

**Forty Years
Among
The Indians**

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Forty Years Among THE Indians

A Descriptive History of the Long and Busy
Life of
JEREMIAH HUBBARD

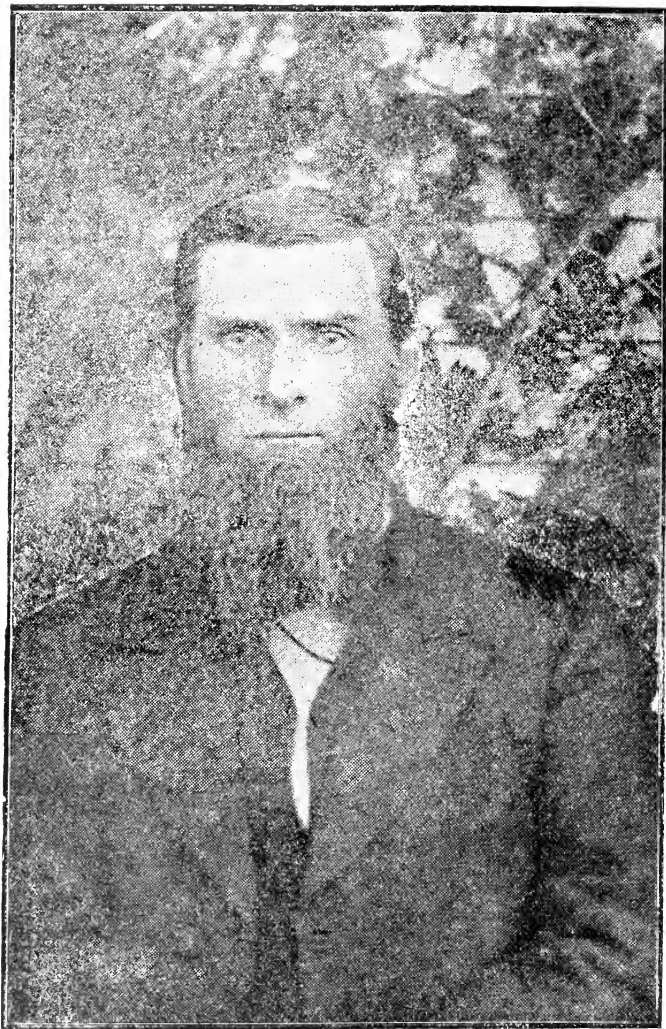
PRINTED AND BOUND BY
THE PHELPS PRINTERS
MIAMI, OKLAHOMA
1913



JEREMIAH HUBBARD



MARY G. HUBBARD



DR. C. W. KIRK, SUPERINTENDENT WYANDOTTE MISSION

Preface

During the sweep of years the names of men, illustrious because of their exploits as statesmen, soldiers, scientists or leaders in reforms or religion have appeared on the pages of history while others, equally worthy and effective in the movements and uplift of nations, have remained unknown and some have died "unwept and unsung."

Were the subject of this brief sketch a veteran soldier of some great national army with scars of wounds on his person received on battle fields, or were he an orator who had stood at the crisis of some national upheaval and calmed the minds and hearts of men that were as a disturbed sea, historians would eagerly seek the facts of his life, while his biography would be gladly received by editors of daily papers and magazines for immediate publication. The man whose life we honor, and work we commemorate, sought no upper seat, desired no place of prominence. Thirty-four years have passed since he chose the, then far off West, where he might spend his days among the Indian tribes of the Southwest, and in an humble way give his life in uplifting these natives of America into the lofty realm of Christian manhood and womanhood.

His name, therefore, has not been emblazoned on the sky of the world's popularity. The battles he has fought have been far from the view of civilized man, while the implements of his warfare have not been carnal but spiritual. On the roll of the veterans of the

Cross the name of Jerry Hubbard stands far up toward the head. He is of Indian extraction and a native of Indiana. On the 7th day of April, 1837, he first saw the light near the town of Lewisville, Indiana. The early morning of life was spent in his native state, some years of which time was spent as a school teacher, whereby he was providentially being fitted for the long years of toil awaiting him. While thus engaged he was brought into the sweet experience of salvation. He did not immediately connect himself with some church. Knowing he was possessor of divine life he could wait and deliberately make choice of the church with which he should cast his lot. Christian doctrines held by the various churches were examined. Their polity was also looked into. One year of prayer and study and the matter was decided. The Friends church, on the day young Jerry Hubbard was received into its fellowship, accepted a man who was to become a great factor in its future growth.

WORK BEGUN:

The young preacher having been heartily received by the Quakers soon ingratiated himself into their good graces and began his work enthusiastically. He was in 1871 made a preacher among them. After the lapse of a few months he discovered there was virgin soil and on certain lines the church should be developed. In due time he modestly suggested in his words "setting forth the altar of prayer." Previous to this there had been no method among this people of assisting persons seeking peace with God. This, while regarded as an innovation, proved a means of grace and a great help to penitents.

This, which became a feature of the church work, was in after years especially helpful in the southwest. Men were approachable at an altar of prayer who possibly might never be reached otherwise.

There was a custom also among the Quakers that had obtained for many years which Rev. Jerry Hubbard conceived to be in the way of greater development of the church. He said the idea of assembling and sitting for an indefinite time for the Spirit to move them before holding service was impractical and the better way was to honor God by an effort to worship. This being a revolution in their mode of worship was met with no little opposition. He was determined and persistent. He was familiar with the life and doctrines of George Fox, founder of the Quaker Friends church, and versed in the Bible and looking deeply into their custom of having silent meetings, he was therefore fully persuaded the same was a mistake. He held before his people the example of Jesus and the apostles, and insisted that in all public meetings the example of these should be followed, and if they were to lead the world there must be oral teachings. As at Kokomo, Indiana, he was successful in setting the altar before the church, he was equally victorious in this, and the church from that time has worshipped after the fashion of his idea. These instances serve to indicate the strength of the man among his people, for it must be borne in mind that the intellectual giants among the Quaker Friends faught to the finish such innovations.

AMONG THE INDIANS:

Forty years reach backward in Indian Territory history when there were no railroads, public highways, but

few if any marks of civilization, and no white men. A pale face was then as rare here as in the jungles of Africa today. True then a few desperate fortune-seekers had found their way among the red men. Such were not here to aid or encourage a man whose heart was set on saving men. Was faith required on the part of Livingston that he might penetrate the dark continent, so was it essential that Jerry Hubbard should have mighty faith when he, the first missionary to the Seneca Indians, enterprised his stupendous work. Dangers await all who labor for God and the uplifting of men. In the case of this missionary to the tribe of Seneca Indians this was true. They resented his presence and refused the gospel he brought, became bitter and threatened his life. As one in other years he counted not his life dear unto himself. Patient, tender work continued, though a council had decided on his death. The heart of one of the worst among the tribe was smitten by the Spirit and he was converted. A great work was then begun. It spread among the Modocks, Shawnees, Peorias, Miamis, Ottawas, Wyandotts, and Quapaws, until the power of the gospel brought many of them to the Lord.—REV. J. M. WRIGHT, Pastor M. E. Church, South. Peace and salvation to all men.

Preface by the Author

I was born in Henry County, Indiana, on the 7th day of April, 1837. The name of my father was Joseph Hubbard and that of my mother was Matilda Johnson. I was raised on a farm until I was 16 years old, went to school in an old log school house. Then my parents went to Wayne county, Indiana, and settled at Chester, four miles from Richmond. Here I went to school to Lewis Estes until I was 21 years of age. Was married in the fall of 1858 to Mary G. Sheward, daughter of Dr. Isaac and Louisa Sheward, formerly of Wilmington, Delaware. In the spring of 1859 we moved to Miami county Indiana, and commenced life as a school teacher and brick and stone mason, which after many years was discarded to take up the work for the salvation of the souls of men.

In the year 1878 I felt that the Lord was calling me to give all my time to preaching His gospel at all times and wherever He should be pleased to send me. But I had a large family to support and was in debt; I could see no way for them to live. I tried for several years to work and preach and do all the good I could, but nothing I could do seemed to prosper. I at last came to the conclusion that I would make a full surrender or sacrifice; for the Lord would not accept a half one. I felt willing to give up all and labor for the

Lord if He would take care of my family and provide a way for them to live.

It was then that it was impressed on my heart to write a book, giving sketches of all the schools I had taught and of the various meetings I had attended and held in different places; that it would be the means of helping me along with the blessing of the Lord upon it. Under these circumstances I wrote the following pages. While writing the first part of this book I held meetings every night and often in the day time, only missing two or three nights in three months. These meetings were the most powerful and successful of any I ever attended, showing fully to my mind that if I would do my part the Lord would do His of the great work of gathering souls into His kingdom, for truly the fields are white unto the harvest but the laborers are few, and how many stand idle with their arms folded. Has not the language of our blessed Master been sounded into your ears: "Go work in my vineyard, there is work for all to do."

"Go work in my vineyard, Oh work while 'tis day;
The bright hours of sunshine are hastening away,
And night's gloomy shadows are gathering fast
When the time for our labors will ever be past.
Begin in the morning and toil all the day;
Thy strength I'll supply and thy wages I'll pay;
And blessed, thrice blessed, the diligent few
Who finish the labor I've given them to do."

May the Lord add his blessing upon these pages, and that your prayers may go with me as I go up and down in the land and may the Lord remember me in

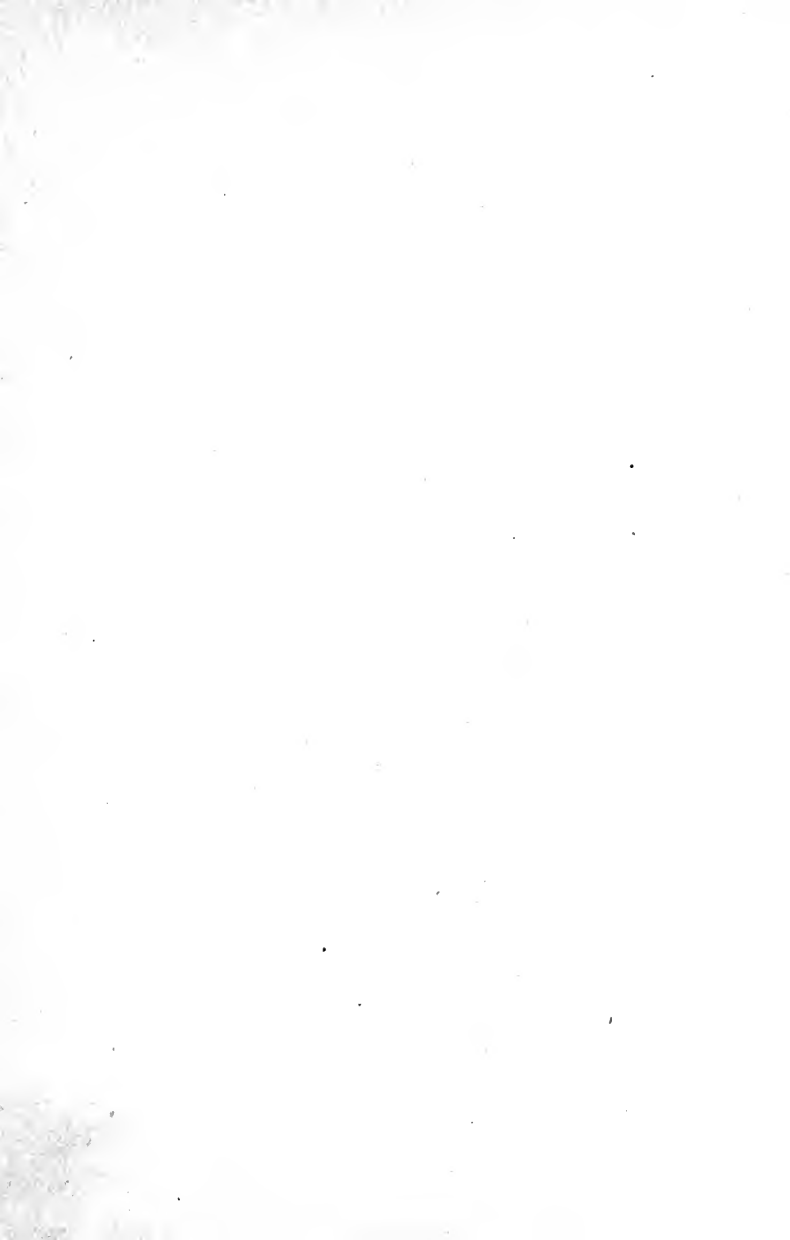
mercy, and "The Teacher's Ups and Downs" prove a success.

JERRY HUBBARD,
The Author.

I am now in my 77th year and in looking back over my life there has been so much of the Lord's goodness and love, and the many blessings I have received from His all bountiful hand, that I have concluded to rewrite some parts of this book, as all the copies of it are lost but one, that in possession of my youngest son, Harry K. Hubbard, so that the scenes and struggles of my early life may be preserved to my children and my faithful wife, who has shared the ups and downs of a preacher's life for more than fifty years, to my beloved children, Henrietta, Erastus, Holton, Edna and Harry, is this book dedicated in love and affection.

Your father,
JEREMIAH HUBBARD.





A Teacher's Ups and Downs

I commenced my first school about the 4th of the 12th month, 1858, at the brick school house on Nolan's Fork, Wayne county, Indiana. The house was five miles northwest of Richmond, on the east bank of the stream. It stood east and west, one door in the west, three windows on each side; blackboard across the east end, also a platform the same; good patent desks, good stove, well fixed with charts, maps and things needful. There were about fifty pupils enrolled during the term, from little boys and girls to young men and women.

It was my first attempt at school teaching, and I, like many others, thought that I knew it all, but the longer I taught the less I knew.

It was a three-months term. In those days we had to teach sixty-five days for a quarter. I received twenty-five dollars per month, and we did not receive our pay until the next spring following. We commenced our school of a morning at half-past eight and closed at half-past four. The games played were "base," "black man" and "town ball." I enjoyed the fun of playing as much as any of the scholars. I thought it was my duty to play with the pupils so that I might have an oversight among them.

One young woman was very fond of reading novels. I noticed one day she was very attentive to her book, especially her geography. I watched her for awhile and noticed that her book was wrong end up. I told her I did not want any more of that kind of work done at my school. She felt very badly about it and I never saw her read those books any more. Although not a professor at this time I was much opposed to such reading matter, believing it to be very injurious.

Teachers in those days were hired by the people of each school district. They would call a meeting of the patrons of the school. Sometimes there would be several applicants for the same school. At this school there were three of us that applied. I received the highest number of votes and was elected. There were directors who had charge of the papers and gave orders for wood, tuition, etc.

There was one little boy by the name of Borton that I shall never forget. He was blind in one eye, and seemed to feel as if everyone looked down on him because he was blind. I had much sympathy for him and showed him all the respect possible. Horace Mann once said: "Teachers, if a scholar ever enters your school with a club-foot, or ragged clothes on, or any other defects at all, never let on as though you see them. If any way pay more attention to them than others." There has always been a warm place in my heart for such pupils. A teacher will never lose anything by respecting persons of this class. This circumstance is spoken of by way of encouragement to young teachers especially. A teacher should cultivate a spirit of love and sympathy for every pupil in their school. I also

Speak of this little boy who, if he is living and his eyes should ever rest upon these pages, he may know that his old teacher had often thought of him.

This I moreover hold, and dare
Affirm where'er my rhyme may go—
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so.

In those days the young and old men would meet at some of the school houses one night in the week for the purpose of debating, and we all took an interest and tried to see how much we could learn. Joseph Quigg was a champion debater, a fine speaker and a noted infidel. In a few years after this he was converted to the Christian religion, and he was now just as bold for the Lord as he had been for Satan. He said that before he was converted he was always looking for the "black sheep" in the flock, but now he looked for the white, and there were more white ones than he thought there were. He has long since gone the way of all the world with the bright evidence behind that he had gone home to glory.

Spelling schools were quite common in this country in those days, and all the people who attended would take part in the spelling, the main object seeming to be to see who could beat spelling.

