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Crawford

**A FRIENDLY VISIT
TO OUR
INDIAN STATIONS**



1914

**WOMAN'S AMERICAN BAPTIST HOME
MISSION SOCIETY**

2969 VERNON AVENUE, CHICAGO

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A FRIENDLY VISIT TO OUR INDIAN STATIONS

IN the year 1912 the board of managers of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society requested Miss Isabelle Crawford, who had been doing general work for some time, to make a visit to each of our Indian fields and study not only the work now being done there, but also to spy out "land yet to be possessed."

With the great desire to see Amos, the son of Lucius, who was rapidly failing in health, Miss Crawford went directly to her former field, Saddle Mountain, Oklahoma. The Indians were overjoyed to see her and their characteristic manifestations of delight under the peculiar circumstances were pathetic.

Of this principal incident Miss Crawford gives a graphic and touching description, under the title of

THE PASSING OF AMOS, SON OF LUCIUS

The camp was six miles from the mission. It was composed largely of the nearest of kin, about fifty in number. As we drove up, dogs innumerable rushed upon us, but slunk back as the Indians flocked from the tent villages.

Death was hovering near, so the greeting was almost silent. A few of the older people took me in their arms and their hot tears fell upon my shoulders. One by one others came to take my hand, drop it, and suddenly turn to the west. There was an outer circle of motionless figures wrapped in blankets, with bowed heads, too stricken to extend a welcome. Lucius was not among their number. Poor Lucius! Holding back till he thought the rest had extended their greetings he staggered from an arbor, weak from exhaustion and with face swollen from weeping. Seizing my hand, as if to lean upon it, he, too, abruptly turned from the radiant sun and gazed through blinding tears, off toward the tent where his loved son lay. At last with an effort and a trembling hand, he lifted my conversation tube to his lips. There was a long suppressed, "Oh," followed by, "I am — so — glad — to — speak into this once more. Jesus — has — answered — our — prayers. You have come in time. My — poor — boy — is — alive — yet."

Suddenly there was a succession of shrill screams and Mokeen, his poor old father, rushed frantically into the crowd. Gathering his "white papoose" up in his arms, he turned away from the sun toward the tent and gave himself over to uncontrollable crying. Smothered sobbing filled the air and the beaming sun looked down upon a scene of indescribable pathos: little groups of weeping Indians facing the sunset and a white tent, apart from the rest, trying with Christian fortitude to say, "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him."

As soon as I could gain control of myself I signed, "Wait! Let us all try to stop crying," and pointing to the tent I walked with Lucius toward it, followed by Akometo, Doyemah, Spotted Horse and a few others.

Poor little Amos! Wasted to a skeleton, and with every feature distorted, he looked at me with eyes that spoke of intense suffering. There was a long steady gaze of silent recognition and slowly a faint smile lit up his countenance. Then Minnie, his faithful wife, slipped away and Lucius took her place at the bedside. The parched lips moved. Lucius bowed his head and raised it bravely in a few moments. A sad silence followed. After several attempts the message was finally given. "Amos — Amos he say — Amos he says to tell you — how glad — he is — to see your — face — once more. When — he heard you were coming — he asked — everybody — to pray — that his life — might be spared — till you got here. Jesus has — answered our prayers — you — you — are the one — who brought him — into the road — the Jesus road — and now — that — he — has — seen — you — he — is — ready — to — pass on — to — the — beautiful Home." Poor Lucius! How he ever interpreted it, I do not know.

As soon as I could speak I bowed over the death bed and said in a clear, slow voice: "Amos, dear" (the eyes looked up into mine), "it is kind of Jesus to bring me to you in time. I am glad to see you. It won't be long now till you leave for the Beautiful Home. Jesus will meet you at the door and you will find inside waiting for you your dear little mother, Mabel, your little daughter Grace, the little brother and sister and many more. How happy all will be to welcome you home." Such a glad smile passed over Lucius' face at the mention of Mabel, the wife he adored, that I could not go on. The white lips moved; Lucius kept his head down a long time after they were still. This is what he heard: "When I get — there — I — will — tell — them — how — kind — everyone — has — been — to — me; and — I will — thank — Jesus — for — sparing — my — life — to — see — her — face — once — more. My father — I want — you — to — pick up — the Jesus — work after — I — am — gone — and — push — it — like — you — used — to — before — she — left." The dying eyes looked first at Lucius and then at me. The senses were failing, but Christian consciousness was alert.

