend, to praise His holy name,
at New-York.

THE INDIAN FRIEND,
AND THE WHITE MAN'S GRATITUDE.

BY RASSON E. RICHARDS.

As a very warm day in the month of June,
as I was travelling thro' the beautiful coun-

try, lying along the bank of the Great Miami River,
that I chanced, while passing through a wood, to
stray into a by-path, and did not discover my mis-
take, until I was aroused from my reverie by the
sudden growl of a dog, when, upon looking up, I
discovered an old man kneeling upon a mound of
earth. He started up at my approach, and seemed
somewhat surprised at the sight of a stranger. As
he raised his head a big tear drop fell upon the back
of his hand, which he soon brushed away, and then
waited for me to speak.

"Your pardon, my most venerable sir," said I, "I
did not purposely intrude upon your silent and devo-
ted retreat. But I lost my way, and was not aware
of the error until your faithful dog warned me of my
too near approach."

"No intrusion, young sir, I assure you, for I fre-
quently stop to weep over the loss of a very near
and dear friend when I am passing through these
woods."

"Who, may I ask if I am not too inquisitive, is it
that lies buried beneath these sods, that has been so
dear to you?"

"Ulowah!—as true an Indian as ever breathed the
pure air of Heaven!"

"What good action did he perform, that has so
endeared him to you?"

"Sit down under the shade of this wide-spreading
tree, and I will tell you a truthful story."

This I readily assented to, as I was very fond of
listening to a tale, especially if it was an adventure.

"A great many years ago, when I first emigrated
to this country the Indians were very numerous,
and were very hostile to the white settlers, and instan-
ces were not unfrequent that whole families were
massacred. But there was an Indian in one of the
tribes, whose friendship I had procured by many acts
of kindness; this one was Ulowah! One day, not
thinking that Indians were near, I left my wife and
child at home, and went about a mile to procure the
assistance of a neighbor, to roll up some logs, and
after being gone about an hour, what was my sur-
prise, on coming in sight, to see my house on fire.
Breathlessly, I rushed in, expecting to see the

corpse of my wife and child. On entering the house
I saw two corpses, that of Ulowah, and one of another
tribe; but God be praised! my wife and child
were unharm'd! Mary, with the child in her arms
was standing in one corner of the cabin.

"The first thing for me to do was to extinguish the
fire; this was easily done, as it had not got to burn-
ing very rapidly. The cause and death of Ulowah,
I had from the lips of my wife, which I will relate in
her words.

"Soon after you went away, Ulowah came here,
sat by the fire and commenced smoking his pipe.
After sitting in his usual silence, for some time, he
said:

"Pale-face in great danger!"

"What do you mean by that Ulowah," said I.

"Ku-no-we-ta have snake tongue, he will kill
white squaw soon."

"How do you know, how did you find it out?"

"Ulowah have ears and eyes."

I knew it was useless to question him farther.
He sat in silence a short time, and then said,

"White man save Ulowah's life. Now Ulowah
will help the white squaw when Ku-no-we-ta comes
to scalp her."

At this moment the door was burst open, and Ku-
no-we-ta was before us with a large club and knife.

In an instant, Ulowah was before him, face to face,
with a knife equal to that of his antagonist. They
clenched, but short was the struggle, for they both
received a fatal blow, nearly at the same time, and
there they lay, just as they fell.

The evil Ku-no-we-ta I buried in yonder swamp;
but Ulowah! I buried on this little knoll, under
the tree, and frequently do I stop by his grave,
and pour out my gratitude in a plentiful flow of
tears."

When the old man had finished his story, I bid
him good-bye, and left the place, with marked feel-
ings of respect; and often since then, do I recall the
old man's story of his Indian friend.

A faithful and lasting friend may be gained,
By noble acts of love and charity.
—Maume River Times.