

# CHRISTIAN NATION

"**RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION.**"

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A-TAK-O-NY, and Family.


DAVID, and Family.

"And these two, as I have told you,  
Were the friends of Hiawatha;  
Long they lived in peace together,  
Spoke with naked hearts together."

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door to receive offerings of flowers they had culled for me in their own little gardens. Some of the girls, also, made miniature cradles and presented one to me and one to my little daughter, Elveretta. These gifts were all very sweet to us for they were the evidence of our having gained their love.

The missionary and his helpers are undoubtedly overworked, so many unlooked for events happen. For instance, on the Friday before communion the women in the three houses, that is, Mrs. Carithers, Mrs. Robb and Aunt Joanna, had done an extra amount of work in preparation for the Sabbath, so that they would not be overworked on Saturday. But the rain came down in torrents on Thursday night as well as day, and the Indians' beds, as well as wood, were left floating in streams of water. Cold, wet and starving they spent Friday, for they could not make fire, and they could not butcher on account of the weather. Somehow it came to the attention of Mrs. Carithers, and soon a little group of women could be seen leaving her house with a bag under one of their arms which contained a loaf and a plate of roast beef, for beef is the necessary food for an Indian; even bread comes as a secondary article. Ere long her twenty-eight loaves of bread and all her meat were gone, and she had to bake biscuit and cook eggs for her own family. Aunt Joanna gave out 200 loaves along with meat, and Mrs. Robb emptied her larder also. They were empty but happy homes for they had attended to the necessities of two large camps full of starving men, women and children. Cramps and dysentery afflicted a great many during this time, and Mrs. Carithers and Mary and Mrs. Robb were kept busy helping Mr. Carithers in relieving the suffering. It was touching to see those great, stalwart men and women come and appeal to Mary, and to see her give them relief. They also come to Mary to get her to make the women dresses.

It is needless to state that everything is kept scrupulously clean in all the buildings, but in order to do so much work has to be done. The houses are rather small for so many and crowding is sometimes the result. When sickness visits the school there is no place in which the afflicted ones can be cared for except in the bedrooms of the workers. For instance, the room in which Miss Staley slept served as an entrance to the boys' dormitory, which is left open, near the roof, in order to have their sleeping room as near the temperature of a tent as possible, for fear of serious results when they have to sleep in such a place. Miss Staley's room is small, but cheerful, with an attic, which is unfinished, overhead, in which all their old clothes are stored and mended; for here is the only spot in which she can work in peace. When the epidemic of measles broke out she had to give up her room to the sick and when able she slept in the attic. Ten at one time were spread on cots in her room. Mrs. Carithers had a side porch of hers boarded up into a room, in order that she might care for a young girl suffering from tuberculosis, who the doctors said must not be permitted to mix with the other young people, for fear of contagion. Now think what it must be for Miss Staley to sit in a musty attic among old clothes, mending and sewing for twenty-five boys. Think of the stockings alone to be mended. In like manner Miss Thomas must care for her girls, with the added responsibility of having to carry around in her arms baby Willie, whose girl mother cannot know what to do for him. Plenty of clothes sent to the mission would prevent the necessity of mending clothes that are far spent. Shoes are among the hardest things to obtain. Then what shall we say of the beds, rough structures made

by the boys themselves, or the missionaries, like old-fashioned trundle beds. I asked the missionaries if these trouble makers did not harbor unwelcome visitors, and was informed that that was one of the things that required a great deal of their time and attention. Our congregations should contribute means to furnish both dormitories with single iron bedsteads. At present they are often compelled to place healthy children side by side in the same bed with one who is suffering from some skin disease. This condition should be changed through contributions for that purpose, at once, for there is need of all the regular contributions to meet the current expenses. The work is a most noble one and if we but care for these worthy children of God, we are caring for Him. Every care is taken by the teachers to keep the children in fine condition. Both in the girls' building and in the boys' are baths which are daily used. In the dining room beautiful vines and plants are growing luxuriantly, while Aunt Joanna had a beautiful calla lily which burst forth in bloom just as we arrived, and it was used by her to decorate the church; it looked so pure and lovely in front of the pulpit. Asparagus sprays were also used in decorating the dining room.

At the closing services on Monday it was announced that most of the children had won a prize by being present at every session of the school, and therefore their names were called out and on their way home they were directed to go to the chicken coop and receive their prize, which was a spring chicken for each. It was a funny sight to see the parents accompany the children to the coop for their chickens, for they have learned the value of eggs and chickens. After dinner we looked out again but the Indians had quietly folded their tents and stolen away.