Smoothing the hair tenderly back with both hands, Lucius arose. The wife took his place. The old woman nurse, at the other side of the bed, walked round and folded me in her arms. All wept silently. Outside a great awning had been placed in front of the tent. Some seats had been arranged and many blankets spread upon the ground. Slowly and sadly, men, women and children gathered.

*What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear,
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.*

It was Amos' favorite hymn. He had translated it into Kiowa and now it echoed around his dying bed. Bravely it was begun, everybody singing, then one by one voices ceased and the rest sang louder. Over and

over again the words were repeated by little groups, here and there. As feelings became uncontrollable, others recovered and took up the strain.

*Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness —
Take it to the Lord in prayer.*

Never shall I forget the singing of that hymn. The sun was sinking toward the west. I sat on the ground talking to Mokeen. "Jesus has let me visit you once more," I sighed. "He has brought me in time to say goodbye to your dear grandson and to ask you once more to put your feet in the Jesus road." With bowed head, the tears falling on the withered grass, the old man sat dumb — thinking, thinking, thinking. Suddenly a hand was placed on both our shoulders and Lucius' voice said, "Ema!" (Come). Hastening to the tent, we found Lucius and Amos with clasped hands. Reaching for my 'phone, Lucius said, "He wants to give one more message to his grandfather." Mokeen bowed his whole body over a chair at the bedside and waited as if for the executioner's axe. The sunken eyes turned toward him, and in a voice scarcely audible, Amos said, "My grandfather!— You know — I love you — and you love me. My time — has come to leave — the earth. Will — you — promise to — meet me — in the Beautiful Home?" The eyes stared a while and then the drooping lids closed over them. Lucius broke down. I was perfectly helpless. Unconscious of wife, children, father and friends, his body racked with pain: Amos' last thoughts were for a lost soul. Sobbing aloud, the old man answered, "My dear grandson, I know that you love me and you know that I love you. I have held my heart back from Jesus too long — I hold it back no more, I give myself to Him now. I will meet you in the Beautiful Home."

A look not of earth passed over the dying face and again the thin lips parted. It was a long, long time before Lucius lifted his head and said between his sobs, "My dear boy — says — this — is — the — last thing — Jesus — has for — him — to — do on — earth. Now he — is ready — to — go on." Poor Lucius!

We passed out of the tent, and before the rising of the sun the spirit of Amos was with his Lord.

With the exception of the article above Miss Crawford's reports were not written with the thought of publication.

Following the death of Amos, Miss Crawford soon passed on to the Indian stations nearest Saddle Mountain. She writes of her visit to Watonga, where the Cheyennes and Arapahoes are located:

WATONGA

On July third, 1912, I said goodbye to Saddle Mountain, and took the train for Washita. After waiting at the station about half an hour, Bro. Treat appeared and we drove to Red Stone Mission, where we were cordially received by Mrs. Treat and little Alice. The Indians were all away.

Next morning we arose early and were soon on the way to the Washita mission near Anadarko, where we spent a very "sane Fourth" with Rev. Mr. Wilkins and family, enjoying native-grown plums, peaches and apples. The Treats returned to Red Rock the same night, but I remained at the mission and next morning took the train for Mountain View.

Bro. H. H. Clouse met me and soon we arrived at the mission. Everything about the place was in apple-pie order, the fences were all up, the buildings well painted, and the whole appearance of the place was A1. The Clouses have worked hard and the results are apparent. The older Indians came to church on Sunday.

On Monday I traveled on to Elk Creek. Bro. Halverson met me and took me not "back East," but to a "back mission." Poor old place! It was painted and patched up and neat as a pin inside but needing some repairs outside.