There was a boy who attended this school by the name of Cox who was a good speller and a good reader—good spellers will nearly always be good readers. At my school that winter the pupils got in the habit of tagging. I put a stop to it on the school grounds, but they would wait until half a mile away then go at tagging again. The school house stood in the corner of a wooded

pasture with a high stake and ridged fence between the house and the road. I had a pocket telescope and after the children would get quite a distance away I would slip down to the corner and with the instrument I could see them very plainly. They would tag some, then look to see me. The next morning I would tell them who had been at such work. It broke it up entirely, and they never knew until the last day of school how I could tell so well who had disobeyed. Then I told them how it was. The reason I objected to this sort of sport was that trouble nearly always grew out of it.

Miles Hunt was one of the directors, and he did all he could for the benefit of the school. He has long since passed away, and his amiable wife also. His children are still living happily together at the old homestead.

There was a young slave from Cuba that had run away from his master and was lecturing in this part of the country. He was a fine speaker and noble looking man and no one thought of him being a slave. He delivered addresses to several large congregations in Richmond and in various school houses in the country. He had an appointment at my school house. Word came to Richmond that he was a slave and that there was a reward of one thousand dollars offered for him. He had come to Nathan Hunt's in the morning before the word came to town. There were some fellows who had made it up to come out that night and get him and secure the reward offered, but some one heard of the plot, mounted a horse and came out at full speed and told him about four o'clock. He disappeared in a moment across the road into a field and was not heard of any more in that

part of the country. The boys came out about seven o'clock but their bird had flown.

My school closed to good satisfaction; we had examination of all the studies; the pupils had made rapid advancement. I really did not know how much I was attached to and how much I did love them, until we were called to part.

MEMORIES

Memories on which we dwell—

Are they those that, well defined

By their crystal clearness, quell

Saddest longings of the mind?

After my first school closed I moved to Miami county Indiana, and commenced my second school one-half mile west of Xenia—a subscription school for two months. It was a new part of the country. My school house was built of logs and was about fourteen feet square, with slab benches, no desks and a small blackboard about eighteen inches wide and three feet long. I had about thirty enrolled, the most of them small. There were two little girls by the name of Hiatt, very nice little girls, that were always there early with their bright, smiling faces. They nearly always brought some flowers with them for me. I always have loved children. I taught this school the summer of 1859; the school house stood just at the edge of the timber; the little folks would build houses with chunks and moss. I have often watched them and heard them talk. How many beautiful lessons may we all learn from little folks if we only stop to watch them. Children in this day and age of the world think they cannot go to school unless they have a nice house and good desks to sit at. Those children at my school never thought that there could be any

better accommodations. I had one visitor during the school—he looked as though he was lost. I often think of those boys and girls; those of them that are living are now grown up to manhood and womanhood; how time makes his mark on all of us. We had a nice time at the close of the term, and I felt as though I had endeavored to do my duty in trying to teach them all I possibly could.

So ended my second term.

STRANGE BIBLE FACTS

The learned Prince of Grenada, heir to the Spanish throne, imprisoned by the order of the Crown, for fear he should aspire to the throne, was kept in solitary confinement in the old prison at the place of Skulls, Madrid. After thirty-three years in this living tomb, death came to his release, and the following remarkable researches, taken from the Bible and marked with an old nail on the rough walls of his cell, told how the brain sought employment through the weary years:

“In the Bible the word, Lord, is found 1,853 times; the word, Jehovah, 6,855 times, and the word, Reverend, but once, and that in the 9th verse of 111th Psalm. The 8th verse of the 117th Psalm is the middle verse of the Bible. The 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther is the longest verse, and the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of St. John is the shortest. In the 106th Psalm four verses are alike, the 8th, 15th, 21st and 31st. Each verse of the 136th Psalm ends alike. No names or words with more than six syllables are found in the Bible. The 37th chapter of Isaiah and 19th chapter of Second Kings are alike. The word, girl, occurs but once in the Bible, and that in the 3rd verse and 3rd chapter of Joel. There

are found in both books of the Bible, 3,586,483 letters, 773,693 words, 31,373 verses, 1,139 chapters and 66 books. The 26th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles is the finest to read. The most beautiful chapter in the Bible is the 23rd Psalm. The four most inspiring promises are: John 16th chapter and 2d verse; John 6th chapter and 37th verse; St. Matthew 11th chapter and 28th verse; and the 37th Psalm and 4th verse. The first verse of the 60th chapter of Isaiah is the one for the new convert. All should read the 6th chapter of Matthew. All humanity should learn the 6th chapter of St. Luke, from the 20th verse to its ending."

I began my third term of school in the northeast corner of Howard county, Indiana, in the winter of 1859-60. They hired me for three months at twenty-five dollars per month; one-half of this was to be public money, the other half to be paid by those that sent the last half of the term.

My school house was a log one about twenty by twenty-four, with large wooden desks, large enough for six or eight to sit at and a small blackboard hardly large enough for one to work at. They told me before I commenced teaching that it was one of the hardest schools in the county to manage. I commenced my school about the first of 12th month, 1859. I recollect as I went to school the first morning I had the blues to some extent. There were some very rude boys, or nearly young men, who were reported

to be very rude and hard to manage. I went to work, laid down my rules plain, so that all could understand them, with the firm determination on my part to keep everyone just to that line. One young man thought he would try me and see how things went; I stopped everything and brought him back. There was another young man who was counted the ring-leader in meanness; he attended a Methodist protracted meeting at old Antioch meeting-house, a mile or so east of the school house; he became convicted, was converted, and after this was one of the best boys I ever saw in a school room. While he was a lion before he was converted he was like a lamb now, kind and gentle. I was not a professor at this time, but I thought that there must be some reality in religion. After this my school passed along very nice and quietly. This young man became a Methodist minister and is now in northern Missouri preaching, if he is living. I hope that he and I may meet again where parting is no more.

The law then was that there were three examiners: one in each end of the county and one at the county seat. After I had taught about one month, I walked twelve miles to Jerome, a little town they examined in in those days, whenever an applicant came. I got to the examiner's house about noon; they were eating dinner, and he would have me eat with them. After dinner he began to ask me some questions orally; in about one hour he gave me a certificate for one year. I felt real proud, as I trudged along home in the snow.

There was one man that sent eight children to school until he thought the term was half out, then he kept them

all at home; the rest of the patrons sent on until the term closed. He was afraid that he would have to pay out some money, but when school closed it was found that there was money enough to pay the full time. I think I never saw a man hate anything so much as he did that he had now lost so much, and his children needed the schooling so badly at this time. I had forty-seven pupils enrolled, I think. It was during this term, a very cold winter, that we had great times playing ball. The school house was on the south edge of some timber. There was one little girl who attended this school whom I met several years after, one evening as I was returning home from school; she and her husband stopped me to enquire the way. After a few moments she said to me: "Is not your name Hubbard?" I replied that it was. She then said she was satisfied of it now. She had grown up, and was not the little girl she was at my school, and I knew her not when she spoke to me. We had an examination and, also, an exhibition; the patrons were well satisfied with my labors as a teacher. How my heart was knit to those pupils in love.

My fourth school was taught the summer of 1860 at Xenia, Miami county, Indiana—a subscription school. I taught in a large room up stairs in the Addington building, called by some "Noah's Ark." My school room was about sixty feet long and twenty-one feet wide. I had sixty-five pupils enrolled, and about forty nearly of one size. The pupils were in the habit of talking just about as they pleased. I got tired of that and told them it must be stopped. The day I told them this I whipped seventeen, which came near stopping it altogether. One day I discovered a young woman whispering. I told her to stand on the floor. She got mad. I said go.

She got up and came out, but at noon she went home. I verily thought if the little ones had to mind, so should the older ones also. We had some old wooden desks that made a terrible noise when the scholars moved from their seats. My wife assisted me during this term. There was one little boy that was always full of fun, and to use a common expression "as sharp as a brier," Mont, Frazier was his name. He always told everything that happened at home; if he did not get to school in time to tell it before school commenced, he would watch his chance and tell it afterward. One morning he came late; his class was reciting on the charts. He spelled "jumps" and called it calf. My wife told him that he knew that it did not spell that. He looked up at her very innocently and said, "Well, our cow's got a calf anyhow." He knew he could make her laugh. He went home at night and told his mother how he had made Mrs. Hubbard laugh. He said, "I can make her laugh anyway." His mother told him that Mrs. Hubbard would whip him. "I ain't afraid of her." "Well," said she, "Mr. Hubbard will, you know."

It was a very pleasant place to teach; pleasant on account of being the second story. We had a good breeze most of the time. This was a very pleasant town to teach school in. I had always heard it said that it was harder to teach in town than in the country, but I could not see any difference. My school passed along very nicely. My pupils all took an interest in their studies; at the close of the term we had an exhibition; we had a nice time and closed with good feeling among all, long to be remembered by all of us.

About this time the schools began
To slack the use of the rattan;
They said, "O, no, it will not go
To use the rod on children so."

Parents have ceased to remonstrate,
So children begin to demonstrate;
And teachers try with various plans—
Coax, plead entreat, and keep off hands.

Some teachers fall into the way
Of letting the children sleep and play.

My fifth school was taught the winter of 1860-61, at Xenia, in Miami county, Indiana, with a man by the name of Eli Wall. He was an old man and had taught school a great many years. We taught in the Methodist meeting house, as the district had no school house. He and I started one very cold morning to Peru to be examined. It was about eighteen miles; we took one horse along and rode it time about. We reached there about two o'clock; Eli went to put up his horse, and I went into the examiner's office to see him. They had no stated times to examine. When I went into the room where he was, (he was a lawyer), he was very busy writing. I told him my business; he just kept on writing. Said he: "Tell me what will be the interest on one hundred dollars for twelve days, at six per cent." He told me to work it mentally. After I had got that done he asked me the capitals of several states and some more questions. In a few moments he handed me a certificate for two years. Effinger was the examiner's name. When Eli came in I introduced him to the examiner. Said he: "Mr. Wall, tell me, if you please, what the capital of Kentucky is." The old man was not expecting him to commence so soon, and he could not nor did not answer

the question at all. He turned around to me and said: "Well, Jerry, I just cannot tell what it is." I have never seen a man so completely nonplused in my life; he would look first one way and then the other, and oh, how he would chew his tobacco! The examiner finally answered it for him. He then asked him a few more questions and gave him a certificate for eighteen months. Eli then turned to me and said: "Now, I reckon he will take you through a course." "No," said I, "here is my license." He seemed very much astonished, and wanted to know when I was examined. I told him while he was putting up his horse. We paid him fifty cents apiece, and started again for home. This was a sample of how they used to take us fellows through.

We commenced our school about the first of the 12th month, 1860. It was a large house, seated for meeting purposes. The first morning Eli proposed that we divide the school, he taking the boys and I the girls. We had about one hundred pupils. Eli soon found he had a bad bargain. He allowed his pupils to whisper as much as they pleased; also retire from the room, one, two, three, or half a dozen at a time. His lack of system diverted the attention of my scholars. Mathematics often puzzled him; he would chew tobacco and spit a ring around him; several of the young men used the weed and spit all over the floor. I chewed tobacco then but this performance disgusted me and I quit. Any man can quit its use. Oh, how many young men are ruining themselves by the inveterate use of tobacco. Instead of its making them look smart, it looks very small to every sensible person.

The Lord's Call

In the closing chapter I have mentioned five schools and my experiences. All told, I have taught twenty-seven terms of school in Indiana, Kansas, Missouri and the then Indian Territory. Somewhere near two thousand children have attended my schools during that time. Many of these children have gone to their long homes; many have grown up and settled in life. - One fact yet remains to be written and that is humanity is pretty nearly the same, go where you will. Children can be classified into groups, with each group running parallel in each school, no matter how widely separated the schools may be.

With the twenty-seventh term my teaching came to an end, and I had given up all for the work of the blessed Master, who has done so much for me.

It was while living at New London that my wife and I joined the Friends church. Here we lost two children, a boy and girl, It was here that the Lord called me to follow Him. I began to speak in meetings, and one day in mid-week meeting I went a few minutes before meeting time and Pryor Wright, a dear old friend, said he wanted to speak to me at the East door. My heart went pit-a-pat, for I thought he was going to tell me to be still in meeting. When we got there Zimri Newlin was there and I made sure that I was in for an elder's dose of advice,

for they were both elders and had the right to silence me. Pryor Wright said they thought I ought to take a seat in the gallery, (that part of the house was set aside for the heads of the Meeting). If he had struck me I could not have been more astonished. I told them I did not feel worthy and preferred to sit where I always had sat. They told me: "No, we think best for thee to go up higher." I replied that if Pryor would come when the meeting convened and lead me up I would go. He did so, and I felt exceedingly little and humble in this new position.

I had been speaking for some time extemporaneously with fear and trembling until one day the devil whispered to me that I made an awkward and unsatisfactory delivery and that I had better write my sermons. I did so, preparing a fine one and committing it to memory. I even went so far as to hold two or three rehearsals out in the barn lot, but when Sunday came and I got up to preach I could not remember the text nor the first word of that sermon. I began to tremble and the words, "Woe is me if I do not preach the gospel," were borne in upon me. Quickly the answer, "Trust in Me and I will aid thee," came, and from that day to this I have trusted in the Lord to inspire me. I often go to the services not knowing what the text will be even, so firm is my trust in the power of the Lord to fulfill His promise to me. Praise the Lord.

I soon began holding meetings in the school houses, and great crowds were in attendance. The old Friends did not like my going out in this manner, but I knew the Lord was calling me and so I went on. They could

do nothing with me as I was not a recorded minister. (Recorded ministers are subject to the elders and can be dealt with by the Meeting.) I was teaching in the Porcupine district, a hard neighborhood where a spelling school could not be held without a fight. A funeral was in progress at the school house, a minister being in charge. As I sat there I felt as though I must talk to the people that night. At the conclusion of the services the minister announced that "Brother Hubbard will address you tonight." This astonished me, as nothing had been said in regard to the matter. The Lord seemed to call and from that hour until night my time was devoted to prayer. The house was full with good order. The meeting was repeated the next night and every night for three weeks. Many conversions took place and the entire neighborhood became quiet and orderly.

The old Friends heard of what was going on and came out to see about it and, if possible, to stop the meetings. They were met with the response that the meetings were doing more good for that community than anything that had ever taken place there before; that the best of order was maintained; that when the meetings broke up there was no swearing or shooting as heretofore, and that the Friends had better go back to town.

Those old Friends thought the church was ruined.

At about this time Honey Creek Quarterly Meeting appointed a committee to visit all the Meetings of the Quarter. Kokomo was the last meeting, which was held Sunday, morning and night. No regular minister was at this point. It did not seem right to close at once so I appointed another, and by Wednesday the old house would

not hold the people. That was the first revival ever held in the Quaker church. The committee left me to myself. They were all recorded and afraid of their heads. The last man, Robert Coats, on the committee to stick to me, finally said, "Jerry, I can go no farther with thee."

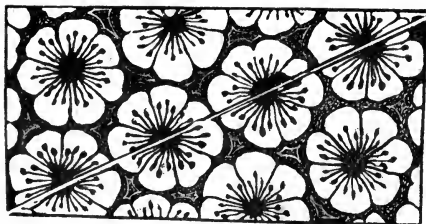
The church being too small for the crowds a hall was hired and all the ministers in the city attended, the Quakers coming, too. The entire affair seemed to grow apace, I was surprised but kept on praying and talking. One night the Lord suggested to me to set out the mourner's bench—the like of which had never been done before in a Quaker meeting. I stepped down and took the first bench and made a call for those who wanted to be saved to come forward. In less time than it is taking me to write this the bench was full—half of them being Quakers. Previous to this singing had never been known in a Quaker church. Father Rayburn, a Methodist, was present at this meeting and, feeling the spirit of salvation creeping over him, he threw back his head and burst forth with "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds," the entire assembly joining in.

