

ME.

'M a little mariner
Out on God's tide.
My little ship has masts
of pearl;
My little silken sails
unfurl
Before the merry winds
that curl
The laughing waves
that bear me on—
On through the tender, rose-lit morn.



'M a little lamb
Seeking God's fold.
The lovely hills of morning
wear
A velvet richness. The
sweet air



Of downy meads and pastures fair
Beguiles me; but I must press on;
My Shepherd Lord will call me soon.

'M a little private
In God's own ranks.
My little ears have
caught the din
Of striving earth, and
from within
I hear a voice:—"Fight
ambushed sin;
Tread out God's foes!" It spurs me on
To heavenly gain through victories won.



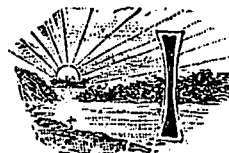
'M a little student
In God's great
school.



—Out of the dewy
east arose
A storm that
wrenched my lit-
tle bows;

But now I know that he who chose
To smite and save, will bear me on—
On through my tasks till day is done.

'M a little wanderer
On God's highway.
—The love lit
morn, the frag-
rant dune,



The little task, the fray of noon,
The tramp till eve, and—day is done!
(Is victory won?) Results live on
In skies that know no set of sun.

MRS. E. C. WHITNEY.

REV. THOMAS HENRY TIBBLES.

We cannot place before our readers the story of "Bright Eyes" on another page without giving them at the same time the sketch of the life of her husband, the Rev. Thomas Henry Tibbles. His interest in the Indian question may be said to be an inherited one, for his father, son of an English settler in Ohio, was carried away when only five years old by a band of Indians and remained with them until he was eighteen. When only nine years old Henry Tibbles lost his father, and about nine months afterwards ran away from the man to whom he was apprenticed because he would not endure his ill usage.

At the age of sixteen he enlisted in the famous John Brown's company, and during the years 1855-56 was actively engaged in the contests between the Abolitionists and slave holders, when he rose to the rank of captain. Once he was captured and sentenced to be hanged as an Abolitionist but was released by the Free State men.

John Brown, continues the *Christian*, from which the rest of this sketch is taken, asked Mr. Tibbles to join him in the Harper's Ferry expedition, but the latter pointed out the folly and crime of the undertaking. It proved the last wild struggle of that noble hero of freedom for man.

At the close of the Free State conflict in

Kansas he returned to the East to finish his education. The Civil War broke out in April, 1861, and his educational course would have been finished in June, but the first blast of the trumpets drew the student from his books, and he offered his services to the Government. During the four long years of the war's continuance he was an active participant in many of the actions which have now passed into history. At the close of this Civil War Mr. Tibbles betook himself to journalism and missionary work, the first to supply his temporal wants, the other in obedience to a strong spiritual impulse. He sought in some measure to supply the spiritual wants of districts desolated by the late war, and supplied himself with a large tent for preaching in. He travelled many miles over the trackless prairies to minister to the rough settlers in the outlying districts, and gather in the neglected and still heathen Indians, to speak to them of a Saviour's love. These were months of hard toil, exposure, and even danger. There was safety among the so-called savage Indians; but among the white population there was a set of ruffians called bushwhackers, who had cast aside all the restraints of law and order to work their own cruel will.

In 1861 Mr. Tibbles married an English lady, the grand-daughter of Sir John Owen of Bristol. She was a refined and highly-educated lady, but accompanied her husband in his tours, and she was imbued with a true missionary spirit, and frequently displayed great courage under trying circumstances. She died in 1878, leaving two daughters.

Mr. Tibbles considers his labor in behalf of the political freedom and religious life of the Indian nations, or rather of the few remnants of tribes that are left, the great work of his life. He has now been engaged in it for nine years, and it was when prosecuting this work that he first met Inshta Theamba (Bright Eyes), who had been called from private life to advocate the interests of her people. They were married in 1881.

