

INDIAN BOYS AND INDIAN CHARACTERS.



F all the Indian tribes with which I have come in contact, says a writer in the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, the Comanches are the best horsemen. They seem to be able to cling to the side of a horse like a fly, and hurl arrows under their



horses' necks at an enemy on the opposite side. A Comanche can run his horse at full speed and readily pick up any thing from the ground, such as a hat, a bow, or an arrow.

They are likewise fine marksmen, and can shoot an arrow with unerring accuracy. As soon as the boys are old enough to spring a bow they begin to practise, and it is astonishing how readily they familiarize them-

selves with its use. Once I saw a number of boys shooting at dimes ten paces off, and I do not remember that a single one missed his aim. They enjoyed the sport very much, for each one hitting a dime was permitted to keep it. It was real fun for the boys, but expensive to those who furnished the targets.

They learn to ride their ponies almost as soon as they can walk, and hence it is that they become such expert horsemen. It was not until late years that they had to attend school, and before that their entire time was taken up in preparations to fit themselves to be great and efficient warriors. Their natural instincts, supplemented by a certain degree of intelligent observation, give to them certain powers not possessed by white men.

This is illustrated by a story told of an old Indian. On his return home, one day, he discovered that some one had stolen his venison, which had been hung up to dry, and he set out in pursuit of the thief, whom he tracked through the woods. Meeting some persons, he asked if

they had seen a little old white man with a short gun, accompanied by a small dog with a short tail. On being answered in the affirmative, and upon being assured by the Indian that the man thus described had stolen his venison, they asked him how he was able to describe so accurately a man he had never seen.

The Indian replied: "The thief I know is a little man by his having made a pile of stones to stand upon, in order to reach the venison from the height I hung it standing on the ground; that he is an old man, I know by his short steps which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods; and that he is a white man, I know by his turning his toes out when he walks, which an Indian never does. His gun I know to be short by the mark the muzzle made in rubbing the bark of the tree on which it leaned; that his dog is small, I know by his tracks; and that he has a short tail, I discovered by the mark it made in the dust where he was sitting at the time his master was taking down the meat."

IF.

If any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter;
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word;
And take my bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale,
To set the echoes ringing.

If any little love of mine
May make a life the sweeter;
If any little care of mine
May make a friend's ease fleet;
If any lift of mine may ease
The burden of another,
God give me love and care and strength,
To help my toiling brother.

—Selected.

A HOLY TALK.



MISSIONARY from South Africa said he one morning saw a converted African chieftain sitting under a palm tree, with his Bible open before him. Every now and then he cast his eyes on his book and read a passage. Then he paused and looked up a little while, and his lips were seen to be in motion. Thus he continued, alternately to look down on the Scriptures and to turn his eyes upwards towards heaven.

The missionary passed by without disturbing the good man, but after a little while he mentioned to him what he had seen, and asked him why it was that sometimes he read and sometimes he looked up.

This was the African's reply: "I look down to the book, and *God speaks to me*. Then I look up in prayer, and *I speak to the Lord*. So we keep up, this way, a holy talk with each other."