Well, the meetings were getting to a point where the Friends did not want me to have the honor of so big a thing and telegraphed for Robert Douglas, of Ohio, to come. He arrived Saturday and remained until Monday morning when he said, "I am going home. This is not my meeting, and you let Jerry alone for the Lord is with him." Many were converted and joined the Friends. So ended the first revival in a western Quaker meeting. It set the entire country ablaze. Up to this time there

had never been a night meeting or a light in the big Friends church at New London. Wm. P. Pinkhem and I were holding a meeting in the M. E. church which was small and did not hold half the people. I thought it was no use in that big house not being open, so I went to Gideon Snall, the care-taker, who was very much in sympathy with the meeting, but like the rest he did not say much. I told him I wanted the key to the house. He said "Jerry, I cannot give it to thee, but I will leave the bar across the East door down." So in the afternoon I went over and found the house open and sent boys all over town telling that there would be prayer meeting in the Friends church and to bring all the lights they could. There were at least 300 people, many of them Friends, for they wanted to see what we were going to do, and all the blame was laid on me. I got up and told them I wanted all to do what the Lord called for at their hands. The M. E. class leader led off with "There is a fountain filled with blood," and we had a glorious meeting. When it broke up one Friend came to me and said, "Jeremiah, this thing won't mix." I told him if it wouldn't mix here it wouldn't in heaven; another said he was afraid we were going to sacrifice some principles. I said, "Did thee speak tonight; who called on thee?" He said he felt that he ought to speak. Wm. P. Pinkhem was teaching the quarterly meeting school and they told him they would close his school if he did not quit the meeting. They would have closed mine but it was a public school. Such were some of the troubles of the new progressive movement that swept over

the Friends church. I praise His name that the Lord let me out into an open place, and I have lived to see those that opposed me so much go much farther than I did,

Praise His holy name.



Work Among The Indians

My desire is now to give an account of the Grand River Monthly Meeting of Friends, composed of Indians, in the Quapaw Indian Agency, in the then Indian Territory, and also of my Missionary labors and work of love for the Master among the Ottawas, Wyandottes, Modocs and Senecas.

This monthly meeting, with four preparatives in the above mentioned tribes constituting the monthly meeting, it being the first meeting of Friends among the Indians in the world, and plainly demonstrated the fact that the only way to civilize the Indian is to christianize him.

It was my privilege to be associated with these Indians when many of the old Indians of the Wyandotte tribe and also some of the Ottawas were still living.

The latter part of the winter of 1879-80 I paid a few visits to the Indians of the Quapaw Agency, Indian Territory, to hold meetings among them.

The chief of the Senecas sent me word not to come, as they did not want any meetings among their people. I was living at Timbered Hills, Kansas, some twenty-eight miles away at the time. Jonathan Pickering, Thomas Smith and myself had arrived at the Wyandotte Mission when we heard the word. I asked Thomas Smith if he was going on. To which he replied, "If thee goes I am going." "Well," I said, "I am going."

We got Nicholas Cotter to pilot us down there. We arrived at John Winney's, fourteen miles southeast of the Mission, at about four o'clock in the afternoon and put up our team. We found John sitting on the porch smoking his pipe. We went up, shook hands and said, "how!" He could speak but little English, yet his wife, Lucy, could speak it well. They gave us our supper, and about dark some half dozen Indians came in. Then I felt that the Lord had sent me to those people. This was the first meeting ever held among the Seneca Indians, for as a Nation they had been bitterly opposed to christianity in every way.

I made a few more visits and about the middle of the 5th month, 1880. Thomas Smith and I paid a visit to Indiana, and were at Richmond at the time of the meeting of the Executive committee on Indian affairs, and several of the committeemen invited us to sit with them. Charles F. Coffin introduced us to the meeting; they were very glad to have us with them and asked a great many questions about the Indians. I told them I was satisfied the way to work among the Indians was for Friends to try and get them converted and then give them a chance to join Friends, establish meetings among them and start them to work.

The next day Charles F. Coffin requested me to come to his bank in the afternoon. When I arrived there he wanted me to spend seven days in each month among the Indians of the Quapaw Agency. I replied I would do so if I could have the privilege of doing as the Master directed. He said go, and the Lord go with thee and bless the labor of saving souls.

At my request Timbered Hills Friends church consented to receive all Indian converts, and ninety Indians who were strong in the faith were added to the membership.

During the first year of my work among these people I spent one week of each month in visiting among them and holding meetings as seemed best.

The 6th of the 1st month, 1881, we had a birthday dinner for Grandma King, of the Ottawa Nation, at the Ottawa meeting house. The old lady was 113 years old and could speak three languages well—Ottawa, French and English. During the dinner hour she remarked that a hundred years ago she had her first beaux.

During the winter I held a series of meetings among the Ottawas and several of them were converted.

Elwood W. Weesner accompanied me on my second trip among the Senecas. They were holding a feast at the time and, as we went among them shaking hands, we invited them to our meeting. Matthias Splitlog had fitted up a room over his store for the meetings and I have often began a meeting without a soul present besides myself.

At one of my meetings at John Winney's I married James Winney and Matilda Spicer. They had several children, as they had been living together a number of years, having been married the old Indian way. I also married Sampson Smith and the woman he had been living with. I had to use an interpreter as they could not understand me.

Praise ye the Lord.

On the 17th day of the 4th month of 1881, I married Joseph Boombery to Eliza Bland, Hiram Jemison to Matilda Spicer, Joseph Whitecrow to Polly Frost. All of these were living together as man and wife, or the Indian way. There was one thing I noticed among the Senecas, that as soon as they were converted they, if living together, invariably wished to get married.

The pagan Indians among the Senecas were very much opposed to my meetings. They would have their feasts at the same time to prevent the young people from coming.

Leaving the Timbered Hills in company with my wife and Alpheus Townsend, an elder, on the 8th day of the 2nd month, 1881, we crossed Spring river on the ferry at Baxter Springs and passed down the east side of the river to the Modoc camp. Our party got lost before reaching camp but had the good fortune to overtake a party of young people who said they were going to Jerry Hubbard's meeting. We wondered at their knowledge of the meeting, but on arriving in camp found that Thomas Stanley, a great friend of the Indian, had preceded us on foot, his usual mode of traveling when in Indian country, and arranged for the meeting. Quite a number of the Modocs were in attendance. Thomas Stanley, Asa C. Tuttle and myself spoke and sang. Long George, one of the leading Modocs, spoke; several of them spoke in their native tongue. During the meeting word came to Asa that one of the Modoc women had died and would be buried the afternoon of the next day.

The funeral took place at 4 o'clock the following day. Thomas Stanley, Alpheus Townsend, A. C. and

Emeline Tuttle, Long George, Steamboat Frank and myself spoke. During the services the old women sit and moan in a most dismal way. After the services we left for the Wyandotte Mission, some six miles to the southwest, where we held a meeting at 7 o'clock.

On the tenth, we visited the opening exercises of the Mission school, and were simply astonished at the intelligent answers to the Sabbath school lesson by the scholars. We also listened to a number of the recitations and they were very good, Lizzie Test was certainly conducting a very able school. After dinner we started for the Seneca Nation with Uncle Nic. Cotter as our guide. We traveled over some very rough country, and arrived at John Winney's at 4 o'clock. We had a good supper and after dark a rousing meeting. Thomas Stanley gave us a good talk, and my wife made a very earnest prayer, especially interceding for Lucy Winney and John, Lucy's husband.

On the eleventh the wind blew hard from the north with some snow. At 11 o'clock we held a meeting. An interpreter and several Indians were present. All appeared to understand and some of them were reached. Sampson Smith and his wife were converted and joined the Friends. They had been brought out of paganism by attending our meetings. After dinner we left for Matthias Splitlog's—some of our number having to go on foot. When we reached the river it was up and quite deep—hardly safe to venture in. Our interpreter said we could cross, so four of us got in the hack and made it all right, then sent the rig back for another load. We had a rough time of it going from the river to Split-

log's. Arriving there we found that they had anticipated our visit by killing a beef, making fifty pounds of butter and securing twenty dozen eggs. A wise precaution.

The twelfth word came to me that John Winney's daughter, Lizzie, was dead and that the funeral would be the following day at 10 o'clock. When we arrived at John Winney's nearly all of the Senecas were there. All was quiet and solemn. At the close of the services my interpreter expressed a wish to be a better man. When an Indian makes up his or her mind to be a christian they give up all at once.

We returned to the Mission the twelfth and on the fifteenth I attended the funeral of the wife of Armstrong Spicer and the sister of Frank Whitewing. It was about six miles from the Mission, and only four or five persons were present. It was very impressive there in the valley of Sycamore creek, down deep in the timber with the white mantle of snow on the ground and the solemn-faced Indians gathered about. When the coffin was lowered into the grave Frank Whitewing dropped upon his knees and made a powerful prayer in the Wyandotte tongue.

Starting for home on the sixteenth we found the flow of ice in Spring river so strong that we could not cross. Turning back to Asa C. Tuttle's our wagon broke down and left us stranded in the woods with a small fire to keep us warm until Alpheus secured another. At 9 o'clock that night we reached home.

I returned to the Mission on the nineteenth and held splendid meetings with excellent results. It was during

this meeting that Lucy Winney came to me and said at a proper time John Winney, her husband, wanted to talk some. At the proper time I told John to proceed. He arose and, in a very dignified manner, (I had my interpreter ready), said: "My people, we come here long time ago seven hundred strong, and now we only number about two hundred strong. What is the reason of all this? I believe I know, Because we do not do as Great Spirit wants us to do. Now, I want my people to turn, go with me and be christians; I turn, I go," He turned about and came and gave me his hand, and at the same time gave his heart unto the Lord, with his mind fully made up he yielded all into the hands of the Master. He says, "If we turn the Lord will then love us; this way all new to me, but I feel in my heart it is right this way to do, and the Great Spirit says right." He felt the Lord told him to quit the use of tobacco, which he did in about a month after this occurrence. Lucy told me she was now ready to make the start also; at this meeting two persons joined. We all seemed riveted to the spot and were loth to leave, because we felt that the Master had been with us to comfort and to bless. Oh, how careful the Lord is to those who put their trust in Him. All praise to the Master.

On my next trip to the Territory I went to the Ottawa from Baxter with Charley Albro—he was living at the old Ottawa Mission. Had a meeting there that evening—a precious time we had. The next day I went over to the Wyandottes, then on to the Senecas again. Meetings ran along as usual until the 5th month when the Executive Committee met and requested me to spend two weeks each

month the coming year, instead of once a month as last year,

In the seventh month of this year we had a camp-meeting at Splitlog's, who had had a large arbor built 60x30 feet, near a large spring, and seated it well. Old Father Bliss and Bro. Parcell, ministers in the Protestant Methodist church, labored very acceptably in this meeting, which lasted nearly a week, a goodly number being converted among the Cherokees and Senecas. One day in the meeting we sang the song, "Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing," in three different languages. Daddy Muorat led in the Cherokee language, Nicholas Cotter in Wyandotte, and I led in the English language. We were enabled to sing in the spirit and with the understanding also. Our meeting grew in numbers and interest from the start and many were led to praise the Master for kindness unto us.

I went on spending two weeks in each month until the first of the eighth month, when the Committee on Indian Affairs desired me to spend all my time among the Indians of the Quapaw Agency. I felt it was right to do so, and went into the Wyandotte reservation and rented a house near the Mission so my children could go to school. We moved to the Territory the first of the Ninth month, 1881. A request was made by the ninety Indians that they have a Monthly Meeting and four Preparations, Ottawa, Wyandotte, Modoc and Seneca, and the Monthly Meeting to be called Grand River, and to be held once in three months alternately at the above Preparations. Timbered Hills Monthly Meeting granted our request. It was sent to the Quarter and a

committee was appointed to visit and if thought best to set it up.

I was holding meetings at Splitlog's when one evening I made the call for those who wanted to be Christians to come to the altar, a young man that I had married, was standing at the farther end of the hall. He dropped his head a moment then came forward, gave me his hand, showing by that he had given God his heart. He bowed at the altar with six or seven others, saying, "I want to be Christian; be good man." He just accepted the Lord as his savior at once and was blest by Him. The next day he was taken sick and lived eight days, then passed quietly away happy in a Savior's love. During his sickness he called his wife to his bedside and told her he could see a door open into heaven, and that he saw Jesus there and many happy ones, and that Jesus said to him, that unless we love Him and believe the Bible, we never get to that happy place. On the day of his death he wanted them to sing, "Come to Jesus." His wife, who was a pagan, after his death gave her heart to Christ and joined the Friends church. He was a Canadian Indian, came here, was married and was adopted into the Seneca nation.

I will now give a short account of a woman in the Seneca nation, a pagan, too, who was at my meetings but once in her life. In about a year after this meeting she was taken sick and on her sick bed she told of things she had heard there; how the Great Spirit was looking at us all the time; how He wanted us to give Him our hearts, and if we would do that He would help us all the time and when we left the world He would take us home

to live with Him always. She said: "I been talking, He hear me; I feel him here in my heart, I so glad. I die; I no live now. All you my people come go with me; be christian; believe what missionary say; he be good man, he want all Indian be happy; now I know it so." She thus spoke and exhorted all her pagan friends who came near her to be christians, dying in the faith of the gospel. How precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.

At one of my meetings held among the Wyandottes, Irving P. Jong was converted. He was probably the oldest Wyandotte Indian man that was living at this time. He was chief of the Wyandottes. At the time that I. P. Long was converted John W. Greyeyes was deeply wrought upon and some time after he was taken sick and on his death-bed he sent for Dr. Kirk and said: "I am going to die and feel as though I wanted to join the Friends before I go, I can then go happy." He was admitted into the church and died happy in Christ.

I will now speak of Nicholas Cotter, an old Wyandotte Indian, that was converted and joined Friends. He was one of the men who went through to California with John C. Fremont in 1849, when so many of Fremont's party starved to death.

Some one asked an Indian how he was converted He replied: "I make a ring with leaves, then I set fire to the leaves; I take a worm, put he inside, worm he run this way, come to fire, then that way, then other way, fire all round; then worm he get in middle, curl up, lay down to die; then I pick up worm, put him outside fire, put him down, he now run away. So with Indian. I

run this way then run that way, feel bad any way, then I give up, lay down to die, no way out. When I give up, can't help myself, then Jesus come lift me up, sit me in a good place; I feel good, then I happy and happy all the time. That's how the Master will make Indian happy. I love him all the time."

I insert a piece below written by Lucy A. Winney, an Indian woman and a Wyandotte, who married John A. Winney, a Seneca. These lines will show that an Indian sees and feels as well as the white people:

IN MEMORIAM

Linnie, daughter of Jeremiah and Mary G. Hubbard, aged 14 years and 11 days, departed this life at 12:20, 3rd month, 23rd, 1886.

She had given her young heart to Jesus, therefore death had no terrors for her, but passed quietly and peacefully away borne by her loving Savior through the shadow of the valley of death. Her health failed about a year previous to death, the last three months were that of entire prostration attended with great suffering, but she bore all with patience and resignation. Her funeral was largely attended, Rev. John M. Watson speaking upon the occasion. She was laid away in the Wyandotte graveyard, and being near the Mission the children all attended, the class of which she had been a member bearing with them a nice wreath of flowers, as an emblem of their love. She was a loving and dutiful daughter to her parents to whom we extend a heartfelt sympathy in this breaking asunder of earthly ties, but another link has been added unto them in the celestial world where Christ has garnered His precious jewels.

LUCY A. WINNEY.

I have felt that it would be right to insert the memorial of Dr. Charles Kirk, one of the best beloved of our Missionaries:

MEMORIAL SERVICES

Memorial services in memory of Dr. C. W. Kirk, were held at Barnett's chapel in the Wyandotte reserve, Indian Territory, Tenth month, 22nd day, 1893. Lucy Winney read the following account of his life and labors in the Indian Territory:

In memory of Dr. C. W. Kirk, who passed away at his home, Shawneetown, Indian Territory, on the 9th of 9th montn, 1893. Dr. Kirk was born in Richmond, Indiana, April 7th, 1836, and in 1868 was married to Rachel Hollingsworth, who now survives him, and who is so well known in this community. In their home in Richmond there was comfort and all the pleasant surroundings of a happy home, loved, honored and esteemed by all who knew him. But the Master called and he gave up all and followed Him. In all ways and at all times did he manifest the spirit of the Lord that dwelt so richly with him because of the promises that are "yea" and "amen" forever to them that believe and accept. Dr. Kirk had received a good English education and afterwards studied medicine and practiced it for a number of years, when he was called to the missionary work among the Indians, coming to the Indian Territory as superintendent and his wife as matron of the government mission school for the Wyandotte, Shawnee and Seneca Indians in August, 1878, remaining six years, in which he proved his efficiency for the work by his kindness, patience and perseverance. He conquered every obstacle

and made, as it was said, the pride of the community.

