

## THE INDIAN'S GIFT TO JESUS.

IN a portion of America from which the red man has now been driven, a meeting was held in a wild forest. The theme of the preacher was "Christ and Him crucified." The preacher spoke of the love of the Good Shepherd who came into the world to seek and to save the lost. He told how this Saviour met the rude buffetings of the heartless soldiers, and the mockery and scorn of the ungrateful Jews. He drew a picture of Gethsemane, and the crucified Nazarene bleeding upon the cross. He told his wild congregation how the kind Jesus was stricken, smitten of God and afflicted; wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities. He told the Indians, that all men like sheep have gone astray; all have turned, every one his own way, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all; and the Lord Jesus, as a Good Shepherd, lay down his life for the naughty sheep.

Soon there was a slight movement in the assembly, and a tall son of the forest, with tears on his red cheeks, approached the pulpit, and said, "Did Jesus die for me—die for poor Indian?"

"Yes," said the preacher. "Jesus died for sinners."

"Me give Jesus," replied the Indian, "my dog, my rifle."

"Jesus," said the preacher, "does not want those gifts."