I would like to tell you all about the delightful picnic we all enjoyed away up among the mountains at the head of the creek, just where the most delightful spring of water bursts forth with great force and forms around it a large pool, clear as crystal, which finds outlet in the stream known as Cache, and about all the delights of eating on the banks of the stream 'neath the delicious shade of trees whose branches formed arches overhead; of our climbing the mountains, securing cactus which are blooming in our garden to-day; of our return to the mission in the cool of the evening in the wagons; of our rising at 4.30 A. M. and going to Aunt Joanna's for breakfast at 6 A. M.; of our being accompanied twenty-five miles by Mr. and Mrs. Carithers, Mary, Fannie Thomas, and also Mary Staley and Maggie Walkinshaw, who were on their way to their homes; but there is only room to state the facts, leaving out all those delightful gems of thought expressed by those dear friends on these occasions; not even can we describe our delightful meal which we ate on the hill top overlooking Anadarko. But we have brought before you a few of the everyday occurrences at the mission, that you may have a better knowledge of it than you had before, and leaving them all lovingly in the care of our Heavenly Father, missionary and family and workers, along with Mr. and Mrs. Attacknie, Albert, and Lily, Yellow Fish, wife and family, David Pophwetic, Chauppie and family, Jane and her husband and children, George and Dick and their wives, and last but not least, Pawchokey the kind, with all the dear children of the school, we wish them Godspeed in the conversion of the whole Indian race, and the helping to build up Christ's kingdom on earth. May that glad day soon appear.

## Impressions of a Visit to the Indian Mission.

John W. Pritchard.

OUR WELCOME TO THE INDIAN MISSION.

Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,  
When you come so far to see us!  
All our town in peace awaits you;  
All our doors stand open for you;  
You shall enter all our wigwams,  
For the heart's right hand we give you.  
Never bloomed the earth so gayly,  
Never shone the sun so brightly,  
As to-day they shine and blossom  
When you come so far to see us.

—Hiawatha.

On the morning of Saturday, June 10, 1899, our party—Mrs. Pritchard, our daughter Elveretta, Rev. Dr. J. C. McFeeters, and myself—reached Anadarko, two thousand miles from home, the jumping-off place for passengers desiring to visit Cache Creek Mission. We had remained over Friday afternoon and night at Chickasha, an hour's ride on the cars east from Anadarko. At Chickasha we got our first sight of the "real thing" in the way of Indians, a man, and two women each with a baby, all very gayly appareled. But, unless right after they have received their "grass money," Indians are not a too common sight, we judge, even in Chickasha, for the white children who live there were excited over the presence of this little company, and more eager, I observed, to see them than to be seen of them. Chickasha is an Oklahoma town of five or six thousand people, unincorporated, and hence without city laws or officers of any kind; but it will not remain so long for it is filled with enterprising people, is directly on the main line of the Rock Island Railroad, is in the heart of a large and rich area of country, and is growing rapidly. Mr. Carithers is well known in Chickasha, and, as a matter of course, very highly esteemed. He had been there some weeks before our arrival and bespoke the choicest entertainment for us at the leading hotel in the city, and when you learn that the city is only a few years old that the business part of it, in the rainy season is in a mud-hole, and that anything like a system of drainage is unknown, you will be able to appreciate with us the thoughtful, loving kindness of our great-hearted missionary in taking care to provide for us in the event of our having to make a night's stay there, and you will be ready to anticipate that the city's chief hospitality, under the most favorable circumstances, is different from the Waldorf of New York or the Brown Palace of Denver. I am certain the proprietor gave us the principal guest chambers. In our room much of the paper which in other days may have clung affectionately enough to the walls, was missing, and the remnant hung on reluctantly. A stove pipe which in a colder season had pierced the floor was gone, but there remained the gaping wound in the floor through which the internals of the public room below were both visible and audible through the night; and footsteps along creaking hallways suggested the possibility of the place being haunted. And yet, by his gentlemanly and courteous attention, immaculately clean bedding, and surprisingly good dining service, my host made us, even in this rookery, feel comfortable and contented. After an early and enjoyable breakfast, the proprietor of "Grand Avenue Hotel" accompanied us in person to the train and with many exhortations to assure Mr. Carithers that "he had done his best for us," as indeed he had, we bade him good-bye, noting as we did so that the Indians whom we had seen in the street the day before were boarding the train with us. And in an hour, on the morning of Saturday, June 10, as I said before, we



MAGGIE WALKINSHAW



FANNIE E. THOMAS



ALBERT (THE INTERPRETER)



ALICE CARTHER



MARY L. STALEY



JOANNA SPEER

1899

HELPERS  
AT THE  
INDIAN  
MISSION  
CACHE CREEK  
OKLAHOMA



GEORGE O. ROBB and FAMILY



KATE C. MCBURNEY

RSAMENT  
DES.

reached Anadarko, the jumping-off place.