Mr. Tibbles for many years previously had been taking an active interest in the Indians, and when the incident happened which first involved him in the Indian dispute, he characteristically took up their cause with the same ardor with which he had rushed into the war of freedom; and although the only liquid spilt has been ink, and the only weapon wielded a steel pen, it has required as much courage and far more endurance to fight the bloodless Indian battle, than ever was required in the sanguinary contests between North and South.

The peculiarity of the Indian question lies in this, that an Indian is neither a citizen nor an alien, but, through a legal fiction, a ward—i. e., a person incapable in law of regulating his own property, or of knowing what is good for himself; consequently a special Bureau had been created, with an official at its head, called the Secretary of the Interior, whose sole duty is to take care of the Indians.

In Great Britain, wards, who are either "infants" or imbeciles, are looked after by the Court of Chancery. Now, what would be said if Court took possession of the property of one of its wards, which act had recently been confirmed by the Vice-Chancellor, and bestowed it upon another person, not because he had any legal claim to it, but simply because he wished to possess it; and then relegated his ward to, say, a hay-field in a neighboring county, setting a policeman over him with orders to take him into custody if he dared to climb over the fence, or to shoot him if he offered resistance. Be it remembered that the ward can make no appeal, as he has no legal existence in any court. This is a rough illustration of the manner in which the Indians in the United States of America have been treated by the Secretaries of the Interior; and the contention of the Indian Citizenship Society has been to demand for them the rights and privileges of citizenship and the constitutional acknowledgment that the Indian stands on an equality before the law with all other men born on the soil of the United States.

Mr. Tibbles was employed as assistant editor of *The Omaha Daily Herald* when a company of thirty Ponca Indians arrived as prisoners in the neighborhood of the

prived of their lands in Dacotah by so-called agents of the Government; their implements and goods taken from them; and they were then driven away to a distant section of the country called the Indian Territory, and there left by their escort without supplies, without money, without tools or implements, to get on the best way they could. The country was unhealthy, and many of them died miserably; as one of them said, "My son died, my sister died, and my brother there was near dying; we had nothing to do but to sit still, be sick, starve, and die." Out of 710 persons, 150 had died within a year.

With a feeling of desperation, and to save themselves from utter extinction, a remnant of the tribe, under the leadership of Machu-na-zah (Standing Bear), made their way to their friends, the Omahas, in Nebraska, who received them kindly, and gave them implements with which to till the ground, which also was bestowed on them by the Omahas.

The Poncas were engaged in peaceful occupations, when they were seized by the officers of the civilized Democratic Government of the United States for daring to escape from misery and starvation, and enter the sacred confines of law and liberty. The Poncas were taken away from their friends, the Omahas, among whom they would have been content to live, and were being hurried away to be again interned in the wilderness.

Mr. Tibbles was sitting at his editorial desk at 11 p. m., on March 29, 1879, when word was brought to him of the arrival of the Poncas. He did not get to rest till 4.20 a. m., but was up again at 7 a. m., when he started for Fort Omaha four miles distant, where the Indians were guarded as prisoners. He held a council at their camp, heard them tell their story, returned to Omaha in time to speak on the subject in several of the churches (it was Sunday), went to his office, wrote out an account of the council, and at twenty minutes past five next morning retired to rest. He was up again at seven o'clock to attend a council of Indians with General Crook. Thus commenced the struggle which has been going on ever since. As many of the best men and women in the States are now thoroughly roused, and impressed with its importance and justice, it will never be allowed to die down till thorough justice has been done to all the Indian tribes living within the bounds of the United States.

During the whole contest Mr. Tibbles has never lost sight of the spiritual aspect of the question, as he is impressed with the idea that the acquisition of civil rights alone will not suffice; that if these are not combined with Christianity, the Indians may be saved from extinction, but will certainly sink down into moral and social degradation.