In 1884 he resigned his place in the school and returned to his home in Richmond on account of his health and for an only daughter, as he could there secure better advantages for the finishing of her education, for he was very devoted to his family as well. He returned to the Territory in 1885, settling in Shawneetown, by appointment of the Executive Committee of Indian affairs as general superintendent of Friends' religious work in the Territory.

This work was an arduous one, besides laboring in his own neighborhood, he visited all the stations and meetings from time to time, Nearly eight years was thus spent, wherein he gathered many sheaves for the Kingdom.

The Dr. had been a sufferer from heart trouble for eighteen years and many times during that period he had bade his loved ones "good-bye." When taken worse he said he could not live long but was ready to go, yea ready to go because of the life that was hidden behind the cross. About half an hour before life ceased he looked up saying, "I see the ushers," and his face aglow with light Divine, he entered the glory world. When his wife said, "I cannot live without thee," he said it would not be for long. We miss the familiar voice and step; no more tidings of an expected coming; he has joined the departed ones, among them Benjamin Tousey, I. P. Long, Nick Cotter, Frank Whitewink and many others. By his request he was laid to rest in the cemetery where he closed his life and labors, to await the resurrection morn.

Jeremiah Hubbard then spoke from the text, "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright for the end of that man is peace." He was followed by John A. Winney and Smith Nichols, speaking in their own tongue and then interpreted.

The morning session closed by singing a hymn in Wyandotte. The afternoon session was occupied by the missionaries of each station and a hymn from each tribe. Opportunity was then given for any who wished to speak. Scarface Charley on behalf of the Modocs, Joseph Wind of the Ottawas, Silas Armstrong of the Wyandottes and Joseph Binnis of the Peroias, responding. The congregation then sang, "God be with you till we meet again."

The following lines were taken from the resolutions of respect that were passed by Grand River Monthly Meeting in memory of Dr. Chas. W. Kirk:

Hark, the voice of wailing from a western strand,
Kirk, the beloved and faithful rests with the spirit band,
Fighting in the foremost combat, all his gospel armor on,
Joyfully he heard the summons, faithful one receive thy crown,
Death's dark river could not daunt him, Christ's sweet presence
at his side,

Brightened with celestial glory, all the darkly flowing tide,
Heaven with all its radiant prospects, rose before his raptured
eyes.

Sweet familiar voices called him to his mansion in the skies,
Ask we, weeping, when so needed, he should lay his armor down,
Why while veterans still are toiling, he should wear the victor's
crown;

Jesus answers, what thou knowest not hereafter thou shalt know,
Patient wait, my wisdom, goodness soon eternity will show,
Oh! for Godlike pity moving, all who bear the Savior's name,
Then would no barbarian Redman for the gospel plead in vain.

A Brief Account of the Modocs

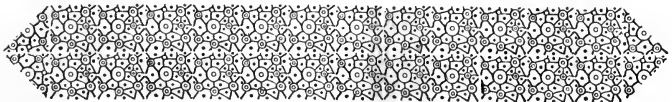
The Modoc Indians were captured in 1872 or '73 and brought to this Quapaw Agency, Indian Territory, and placed in charge of Hiram W. Jones as United States Indian Agent. They knew but little about living as white people, but as soon as brought here they were anxious to be doing something and took very readily, or most of them did, to try and help themselves. The government secured of the Shawnees for them a piece of land two or two and a half miles square bordering on Missouri and south of the Peoria lands. When they came here they numbered, I think, near 150. Many of them sickened and died with consumption. It seemed the climate did not agree with them. Such men among them as Steamboat Frank, Bogus Charley, Scarface Charley, Long George and many others of them became interested in christianity and many of their children were sent to the Quapaw mission school, under the christian care and instruction of Asa C. and Emeline Tuttle, who at that time had charge of the above mission as superintendent and matron.

There is one very peculiar characteristic about the Modocs in burying their dead, and that is that they bury them with the head towards the east. I have heard it said, but don't know how true it is, that in Oregon there was a mountain where the Modocs would go and worship. They would bow down at the base and pray to that mountain, and tradition says that one side of it was

always green. They said the mountain had a son at one time and that he saw the hearts of the people were so bad and mean that he wept because of their meanness until he died, and that is why they bury with their faces looking that way. One thing is certain, and that is they are leaving off many of their old ways and customs. But to hear some of the old women wail at a funeral is simply wonderful. The more I mix and labor with the Indians the more I am convinced that they are the lost tribes of the children of Isreal.

As I saw these people some years ago and see them now with their hearts turned unto God I can truly say: Praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men! Nearly all the Modocs are engaged in farming and cattle growing. They have divided the land up among themselves and have about forty acres to the family, except what they have in the general farm, and it is astonishing to see how glad these people are that they have been brought to see their condition as it was and then to find what there is for them in the gospel.

May Thy blessing, Lord, upon the Modocs be
And keep them by Thy power to see
That what Thy will is 'tis that's right,
So as to KEEP from death's dark night.



The Wyandottes and Senecas

At some period during the first quarter of the sixteenth century a rupture took place between the Wyandottes and Senecas while they were sojourning together within the vicinity of Montreal. There are conflicting traditional accounts of what caused the two nations to become hostile to each other. Some say it was caused by a Seneca maiden and a chief's son. If women in olden times have caused war between civilized nations why not among savages? If such things can be done in a green tree why not in a dry? Here is one story in regard to the rupture between the two tribes:

The chief of the Seneca tribe withheld his consent from his son's marrying a maiden of that tribe. One young brave after another was rejected. Only on one condition would she give her hand to any one of them, and that was by slaying the chief who had wronged her. A young Wyandotte warrior, hearing of this, visited the maiden. He complied with the condition and became her avenger and husband. The whole Seneca tribe was aroused and enraged—the men flew to arms to avenge the assassination of their chief by destroying the Wyandottes. The latter broke up their villages and journeyed westward, while the former were waiting for the return of their hunting party to join them in this warfare, but for some unknown reason they did not at that time pursue the Wyandottes, who continued their wanderings westward until they reached the banks of the Niagara.

At some time during the latter part of the 16th century the Wyandottes at Niagara migrated northward to where the city of Toronto now stands. The Wyandottes, fearing lest their enemies might come upon them and destroy them, journeyed thence northward until they reached the shores of Lake Huron. This lake was named after the Wyandotte tribe; they were called Hurons, but Wyandottes is their proper name. In that region they found game in abundance and they remained there for many years. During this time a portion of the Iroquois were inhabiting the country between the falls of Niagara and what is now the city of Buffalo. From there a party of the Senecas started in pursuit of the Wyandottes, for it appears to have been their settled purpose to overtake them and reduce them to subjection. The former on finding no further trace of them after searching their deserted homes within the vicinity of what is now Toronto, returned to Niagara river.

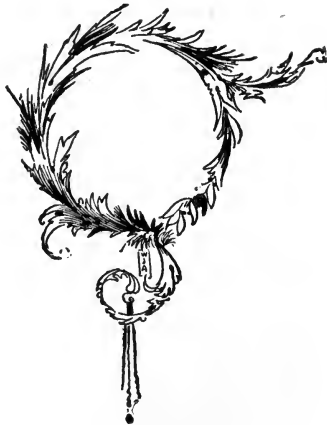
Many years after the Wyandottes, Chippewas, Ottawas and Pottawotamies formed a confederation or compact for mutual protection. The Wyandottes were to occupy and take charge of the regions from the river Thames in the north to Lake Erie in the south; the Chippewas to hold the regions from the Thames to the shores of Lake Huron and beyond; the Ottawas to occupy the country from Detroit to the confluence of Lake Huron and St. Clair river and beyond and northwest to Michilimackinac and all around there; the Pottawotamies the regions south and west of Detroit. Such was the grand division agreed upon by the four nations of the then vast "howling wilderness." But it was understood among

them at the same time that each of the four nations should have the privilege of hunting in one another's territory. It was also decided that the Wyandottes should be keeper of the international council fire, which was to be represented by a column of smoke reaching to the skies and which was to be observed and acknowledged by all Indian nations in this part of North America. From this period might be dated the first introduction of the wampum belt representing an agreement between the four nations. The belt was left with the keepers of the council fire from that time forward until the year 1812, when the council fire was removed from Michigan to Canada.

From about the year 1812 on the Wyandottes began to collect in Ohio about where Upper and Lower Sandusky is now situated, and there remained until about the year 1843, when they removed to Kansas.

Many years ago the Wyandottes in Kansas sold out their lands and many of them moved down to the Indian Territory and their head men made a treaty with the Senecas and bought a tract of land of them and are now, nearly all of them, living in homes of their own, and as I visit at their homes it seems to me wonderful about these people—kind, generous and hospitable, embracing christianity in its simplest forms, without any noise about it, and calm and sedate in their demeanor. And when I see the Senecas and the Wyandottes now living peacefully side by side, and when they come to meeting sitting side by side on the same bench, and then to hear each one tell of the love of God in their souls and happy because they have found the good way, it makes my heart rejoice and I can praise the Lord.

The Seneca Indians came to the Indian Territory about eighty years ago. They first settled or camped on Cowskin river, and gave it that name, for when they butchered their cattle they would throw their hides into the river, by which it came generally to be known by that name. The Senecas were a great people to have feasts, but as a tribe were opposed to christianity, saying it was the white man's religion, and not for the Indian. They never would allow a minister to come among them, but after I commenced I just held steady on with the work, trusting in the Lord and not looking unto man, but to a greater power for help and guidance.



Description of a Wedding

In the winter of 1884-5, one cold day I was sitting in my house, when one of the children said there were some people out there in a wagon. I went to the door and saw a man and woman in a wagon; I went out to them and shook hands. The woman could talk some English and said: "We want you come down to our house." I asked her when; she said Friday. I asked what it was they wanted. She said John wants to get married. They had been living together the Indian way as man and wife, but now John wanted to be married. I told them I come that day, be there at noon and I expect I be hungry; you must fix dinner for me. She said she would and they started off. The day came; I got in my buggy and started off and at the appointed time drove up to their cabin in the Seneca nation. She was getting dinner. I went in, shook hands with her and told her I was on time. In about half an hour the man came home and in a little while some half dozen more Indians came in; by this time she had dinner ready, fixed up a little, and the man came and stood up before the fire and gave me to understand they were ready to get married. By this time an Indian woman had come that could talk English and I got her to interpret for me. I told them to stand up and join their right hands, then I repeated the ceremony, the woman using my words. I pronounced them man and wife, offered a short prayer, shook hands with them and wished them much joy in their future life.

The rest of the Indians present followed as I had done. In a few minutes dinner was ready, which consisted of stewed chicken, bread, coffee and some other things and it was eaten with a relish. After dinner I filled out a marriage certificate and gave them which I told them to keep as long as they lived. I hitched up and started for home with the thought that it was right for these people to be married right and be taught the sanctity of the marriage contract. The woman was a Wyandotte, the man a Senaca.

ANOTHER MARRIAGE

In the summer of '85 I was sent for to go down in the southeast part of the Seneca nation to a wedding. I was told a week or so before of the day, so I saw the old chief of the Wyandottes and told him about it, and told him if he would come over early before breakfast on the day of the wedding he might go with me. I had forgot all about his coming, so early in the morning when I saw the old chief come riding up as though something had happened, I said, "What does this mean, is there some of you sick?" I felt uneasy. "No," he said, "I come to go with you to that wedding." It all came to me of our talk before. I told him to get down and come in, breakfast would soon be ready, and after breakfast we would go in my buggy. We had eighteen miles to go by two o'clock, a very rough, hilly and rocky country through the timber all the way. I took the paths and roads that kept us in the direction we wanted to go. About half-past one the chief said. "Now, if you get there and can go all these roads and not get lost you good Indian—no lose him." Ten minutes before two,

as we were going along through the woods, he shook his head and said, "we lost, no get there." I looked on ahead, saw the house and said, "look yonder, what is that?" He said, "house." "Well, that is the place we want to reach, and we will be there by two o'clock, too, sure." We drove up, hitched our team, and found the men off to themselves under some trees, talking, shook hands with them and said "how," then went to where the women were and shook hands with them. "Now," I said to the people, "we are ready to marry these folks." At this wedding I also had to use an interpreter, as the woman could not understand English, but we soon had them married. They very soon had dinner on the table and we ate a very hearty meal. All were Indians that were there and they seemed to enjoy themselves very well and we also had a pleasant visit.

Along in the afternoon we went over to John Winney's and stayed all night with them. It was really interesting to have these old men talk of old times. On the Sabbath we went to meeting at the Seneca meeting house and the Lord favored us with a glorious meeting, and in the afternoon went to another place and had meeting at a small house with some fifteen or twenty Indians, which was favored with another blessing from the Master.

On the second day we returned home and when we got to my house the old chief said, "How glad I am that I have had the privilege of this trip." And added, "I hope I have not been in the way?" I assured him I looked upon it as a great privilege to have him go with me on this trip. When I look upon this man as I

have seen him in times past, when he used to get drunk before he was converted, and to see him now, I can but truly say: "O grace, how wonderful is thy effect upon these poor hearts of ours when applied by love divine." To the Master be all praise from these poor hearts of ours.



Quapaw Agency Work

In the early history of the Indian Territory, Asa C. Tuttle and Emeline commenced work in the Ottawa nation; Asa would preach, hold meetings and do christian work, while Emeline would teach school. After a year or so they started a Mission on a very beautiful location on the Ottawa reserve, and they carried that on very successfully for several years. Many of these Ottawa people were brought into the fold of the God by these devoted people. Judge Winn was the Chief of the Ottawas, was a true servant of the Lord and also favored education and used his influence and power to help these friends on in their work all he possibly could. After going ahead with the work for a few years at this place a new Mission was built on the Quapaw reserve called Quapaw Mission, some six miles north of the Ottawa Mission. Asa and Emeline were assigned that place and Henry Thorndyke and wife, from Iowa, were placed in the Ottawa Mission. They were faithful in their trust, and Henry went home to the land of rest some years ago, happy in a savior's love.

While at the Quapaw Mission Asa and Emeline received into their school some of the Modoc children and the Modocs would visit their children and hear Asa and Emeline talk about the Savior, and I believe that Steamboat Frank and his wife walked then some thirteen or fourteen miles to visit the Mission and find out about Christ, and as soon as Frank became interested in the

cause he at once began to tell the story to his people, and they soon took an interest also. Asa and Emeline remained a few years at the above named Mission, and feeling that they needed a rest and their friends in the east were anxious to have them with them, so they resigned and went back to the Ottawa nation for awhile to visit and labor with those people, and, while there, the Modocs were very anxious to have them come and stay and have Emeline teach their school. The agent employed Emeline and she and Asa moved into Bogus Charley's house and assumed the care of Charley's little boy. They remained there for a couple of years then returned to Dover, New Hampshire, where they resided a number of years.

The Lord blessed their work among the Indians and in the Golden City many of those dear children of the forest and prairie will rise up and call them blessed.

Their's was the first work of Friends among the Ottawas, Quapaws and Modocs, and from that time on the Indians had it verified unto them that these people were like William Penn, and how wonderful that nearly every tribe has heard of this great friend of the Red man.



