

A FIGHTER CONVERTED.

Basil Patras Zulu was born in Greece in the year 1804. He was a chief by birth and in very early youth was taken by the chief men of his people from his mother, his father having deceased, placed at their head and educated to war. The Greeks were then in active warfare against the Turks; who had for centuries tyrannized over their country. The boy chief being active, energetic and brave, led them to many bloody victories and became the object of such intense hatred on the part of the Turks, that before he was sixteen years of age a high reward was offered for his head. His course had been so marked with success that he was greatly beloved by his countrymen. His hatred of the Turks—as might reasonably be expected—was intense. He was one of the small band who cut a way through the Turkish camp at the battle of Missolonghi, leaving his pathway covered with fallen enemies and stricken friends. He had a strong passion for war, and on the battle-field manifested no compunction for the slaughter of his enemies. Though as a member of the Greek church he had at times prayed to the Virgin, he knew nothing of the heart-cleansing power of the blood of Christ, until awakened by hearing a prayer of a Moravian woman offered in his presence. His attention being thus called and his conscience awakened, he commenced the study of the New Testament. The fierce Greek soldier now found himself confronted by the sublime doctrines of the Gospel of peace and forgiveness. But the Turks—the bloody tyrants and insatiable plunderers of Greece—even Jesus Christ and his apostles would not have mercy upon them: so he thought. At length his eyes were opened to see the truth by the words "Love your enemies." Leading his Moravian instructor to his apartment and pointing to the text Matt. v, 44, he exclaimed with deep emotion "Love your enemies! Love your enemies! I see it now!—even the Turks! It bids us love our enemies, even the Turks! EVEN THE TURKS!" He became a devoted Christian, a lover of peace desiring the good of all men, even the Turks. He died in 1844. Nearly his last words were, "O Lord, my trust is in thee. I am thine, do with me as seemeth right in thy sight."

Thus we see "The proud Greek chief, the fierce warrior, hating his enemies, through the grace of the Lord Jesus, transformed into a loving, peaceable, forgiving Christian," walking in obedience to the injunction "Do good to them that hate you," and "pray for them that despitefully use you."

It has been truthfully said of him:—"The world took little note of his death; but a far higher, far more heavenly glory attends his memory than if he had been stricken down in some of his scenes of mortal conflict, and had been chronicled in stirring poetry with the Marco Bozaris of his fatherland."

WHAT DO YOU SAY?

When our people get angry and manifest spite,
When the press and the pulpit declare we must fight,
When the nation is roused and excitement is great,
Would a Peace man then dare his opinion to state?
When the leaders of thought proclaim popular views,
And leading church papers are filled with war news;
While our students are taught like real soldiers to drill,
We raise one plain question, Is it Christ-like to kill?
When to list as a soldier and parade with a sword
Is counted more honor than work for the Lord,
While our warriors are praised in oration and song,
Will we listen to Jesus when he says 'tis all wrong?
To refuse to bear arms seems proper and right
For those Christians who deem it unlawful to fight.
If preachers and Quakers and women go free,
Should there not be exemption for you and for me?
Our purest, best people put their trust in the Lord;
They travel all lands without pistol or sword;
They declare His protection both perfect and strong,
That servants of Christ can not fight, for 'tis wrong.

WHAT FRIENDS BELIEVE.

William Penn says of the Friends or Quakers
"They affirm that Christianity teacheth to beat
their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into
pruning hooks, and to learn war no more; that so
the wolf may lie down by the lamb, and the lion
with the calf, and nothing that destroys be entertained
in the hearts of people; exhorting them to employ
their zeal against sin, and turn their anger against
Satan, and no longer war one against another; be-
cause all wars and fightings come from men's own
heart's lusts, according to the apostle James, and
not of the meek Spirit of Christ Jesus, who is
captain of another warfare, which is carried on with
other weapons. Thus, as truth-speaking, succeeded
swearing, so faith and patience succeeded fighting,
in the doctrine and practice of this people. Nor
ought they for this to be obnoxious to civil govern-
ment, since if they cannot fight for it, neither can
they fight against it; which is no mean security to
the state. Nor is it reasonable that people should
be blamed for not doing more for others than they
can do for themselves. And, Christianity set aside,
if the costs and fruits of War were well considered,
peace, with all its inconvenience, is generally prefer-
able. But though they were not for fighting, they
were for submitting to government; and that not
only for fear, but for conscience sake, where govern-
ment doth not interfere with conscience: believing
it to be an ordinance of God, and, where it is justly
administered, a great benefit to man: though it has
been their lot, through blind zeal in some, and inter-
est in others, to have felt the strokes of it with
greater weight and rigor than any other persuasion
in this age; whilst they, of all others, (religion set
aside) have given the civil magistrate the least oc-
casion of trouble in the discharge of his office."