It was pouring rain; but our Indian fellow-passengers, who got also off at Anadarko, regarded it not. Anadarko is the point to ship to when you have anything for our Indian Mission. It is on a new branch of the Rock Island, starting at Chickasha, and was opened in February last, and is probably twenty miles nearer to the mission than the former shipping point—Rush Springs—on the main line.

Mr. Carithers was to meet us at the depot, but a messenger soon appeared with word that he was up in the village putting a second cover on the wagon, and would arrive shortly. We learned that Anadarko has a population of not too many; you could probably count all the people twice over with three figures, and the chief citizen is the Government agent. Located close by in different directions are various Indian missions—the Methodist, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, etc. Our own is the only one pitched in the heart of the prairies, separated on all sides by more than a score of miles from any white settlement, alone with the Indians and with God.

Presently Mr. Carithers drove up in a four-horse covered wagon—doubly covered, as noted, the more perfectly to keep out the rain. Another wagon followed, for our luggage, in charge of one of the first fruits of the mission—good Paw-cho-key, whose mother, finding the Jesus road at the mission in her old age, and seeing the door of her Father's house standing open one day, passed in. Paw-cho-key was once a fighting Indian, in feathers and paint, but he saw a great light, like Paul, and now he is fighting the good fight.

I had rechecked our luggage at Allegheny, Mansfield, Chicago, El Reno, and Chickasha; but amidst the general rejoicings of the meeting with Mr. Carithers, I forgot that we had any luggage and were driven away to the mission without it.

The six hours' ride over the prairie from Anadarko to the mission was without incident, but not without interest. There are folks who know everything. One such sat on the seat with Dr. McFeeters on the road from Chickasha, and told him, with the confident tone of a western rain-maker, that the rain would stop before eleven o'clock. As we drove away from the village beneath the steady downpour, we told Mr. Carithers what we had found out. I think he was incredulous. It is one of the trials of life that so many people are cynical. But the prophet, by the way, had his revenge. By eleven o'clock, with wagon covers down, and under a dry sky, we were enjoying the ride, the sunshine, and the cooling and refreshing effect of the morning shower.

Our first ride over the prairie was attended with novel and royal delights. Our road lay along the old trail, where wagon wheels had cut deep scars in the earth. Prairie dogs, in their little villages away off from the road, stood in wondering groups until we had passed, as children gather to watch a procession. Familiar flowers, as morning glories, were seen grown to giant dimensions, suggesting wonderland. Meadow larks, more beautiful than any we had ever known, came up close enough to say good morning, and then flew away. Once a solitary cowboy, mounted, was seen on the brow of a hill, driving his cattle. The prairie is fenced off into vast pasture fields, and the fields are full of cattle owned by big cattle dealers and herded by the cowboys. The prairie cattle are like the cowboys in this, that they are addicted to the use of the horn; and city folk, when they learn the prairie cattle's vicious ways, are satisfied to admire them from the wagon seat. As for the buffalo, all that remains to remind one of

that once majestic denizen of the prairie, is the buffalo grass. Occasionally we would come to a line of timber, where we were certain to find "the streams of water." It is a figure of growth in grace. Strong men and women grow up and bear fruit whenever the irrigating streams of living water flow, as at the Indian mission. "He shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water."

Having finally crossed over Cache Creek, and from a rise in the ground got a view of the mission buildings, as from Pisgah was seen the Promised Land, we were suddenly confronted with a small troop of horse galloping toward us, mounted by Indians. The meeting gave rise to unpleasant sensations, as memory called up the account of such "surprises" read of in the histories of pioneer life. But these grim memories were at once drowned in the tide of good feeling as we learned our first lesson of the kindness of the Indian when his confidence has been won. As they went sweeping by us Mr. Carithers said: "Those are some of our mission boys come out to welcome you."

#### FACING DIFFICULTIES.

That man who, bearing precious seed,  
In going forth doth mourn;  
He, doubtless, bringing back his sheaves,  
Rejoicing shall return.