Many of the unreached Indians are in small bands scattered here and there all over our country, miles and states apart. To send missionaries to these small companies would be a waste of ammunition in that so many missionaries would have to be sent out in order to reach all, and then they would not have work enough to keep them busy. The thing to be done is to locate the bands and then stir up the local churches nearest and make the members see their duty to these neighbors. The Elk Creek Indians should be under the wing of the Baptist church at Hobart. The Indian church is only two and one-half miles from the town.

I slept in my old room at the mission, took a bath in good soft water, and thought of the time when I bathed in two and a half cups of water in the same room many years ago.

The Indians were all away except Lone Wolf and his family, who greeted me with old-time enthusiasm.

I spent one night at Clinton, and then went to Watonga. Bro. Hamilton met me, and I was soon at Miss Jayne's home, on the mission farm. Miss Jayne looked the picture of health and welcomed me most cordially. The mission is only a short distance out of town and Miss Jayne had planned such a nice "Training School Day," in one of the homes in the town. It was up to date, and such a lot of fine, capable, nicely-gowned, intelligent women attended. Miss Sue Howell and myself were the guests of honor, and were given a most cordial reception.

On Sunday morning I spoke to a splendid company of Baptists in the neat little church at Watonga, and I had to "boss" myself to keep from pointing out plainly their duty to that little Indian mission within walking distance of their very doors. I cannot help but believe that both whites and Indians would be benefited by such co-operation, to say nothing of the conservation of resources.

The Indians were all away; I did not see one. None called, none came to church, and none could be visited. We telephoned to Bro. King to see if I could visit his field, but his Indians were also away, and the whole visit to the Indians after leaving Rainy Mountain was made to the Indian missionaries and white Baptists. The Indians have not yet learned, like the Kiowas, that Jesus wants them to stay at home and work. I cannot make myself believe that missionaries can successfully teach the Indians

to stay at home and live orderly, cleanly, systematic lives, when they themselves are compelled to be on the road so much of the time. They cannot set a good example in many ways. My own plan, as you know, was to choose a good center and then work as far out as I could consistently. The Indians came to see how we lived, they were always welcome to go all over the house, look in every room, ask questions, and in this way learn that they must settle down to live and keep things outside and in clean and neat. One of the Indians in giving his testimony once said, "I try hard to live a Christian life, and my yard is a Christian, too."—splendid evidence that he was trying to live at home and to live aright.

If all the remnants of Indian tribes in this fair country of ours are to be reached with the gospel, it must be done through the united efforts of the local churches nearest the small bands, and the sending of missionaries to the larger numbers by our splendid missionary societies.

From Oklahoma to Arizona Miss Crawford journeyed to study the work of our missionaries among Hopis and Navajos and to discover if possible where other stations might be opened.

VISIT TO ARIZONA MISSIONS

ISABELLE CRAWFORD

First Mesa

After wading the horses through miles of sand, we at last reached the first mesa. Great boulders stood up here and there in the yard, the pony shed, outbuildings and corrals were stuck anywhere and everywhere, while the mission house and church seemed *planted* with a view to growth.

There is some difference between building on "solid ground" and on "sinking sand." We built *where we chose* at Saddle Mountain: Miss Johnson built *where she could*.

Certainly the church is a monument to Miss John's "free-masonry" ability. It is the prettiest church building in the district. Of light gray stone with art windows (one stained glass), it looks like a portion of a beautiful city church that angels had carried and deposited where it was needed more. I stared at its artistic beauty in blank astonishment and listened while Miss Johnson told me how she had stood upon the walls, day in and day out, directing the unskilled Indian workmen and cheering their drooping spirits. Imagine that frail little woman upon the church walls with lime and plaster and stones and Indians and line and plummet and faith in God!

The only blemish in the whole thing is the tower. To be in correct proportions with the rest of the building it should have gone up about four feet higher. But the money had given out, the Indians were tired, and the work stopped.

It is said that the Jews in building their homes always leave some little part unfinished to show that they look forward to a perfect home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Miss Johnson's work at the First Mesa is not finished. The work she

has bravely started here will extend beyond our mortal vision and find its completion "around the throne of God in Heaven."