The question of civil rights is holding such a prominent place just now, that he can draw but little attention to the matter which lies nearest his heart—the religious welfare of his own tribe, the Omahas, and he fears that if they are left much longer in their present spiritually and educationally neglected condition an irreparable damage may be done. It was with a sort of feeling of despair, that he thought of coming over to this country and appealing to the Christian public of Great Britain. It is in the interest of the Omahas alone that he is now pleading, although this question is no less important to all the tribes, and there are still in existence 110 different tribes, speaking seventy-five dialects. Of these there are sixty tribes who have never yet heard the Gospel. Their old superstitions and tribal arrangements, which to the Indians were religion, law, and order, have been rudely overthrown, and unless something better is supplied they may lapse into a mere gypsy licentiousness of life and manners.

THE SPENDER.

BY EDWIN R. CHAMPLIN.

She took her lesson from the sun,—
That gave her wealth ere she beheld it,—
And gave a smile to every one,
And, if she saw a cloud, dispell'd it.
She passed away one summer day,
Just as the sun with smiles was setting;
And left this lesson: Rich are they
Who live for giving, not for getting.
—*Sunday-School Times.*

HE WAS ONLY A DOG.

He was a brindle cur, and had nothing about him to excite admiration. But, as he stood shivering under the "L" station, at Fifty-ninth street and Third avenue, his loneliness and entire misery drew a sympathetic glance, now and then, from a passer-by. He did not appear to be a city dog, he seemed too shy and ignorant of city ways for that, and he looked anxiously in the face of each new-comer, as if seeking a friend. But none came. He tried to get on a surface car, but the conductor yelled and a passenger kicked at him; so he sneaked into the lee of one of the iron posts, and shivered more miserably than before. Two little girls came along, and stopped a moment to speak to the "poor doggie," who attempted a little wag of the tail in response. Then they patted him, and spoke kindly to him, and so cheered the poor wail that he whisked about them, and whined for joy. A heavy, lumbering brewery waggon bore down on them. With the rattle overhead, and the Babel of noise about them, the two little tots did not heed the rapidly nearing danger, nor hear the shout that went out to them from the sidewalk. But the homeless dog did. Springing between the children and the advancing horses he barked, his shrill treble rising high above the clamor of the street. It was all done in a moment. The waggon rolled on; the children, spell-bound with fear, stood still; the dog, in a last desperate effort to repay the kindness shown him, hurled himself at the advancing horses. One child is brushed aside, and the other clutched by a friendly hand, as the horses swerved at the dog's attack. The brewery waggon went on its way, rocking and swaying, and two tear-dimmed little faces peered out from the sidewalk at a little heap on the stones of the street. Their defender had given his life in grateful remembrance of their kindness. He was only a dog; he knew no better.—*New York Herald.*

HIS WORDS LIVE.

Nearly two thousand years ago a little man, contemptible in appearance, named Paul, was driven by a guard of soldiers back to his cell, in one of the great prisons of Rome. He belonged to a poor and despised sect, and, because of his faith, had been scourged and tortured that day before Nero.

When he should go out from his cell again, the torture would end in death. He had fought the fight, he had finished the course, he had kept the faith.

He thought that he had found a secret for which men of all nations had searched since the world began. It was a word of life—the hope, the promise beyond the grave.

But if he had found it, the world about him apparently did not care. His flesh quivered as sorely under the thongs of Nero's lictors, the stones of his prison were as gray and hard, the blue grass-flower in his path smiled as brightly in the sun, as though there were no such momentous unspoken secret.

He wrote a letter in his cell to a young man named Timothy, whom he loved, and in those dying words the hope and meaning of his life spoke plainly.

A few days later he died in torture. How, nobody even cared to remember. The insignificant little prisoner may have been devoured by the wild beasts or burned slowly to death, a living torch to light Nero's gardens. The same blue-grass flower still lived in the path, smiling up to the sun, and the stones of the prison frowned gray and unchanged. But he was gone.

To-day the flower blooms no more inside the prison. The prison has vanished. The great stones are dust and have passed a thousand times into trees or living flesh. Imperial Rome itself has gone. But the words which the little prisoner wrote that day have lived through the ages and have quickened countless souls into hope and action.

There are things in the world which perish and there are things which endure. This history may help some girl or boy in the beginning of life to understand what it is that dies and what it is that shall and must last.—*Youth's Companion.*