—Ps. 126.

The Hand that led Abraham to a goodly land, led our missionary to the site for the mission. It is like Jerusalem, beautiful for situation, with hills round about; and water, timber, and building stone close at hand. There are eight buildings. Six of these, the church, the school buildings, the laundry, the farmer's house, the barn, and the boys' dormitory, stand in a semi-circle around the missionary's home, with the pump-house midway between all.

The nearest house is a long way off, and the plain stretches north, south and west to the hills, from five to fifteen miles distant, and on the east to Anadarko. A few miles from the mission buildings on one side, toward Anadarko, flows Cache Creek, and a few miles away on the opposite side, toward Fort Sill, flows Medicine Creek. These streams are perennial, and at flood tide, after heavy rains, overflowing, like Jordan, all their banks. At such times, by reason of their rushing, irresistible current, they are not fordable, and there being no bridges, the mission becomes utterly isolated. This condition set in shortly after our arrival, and continued sufficiently long to keep away from the communion some who live on the far away side of Cache or Medicine Creek.

Thrilling stories are told of attempts to cross Cache Creek when the banks were full. They remind one of Crockett's tale of the young Scottish preacher, Douglas Maclellan, crossing Skyburn in a Lammas flood. He had intimated that he would preach the night at Caulshaw's, across the hills, on "Whatever thy hands find to do, do it with thy might," and neither bogs filled with black peat water nor flooded, rushing burns could detain him; but even Scotch grit and muscle are impotent in Skyburn during a raging flood, and only the hand of Providence was able to save the lad, and draw him "out of many waters."

One such experience our missionary had at Cache. Coming to the creek on his way home at night without knowing that it had suddenly risen, he attempted to ford it with his team. Before he could realize his danger his wagon was caught in the current, and his horses were vainly pawing the far bank, tugging at the load. He could only imagine his situation, for in the awful darkness he could see nothing. He felt that in another instant the horses would be

drawn into the flood and himself be hopelessly submerged beneath the overturned wagon. It was a moment of fearful danger. Thinking quickly he reached down and pulled out the coupling pin, thus loosing the team from the wagon; at the same instant he leaped forward onto the wagon tongue, and taking hold of the horses, was drawn up the bank to safety.

But there are also perils from drouth, when the land is parched, as in the days of Ahaz; the cattle growing faint from hunger, lie down by the empty watercourses and die. The cattle men figure that it will cost them less to allow some to thus starve, than to provide feed for all.

And there are perils from snakes in the grass, from the tarantula, and from wild animals, as the wolf and the panther.

We were surprised to learn that there was no peril from the Indians. There are bad Indians, vicious Indians; but the prevalent notion that every Indian reckons every white man as his deadly foe, to be killed on sight, is not according to the facts. In truth the ordinary conception of the Indian character must be reversed in almost every particular, except as to his immorality. In morals he is unutterably base; but the encouragement to work for his conversion is that he is honest, courageously so; and will not profess Christianity without first determining to abandon the old life and accept the new, and walk in the Jesus road.

One of the highest authorities on Indian life, a government official who had seen many years of active service among the Indians, attributes most of our troubles with the red men, not to any violations of government treaties on our part, nor to viciousness or even hatred on their part, but to the cupidity and villainy of dishonest interpreters. Consider how limitless is the interpreter's power for mischief. If a tale-bearer separates chief friends, who can reckon up the evil wrought by an avaricious and conscienceless interpreter? Trusted by both parties to a conference, he has misrepresented and betrayed both, and created conditions that have culminated in all but the extinction of a noble race. Is not half the world's injustice and bitterness caused by misunderstandings?

But we were also surprised to learn of the serious opposition to the work of our missionary, exhibited by the medicine men, whose place among the Indians is that of our clairvoyant and fake doctor combined, but whose attitude to Mr. Carithers is that of Demetrius the silversmith to Paul, and for the same reason, because their craft is in danger. More fierce, even deadly, is the determination of the cattlemen to thwart the labors of the missionary, and, if possible, destroy the mission. The cattlemen prey upon the Indian. As the evidence of Mr. Carithers' success in civilizing and Christianizing the Indian appears, the hope of the cattlemen's gain disappears. Mr. Carithers is in the cattlemen's way. These bandits of the plains do not put a high value upon human life.

The public life of Jesus has been divided thus: First, the year of obscurity; second, the year of popularity; third, the year of opposition. When the Jews discovered the intent of His life, that His success meant the destruction of their corrupt system, they killed Him.