Second Mesa

It was about sunset when we drove up to Sunlight Mission — another higglety-pigglety settlement founded upon a sand-pile! How the buildings keep from sliding down hill, I don't know! There they stood, the church, the hospital, the mission house and several Indian homes, while "all around was sinking sand!"

Mrs. Beeman and Miss Nelson met us at the door with faces beaming. They were so daintily gowned and their complexions were so beautiful that I thought they must have been the city angels who had borne the beautiful church on their wings. How glad they were to welcome their "country cousin" from "back East," and Miss Moody, driver of the broncho team from Keams Canyon Mission!

After supper, served on pretty blue and white china, we sat around and visited, *all missionary topics* were excluded, and the evening was spent talking and laughing and "spinning yarns." I think the girls made me tell them all the funny stories I knew, and I threw in a few "missionary experiences" that sent them to bed limping.

Next day, Steve came, and we visited all the villages upon the rocks. It was a wonderful experience. Burroos, hens and people all looked stunted as if climbing had dwarfed them. Women rushed into their queer dwelling places as we approached, and then turned and gazed at us with naked bosoms exposed, and faces that expressed the densest of ignorance. Dogs barked, chickens flew, and burroos gazed in stupid wonder, but the children "trailed us" some in "citizens' clothing," some in Eve's clothing, and some in bare skins. "Full dress" is never becoming, but in the case of the naked savage, I think it a step in the right direction. How thankful we should be that at our many, many "functions" we are once removed from the savages, no matter how little we may have on.

Upon entering one of the villages we met the inhabitants coming from a mountain top pond dripping with mud. They were returning from a mud fight, and how sorry I was not to have had a chance to participate in it! A young couple had announced their engagement, the relatives on both sides had repaired to the mud pond and there pelted one another with real, genuine mud, and clipped off the ends of each other's hair. One old woman I stopped and laughed with, was plastered from head to foot, and great chunks of her hair had been chopped off. Faces, hair, backs, clothes and every part of them were all coated over in chunks. The mud balls had been fired, and flattening on, wherever they hit, they stuck on in little mounds all over. Certainly all the natives looked as if they had had a good time, "taking no thought for the morrow what they should put on!"

As we traveled down the rocks late in the day, we visited "shrines" where prayers were made to spiders and snakes at stated times in the year when rains were needed for the crops.

The field matrons, Miss Abbott and Miss Badger, added much to the pleasure of our trips and proved very clearly that it is not necessary to be

a full-fledged missionary under appointment of some missionary board in order to do faithful Christian service for the King.

It is said that those Indians once were driven up the rocks by their enemies, and seeing how secure they were and how splendidly they could survey the maneuvers of their foes, they build their homes up near the sky, and have continued to live there generation after generation.

When asked to conduct family worship the morning after our trip, these were the words that were read:

“The Lord is my light and my salvation:
Whom shall I fear?
The Lord is the strength of my life:
Of whom shall I be afraid?
When the wicked even mine enemies and foes came upon me to eat up my flesh,
They stumbled and fell.
Though an host should encamp about me
My heart shall not fear.
Though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident . . .
For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in His pavilion, in the secret of his tabernacle shall He hide me.
He will set me up upon a rock.
And now shall mine heart be lifted up, above mine enemies round about me, therefore will I offer in His tabernacle sacrifices of joy.
I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.”

As I finished reading I emphasized the last words for the benefit of the brave missionaries, “Wait on the Lord! Be of good courage and He will strengthen your heart!”

On Sunday in the little Sunlight Chapel, after speaking to the “faithful few,” I asked for messages to send back to the Kiowas at Saddle Mountain who had sent to them the gospel. Listen to some of the letters handed in.

“To-night I will write a few words to your people. We are all thankful for the first money you gave to send the missionaries to Hopiland when we did not know anything about Jesus. Now we all know that He is the one who made us and everything in the land. So now we are all trying to live right so that we may be safe when Jesus comes.

“With love to you all,

“JESSIE HAYNE.”

“My dear Brothers and Sisters:

“I am glad Miss Crawford came to visit us. I was very glad to see her and the other Hopis were too. We all enjoyed her talk about your sending the missionaries to us. Now some of us know Jesus and have moved down off the rocks because some things up there were not good. We want to live the Christian way, and are happy now.

