

EDUCATING THE INDIAN.

After getting my tent erected in the Kiowa Camp on the Washita river and school started, notwithstanding I had the approbation of the chiefs of that portion of the tribe with whom I was encamped, yet the young men, the warriors of the tribe, together with the War chiefs and many or most of the old men looked upon my work for the children as an innovation upon their ancient customs, and my teachings as opposed to their traditions, and as a consequence ought not to be tolerated among them. They therefore commenced a system of annoyance which they evidently intended would have the effect of causing me to desist from my work with the children. The same day on which I opened my school, while engaged upon the ground with the children showing them how to handle the pencil, several warriors entered the tent unobserved by me, as my back was toward the entrance. All at once the children threw their slates and pencils front them and in apparent fright, scrambled for the entrance. One little girl shook my arm as she rushed by me, at the same time, pointing upward. On rising to my feet and looking the direction she pointed, I found one of the warriors with his face hideously painted with red and black standing with an uplifted hand-axe above my head in the apparent attitude of striking. With a fearful epithet in broken English, appeared to have concentrated his muscular force to give a fatal blow. I instinctively, as it were, seized his uplifted arm and exerting my strength swung him around so that his back was turned toward me. Then with my other hand I seized his left arm from behind his back and saying to him that I should permit no such talk or actions in my house began marching him toward the entrance of the tent, not observing the other warriors present. In putting him out of the tent, his foot caught at the bottom fastening of the entrance and he fell upon his face, upon which a loud peal of laughter burst upon my ears from inside the tent, awakening me to the fact that there were others in it. These went quietly out and I saw no more of the man who had fallen upon his face for a long time. Some time after, the principal chief of that camp and myself received an invitation to his lodge to breakfast, though I knew not it was his until I entered it, where I improved the opportunity of giving him my hand and we were ever after firm friends. Notwithstanding the favorable conclusion of this circumstance and the establishment of my reputation in the tribe for bravery, the young men continued their annoying demonstrations by coming in and abusing the children assembled by kicking them, and sometimes even driving them out. I told them that my house was open to all Indians so long as they behaved themselves, but I should not allow them to abuse the children and if they persisted in it, I should put them out. As they continued from time to

time to abuse the children, I put two others out: whereupon, they made complaint to White horse, their chief, who had but just returned from a raid upon the frontier settlements of Texas or Colorado, I do not remember which. The following morning while alone, sitting upon an inverted camp kettle writing, White horse entered my tent with his bow strung and three barbed arrows in his hand. I rose up and greeted him with the usual friendly salutation and offered him my hand which he refused, telling me in the sign language that one of us must die. I answered him by signs, 'One of us die? No,' at the same time with a firm voice ordered him to sit down, pointing to the camp kettle. He glared at me a moment and then sat down without speaking. I observed that he turned his eyes toward a chart containing a large painted picture of a jaguar so I at once pointed to it and asked him (by signs) if he had ever seen it. Taken by surprise by so sudden and unexpected a question he answered vocally 'yes.' I knew then that his "medicine spell" was broken and commenced conversation on various subjects as though I had not understood the meaning of his signs when he first entered. We continued in conversation for some minutes, during which time, I maintained a constant watch of his every motion. At length he unstrung his bow, put his arrows in his quiver, gave me his hand, and left my tent. The first time we went to the Agency after this, Whitehorse rode by my side. Before leaving, he informed the Agent, through the interpreter, of his coming to my tent in anger and intending to take my life because of my having put some of his young men out. But according to his own statement, my medicine was too strong for him. "Everybody knows that I am a mighty dangerous man," said he "but I can not stand before Thomises medicine." Thus bearing an involuntary testimony that there was a power that held him back from accomplishing his design and giving me an opportunity of explaining to him why I had treated his young men as I had done. Ever after White horse treated me with respect and his young men never after abused the children in my tent.

T. C. Battey.

We know of but one anthem composed and sung by angels, and that most harmoniously combines the glory of God in the highest, with Peace on earth and good-will to men.

A plant must live in the sunshine, a fish in the water, a man in the air, and a disciple of Christ must abide in Christ.

War is necessary only as every other sin is necessary. War is murder. No species of plausible reasoning can prove it otherwise than a clear violation of the command, "Thou shalt not kill." The facts that it is deliberate, and sanctioned by custom and the authority of a nation, so far from palliating its guilt, only increase it. Joseph A. Collier.