The medicine men, and gamblers, and cattlemen, have practically served notice on our missionary, and during the past year combined their devilish forces against him to compel him to quit the field. It has been the hardest year in the history of the mission. But the success of the mission is Mr. Carithers' Jerusalem, and he has "set his face steadfastly toward" it. He will not yield, he will not go back; he will go forward.

NOT TO BE MINISTERED UNTO, BUT TO  
MINISTER.

"I will not be burdensome to you: for I seek not your's, but you."—2 Cor. 12:14.

Mr. Carithers worked with his own hands on every one of the eight buildings at the mission; some of them he builded almost wholly without help. He designed and superintended the construction of all the buildings, quarried and carted stone, loaded and hauled timber; did a thousand and one things as the need arose; and his mind, and heart, and strength, and hope, and faith are builded into these houses, making a bethel in the desert. The daily life of Mr. and Mrs. Carithers and Mary and the helpers is an unceasing round of Christian service. I never before realized so intensely that the commonest tasks may take on a positively sacred character. And as has been many times noted, Mr. Carithers is preacher, doctor, banker, builder, father and judge to all the Indians in his broad parish.

We have grouped together those who made up the force of workers at the mission during the past year, adding Miss Kate McBurney, because the picture would be incomplete without her, owing to her many years of service at the mission up to the time of her entering Medical College at Philadelphia, and because it is not improbable that she will yet return there.

Miss Alice Carithers has been there longer than any of the other helpers, and is the Field Secretary of the mission. She goes about in a buggy, carrying underneath and back of the seat a folding cot, food, cooking utensils, and all her necessary outfit, laying no burden on any one for her bed or board. Wherever she happens to be when night comes on, there she spreads her couch and rests. She is a ministering angel, traveling from camp to camp, nursing the sick, teaching the women and children house and needlework, telling them in their own tongue the words of life, comforting the old, training the young; in a word gathering the solitary into families, and setting up Christian homes. It is a perfectly natural thought to me that the angels whom God has given charge concerning her, look upon her as one of themselves, and make their presence known in many ways. They would learn to love her so much, I should think they would want to talk to her.

Miss Joanna Speer finished a long term of service at the closing of the last school year in June, retiring because of failing health, she having literally "presented her body a living sacrifice" in the service of God and His red children. She is Martha and Mary in one, for while she "busied herself about many things" she also "chose the better part," and her Christian character is as sweet and wholesome as her cooking. She rose with the lark, for she had to cook breakfast for more than fifty hungry children and her associate helpers; but the lark got to rest first, for supper was to prepare for the same appreciative diners. Think alone of baking bread for sixty persons, more than fifty of them growing, romping children, who, like Oliver Twist, are always ready for more! And add to this the necessary cooking and setting of tables and washing of dishes, to say nothing of managing all things to the best advantage, the gathering of broken pieces "that nothing be lost," and the making up of accounts when the body has been broiled and roasted in a steaming and hot kitchen for from twelve to fifteen hours, and the vitality is gone, and the brain has "stopped short," like grandfather's clock, seemingly "never to go again," and this for every day in the week and ten months in the year. Is it a wonder that "Aunt Joanna" lost strength, that the roses faded away from

her cheeks, and that sleep ceased to yield to her wooing? But grace and patience endured, and her buoyancy of spirit never failed.

Miss Fannie Thomas is the girls' "mamma," and Miss Mary Staley was the boys' "mamma," and each one "auntie" to the other's flock; and they are also the children's day school teachers. Miss Staley's home is Ray, Indiana; Miss Thomas is from Mansfield, Ohio, and a well-known graduate of Geneva, where she took a high rank. Consider what the duties are of a natural mother to her child, in clothing it, and seeing that it is kept clean, in both body and mind, in hearing its prayers at her knee morning and night, kissing it good-night, and welcoming it in the morning, guiding it in the choice of recreation, and teaching it its proper relation to God and to its fellows. Well, Mr. Carithers' design is to make the mission a home for the children, and to this end Miss Thomas and Miss Staley were to each of these more than two score children as nearly as the circumstances would permit, exactly what a natural mother ought to be. You will readily admit that a mother who looks after twenty-five children thus conscientiously will be kept pretty busy, even with the cooking, washing and ironing subtracted, for the mending and nursing and waiting on them three times a day at table yet remains. But add to all this the duties and responsibilities of a daily school, patterned after our best public schools, and it will be seen that Miss Thomas and Miss Staley had a round of daily tasks sufficient to satisfy the most ambitious of women. The teaching which the children receive in the school is most thorough, their knowledge of Scripture is above all praise, their English as good as that of children of a similar age in our city schools, and their singing charming.