“I heard you lost Amos, and I am very sorry, because I know how I

felt when I lost my little girl. But we know Jesus helps us when we are in trouble, and we are praying for you.

"One of your 'spiritual papooses.'"

"STEVE INONESTWA."

To write of Sunlight Mission and not mention the name of the brave founder, Miss McLean, would be about as heathenish as to speak of Rainy Mountain and omit the names Reeside and Ballew. If all the D. D.'s on the continent should be rolled into one, that one would not be able to lay a more substantial foundation than that laid at Sunlight Mission by Miss Mary McLean, D. D. D. D. D. D. D. D. Think of it, no member of that church is allowed to smoke, dance, or play cards. It has gone ahead of the mother church at Saddle Mountain; although none of the deacons or officers of that church smoke, yet some of the members do. All honor to her "who bore the burden in the heat of the day" and *in the dark of the night!*

Keams Canyon

In introducing me to the churchful of Indian school children and government employees, Rev. Lee I. Thayer said, after describing these three missions and the Saddle Mountain work, "It gives me great pleasure to introduce to you the 'mother of us all!'"

When I was at the First Mesa, I said to Miss Johnson, "Who made all those shelves and that cupboard?" She replied, "Mr. Thayer." "Who made that dear little desk with drawers?" I asked Mrs. Beeman, at the Second Mesa. She replied, "Mr. Thayer." "Who made that splendid kitchen table?" I asked Miss Nelson. She replied, "Mr. Thayer." "Who made all the things you have in your room?" I asked Miss Moody, resident missionary in Mr. Thayer's home. She replied, "Mr. Thayer." If Mr. Thayer called me "the mother of us all" I feel satisfied that I can as truthfully say of him that he is the father, grandfather and godfather of every girl missionary on that lone, isolated, forsaken field, and if Baptists are ever allowed to have patron saints, he and Mrs. Thayer will be their choice, for already they are worshiped by them all.

In closing I wish to say that the Arizona work at *every individual mission* is work our society can well be proud of. It is all in perfect running order and directed by a perfect gentleman and one who thoroughly appreciates the untiring efforts of the four splendid missionaries who work so harmoniously with him.

The only suggestion I have to make is that Miss Johnson should have a helper. She is not strong, has the language, knows the people, and if a helper could be sent before she breaks down completely, trying to do two people's work, she could work on long enough to give the new worker such help and information it would otherwise take years to acquire.

Miss Myrtie Rayner of the class of 1913 B. M. T. S. was sent to Miss Johnson's assistance in the same year of her graduation, as an associate missionary. Miss Rayner is doing excellent work.

Miss Crawford proceeded to Nevada to visit the three mission stations among the Piutes. She writes as follows:

THE VISIT TO NEVADA

The State Convention was at Sparks — a convention composed of twelve churches and no associations. Mrs. Smith, the faithful state director, Miss Millspaugh, District Secretary of the Pacific Coast for our society, and Misses Corwin and Glick were all there, representing our work. Women predominated, as usual at such gatherings, and as usual, did more than their share of listening. Miss Millspaugh and I had an evening between us, and there was the best kind of appreciation and enthusiasm.

After the convention, a few churches were visited, and then we took in the Indian missions at Reno, Carson, and Fallon. Miss Corwin is a regular general all right, and if she holds out, will dot Nevada all over with Indian missions. Reno, like Elk Creek in my own experience, was her starting point, and from it she has felt her way on out to better points.

Fallon is a magnificent location for a good thriving Indian mission. It is just across the road from the agency and government school, and the Indians are settling on their allotments as fast as possible. They fill the mission on Sundays, and the sewing meetings are well attended.

Miss Corwin, Miss Ryan, and Miss Glick at Reno, are devotedly loved, and I nearly went "devotedly" wild when I found that they had to haul all the water they used two miles, except when the irrigation ditches were full. You ought to see Miss Ryan's hands. They look as if she chopped wood for a living. I imagine some people saying "Well! well! well!" at this, but it would be more to the point if another kind of a "well" were put in at Fallon. The mission is ten miles from the town, so of course the girls have a horse to help them haul the water, visit the homes, and do the general work of a pastor.

