

INSHTA THEAMBA OR "BRIGHT EYES."

MRS. T. H. TIBBLES.

"Bright Eyes" is a North American Indian, daughter of Inshta Muzze, "Iron Eye," the head chief of the Omaha Tribe. At the time of her birth the Omahas were a wild tribe of Indians, scarcely advanced beyond the Stone age, and it has been a wonder to all who have become acquainted with her, especially to those who believe that man must advance by slow stages of progress, to see this Indian girl all at once appear in the highest circles of society in the States, speaking to audiences of the highest culture, in a way to command the attention of the closest thinkers. It demonstrates beyond contradiction the truth of Paul's saying, that all men are of one blood, and that the untutored savage, placed under the influences of Christianity and surrounded by the environment of civilization, may become the equal of races who have an inheritance of a thousand years of culture behind them.

The Omaha tribe inhabited a large tract of country in the north-eastern part of what is now the State of Nebraska. When the first missionary arrived among them, he was kindly received. Her father, the head chief, was the first man in the tribe to unite with the church, and from that day to this he has used all his energies to secure an education for his children. He sent "Bright Eyes" to the little mission school, where she first learned English and acquired the merest rudiments of an English education. While at this mission, a Government agent of the Indians suppressed the school, and the children were dispersed and sent back to their tents and lodges.

A lady who had become acquainted with her, thinking it would be a pleasant thing to have a little Indian girl for a correspondent, asked her to write to her. Letters passed between the two for some months, when "Bright Eyes" in one of her letters expressed her ardent desire for an education that she might be able to teach and help her people. The lady showed this letter to Miss Read, of Elizabeth, in New Jersey, the principal of a fashionable ladies' boarding school. Miss Read offered to take the little Indian girl and educate her, and notice was sent to her father. He immediately accepted the generous offer. "Bright Eyes" went, and at the end of two years she took the first prize in English composition, in a competition where the daughters of some of the wealthiest and best educated people in the United States were her competitors.

The two years after her first return to her tribe she often refers to as the saddest of her life. Here was a young girl, the only educated person in the whole tribe, without friends, penniless and unsupported. What could she do for her people? The tribe, in the meantime, had been moved to a reservation. The Omahas could no longer follow their original occupation of hunting. They knew nothing of agriculture, they had no implements or tools of any sort to cultivate the land with, and the greatest destitution reigned everywhere among them. Her own family were often suffering from hunger, and there seemed to be no hope for the future. In the treaties made with the tribe, the Government had bound itself to their education, and two miserable day schools were in operation, the teachers being ward politicians, without any qualifications for their places. She resolved to apply for one of these day schools. The authorities in Washington paid no attention to her letters.

At last she wrote them saying that the Government professed to desire the education and Christianizing of the Indians, but their whole dealings seemed to indicate their desire utterly to exterminate them, and if no attention was paid to her letters she would make an appeal for sympathy in the public journals. The letter was a caustic epistle, and brought an immediate reply from the authorities at Washington. The Commissioner said he could not appoint her unless she could furnish certificates of a good character. (The thing had never been required of any other employee in the Indian service.) Certificates were immediately furnished by the missionaries who had lived upon her reservation, and from the principal and teachers in the school in New Jersey. A position was

given her in one of these day schools, but the salary was reduced from \$40 to \$25 per month.

Under the Government regulations, as an employee in the Indian service, she was entitled to a house to live in. She took all her younger brothers and sisters into this house, and the first regulation she made was that not a word of the Indian language should be spoken in this house except to old people,—realizing that their only hope in their contest with the whites was to acquire the English language. Her younger sister, who recently took the highest honors at an Eastern college, and was presented with a fifty-dollar gold medal by one of the leading members of Congress, never spoke a word for some weeks in any language while in the house; but, after once trying to speak the English, she rapidly advanced.

Besides her duties as teacher of the day school, she organized a Sunday-school, and out of her meagre salary saved enough money to buy a few singing books and a small cabinet organ. The children of the tribe flocked to the Sunday-school, many more than could crowd into the small school-room. "Bright Eyes" was superintendent, teacher, chorister, stoker, and all other things combined.

While thus engaged, a great wrong was

were made by this Indian girl. When the poet Longfellow met her, he declared in public that this was Minnehaha. When these addresses were printed in the public journals and magazines the universal criticism was that it was impossible that an Indian girl could write such things. A committee of the leading citizens of Boston, the Governor of Massachusetts being the Chairman, appointed a sub-committee, of which the Rev. Joseph Cook was a member, to request "Bright Eyes" to write a new lecture in their presence. This she did, the Rev. Joseph Cook taking up the sheets as she wrote them, and he made a public statement of the fact afterwards.

The question was too wide a one for one tribe. The principles she advocated affected the whole Indian race, and an agitation arose, which is still going on in the United States, to give to the Indians civil rights and the protection of law. For eight years the contention has gone on, until it may be said the public opinion of the sixty millions of the United States has been changed by the efforts of this Indian girl. But this contest was a political contest. It had to be fought out in Congress and in the courts. This has driven her away from what she regarded as a more vital question. She has constantly claimed that civil rights and civil laws and

God, and that he would hide his trembling by bold defiance.