Mr. Carithers desires us to say that he lays no claim whatever, for himself, to the instruction of the children in the school, and to make it very emphatic that the credit of it is due to their teachers alone. For prayer meeting they are severally taught a parallel passage, and to every service in the church each "mamma" leads her flock in line, sits with them, and leads them home again. Geneva may well be proud of her sons and daughters who are filling high places in the world, but the Indian mission is not without its alumni, and one of these, Albert Atakany, the interpreter, I was told, is the most promising young Indian on the reservation. My own judgment is that he has ability and character sufficient to win to the front in any community. Miss Staley was an able helper, but resigned at the close of the school year, the missionary parting with her with keen regret. Miss Fannie Thomas returned to the work, for which she is rarely well suited, by excellent scholarship and remarkable genius for adaptation.

Miss Maggie Walkinshaw, of College Springs, Iowa, is the laundress. So anxious was she to help that she offered her services free, but the Board was not willing that she should make so great a sacrifice, and she is receiving a salary, which, however, like that of the other helpers, is scarcely more than nominal, not one-half what the same service would bring figured at ordinary business values. But they are working for their Father, and are paid by Him in coin whose value the world is not able to reckon. Miss Walkinshaw washes three days in every week, and irons three days, alternating day about; and a small company of boys and girls are detailed each day to be taught by her the mysteries of the wash-tub and the mangle. On the Monday following communion she went at her tubs a very few hours after midnight and had several hundred

yards of newly washed clothes on the lines before the hour of morning service.

Mr. Robb, a brother of Rev. A. I. Robb, our missionary at China, has been doing the farming and butchering for the mission. For three years he and Mrs. Robb have done splendid service, and been a strong arm of support in all the work, but they are about returning to their home in Denison, Kansas.

LIGHTS ON INDIAN CHARACTER.

"Who believe, that in all ages  
Every human heart is human,  
That in even savage bosoms  
There are longings, yearnings, strivings  
For the good they comprehend not,  
That the feeble hands and helpless  
Groping blindly in the darkness,  
Touch God's right hand in that darkness  
And are lifted up and strengthened:—  
Listen to this simple story."

—Hiawatha.

All our lifetime we have heard of the Indian's picturesque style of expression. Mr. Carithers introduced me to Cha-cha-goats, an Indian who can speak and even write some English, which is not a little remarkable. He is employed at Anadarko. I inquired how much he got. He said: "Twenty dollars every time the moon dies." I was told of one who said a certain thing had happened "three sleeps ago," meaning that three nights had passed away since.

Paw-cho-kie, he who met us at Anadarko, owns a team and makes his home in the wagon. He supports himself by doing odd jobs anywhere on the reservation, returning to the mission between times, and being not at all unskillful with his hands, and exceedingly willing, he is a useful member of the mission community. His delights are with the children. I do not know how many days he spent riding over the prairie in search of horned toads and infant land turtles for Elveretta. The only horned toad he secured died in a few days, but there are three little turtles burrowing among the roots of things in the garden of our Brooklyn home. Ella has named them "Comanche," "Apache," and "Kiowa." They are very familiar and petted, and pleasant reminders of kind-hearted Paw-cho-kie. I suppose that when Paw-cho-kie wore feathers and paint, and was a warrior, he would be called a "savage." But Jesus entered his heart, and he has become "as a little child." That does not make a man incapable of indignation or manly courage, for "strength is gentleness and gentleness is strength," as is shown by his uncompromising attitude and outspoken reproof to the enemies of the mission; and he is indeed a forceful and eloquent speaker.

David Po-po-we-ti, whose portrait will be seen with "Chappie," his wife—a sweet soul of whom many of our readers have heard Kate McBurney and other workers speak—and their children, is a man of so much wisdom that his counsels would be valuable in Synod. In prayer meeting he was talking of the two ways, the Indian way and the Jesus way. He talked in Comanche, but Albert, the interpreter, explained to me that he had told the Indians that when a man who walked on the Indian road made a mistake, he could go back and try to fix it up, but when he walked on the Jesus road and made a mistake, he had to go to the Heavenly Father to get it made right. David is also ready in prayer. An Indian had joined church, but did not seem to be willing to pray in public: so David, in a spirit of brotherly sympathy, said to Mr. Carithers that he would take his own part and the brother's part, too, because he had "plenty talk for our Father."