Miss Ryan was called East by illness in her home and Miss Mary E. Brown was sent to Fallon.

Besides the services on Sunday at the mission, we drove to town and had an afternoon service in the Baptist church at which there were perhaps fifty Indians present from the vicinity. The new pastor had sent invitations and there was a fine response.

To my mind, it seems evident that where there are small bands of Indians temporarily located, near towns like Reno, Fallon, Carson, Elko, and Lovelock, the local churches should look after them and let the full-fledged missionaries go to the reservations where there are so many more Indians and so much better opportunities of doing permanent good. Of course, if the local churches won't do their duty, whole tribes must be lost, I suppose!

Carson is another fine point, and here Miss Corwin is doing her best work. Stewart Institute is a big government school out of town, and with Miss Corwin located here with the children, and missionaries at the homes with the parents, anyone can see what the results must be.

As I took the night train back to Sacramento, I dreamed of dirty Indians, sand deserts, greasewood, sagebrush and burnt-up mountains, and two or three times I jumped up in my sleep to "fight it out" with Miss Corwin, who declared Nevada the most beautiful state in the Union. She

knew better, however, than to say that her Indians were better than the Kiowas.

With characteristic humor Miss Crawford describes her next visit which includes the stations Lodge Grass, Wyola, and Pryor, in Montana.

A VISIT TO THE CROWS

There are varieties of opinions regarding the education of our Indians. Some hold that they should be educated in non-reservation schools, others favor reservation schools, and again others, like Rev. W. A. Petzoldt and Rev. H. Treat, believe that the day school in the midst of their home surroundings is the solution of the whole vexed problem.

I myself have a very strong prejudice against the day school, believing that no ordinary Indian child will rise above its surroundings unless it is taken out of them and given a broader vision. I care not whether the school is on the reservation or off of it, so long as the child is *under constant instruction and watchful care and obliged to take regular baths in good soft water with hard soap*, not only once a week, but in some cases once every twenty-four hours! Good habits are generally formed at home, and if many a white lad has been handicapped all through life because these influences have not been elevating, what of the Indian child?

The Crows are the dirtiest Indians I ever laid eyes on. Their attempt to "fix up" after they become Christians is both pathetic and amusing. A big new sombrero hat with an eagle feather appendage often rests on the top of a head that carries innumerable "pigtailed" of coggled-up hair that looks as if it had never been combed out since it was created. A giddy silk handkerchief over the head of a woman may give her a gay, artistic finish, but back of it one can see eyes suffering from disease that might have been avoided by observing the simplest laws of health. Even the children's faces show that the red paint has been rubbed in, on top of the dirt, giving the whole a grimy appearance.

Bro. Petzoldt met me at the station with his brand new automobile the morning of January 9th. He was so changed for the better since I had seen him last that I said, "Hurrah for the automobile!" as I stepped on board and was transported to the first Indian mission I ever visited in proper style. There is another hard-working missionary and his wife who ought to be presented with an automobile. He has labored with more mules than any theological professor I know, and if anybody will take me up I will give the first ten dollars toward an automobile for Rev. and Mrs. Clouse of Rainy Mountain, Oklahoma.

Chivers Hall was visited first. School was in session, with Miss Wafflard as teacher. I was neither surprised nor disappointed. Everything was exactly as I expected to see it, but the missionaries' home, where Rev. Petzoldt and family reside, that exceeded my highest expectations. Art and beauty combine both outside and in to make a fitting dwelling place for the noble missionaries who are giving their young lives to the cause of the Master amid surroundings almost too repulsive to imagine.

A conference of all the Crow missionaries was on, so I met all our missionary girls at once, Misses Wafflard, Oden, Shaw, and Goodspeed.

together with a few advanced Indian Christians. There was a splendid "flock" of Crows out on Sunday, arrayed as Solomon in all his glory *was not*. But elaborate elk teeth trimmed dresses, silk handkerchiefs, beads, bracelets, rings, earrings, gaudy blankets, and feathers did not hide the dirt. It was there all right enough, in some cases painted in, in others left on in layers.