Conversion of Smith Nichols



SMITH NICHOLS

I was holding meetings down in the Seneca Indian tribe in the Seneca nation, Indian Territory. One Sabbath had meeting at eleven o'clock at the meeting house and then went over to Joseph Spicer's to meeting at three o'clock. We were holding the meeting under the trees in the yard as there was not room in the house; my interpreter was telling the people as I spoke; after talking awhile it seemed to me that I should stop and ask through my interpreter if there was not some one there who wished to give themselves to the Lord. Some one

touched my arm and I hardly knew whether to believe my eyes or not for who should it be but Smith Nichols; a man everyone was afraid of and the holy terror of the community. I took him by the hand and said, "Smith Nichols, will thee give thyself to the Lord?" He said yes, so he, I and the interpreter knelt down. I prayed for him, then told him to ask the Lord to forgive him, which he did in his own tongue, and in a few moments he arose saying he felt light like a feather. I asked him if he wanted to talk some. He said, "yes, I like to talk some." He said, "maybe two months ago I out hunting way out in hills; I walk along, something say to me, 'Smith Nichols ought to be christian.' I say next time I hear Te-ya-me-da-ya, (that was my Indian name, given me the 15th day of August, 1873) have meeting, I go. So I hear this morning he have meeting, I come. When I get here he stop preaching, then he ask any one want to be christian. I tell him I do, so I give myself to Jesus." A clear case of the leading of the spirit. The next day we had meeting at the council grounds. The spirit told me to ask Smith's wife to become a christian. She was happily converted. Smith afterwards built a meeting house on his place, a very nice, comfortable building. My wife gave him a Bible for his meeting house. He sent for me to come and dedicate the building, which I did one Sabbath. The father of Smith's wife was a very strong pagan Indian but she labored with him until he gave himself to the Lord and was saved and died and went home to Glory.

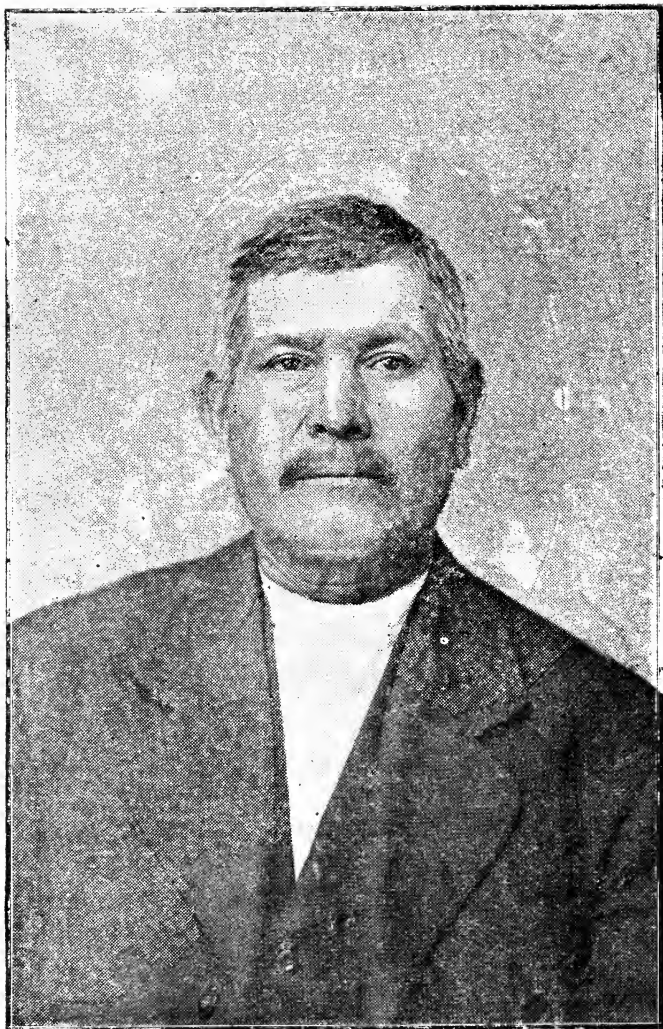
Smith was very earnest for his people to become christians, while you could feel the power of his wife's testimony although unable to understand the words.

Chief of the Ottawas



MANFORD POOLER

Manford Pooler is an Ottawa Indian, and is chief of the Ottawa tribe of which there are only about one hundred and eighty left.



JOHN A. WINNEY

Conversion of John A. Winney

He was a Seneca Indian and leading man of his tribe. The first meeting I ever held in the Seneca nation was held at his home; had ten conversions and married a couple of Indians. Every time I went there I shook hands with him and said, "Lord wants John Winney to be christian." He would sit there and grunt as he could not talk much English. After eighteen months his wife, Lucy, came to me one Sabbath morning at Splitlog's, and said at the proper time John wanted to talk some. I knew there was something coming, had my interpreter ready and told John to speak. He got up and said. "My people we come here long time ago, not so many now as used to be of us; I believe I know reason, because we do not do what Jesus wants us to do. I watch Te-ya-me-da-ya every time he come to my house. He say, 'John Winney, Jesus wants you be a christian.' Now I watch him; he walk strait and I believe he got something Injun not got, so I make up my mind I am going to give myself to Jesus. I wish my people go with me." He turned, took hold of my hand and gave me a pump-handle shake for a minute or more and said, "now I be christian." John was about twenty-five years old at that time, and he never wavered or faltered while he lived. He built a meeting house some twelve miles rom where he lived, called Bethany.

When converted John was a great smoker but in about a month afterwards he was sitting on his porch getting ready for a smoke when the Lord called him to put away his pipe and tobacco, which he did and never touched it any more.



LUCY WINNEY

John Winney said one day he wanted to go with me among the blanket Indians, the Sac and Fox, Kickapoos, Iowas, Shawnees and Pottawatomies, and hold meetings.

We first went to the Iowa camp, some sixty or seventy wigwams. At about 4 p. m., while standing near a wigwam I heard Indians talking in the bushes near by and in a short time five monster blanket Indians emerged and, taking hold of me, did everything with me but stand me on my head, and I looked for them to do that every moment. They made wheelbarrow handles of my legs, pushed me forward, then pulled me backward and dragged me about in the dirt to their heart's content. I let them have their own way in the matter. After a little they stood me up and one of them patted me on the shoulder and said, "Heap good, heap good." "Now," I said, "you have had your fun, come with me to the 'Wickiup' and I will have my fun out of you," and they did. During the talk one Indian on my left began jerking and frothing at the mouth. He proposed to break my meeting up. I took hold of him and told him to be quiet as this was my meeting. He did so.

After the meeting the squaws prepared supper which consisted of bread, coffee and dog. We sat down on our feet and one Indian said to me in broken English, "How you like um dog?" I told him I had never eaten any. He said, "cut piece off and eat um." I did. Some people have asked how it tasted; I said it tasted like dog all I could tell. About dusk we had another meeting; no lights, Indians sitting on the ground or standing.

After the meeting I told them I was tired. Going to a tent I pulled up the flap, passed to the right of the

fire and lay down on the west side, pulled off my shoes and tucked them under my head for a pillow. Just as I got fairly adjusted a big Indian came in and lay down on my left, and as soon as he was easy another came and occupied the space on my right. So it went until the tent was full, the squaws occupying the space next the flap. Soon all were asleep. The Red man does not snore, but sleeps easily like a babe.

Next morning the Indian on my left arose, wrapped his blanket about him, said "ooh! ooh!" raised the flap, went out and soon came back with an arm load of limbs, replenished the fire and soon had my feet nice and warm. I must say that I like to sleep in an Indian "wicke-up."

John Winney and myself visited among the different tribes in old Oklahoma. When on our return home we had to sign our names to the ticket in the presence of the railroad agent, that being the law regarding round trip tickets at that time, John took hold of the pen like an old hand and signed his name all right, although he did not know one letter from another. He had simply observed others while they were writing his name and imitated the writing perfectly.

When the Department of the Interior of the United States was in need of information regarding Indian affairs, John Winney was sent for and his advice was always heeded.

During one of the visits of my wife and myself to the Seneca nation, we were at John Winney's. He took me out to the barn and showed me a handsomely painted cart, saying: "You take him." I told him I had no money to buy a cart. To this he replied that he did not

expect any money, that it was a gift to me because he considered me to be his best friend.

To show his trust in Jesus, he said that he had been down to the Cherokee nation and in passing over a hill the Lord had said to him, "Turn to the right." He did so and soon came to a large tree. Under this tree he knelt down to pray. While praying the Lord said to him, "Hold meeting here." John arose and, looking off to the south, saw three men. He walked over to where they were and told them he was going to get 'Te ya-me-da-ya, (my Indian name), and hold a meeting under the big tree next Sabbath, and for them to tell everyone whom they saw. Then John came and told me of the arrangement he had made, and we held a rousing meeting under that tree the next Sabbath morning—over two hundred being present and many were they who were blessed.



Remarkable Conversion of an Indian



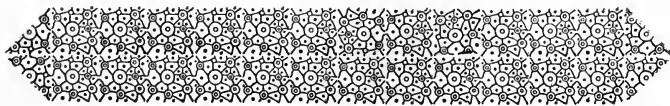
JACK ARMSTRONG

Jack Armstrong was a noted Indian in the Seneca nation. My interpreter told me it would not do to say anything to Jack about christianity as he would not stand it. I asked the Lord to help me by some means to reach his heart. He was a large, fine looking man. As my interpreter and myself were going along the road one day we saw Jack off in the woods. He was a great man to hunt and had several dogs with him. I called him

to come to us and began to talk to him through my interpreter about his dogs and he became quite interested. When I got him up to the right pitch I told him we would have to go, but would be back the next day, stop at big spring, warm, get drink and like to see Indians. He said, "Yes, I tell um come."

When we returned the next Sabbath at 3 p. m. quite a number of Indians were there. I had instructed my interpreter to follow me strictly. I began by saying: "One time good man he live in the world; he always do good to somebody. One day he see man, one hand all drawn up, couldn't use it at all, the other he could use like anybody else. This good man he say, 'Like to have hand good like the other?' Man say, 'Yes, wish I could.' This good man say, 'Stretch out hand.' He did it. Well, all well now, both hands. Good man he do that, Jack. Jack say he good man. Then he go along road and see blind man come. Little girl lead blind man. Blind man say, 'I want be made see.' Good man spit on ground, made some mud, rub it all on blind man eyes, and say, 'Go over to the pond where water, wash good. Little girl lead him. He wash good. Get dirt off he face. He look; he see! O how glad he be! Little girl, Oh so glad! Good man go on. Man come run to him and say, 'My little girl she dead; want you come to my house.' Good man go to his house, take little girl by hand, say, get up little girl. Little girl sit up; good man give her back to her father and mother, who so glad she live again. This good man always helping someone. After while some bad men come along, take good man, put rope on him, tie cloth over

his eyes, hit him in face, make him carry big piece of wood up on a hill, they dig hole in ground, take one piece wood, lay across other; lay good man down on it, drive big nails through his hands and feet. Jack said, "I been there I kill bad men that hurt good man; I kill um, sure." They stood this cross up in hole in ground with good man nailed to it. Oh how he suffer. Oh how it hurt. He there all afternoon and he die. Some men come take good man down, wrap big cloth all round him, lay him in grave. After three days he come to life again. come out of grave, walk about, people see him, and after forty days a lot of people went with him one day he just went up, went in cloud up yonder; so now he send his good spirit unto all hearts that love him. He in Uncle Nick's heart; he in my heart; he talk to us. Does Jack want good spirit come live in his heart? He said 'yes.'" Then I knelt down with him and prayed. Then I requested Jack to pray, which he did. When he arose he said, "I feel like feather; I fly up." The Lord blessed him then and there and from that day he has never faltered; is an elder in the Friends church and as true as steel.



One day a number of years ago before there was a law regulating marriage in the Indian Territory, I was in Seneca, Mo., and noticed three or four heavily armed men, but thought nothing of that as had been used to it so long. I got my team and started home about four o'clock. I got to the upper part of Seneca, looked back and saw the men coming. I turned off the main road and started up the hill towards home, looked back and they were still coming and closer to me. Over in the edge of the Territory there was a small prairie. One of the men rode on ahead of me, got off his horse, stopped my team and asked if I was Preacher Hubbard. I said yes. He said he wanted me to marry that couple in the buggy and ask no questions. I got out of my buggy, married them, gave the lady a certificate and the man who held my team handed me a five dollar bill and asked me if that would satisfy me? I told him it would. This man, his three armed companions and the woman then drove away in the buggy and that was the last seen of them. I always made it a practice to carry marriage certificates with me and keep a record of all marriages. This fact has been the means of adjusting many suits in court over real estate, as my record book was the only available evidence of the marriage relation of the parties

I used to travel in this country in a two-horse cart, and by-the-by there were but three two-horse carts in all this vast country at that time. At that period we had no bridges or ferry boats. There are a number of large streams in this section, such as the Neosho, Spring River, Cowskin and Grand rivers. Having a cart it was an easy matter, if we found the water too deep, to turn

about and drive out—a buggy would lock on a short turn and spill its occupants. My ponies could swim like ducks. An editor of Seneca, Missouri, said in his paper that I drove two spotted ponies and one of them was a Methodist, the other a Campbellite. He said the Methodist would swim with half his sides out of the water, the Campbellite just stuck his head out and the Quaker rode high and dry.

I never wanted a gun but twice in all my travels in this wild country. Once when a wild hog run my wife and I three and a half miles. I had double tires on my buggy wheels, my ponies were fiery and I told my wife as long as the wheels held up we were all right. I knew the only thing to do was to run him down, which we finally did. The other time to kill a large gray wolf. I was in the cart and he was not going to give the road. I think he would have attacked me if there had been another with him.

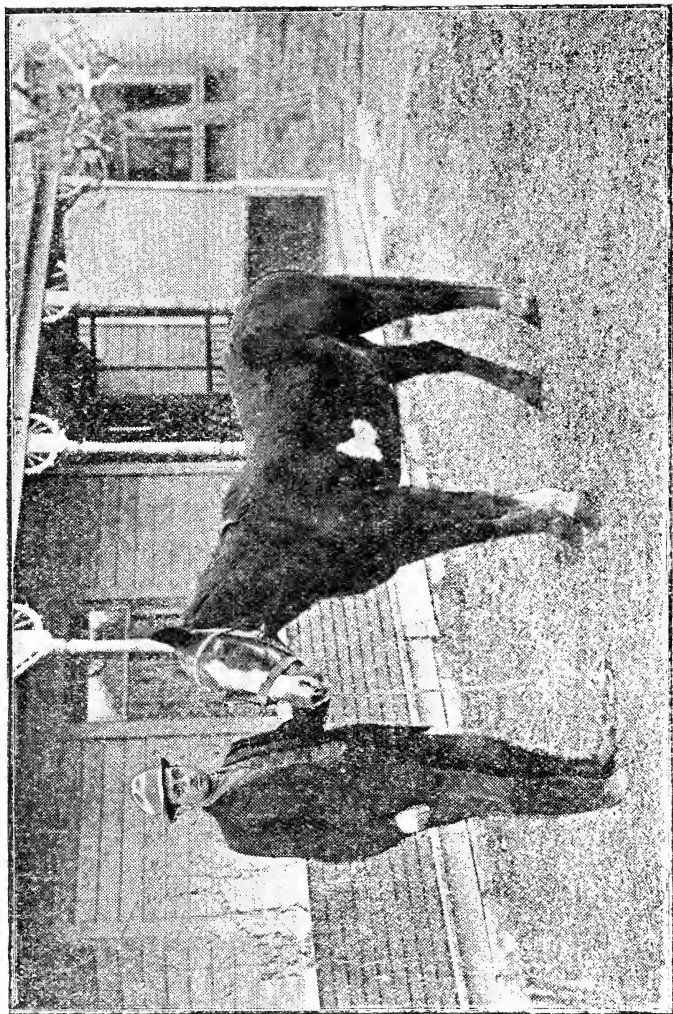
During the early days in this country there were a great many desperadoes. I have had them come to my meetings and hold their guns in their lap all during the service. I believe if anyone had misbehaved they would have shot them down right there. They always treated me very nicely and I did them.