Some of you, in congregations where the

workers have spoken, have heard of the season of great sorrow in the mission, when within a short time there were a number of deaths among the Indian members; and the enemy started the report that any one who joined the church would surely die. A mother who was thinking of joining, had a child in the school who was a member, and the child took sick. The missionaries and helpers felt that it was a crisis hour, and they prayed earnestly for the life of the child, for to their natural desire that God would spare the child was added the conviction that in the event of its death, the mother would be affected by the false report and be held back. But God took the child, and the very providence which it was feared would drive the mother away, brought her to God. She could not endure the thought of eternal separation from her child, and the Father pressed in upon her heart the lesson which King David learned more than two thousand years ago: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." And now she is on the way to her Father's house. Verily, "A little child shall lead them."

Then there is the incident of the Indian who told Mr. Carithers he would wait, before taking Jesus for his friend, to see how a brother Indian, who had started on the Jesus way, would be affected by it. What a test! Is any one watching you? "Let your light so shine before men." "A Christian ought to light up the country for ten miles around." Christ's reputation is in my keeping—is in your's! If any one is waiting to make up their opinion of Christ by studying me, or you, I wonder what they will come to think of Him? Well, this Indian who was watching his brother, followed the brother into the kingdom. What a test? Yes, but what a testimony!

Wailing for the dead is practiced among certain of the Indians, as in the days of Jesus the unconverted "wailed greatly" for the death of Jarus' daughter. Nor have the unconverted Indians heard of the command of God that "ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead," and this also is practiced. These matters coming up in conversation one day, Mr. Carithers lifted the flowing sleeve from an Indian woman's arm, to show to Dr. McFeeters the scars where her flesh had been many times cut for the dead. With a look in her eyes that was never meant to be described she gave them to understand that those were made back in the old life before she knew the Lord. About noon of communion Sabbath a great wailing was heard coming from away across the plain, and by and by a team could be distinguished coming toward the mission. It was driven up to the gate of Mr. Carithers' yard. A young Apache Indian was driving and within the wagon his wife sat mourning over the dead body of their first born, a little babe, which they had laid in a trunk. The little one had died but a few hours before, and they had brought it to our missionary for burial. When service was over in the afternoon Mr. Robb got a team ready, and he, with Mr. Carithers and Mary, Dr. McFeeters, Mrs. Pritchard, Ella and myself, were driven to the burying ground, the father and mother following with their sorrowful burden. That was a funeral procession such as I never saw before. Arriving at the old Indian graveyard, in the Apache section—for the tribes desire to be with their own in death—the men each took a part in digging the grave, and Mr. Carithers and I lowered the little body, so peculiarly confined, into its narrow bed, when Dr. McFeeters offered prayer. As we began shoveling in the earth, the young mother's grief, held back until it had become a flood, broke over all restraints, and she rent the air with her cries. Mrs. Pritchard hastened to put her arms about her. It was the balm the little childless

mother craved, and leaning her head upon her white sister's bosom, her troubled heart found rest, and her sobbing ceased. At length bidding the young couple good-by, we drove toward home. Looking back, from a distance, we saw them still lingering, loath to leave, and the father was scattering something, seed most likely, over the mound. And these are the people we have been taught to call savages.

Possibly the most surprising trait of the Indian is his wit. Dr. McFeeters and Mrs. Pritchard and I were out walking in the Comanche camp, and finally sat down in Mr. Atakany's tent, where were Mr. and Mrs. Atakany, and Albert (the interpreter), their son, and his baby wife, Lily. The old couple do not understand English, and our conversation was carried on through Albert. But their welcome is so hearty, and their Christian sympathy is so cordial, and their laugh is so natural—these at least need no interpreter! Mr. Atakany invited Dr. McFeeters to tell him something of Philadelphia; and the doctor told him of their big city and of their wonderful statue of William Penn. Then I was invited to tell them of New York. I said that Philadelphia was but a little Indian village when compared with New York; that the statue of William Penn was but a toy when compared with our statue of Liberty; that we had a pond beside our town three thousand miles wide, and that Mrs. Pritchard had come across from the other side of it. "Oh," said Mrs. Atakany, "What a wonderful swimmer!"

#### WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT?

To leave the habitation of white men nearly a day's journey behind him, as did Mr. Carithers in 1889, and go with wife and baby into the heart of the Indians' country, was heroic. To remain there, seeking to preach the Gospel, fighting disease, facing death, often compelled to trust wife and little one alone, even at night, with "nothing but a tent string between them and howling Indians," required a faith that was sublime. And the mother and daughter, suffering and laboring side by side with the father all these years, are worthy sisters of the Prince of the House of David! Few are called and chosen for such things, for few are willing to walk with Him the Via Dolorosa!

Read what God hath wrought by the hands of His servants in ten years. After six years of working and waiting, the first communion was held, on May 26, 1895. Dr. R. J. George was the assistant; sixteen (16) Indians united with the church; twenty-nine (29) persons communed. It was a memorable occasion. Our readers will recall the thrilling account of it published in the "Christian Nation." It is providential that a picture of the Indian communicants and mission workers was taken at the time in a group, for thus we are enabled to perpetuate in our art supplement the memory of that first historic communion. The subsequent communions were as follows:

Second communion: April 12, 1896; assistant, Rev. G. R. McBurney; six (6) Indians united with the church; forty (40) persons communed.

Third communion: May, 9, 1897; assistants, Dr. D. H. Coulter and Rev. G. R. McBurney; eleven (11) Indians united with the church; fifty-one (51) persons communed.

Fourth communion: April 10, 1898; assistants, Dr. C. D. Trumbull and Rev. John K. Robb, nineteen (19) Indians united with the church; seventy-four (74) persons communed.

Fifth communion: Oct. 17, 1898; assistant, Rev. James S. Stewart, missionary at Syria. The interior view of the church, showing the audience, as seen in our Art Supplement, was taken at this time. Mr. Stewart is seen standing near the door on the right. The person standing on the left is Albert. Two (2) Indians united at

this communion; and fifty (50) persons communed.

Sixth communion: June 18, 1899; assistant, Dr. J. C. McFeeters; two (2) Indians united with the church; fifty (50) persons communed, a number being detained at home by the flooding of the creeks.

The Death Angel has not overlooked the mission, but has been plucking the ripened fruit. We give the necrology of the valiant band. It will be noted that six of these were taken home within ten months:

1. Jennie Grove, died March, 1896.
2. Peak-e-ah-wah Poh-a-rhu-a, died September, 1898.
3. Poh-a-rhu-a, died September, 1898.
4. Parker Kicking Bird, died December 1898.
5. Antonio Martinez, died January, 1899.
6. Yah-no-ka, died February, 1899.
7. Katie Cha-all-hy-a, died July, 1899.

So that there are Indian Covenanters in heaven, making our Father's house doubly attractive to their Indian friends on earth.

The guiding and dominant principle upon which Mr. Carithers is building the mission has already been referred to, that of a home, where each child will have a name and a place, and not lose his identity in a number, as though he were a criminal. Hence the thought of all the women helpers being sisters to one another; and the idea of the "boys' mamma," and the "girls' mamma," all the other women being aunts; and so on to the end—Christian Indian marriage, Christian Indian homes, and a community of Christian homes. Ten years ago the consummation of such a blessed hope would have seemed to some a long way off, if not well nigh impossible. To-day witnesses its partial realization. We are permitted to give among our illustrations, groups of two such families—that of David Po-po-we-ti, and that of Mr. A-ta-ko-ny, in the latter of which is included the son's wife. Inquire of Mrs. A-ta-ko-ny about her son Albert's wife, Lily, and if she had read Jean Ingelow she would say:

"A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
Than my son's wife." \* \* \*

David and A-ta-ko-ny live in tents only when at the mission; each has a house for his home. Besides Albert and wife, among the younger couples, are George and his wife Leonora, who is a sister of David's wife; Dick and his little wife, Maggie (this couple has a two-year-old little baby); and other couples who have started on the Jesus road together. Tony's widow, with her children, live in a house; Yellowfish lives in a house. There are husbands in the church, whose wives are yet in the world, and there are wives in the church whose husbands are yet in the world. "For what knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband? or how knowest thou, O man, whether thou shalt save thy wife?" All these converted Indians work. Their lands are tilled. The desert is blossoming as the rose.

We linger over our "copy," loath to lay down our pencil and cease to write of the Indian mission, for the secret of His presence is there. And from the remotest possessions of the church, in all directions, we know the love of every heart centers at Cache Creek Mission, Oklahoma.

Some one was criticising Cecil Rhodes in the presence of Rudyard Kipling. "Let him alone," said Kipling, "he is building an empire."

Help Mr. Carithers, for he is building a kingdom!

"Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee—are all with thee!"