Bro. Petzoldt asked me to speak after the preliminaries, and I tried to make a strong talk on "The two big roads, the clean road and the work road." The Indians listened as only Indians can listen, but looked as if they had heard every word I had said before. At the close of the afternoon talk two men, cleaner than the rest, marched side by side right up to the front, as if they were going to take up the offering. "We have been talking together," said Bear Claw, "and to-day while you are here we two want to renew our consecration and cut off all the bad roads. My heart is open wide to-day. When you go back to the Kiowas, ask them to pray for us two men that we may keep our words with Jesus."

All I could think of as they walked back to their places was a long, lank, bleached cabbage that my father brought up out of the cellar once. It had responded to a streak of light that reached it from above, and had almost changed from a vegetable to a flower. Some day it will be said of many of these poor benighted Indians, "These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

An Indian came to call after the two services were over. "Two Whistles" was his name, and he certainly was a dirty-looking specimen. "I am half Crow and half Kiowa," he said. "I lost my arm on the war-path, and I have heard that the Kiowas took it back with them. I want you to hunt for it for me, for I would like my body all buried in the same place."

After a service in the school house for the white people after supper, I went down the line fifteen miles to Wyola, where Miss Oden and Miss Shaw are in charge of the work. They have a fine building, school and home combined, and the girls seemed very happy at their isolated station. Miss Shaw is the day school teacher, and about the same kind of work is being done as at Lodge Grass. To me every child looked as if it needed a good lathering of soap and water, with an "Old Dutch Cleanser" finish.

On the wall in the room I occupied this poem was placed in a prominent position:

*Lord help me live from day to day,
In such a self-forgetful way,
That even when I kneel to pray,
My prayers shall be for others.*

*Let self be crucified and slain,
And buried deep, and all in vain
May efforts be to rise again,
Unless to live for others.*

I made this my text for a "curtain lecture" in which I told the girls not to dare to live in such a "self-forgetful way" as to let themselves look

like "scare crows" or suffer their stomachs to collapse. How they laughed. I think I knocked all the sentiment out of that beautiful couplet for those two girls, at least. Miss Oden brought in some of her pretty clothes for me to inspect, and I was delighted to find that she had a brown silk made in the very latest fashion, and a crochet collar of the up-to-date style. Miss Shaw had pretty things galore, so the curtain lecture didn't "hurt."

An Indian service and one for the whites completed the program here, and then I boarded a freight train for Lodge Grass, where the Petzoldt family met me and away we went to the Crow agency and the Custer battlefield.

Pryor, where Miss Goodspeed holds the fort, was the next objective point. It was hard to reach. I had to go back to Billings, stay all night, take a train to a little tank station called Warren, and then drive thirty-five miles with the mail carrier. I reached the end of the day's journey just before dark, had supper, did my week's washing in a basin on a chair in my room, strung it out on papers on the stair railing to dry, and went to bed.

Sunday was a full day. At eleven o'clock there was a Sunday school for the white children, attended by many half-breeds. Then followed lunch and a meeting for the Indians in a government building not far off. Some of the natives were costumed in such a "self-forgetful" way that I nearly gasped! However, they sang and smoked and spit and drove out the dogs with such vigor that I caught the spirit and gave them a red-hot talk on cleaning up and going to work, making Christianity the inspiration to both, of course. At the close of the meeting, a woman dumped a whole pot of boiled rice out on the floor behind her, as if she had suddenly determined to pick up the "clean road."

The evening meeting for the whites was in the schoolhouse, and it was packed.

At seven next morning I was on the road again for civilization, carrying with me memories both sublime and ridiculous. Just think of those girl missionaries living that awful life *gladly*, while others think it a hardship to pay one dollar a year toward their support!