Asher Moot came to my place a number of years ago and wanted to go down to Siloam Springs, Arkansas. I told him I would go with him and we started the next afternoon. He wanted to know where we would stay all night and I told him at an Indian home between Buffalo and Cowskin rivers. He wanted to know if we couldn't drive faster and get some other place as he had a weak

stomach and he couldn't eat at the Indian's. I told him that was the only house and said, "If I can eat there thee surely can." We drove up to the home and asked the woman if we could stay all night, she said we could. I got out, unhitched the team and lariatied them out while Abner walked about as nervous as he could be. After awhile the Indian came to the door and said, "Geah-ha." That means, "come and eat." I went in ahead of Abner and looked back to see how he acted. When he saw the table he brightened up as the woman had on a white tablecloth, nice biscuit, fried chicken, butter milk, preserves, cake, pie, coffee and tea. How he did eat! The next morning after we started he wanted to know if we couldn't stay all night there on our return trip. "Oh," I said, "that is an Indian home, and thee can't eat Indian cooking." He said it was the best supper and breakfast he ever ate, and he always liked the Indians after that.



One time as I was coming through the Creek country and had a little Indian boy in the hack with me. Just as we got out of the timber on Salt creek we heard some one yelling as loud as they could, looked back and saw an Indian coming on the run and yelling every jump. He had very long hair that was flying every which way, and brandishing a pistol. The little fellow wanted to run but I said no we would wait right there. I turned and sat across the seat to watch him as he came up. When he got up to us he put his finger into the muzzle of his gun then pointed up and said, "Bang, bang!" then handed me some money to get him some cartridges. He could not speak English. We got the cartridges for him and sent them back by the mail carrier.



HARRY AND OLD SULLIVAN

Harry and Old Sullivan

Harry is our youngest living child. He and Joseph Tuttle, son of Asa and Emeline Tuttle, are the only living children that were born to the first Missionaries. We have two buried in the Wyandotte graveyard and Asa and Emeline have three in the Ottawa graveyard.

Sullivan is one of the ponies I drove for many years. He was only three years old when broke. He had a mate, both sorrels, and they have traveled thousands of miles in the Master's work. The mate was killed by lightning one night after I had just returned from Blue Jacket, where I had been to meeting. I had a span of little mules which I called David and Jonathan. My two boys called the ponies Pat Ryan and John Sullivan, after the two prize fighters. Dr. Kirk said the boys thought to even up. Sullivan is still living and was twenty-seven years old last February.



MRS. CLARA McNAUGHTON

Mrs. Clara McNaughton

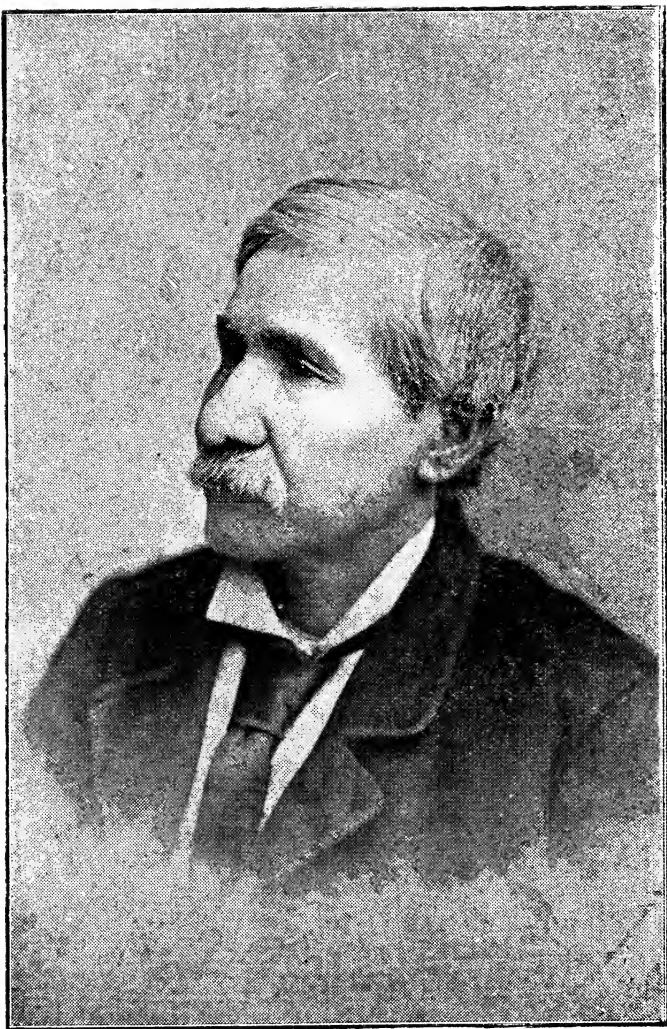
Mrs. McNaughton is a Peoria Indian. She is a member of the first church organized by Friends in the Peoria nation, being at the present time an elder of the Miami Monthly Meeting of Miami, Oklahoma. She went to school to Elwood Weesner at Peoria school house, who in after years went to Alaska to enter the Missionary field.



BEN LAWVER

Ben Lawver, Modoc Indian Chief

Ben Lawver is a Modoc Indian, one of the Modoc children when the tribe was taken prisoners in the fight in the Lava Beds of Oregon. He was brought to the Indian Territory when they were sent to this country under the agent, Hiram Jones at the Quapaw agency.



JOHN W. GREYEVES

John W. Greyeyes

John W. Greyeyes was a Wyandotte Indian, a very smart man; could speak only a little English. He was looked upon as a great man among his people and the government had great respect for and confidence in him. He died at Wyandotte some years ago.



CATHERINE JENISON

Catherine Jenison

Catherine Jenison is another of the old time Ottawa tribe, she was the daughter of Judge Wind, chief of the tribe some thirty years ago. He was a good man and for those days a progressive and always ready to do any thing for the betterment of his people. She has been married twice and is the mother of fourteen children, all living but one. Her present husband, Walter Jenison, is a white man from Iowa. She was one of the charter members of the Friends church under the care of Asa and Emeline Tuttle, and has been an overseer and elder in the church; was a granddaughter of Grandma King that lived to be 118 years old, (spoken of in another part of this book.)

The home of Watt and Catherine was always open. The latchstring was always on the outside of the door, for no matter what time I drove in I always found a square meal and a good bed. I often look back on those early days of my work and think of their kindness to me as one of the bright spots of my life..



ANGELINE LOTZ

Angeline Lotz

Angeline Lotz is another one of whom I feel that my book would not be complete without a word of praise for her good works. She came into the Indian Territory about twenty-five years ago from Kansas City. She was placed in a Quaker Mission while yet a child and when she found the Quakers in the Territory she cast in her lot with them.

She and her husband, Peter Lotz, settled in the city of Miami, and during her residence there she was a gifted worker for the Lord. She was a broad-minded woman. She assisted all alike, and no worthy object ever appealed to her in vain. While she loved her own church she was not sectarian. She held many positions of trust in the Friends church. She was treasurer until her failing health compelled her to relenquish the office. She was an elder and also a trustee during her life, and to the pastor and his wife she was a loving and helpful friend.

I will give a bit of Ottawa history that was published in her obituary:

OTTAWA INDIAN HISTORY

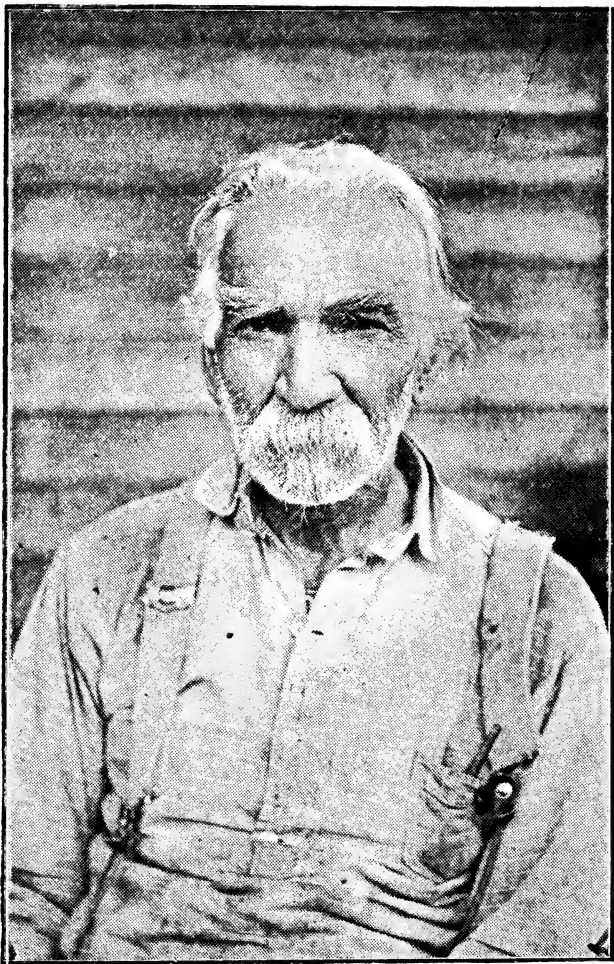
A slight reminiscence of the past history of the Ottawa tribe and the clearing up of the age of the oldest members now living in the tribe at Ottawa, Oklahoma.

In 1832 Curtis Robean, a Frenchman and fur buyer, took a contract from the government to move the Ottawas of Blanchard's Fork and Rouche De Boufe, consisting of five hundred souls, from in and around Toledo, Ohio, to the Territory of Kansas. They were moved from Toledo to Dayton by wagon, from Dayton to Cin-

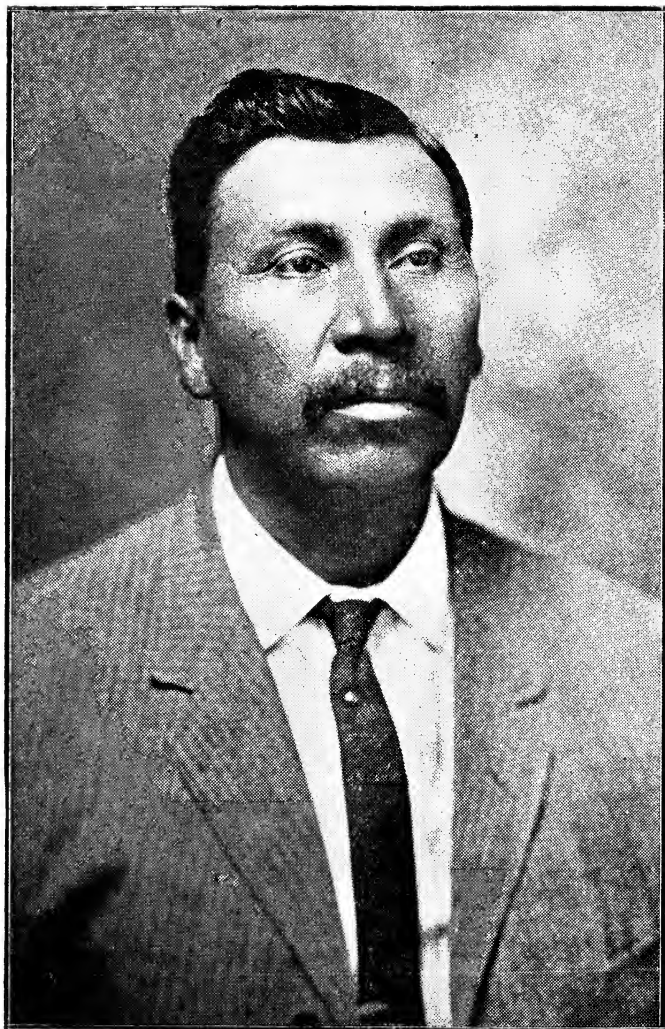
cinnatti by canal and from there to Kansas City by steamboat, from the latter place to a point on the Marias Des Cygne where the city of Ottawa is now. The sole survivor of the original five hundred, who at that time was seven years old, is Joseph King. Angeline Lotz was then ten years old and at the time of her death nearly ninety years old. The mother of Angeline died, also the father of Joseph King leaving him and a sister, Lucy, in the care of an old Quaker lady, who sent them to a Quaker mission school. When they were nearly grown Angeline Lotz went to Cincinnatti, Ohio, and Lucy to Chicago, Illinois. For nearly forty years their identity was lost to the tribe. They married in their respective cities. Mrs. Lotz raised a family of nine children. Lucy King married a railroad man and lived in affluence all her life. She had one son. Just before the allotment a delegation was sent to Washington among whom was John W. Early and Joseph King. The names of these two men and their mission were discovered in the newspapers at the time, a correspondence was started with the result that these two lost daughters of the tribe were restored to their people.

Joseph King is the sole survivor of the original five hundred. He says he is eighty-seven years old, which would make him Angeline's junior by about three years.

W. C. JENISON.



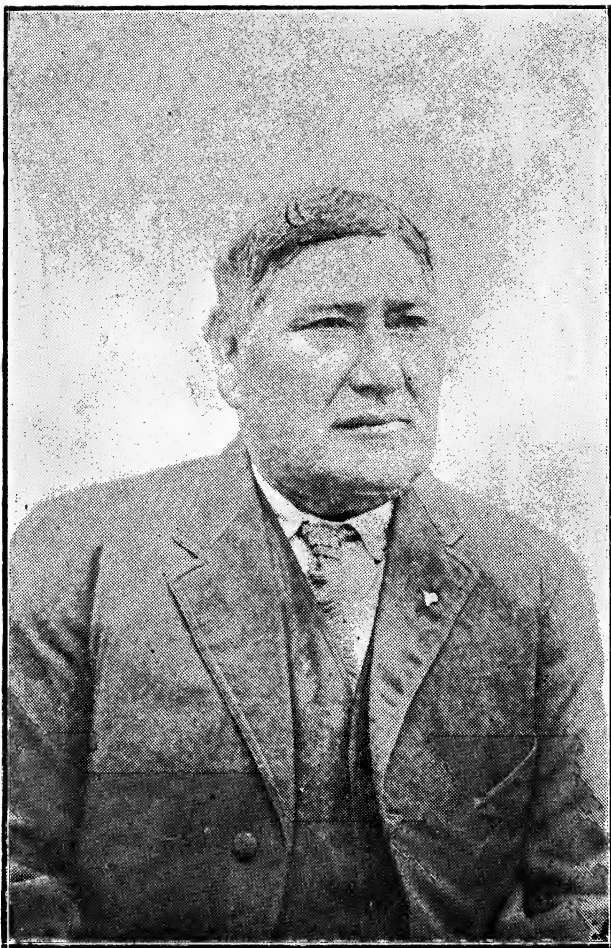
SMITH NICHOLS, 84 YEARS OLD, HAS KILLED MORE
DEER THAN ANY MAN NOW ALIVE



GEORGE W. FINLEY

George W. Finley

George Finley was born about the year 1858 in Kansas and came to the Indian Territory in 1868. He is a Pankeshaw Indian and his name is To-wah-quah Kenon-quah—George W. Finley.



