

them is like trying to get to heaven by my own strivings and doings. But the precious blood of the Lamb of God can take away all my great sins, and open the way for me to glory." This is what the Bible is teaching dark and ignorant men all over the world; and how eagerly they often long and search for the heavenly light may be seen in another simple but touching story.

A missionary to the Indians of North America, now Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, relates: "One who had been a heathen red man came 600 miles to visit me in my home. As he came in at the door he knelt at my feet. He said to me, 'I kneel to tell you my gratitude that you pitied the red man. I was a wild man living beyond the Turtle Mountain; I knew that my people were perishing; I never looked in the face of my child that my heart was not sick. My fathers told me there was a great Spirit, and I have often gone into the woods and tried to ask Him for help, and I only got the sound of my voice.' And then he looked into my face in an artless way, and said, 'You do not know what I mean. You never stood in the dark and reached out your hand, and took hold of nothing. One day an Indian came to my wigwam and said to me that he had heard you tell a wonderful story at Red Lake; that you said the great Spirit's Son had come down to earth to save all the people that needed help; that the reason why the white man was so much more blessed than the red man was because he had the true religion of the Son of the great Spirit; and I said, 'I must see that man.' They told me that you would be at the Red Lake crossing, I came 200 miles. I asked for you, and they said you were sick, and then I said, 'Where can I see a missionary?' I came 150 miles more, and I found that the missionary was a red man like myself. My father, I have been with him three moons. I have the story in my heart. It is no longer dark. It laughs all the while.'"

THE INDIAN WOMAN.

That which touches every feeling of my nature is that this blessed Word of God reveals to my aching heart a personal Christ and a personal Saviour. A few months ago I met in a northern forest a blind Christian Indian woman.