To Southern California and Auberry to visit Miss Schofield and Miss Christensen was Miss Crawford's next movement. She writes humorously of this experience as follows:

WITH THE MISSIONARIES AT AUBERRY

At six-twenty in the morning the train left Fresno, and at about seven-thirty four women and innumerable men with huge rolls of bedding got off at a cross station called El Prado. After waiting about an hour and a half, we boarded a freight train and were slowly carried toward the hills. The caboose had two benches nailed to the walls and on these the "specials" sat with all their might. One of the officials had brought his wife along, gowned in the latest, also an Edison phonograph, so she would not forget civilization. There were engines fore and aft, and freight cars for the men. A husky, rusty, agonizing screech from the engine next

door told us we were beginning to move, and the phonograph went off on a dance. Faster and faster everything went till the train began to swagger and the phonograph came down with hiccoughs. Suddenly there was a long, buzzy, croupy, wheezy sound, followed by silence, and the dance ended. The engines kept up their music — toot, toot, tooting, as they slowly but surely struggled upward. The one on ahead was “wrong end to” and the others were “to the wrong end.” Like some church members, it was hard to tell which helped and which hindered, but all were on the right track, doing something at least.

Up, up, up the mountain we went, snake fashion, sometimes seeing both front and back engines at the same time, and sometimes only able to see a yard of the track anywhere. In and out and round about, jolting, bumping and hitting things, we sped on, on and upward, toward greater heights. Below it was all billowy tops of trees, crags, water-spouts, perpendicular rocks, and the San Joaquin River, looking like a streamer of narrow green ribbon, waiting for a breeze to carry it upward from between the rocks.

The train stopped and the phonograph began, at the one station en route, where men in red shirts and “cut-aways” gathered to see who came. The official’s wife was the “observed of all observers” as she jumped from the caboose with the rest, in her pretty dress, velvet shoes, and picture hat. We ate sandwiches to the tune of a “Spanish fandango” and then away went the squeaking, whistling, wriggling train, till at last it slackened again at a little “coop” in the thickest part of the forest.

As the conductor helped me out, he looked round inquiringly and asked, “Was any one to meet you? Are you sure it is all right?” “Yes,” I replied, “it is all right. Which way is north?” A wave of his hand, a toot from the engine, and slowly the train swung itself on the trestle and was soon hidden from sight. For the second time in my life I found myself “all alone among Indians and no scared.” But where were the Indians? There was not the sign of any living creature in sight. Picking up my satchel and a sack of “good things” to eat, I followed a winding wagon track till my arms were tired, and then I sat down to rest.

The sun peeped at me, the trees bowed, and the mountains stood erect. Suddenly a yellow dog as big as a calf, followed by a smaller black one, came in sight, and then a big Indian in corduroys, red shirt, and sombrero. The dogs reached me first, and before I could scramble to my feet, they had licked my hands and face and rolled all over my lap, giving me a most cordial welcome. Bill Sherman, the interpreter, took my baggage and in silence led me to the mission.

Miss Schofield and Miss Christensen were not as demonstrative as the dogs, nor as undemonstrative as the Indian, but their faces fairly shone as they greeted me and led the way into their cottage home. Unfinished as it was, it was neat and clean and cozy, and the “yard was a Christian,” too.

The mission is built in a sort of slit between the hills. Trees wave to the right, to the left, to the north, to the south, far up, almost to the sky. Here and there as the eye penetrated the tall timber, glimpses of little Indian dwellings could be distinguished, filling the mind with wonder.

How and why do the Indians live up there? What do they eat? Where do they get water? What do they do? Have they heard the news?

What news?

The greatest news the earth has ever heard — the news that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.

Yes, they have heard, and sixty-three of these poor Monos have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Ninety-six of them packed the little church on Sunday and twenty-four in quick succession testified to the power of the gospel to save.

How did they hear?

Through the lips and lives of two faithful little missionaries who heeded the call of the Master and, "counting their lives not dear unto themselves," went "all through the mountains thunder-riven" ahead of the railroad, and "up from the rocky steep" till "there arose a glad cry to the gates of heaven" and they rejoiced and have kept on rejoicing ever since.

The recital or narrative we present with its varying humor and pathos needs no additional comment. It carries its own lesson. Joyfully these young women are giving the best years of their glorious womanhood to lead these simple children of nature to know Jesus Christ as the Saviour of men. They ask for no one's pity, but out of our own gratitude for the blessings with which we are surrounded shall we not give them our love, our earnest, heartfelt prayers, and our strongest and most active co-operation?