JACK ARMSTRONG OF TODAY

Memorial of Frank Modoc

The Modoc tribe of North American Indians is an offshoot of the Klamaths, and the two tribes held possession of a large tract of country, partly in northern California and partly in Southern Oregon until 1864. As early as 1850 troubles occurred between these Indians and white immigrants, and many were killed on both sides. In 1864 the government made a treaty with these Indians, in which the latter surrendered all the country claimed by them except a small portion in Southern Oregon, since known as the Klamath reservation. This being 4,600 feet above sea level, and in the close neighborhood of high mountains, was subject to frost every month in the year, and therefore entirely unsuited to agriculture. The Modocs had been living in the valley of Lost River, about fifty miles further south, and were accustomed to raising some produce, and keenly felt the difficulties of their new location. Moreover, the Klamaths, much superior in numbers, were exceedingly overbearing and oppressive to the Modocs, who received little or no protection from the agent in charge. Under these circumstances a portion of them, (Captain Jack's band), left the Klamath reservation and returned to their old home in the Lost River Valley. This had already been largely taken possession of by white people, and so these Indians and the whites began to have

trouble. The government, in the autumn of 1872, sent soldiers to effect the return of the band to the Klamath reservation. A conflict ensued in which the settlers took part with the soldiers against the Indians. The latter retreated to the lava beds, in the subterranean passages of which they were practically safe for a long time, though attacked by the United States forces under General Canby. In the meantime the secretary of the interior sent a commission to settle the difficulty with the Indians, consisting of A. B. Meacham (formerly superintendent of Indian affairs for Oregon, who had been on friendly terms with these Indians), L. S. Dyar, agent at the Klamath Agency and Dr. E. Thomas, a minister of the Methodist church. This commission, however, was put under the direction of General Canby and could only present such terms as might be approved by him or his department. Negotiations were attempted, but Capt. Jack would listen to no terms of surrender unless he could have a home for his people on Lost River, as he was sure they could never live with the Klamaths upon the reservation. Notwithstanding this positive assurance and repeated evidences that any further attempts at pressing an unconditional surrender upon the Indians would be met by them with treachery, General Canby and Dr. Thomas overruled the objections of Commissioners Meacham and Dyar, and arranged for another interview. There can be no doubt that they did so with the sincere desire of effecting an amicable settlement, by prevailing upon the Indians to yield—a result which their colleagues, Meacham and Dyar, more experienced in Indian character, were sure would not be accomplish-

ed, for they had become satisfied that the Indians had reached that point of desperation in which they determined that they would die where they were unless they received guaranties that their lives would be spared and a suitable home given them upon their surrender. The result of the meeting was the murder of General Canby and Dr. Thomas, while Commissioner Meacham received wounds almost fatal. This atrocious violation of the flag of truce has no justification whatever, but it excuses itself to the minds of these Indians as they thought upon the same atrocity inflicted upon their own people twenty-one years before when the notorious Ben Wright and his company of volunteers, arranged for a "peace talk" with the Modoc warriors and murdered over forty of them.

After seven months of fighting, and by calling in the aid of the Warm Springs Indians, Captain Jack and his company were subdued. He and three of his principal men were courtmartialled and executed, and the remainder transferred to the Quapaw Agency, Indian Territory.

Such was the character of those 152 human beings, moulded by generations of barbarism and driven to desperation by the peculiarly aggravating circumstances of later years, when the light of the Gospel dawned upon them in their new home. Their heathen darkness began to move away as mist before the sun. Their hardness of heart yielded to the softening influences of a practical Christian love which met them with kindness and good deeds. The hungry were fed, the naked were clothed. The sick were ministered unto. Their children were taken into school; even their adults were taught to read.

Homes were made for them; the sod was broken and they were encouraged to plant. Hope sprang up in their hearts, and an abundant entrance was given to them into the kingdom of Jesus Christ.

See Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs and accompanying documents, Volumes for 1872-3, and subsequently.

FRANK MODOC

Frank Modoc was born on Butte Creek, Siskiyou county, California, in 1846, of Modoc parents who died soon after his birth, leaving him an orphan without relatives, a wife blown about from one camp to another, until he was adopted by an Indian maiden of seventeen. This maiden was gifted with a voice of extraordinary compass. From this fact she was called by her people, "Steamboat." She was a woman of considerable ability and seems to have taken great pains with the little orphan. She named him Frank, hence he has always been known as "Steamboat Frank." When he had attained to the age of fifteen years "Steamboat" adopted him as her husband according to the usual ceremonies of the tribe. Frank very early espoused the cause of Captain Jack, and was ambitious to become a white man. He cherished the memory of Steamboat, his first wife, very sacredly for many years after her death, and then married Alice Modoc, a woman of good mind and earnest spirit, who came to the Quapaw agency with him, and was a faithful companion to him until her death in first month, 1884.

On the arrival of the Modoc prisoners at Baxter Springs, in the fall of 1873, the whole tribe came at once under the kindly notice of Asa and Emeline Tuttle, who at that time were largely interested in missionary and

school work in the Quapaw agency, and through their influence, and the persistent help of Hiram Jones, agent in charge, he with others of his tribe became acquainted with white men's ways, and very soon opened his heart to the light of the Gospel, encouraging his brethren and sisters to accept Christ as their Savior and true friend under all circumstances.

His good judgment and industry also gave him influence with all classes of men, and his word was taken by them as always reliable. As he had known the way of the sinner to be hard, when he came to the Gospel he gave up all, leaving off both whisky and tobacco, and in a great measure influencing the tribe to do the same. Some of these returned to these habits again, he, however, never wavered, and in the temperance cause was a valiant speaker, as the following from a speech at Des Moines, Iowa, will show. In the fifth month, 1882, he and his son, Elwood, accompanied by his former teacher, Ira D. Kellogg, received endorsements from his Monthly and Quarterly Meeting, and the United States Indian agent, D. B. Dyar, releasing him to service in the State of Iowa, for the then pending Constitutional Amendment.

Arriving in Iowa, he secured a recommendation from Frances E. Willard to the W. C. T. U. of the State of Iowa, and labored under their auspices, visiting some of the principle towns and cities.

His arguments were pointed and convincing. At Des Moines he occupied the rostrum with Frances E. Willard, and said, "Friends of God and humanity, you wonder, perhaps, that an Indian should come to this great

State of Iowa to teach you morals and tell you how to vote. That is not my mission. But when I came into your State, I remembered Asa and Emeline Tuttle, two of God's children, and your former citizens, who had been used of God to open the blind eyes of the Modoc to see the truth as it is in Jesus, and to lead us from sin, drunkenness and degradation to lives of sobriety and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. And I prayed God that I might be used of Him to pay you back, in at least a small degree, for the great things you did for us through your workers. As I pass up the streets of your towns, I see on one side churches, school houses, and busy mills. On the other side I see the open saloon, protected by law, State and National, and I understand something of the contest before you. I came to help you who are on this side of the street, where you will find all the good, true men and women of Iowa, and with God's assistance the saloons on that side will disappear. This great Nation says no man shall sell intoxicating liquors to my boy. Is it possible that the Government don't think as much of the boys of Iowa as it does those of the Indian Territory?, Why not protect the boys by taking away the open den of the tempter? I can, it seems to me, hear the chains rattling and clanging of those in bondage to Satan. Oh! may God help you to break those chains and set the captives free by closing the saloon doors of this grand and beautiful State. Vote for Constitutional Amendment. Amen."

This short address was received with deep feeling as to its truth, and is a sample of his apt illustrations and force of character.

By his industry and economy he erected a very comfortable house and good barn, wagon-shed, corn-crib, etc., the government furnishing the hardware and a carpenter to assist him. In the year 1880 he and his wife and their only surviving son, Elwood, were received into membership with Friends. His fidelity and sympathy toward his wife in her last sickness was especially marked, owing to her protracted illness with consumption. Her appetite seemed to need something that we could not get in the Territory, the streams being frozen over. One day she said to Frank, "If only I could have some fresh fish, like in our old home in Oregon." Without further ado he hastened to the nearest town having railroad connection with St. Louis, and telegraphed the express company to send out fresh fish, which came the next day. Few white men would have thought they could have done so, with as small amount of funds as he possessed. His faithfulness in attendance of meeting, both at home and away, will be remembered by many, and his humility in speaking for his Master, so very precious to his soul.

In fifth month, 1884, his gift in the ministry was acknowledged by Spring River Quarterly Meeting of Ministry and Oversight, and approved by Grand River Monthly Meeting, Indian Territory, he being the first full-blood American Indian ever recorded as minister of the gospel in the Society of Friends.

The government giving permission for him to leave his home at Modoc, the following Minute was granted him by his Monthly Meeting:

"Our beloved Brother, Steamboat Frank, a minister

of the gospel with whom we have unity, laid before this Meeting a prospect he had of visiting, in the love of the gospel, his brethren in Oregon, at Klamath Agency, and other places in that country. After due consideration the Meeting expressed unity and sympathy with, and offer him our prayers, bidding him God's speed in his work, committing him to the Heavenly Father's care and guidance, and commending him to the children of God wherever he may come.

"Taken from the Minutes of Grand River Monthly Meeting of the religious Society of Friends, held at Seneca Reserve, Quapaw Agency, Indian Territory, sixth month, 28th, 1884.

CHARLES W. KIRK,

LUCY A. WINNEY,

Clerks.

"NICHOLAS COTTER, Correspondent, Grand River Postoffice, Indian Territory."

His visit to Oregon proved a great blessing to his people there, and his stay of three months gave recruit to his own health. The dairy which he kept of every day's service is too voluminous for insertion, but it may truly be considered a record of honest-hearted, faithful service to a loving Master. After our brother's return a hearty welcome was given him by his own people, as he met them, after such a visit to the home of their childhood, from which the cruel hand of war had robbed them; but he talked to them not of their hard fate in war, but of the beauties and joys of a Savior's love, sometimes saying to them, "I leave all those old things, I have a new life now in my loving Savior Jesus," describ-

ing to them at times, with great power, the glories of that home above, to which some of their dear ones had gone before.

Near the close of the year 1884, one day, whilst at the Mission Home, he expressed that he could understand the plan of salvation for himself, but he found in speaking to his people that he did not fully comprehend the meaning of all words in English so as to give the correct interpretation to them, and asked if any way could be opened for him to get more education. His friends thought something should be done in the case. Very soon Mary Morrell, of New England Yearly Meeting, came in on a visit, and the subject was mentioned to her. After having become acquainted with Frank, she expressed her conviction that it was of the Lord, and spoke of Oak Grove Seminary, Maine, as a good school for him to attend.

Accordingly arrangements were begun at once, consent of the government obtained, and the Indian commissioner changed his name to Frank Modoc, On the ninth of Fourth month, 1885, after having settled all his outward affairs satisfactorily, he obtained a minute of encouragement and sympathy from his Monthly Meeting, giving a loving farewell to his own people and many friends, he took what proved a final farewell to his home, and only son, and entered the school above mentioned.

Of his success whilst there a few extracts may be noted. In writing to his friends, J. M. and Eliza T. Watson, he says: "Charles H. Jones and wife so very kind to me; feed me and care for me just like a little lamb, and I love the school and meeting all the time;

learning not only in my books, but about my Heavenly Father's love." His letters to his people always breathed a fervent, earnest love for them. One time one of the head men complained to him in a letter, that he did not get along very well, and did not like some people. Frank replied, "If he trusted his Heavenly Father all would go well; but the Scripture did not promise anything to a man unless he held out faithfully." After spending something over a year at school, his health failed and he came to the home of his friends, John J. and Myra E. Frye, Portland, Maine. He intended to leave for his home immediately after New England Yearly Meeting.

We can not better describe his last days than by giving Myra E. Frye's own words: "Our late dear brother, Frank, came to our home the twenty-second of fifth month, had started on his journey to the Territory, but, oh, so feeble; yet so happy in Jesus, Change of food and scene seemed to brighten him up for a few days. But the disease was steadily working on his poor body. We called our family physician, and he examined his lungs, and said his left lung was all gone, that he could not get well, but might live several months. Frank said he was almost as low before he went to Oregon, and returned much improved. We got well acquainted with him and learned much of his people. He loved them, and wanted me to ask Friends to help them go back to their old home, for they were fast dying away where they now live; and their being held prisoners of war troubled him. He did not give up going to Yearly Meeting until Second-day before he died, on Seventh-

day, but wanted us to go and do what we could for his people. He was always so patient, and his trust was in Christ his Savior, often replying, when asked how he was, "I very well, but my body very weak." For all there was so much sorrow mingled with it, I am glad the last weeks of his life were spent with us; glad that it was our privilege to watch and comfort our dear brother during his last hours on earth. We all loved him, servants and all; my little girl was very fond of him. On Fourth-day his mind was very clear, and he seemed much better; talked about his people, dictated a letter to his son at White's Institute, Wabash, Indiana, and talked of starting for the Territory the next week. He was not well enough to go after he came to our home. He died suddenly, on Twelfth-day Sixth month, 1886, with a perfect trust in Jesus, often repeating his name. Those who waited on him at the last, said: 'No white man could have witnessed more for Jesus in his perfect trust for Him while suffering in the body.' The funeral was at Friends meeting-house, Fifteenth-day, at 2:30 p. m., and he was buried in the burying lot belonging to Friends, just back of the meeting-house. All was done for him that could be done. His casket was a beautiful one, and he was laid out with as much care and tenderness as any Friend in New England,

"A. C. Tuttle and my husband attended the funeral at Deering, and E. H. Tuttle and myself attended the memorial service at Newport, Rhode Island, at the same hour of the funeral at Deering. This memorial meeting was appointed by the Yearly Meeting, at the request of the Indian committee, and was attended by 400 or 500

persons. Thus passed away one saved by grace, and redeemed alone through the precious blood of Jesus."

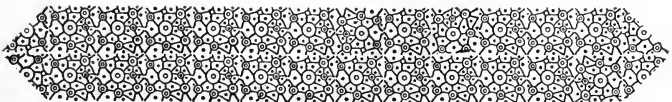
The foregoing was read in Grand River Monthly Meeting, and directed to be forwarded to the committee appointed by Spring River Quarterly Meeting.

Taken from the minutes of Grand River Monthly Meeting, held 9th month, 25th, 1886.

JOHN M. WATSON,
LUCY A. WINNEY, Clerks.

A part of the committee appointed by Spring River Quarterly Meeting, to examine this memorial, have examined the same, do now forward it to the Representative Meeting for their action.

LIZZIE K. WILSON,
AARON M. BRAY,
MARY JANNEY,
LIZZIE SHIELDS.



Origin of Seneca Indian Pagan Prophet

Once upon a time a Pagan Prophet lived in the now State of New York, named "Skaw-nyah-ti-e-yuh."

The history from a long, lingering spell of sickness in which he was supposed to have died and afterwards revived, is the foundation which has been handed down to the present time. He was sick four years, the last year being confined to his bed entirely prostrated, when four angels visited him, giving him medicine, commanding him to get up and go with them and they would show him the beautiful country, Heaven.

He got up as commanded, went to the door, being in the spring of the year, his wife and daughters were in front of the door assorting their beans for planting. When he appeared his daughters jumped up and caught him for fear of his falling, for he had wasted away to nothing but skin and bones. The daughters helped him back to bed, where he expired to all appearances. Word was circulated that he was dead. When his one brother arrived he began preparations for burial when a neighbor interfered, said it would be better to wait as there was still heat in the breast, but they failed to discern any breath each day. He lay in this condition until the fourth day when the angels brought him back, that is he revived just like one awakening from a sleep. He was commanded by the angels to call all the people together and tell them where he had been and what he had seen.

So "Skaw-nyah-ti-e-yuh" gave out word that in four days he would meet them, very early in the morning, to tell them great things, and wanted every one to be there.

The meeting place was at the long house, (their dance house), so-called for its length, a narrow building with a ground floor, narrow for its length. In olden times the dimensions were usually 25x100 feet or more, so that it contained five fires several feet apart along the central line. Accordingly on the day set a multitude of people had gathered. "Skaw-nyah-ti-e-yuh" appeared occupying the middle of the floor to the people. He said he had been to heaven and to the regions below, for the angels had shown him that place also, and what manner of people they should be if they went to heaven. Witches, liars, tale-bearers, adulteress, barrenness could not enter there, but the latter class could get admittance by adopting and raising an orphan. He then adjourned the meeting until he should consult with the angels again what more to say to them. After a time the people were again called together; this time he was commanded to take twelve men to accompany him as he must needs go from tribe to tribe to tell what had happened to him, what he had seen. The whole of his speech has not been given but he was unable to finish the first morning of the second meeting; adjourned at noon; would not speak in the after part of the day as he said that was the devils time and he would be busy then.

By the prophet's request the people assembled again the next morning, it was then he chose his twelve followers.

After they had traveled awhile, he preaching (as it is called), apart, the twelve became dissatisfied with their leader, "Skaw-nyah-ti-e-yuh." They did not think his practice was as clear as his preaching, (his deeds being somewhat in the shade). If it was wrong for the people to do some things it was equally wrong for him to do the same. His followers took it upon themselves to remonstrate with him, but he said the angels had told him it would be all right for him to have two wives because he needed more care than one wife was able to give him and, as he had frequent talks with the angels, he did nothing without first consulting with them, This explanation did not suffice and six of the band dropped off, the others remaining faithful to him.