Is there any one who says, "Let me die the death of the infidel and let my last end be like his?" Atheism may be carried as far as death, but that is the end of it. And often has infidelity retired in the hour of death, leaving its victim to the fearful facing of God and the judgment. Colonel Ingersoll said, in conversation with a clergyman, "Life is very sad to me; it is very pitiful. There isn't much to it." As to what lies beyond death, rejecting the Scriptures as of no authority, he confessed that he does not know. Of course he cannot know, refusing the only source of knowledge as to the future state. How pitiable the condition of one who thus chooses darkness rather than light?

A well-known clergyman has recently published an account of an interview sought with him by one who introduced himself as "a follower of Ingersoll," but in his unbelief was, as he confessed, "perfectly wretched." Being induced to search the Scriptures, and with his attention specially directed to three or four texts, he soon returned with joy, declaring, "I have found God and Christ, and am a happy man." Then he gave himself to the blessed work of leading others to the Saviour he had found. The peace that infidelity could not give was found when Christ, the Redeemer, was accepted.

What a beautiful departure was that of little Jennie Smith, only nine years old, as told by her grandfather, Rev. Dr. Joseph T. Smith, of Baltimore. To the members of the family she said, "I am going to heaven. I am sorry to leave you all, but Jesus has said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' and I want to go to him. I will be with him for ever and ever and ever." To the question, "Jennie, do you love Jesus so well that you are willing to go and leave us all?" "Yes," she said, "I love you all, but I love Jesus better." There seemed to be much of heaven about that death bed. Blessed child faith! Who would not rather go out of this world with the child trust in that Saviour who said that whoever would enter the kingdom of heaven must be as a little child, than with the dismal hopelessness of the infidel.—*Christian at Work.*

DILLY DALLY.

As sweet a child as one could find,
If only she were prompt to mind:
Her eyes are blue, her cheeks are pink,
Her hair curls up with many a kink—
She says her name is Allie;
But, sad to say,
Oft-times a day
We call her Dilly Dally.

If sent on errands, grave or gay,
She's sure to loiter by the way:
No matter what her task may be,
"I'll do it by-and-by," cries she,
And so, instead of Allie,
We, one and all,
Have come to call
This maiden Dilly Dally.

I think, if she could only know
How wrong it is to dally so,
Her tasks undone she would not leave,
No longer mother's kind heart grieve;
And then, for Dilly Dally,
We'd gladly say,
Each well-spent day,
"This is our own sweet Allie."
—Our Little Ones.

THE DEFECTS NOTICED IN ONE SCHOOL.

1. Half of each class faces away from the platform during opening exercises.
2. Not enough singing-books. Some boys' classes have none at all. Result, bad singing.
3. Superintendent began to speak before perfect order was secured.
4. In prayer, many scholars, both young and old, keep gazing around the room.
5. One small boy came in during prayer, walked to his class, and entering it, disturbed the whole class.
6. The lesson of the day was not read by the school or to the school.
7. Boys' classes, as a rule, too large. Teachers cannot hold them.
8. On entering school, superintendent came and spoke to me, but never offered me a book or a seat. I found a seat as best I could.—*Rev. A. F. Schaeffler.*



MRS. T. H. TIBBLES.

perpetrated by the Government upon a kindred tribe, and Mr. Tibbles brought suits in the United States courts to secure their rights. "Bright Eyes" was sent for, to act as interpreter in the High Court of Omaha. There she met the Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, Bishop Clarkson, of the Episcopal Church, and other men of national fame. All these united in urgently requesting her to go to the eastern cities, and make known the wants of her people. This, it seemed to her, was an impossible thing to do. She is naturally very timid and retiring. It took weeks of constant pressure brought by many of the leading ministers of the United States to induce her to agree to go. The first time she attempted to address an audience she broke down. The ladies of the audience gathered round her, and tried in every way to encourage her. She has never attempted since then to address an audience without her manuscript.

Upon going to Boston, her lectures attracted the attention of all the acutest writers and thinkers of that modern Athens of America. One of the most noted of them remarked that the truest things which had been said since the days of Aristotle, and the widest and most applicable of generalizations of modern times,

civilization, while absolutely necessary, would only end in the extermination of those aboriginal people, unless there were along with it the teaching of the Gospel of Christ.

Wherever she has spoken in the last few years in the United States there has been no hall or church large enough to hold the people.—*The Christian.*

THE INFIDEL'S DEATH.

A few weeks ago, in a Western town, an infidel lay dying. It is nothing strange that an infidel should die, since death makes no exceptions in favor of those who reject the Bible and deny the existence of God. But how did this young man die? In the days of his health he had tried to prove to himself and others that there is no God, no future state of existence for man. In his last hours he gave vent to imprecations and blasphemies so horrible, that a wicked and profane man who heard them could not help shuddering. What awful bravado! If he really disbelieved in the being of God, why should he spend his dying breath in blaspheming the Holy Name? It would seem as though the faith and the spirit of the demons were in the dying infidel, that like them he did believe that there is one