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

CHAPTER V.

THE UNWELCOME MESSAGE.

"Wilt thou look this over, and if approved, forward it to the Department?" said Thomisy addressing the Agent, and handing him a piece of writing.

"What is it?" asked the Agent as he took it.

"A statement of the compliance of the Kiowas with their engagement," replied Thomisy, "which I have written out, in order to show the Department the injustice of violating its pledge made to them, on account of wrongs committed by Modocs."

"I approve of the motive," replied the Agent, "and will forward it to the Department; though I have little hope of its doing any good."

"It may not, but we shall be clear," said Thomisy.

"At any rate I have felt best satisfied, having been with them in their camps, to give the information, which I have a better opportunity of knowing than any one else. It may be some satisfaction to reflect upon in camp, especially should I be detained there for some time."

"Thoe still thinks of going to camp then?"

"I certainly do; I fear the consequences of that message reaching them through any other channel."

"I hope Thomisy, thee has counted the cost, and will not enter too rashly upon such an enterprise as bearing that message to the Kiowas," said the Agent.

"I have endeavored to weigh the subject in its various bearings, and while I keenly feel, and fully appreciate the dangerous nature to myself, of being the bearer of so unwelcome a message, and believing that the Kiowas, with such other Indians as they can induce to join them, will at once go on the war path, and, unless some counteracting influence can be exerted over them many lives will be sacrificed on the frontiers, I have been brought to a willingness to go with it."

"But" interposed the Agent, "unless the possible influence for good, should in some degree exceed the probable—almost certain risk to thyself—would it not be wisdom in thee to remain here?"

"It may be folly in me to go," replied Thomisy "but I have been placed in camp by the Government, in order to exert what little influence I can over this people, and feel that it would be highly culpable in me to desert my post on the first appearance of danger."

"Although the Government has placed thee there it cannot be expected of thee to go, under the circumstances as they now exist; and I want thee to understand distinctly, that while I leave thee at liberty to act as may appear best to thee, I withdraw on behalf of the Department, all requirement of thy again returning to so dangerous a post."

"As to the danger" replied Thomisy "if the Indians go on the war path—and they assuredly will unless some restraining influence outside of themselves is brought to bear upon them—there will be

little choice between the Agency and the camp.

Besides I feel that duty requires it, and I dare not do otherwise, let come what will."

"Duty is duty," said the Agent, "and God is able to protect as he may see meet, all whom He may call into danger, as they are obedient to His requirements." "I believe it is of His requiring, and I shall hold myself in readiness, whenever opportunity presents, in which I may have suitable company," replied Thomisy.

Although Thomisy often traveled alone without hesitation, yet now knowing it was several day's journey to the Kiowa camp, and he unacquainted with the rout, there was danger of becoming hopelessly lost, unless he had company who were well acquainted with the country, and the fording places of the streams.

"What news from Satanta and Big Tree?" was the abrupt salutation of a stalwart Kiowa chief as he rode up to the office, a few days after this conversation. This was Dangerous Eagle—brother of the imprisoned chief Big Tree; "No news" replied the interpreter, who had not been informed of the Washington message. "No get off alone you help" exclaimed he after an ineffectual effort to dismount.

"Heap tired—no get off mule all the way from Kiowa camp—ride fast all day—all night—all day to-day—no sleep—oh! heap tired."

With the assistance of the interpreter he succeeded in dismounting, but being unable to stand, fell to the ground, where he lay with his face downward while another Indian stepped upon his back, and tramped him from neck to ankles, back and forth for some minutes until the cramped muscles were relaxed and he could rise to his feet and come into the office.

Dangerous Eagle had come in from camp, on the very eve of the great annual Medicine Dance of the Kiowas, with the vain hope that their imprisoned chiefs might join the tribe, and be present at this the greatest of Kiowa festivals. This takes place upon the falling of the cottonwood seed, which had already begun to fall, and consequently could no longer be deferred.

"Can I go with you to camp?" asked Thomisy.

"You want to go?" was the questioning reply.

"Me ride heap fast— you no ride so fast—may be kill—you wait—tomorrow Zip come with two women, they no ride so fast you come with them."

Dangerous Eagle soon left for camp, intending to go in the same rapid manner he had come. Zipcoh or Zip as he was better known arrived the next day and Thomisy accompanied him and the two women on their return to camp. After a rapid and most fatiguing journey of three days, without halting except at night, crossing the North Fork of Red River twice, and the Sweet Water near its confluence with the former, they arrived at the encampment.

This camp was very large, consisting of over six hundred lodges, which by counting six individuals