As a rule he told the day when he would see his advisers again, and for the people to come together the next day. The deserters were now anxious to know something of these "angel visitations," secretly engaged three trusty young men to follow him, which they did, but failed to see anything but the prophet and a large tree that he seemed to be talking too. They went the second time and still they failed to see anything. The third time they had dug a trench behind a log that lay closeby with a covering ready to conceal themselves in, so were in their trench when he came. As usual, he looked up the tree, then down on the ground, talking all the while. The young men were watching through the small opening they had left for the purpose for they were bent on seeing the angels, when lo! a black snake arose, nearly four feet high, showing a forked tongue. They could hear an audible voice but could distinguish no

words. So it was the old serpent himself, the deceiver of mankind. After the exposure, although it was not made publicly, the prophet became a maniac; had to be bound, and wherever he could had bitten the flesh off of himself, so thus he died. The band of six cared for him unto the last. They would let no one see him after he lost his mind, but just before death he came to himself, said, "I am going to the devil." He was buried midway in the long house where his grave was kept fresh, and the Indians danced around it at their usual gatherings.

The place is near Syracuse, New York, This is not given in full but just enough to show who and what the "Pagan Leader" was. The foregoing was obtained during my trip among the six nation of Indians in the State of New York in 1871, from two men almost centenarians, one nearly blind, gave the recital with the request that I should not repeat it to the Indians at that time and place. They said they would be considered traitors if it were known they had given "Skaw-nyah-ti-e-yuh" away, and would be in danger, for only a few have ever been in possession of these facts. The mass have not known of the fraud, and "Skaw-nyah-ti-e-yuh" was held up as the Indian's Lord and Christ was the white man's Lord. I did not hear of Christ when I was young, but had heard of this prophet. We were always preached to about him at our feasts and dances, and I had heard my great grandmother tell the other side in very nearly the same words as we have it here which caused me to make inquiry for my own satisfaction. I have helped in this false way, believing that was the only way for an Indian, because a man that could speak with angels had so taught, but the matter has been sifted through and there is nothing in it but darkness to all, I am out of it. He who is Lord over all is my light. I believe in him alone. Give me the story of Christ, and I ask an interest in the prayers of all Christians who may chance to read this.

—JOHN A. WINNEY, Ouray, Indian Territory.

The Indians the Lost Tribe of Israel

It has been a puzzle to many people as to where the Indians came from to this country. I have many reasons gathered from the manners and customs of the Indians, also from the Old Testament Scriptures, to convince me fully that they are descendants of the lost tribe of Israel. About the last that could be heard of this tribe they were traveling northeast in Asia. A part of the children of Israel returned, but a great majority of them never did.

The Indians have a tradition that they came to this country across ice. At that early date Behring Strait could not have been over three hundred yards wide.

Another reason is that they look very much like the old Israelites. Another is that the Indians at one period in their history were known as Moses; also one section of the tribes were known as Aaron. The Indians were divided up into clans, and each clan had a chief with a tribe insignia such as Bear, Fish, Fowl, etc. All members of a clan were known as brothers and sisters, and the clans were cousins to each other.

I once thought the Indians had the greatest number of brothers and sisters I ever saw until I learned the significance of their brotherhood. Abraham, like the Indians, could call his wife his sister and tell the truth, for they were both of the same clan.

Nearly all the tribes I have known had their feasts. Some of them the feasts of the first fruits. For instance: One tribe would gather the early wild strawberries and

then assemble in a solemn conclave where the head men would make a talk to the Great Spirit, thanking Him for His generosity to them. After this they would feast on the berries, and when this was over with the old men would gather together for a talk; the young men for games; the women for gossip, and this was called the feast of the first fruits,

The Creek Indians had what they called the Feast of Booths, which was held each year during the month of August and lasted seven days. I have seen as much as ten acres covered with booths. They would stick four poles in the ground, stretch poles across and cover the top with brush. If families were small two would occupy a booth, if a family was large it would occupy a booth alone. No one would participate in a feast but a born Creek, an adopted Creek could not. Their leading men would talk to the Great Spirit each day, and the entire seven days would be spent pleasantly.

Now, if you will take your Bibles and turn to the 23rd chapter of Leviticus, beginning at the 39th verse, you will see how the Israelites did. You will find that all those born Israelites participated in the feast. Where did the Creek Indians get this custom? They say it was handed down to them by tradition.

The Seneca Indians used to have what was called a white dog feast. You find that given in the 23rd chapter of Leviticus and 37th verse.

The Indians would get a white dog, or as near white as they could find, appoint a man to fatten him and when he was fat they would hold a council and kill the dog, hang him up by the neck and after one day they

would all come together, each Indian bringing a piece of bark, strip of cloth or anything, make a pin of wood, put that through the strip and then stick that in the dog as he hung up. These strips would be from six inches to ten feet long, the length of the strip indicating the length of the prayer to the Great Spirit. After this the Indians would build an altar of wood, lay the dog on it with all the strips and set fire to the wood. While the dog was burning the Indians would yell and dance around it, believing the smoke was carrying their prayers up to the Great Spirit. This tradition was also handed down from past generations.

Until of late years many of the tribes of Indians lived to themselves and did not mingle with other Indians. I remember being with them at their councils. The leading men were very staid in all they did, and when they went to vote all those on one side of a question stood together while the opposition did likewise, and that was the way they decided.

I can readily understand how they got so many different languages. When we first went among them my boys could not understand a word the Indian boys said, neither could the Indian boys understand them. One day I saw my boys and some Indian boys playing and quietly went around where they were and could hear them talking plainly. I discovered they would soon have a language that was neither Indian or English, but a mongrel language which both could understand. That to my mind, is how the children of Israel got so many languages among them. I have also noticed old Indian men would sit at the doors of their tent as did Abraham,

Many years ago, when Stanley Newman and his wife were here on a visit from England they attended the Quarterly Meetings of the United States. At that time my wife and myself were attending the Western Quarterly Meeting at Plainfield, Indiana. The State Reformatory for Boys was a mile from the town, and during the meetings word came from the Reformatory inviting the English Friends to visit the institution. Barnabas C. Hobbs and wife and myself were appointed to accompany them, and when we arrived we found five hundred boys, the superintendent, teachers and workers assembled in the chapel to greet us

Stanley spoke first, then Barnabas and myself. When I arose to speak nearly every boy was asleep. I had been accustomed to talking to the Indian mission children who were all bright and awake. Boys! BOYS! BOYS! I shouted. By that time they were all awake, Can any of you tell how an Indian sleeps? None knew. I turned to the superintendent and his staff with the question. Didn't know. I said, "He shuts his eyes." A slang expression, "the house came down." The boys yelled and the two hundred-pound superintendent shook his sides with laughter. There was no more sleep while I spoke.

On returning to the parlor one of the helpers came in and said the boys would not go to bed until they had another talk from that "Western Preacher. I went up in the dormitory and talked awhile, then bid them good-night. On the way back Barnabas thought I had shocked the English Friends so he attempted to apologize for my wild and wooly Western manners. Stanley laid his hand on his shoulder and said: "Barnabas, I wish there were more Jeremiah's with the gift to talk to boys."

Indian Sketches

I have known old Indians of the same tribe to get together and talk all night—never go to sleep at all. I remember being at the home of Mathias Splitlog with Uncle Nicholas Cotter, and these two old men spent all night talking and telling old-time scenes. On another occasion I had a meeting at Irving P. Long's, and Frank Whitewing and Nicholas Cotter went with me. After the meeting was over they told me to go to bed. Away along in the night I awoke and, turning over, saw these three Indians sitting by the fire, talking. I watched them awhile, then asked: "What, are you going to sit up all night?" "Yes;" they replied, "this is the way we Indians do." And I have thought how much they enjoyed those visits with one another. Oh, how much I miss those old Indians who have gone to their long home.

There are some eighty Modocs. A few have married into other tribes, although most of them among themselves. They are a very industrious class of people, great hands to work and to help themselves, and it is really an inspiration to be at their Sabbath school and meeting. Their lands are prairie and timber, and with their houses here and there makes it look very home-like. And then to see this band of Indians as they once were and to see them now, we exclaim: What a change! Grace did it.

HOW INDIANS GET THEIR NAMES

"How do Indians get their name?" is often asked, and many and varied are the answers given by those who pretend to know. Here is one version: Soon after a child was born the father would go out and kill a deer, bear or some other animal and make a feast. He would invite to the feast some old men, who only had the right to give names. After the feast all of the invited men would give some name from which the father chose one connected with his name. If the father's name was "Sky," the child's name would be "Cloud," "Blue Cloud," "Red Cloud," etc., or if the name of the father is that of some animal, the child's name will be some characteristic or attribute of the animal. The above names are called the real names, but most Indians have two names, some few three. The "common names" are given the child by the parents without any ceremony, and are the names by which the children are known by their relatives and intimates. If the family is a large one and exhausts the supply of common names they are given over again with the addition of "Little." The third kind are the nick names and are acquired in the same manner as with white people. We knew one whose name was "Red Legs," and was so named because in battle he always wore red leggings. Another Indian was called "Always-Looks-Around," this nick name being given him because he was always looking around in every direction. The Indians said that if one would run up behind him and strike for the back of his head, instead of hitting him there he would hit him in the face. —Indian Advocate.

The Miami Indians had a reservation in the Quapaw Indian Agency. I remember one young man, some thirty years ago, who would from one First day until the next learn by heart as many as seven chapters in the new testament and repeat them to me while I held the book. He now lives on the east side of Spring river on his allotment. People who never come in contact with the Indians do not understand them. When they come and sit down with you and talk matters over you can then get a much better insight into their lives. We have been with them so long we can understand them and their wishes.



In the history of William Penn, given to us from the year 1681 to 1701, in reference to the Indians, he says: "For their origin, I am ready to believe them of the Jewish race—I mean of the stock of the ten tribes and that for the following reasons: First, they were to go to a land not planted or known, which to be sure Asia and Africa were, if not Europe, and he intended that extraordinary judgment upon them might make the passage not uneasy to them as it is not impossible in itself, from the easternmost part of Asia to the westernmost part of America. In the next place I find them of like countenance and their children of so lively resemblance that a man would think himself in Duke's Place or in Berry street, in London, when he sees them, but this is not all. They agree in rites; they reckon by moons; they offer their first fruits; they have a kind of feast of tabernacles; they are said to lay their altar upon twelve stones; their custom of women with many other things that do not now occur."

Some years ago there lived in the Quapaw agency an Indian by the name of Frank Whitewing, one of the roughest and wildest Indians in this country. If there was any feast or frolic in the country, Frank was the leader. Through the influence of Dr. Kirk Frank became concerned about his soul, was converted, joined the church and was a very faithful follower of the Lord. After a few years Frank was taken sick and was quite feeble for a long time, but as long as he could go we would see his white horse coming through the woods. Finally we missed him entirely and in about a month I had occasion to go down into the Seneca nation and, before starting I felt so impressed that I should go by Frank's that I told my wife. She would not hear to it, saying that we did not have the time to spare. But I told her I must, my feelings thus led me. So we started a little early and when I got to his home I found the door closed. Knocking, a voice in the Seneca tongue bid me "come in." I opened the door and saw Frank's wife standing by the fire holding her babe. Going up to his bed I shook his hand and he said to me: "I am so glad to see you; I've been listening for you to come." I said, "Frank, how did thou know I would come?" Frank replied, "I asked Jesus this morning to send you, and I just believed He would send you, because Jesus says when you pray believe that ye receive that for which you pray, and I did that, so you are here. I want to hear you pray one time more before I go home to Jesus." How trusting he was; like the disciple of old leaning on Jesus' breast. In a week after this he passed away happy in a Savior's love. The words of the poet

would be very appropriate to Brother Frank Whitewing:

“At Jesus’ feet I take my place,
I touch his garment’s hem;
A helpless child in need of grace,
My Lord will not condemn.

“I have no hope but in His love,
His promise is my plea;
I gave myself to Him who strove,
E’en unto death for me.

“I only ask that I may know,
What he would have me do;
That my obedient life may show
The race that bears me through.

“I’ve nothing, Lord, to offer Thee,
But this weak heart of mine;
O, take it, Lord, and let it be
Simply, wholly Thine.”

The following traditional account of the earliest history of the Wyandottes may very properly preface a recital of facts comprising their later history.

At first, we are told, they lived in great numbers in a country a-w-a-y far towards the sunset, across the ocean. They believed that there was another country toward the sunrise, and a large number of them, men, women and children, were sent to find it.

After they had been gone much longer than a thousand years and did not come back, it was supposed it was because they could not; and another company was sent out like the first to find the land and bring back word. When they had been away several years, two men, one who went away, and one they had found, returned and gave this account. They crossed the ocean in a narrow place, far up to the north, and found a large land, inhabited by the descendants of the first company

sent out from them. They were still the same people, only they had forgotten how to talk right. After one thousand years a third company which embraced many hundred people, men, women and children, was made up to go to the new country to live. After they crossed the ocean at the narrow place (Behring strait) they traveled until they came to the country of the great lakes, where they found some people talking like themselves, and they knew they had found their own people.

All Indians were originally Wyandottes, the other tribes being those who got jealous about something and went away off to live by themselves and forgot how to talk right. The Wyandottes had no name originally—they were the people. The first name they ever had was Hurons. Afterwards they were called Hundots; from which came the present name, Wyandottes. Their National history, like that of any other nation, is a history of their wars; the most noted of which, both for magnitude and continuance, is what is known as the "Iroquois war." The original question at issue appears to have been, who was entitled to the country by right of discovery. The result is illustrated in the contest between the cats, which was decided by the monkey; the piece that is left is not worth dividing.

By oft repeated treaties with the United States, and continued war with neighboring tribes their numbers and extent of land steadily decreased until by the treaty of 1842 they were removed from Ohio to the northeastern part of what is now the state of Kansas. They then numbered about five hundred souls.

When the Territory became a state they voluntarily

dropped their tribal organization; received from the U. S. the amount due them in money and lands, which was divided among them per-capita, and became citizens of the state.—JOHN W. GREYEVES.

A TRIP THROUGH INDIAN TERRITORY

The following notes are taken from a diary of a trip made by John A. Winney and myself in 1893.

I boarded the train at Afton, 4th month, 3rd day, 1893, and at Seneca, Mo., found my old friend, John A. Winney, a Seneca man, with grip in hand and ready for a long trip. We stopped at Peirce City, Mo., a couple of hours, then got on the Frisco train bound for Wichita, Kansas, some two hundred miles distant. Reached that place at 5:30 the morning of the 5th. At 7:30 we took a Santa Fe train for Guthrie, Oklahoma Territory. We passed through the southern part of Kansas and found the wheat looking nicely and the farmers planting corn. The Cherokee Strip, some sixty miles across it, in the Territory, is excellent prairie country. We passed several cattle pens filled with cattle. The Ponca reservation was crossed, on which were fields of wheat all looking very nice. Also through a portion of the Otoe reservation. Arrived at Guthrie at one o'clock, but the man who met us could not start back to the Iowas until in the morning. During the evening two of the Iowas came in to see us, having heard that we were in town. Also met three or four of the Otoes. On the morning of the 6th we met Brother William Hurr, from the Sac and Fox agency. Today we have come out some twenty-two miles east, and at this writing I am sitting on

the banks of the Cimarron river. Men do not stop their teams in this stream on account of the quicksand, and it is also quite salty. It is extremely hot weather for this season of the year. We had a good meeting this evening at Oak Grove school house.

After coming back from meeting last night, John Winney and myself slept out of doors, rested well and got up this morning feeling much refreshed.

Fourth month, 6th day.—This eve we had meeting again at Oak Grove. House full and good attention paid to all that was said.

Fourth month, 7th day.—We started for the Iowa villege; got to Kerwan Murray's about noon; fed our team, ate lunch and then went on some two miles to the camp of John Ford. He had a large tepee. The Iowas have a nice body of land. Some of them have houses, more with tepees over in the bottom. We have various things to sit and sleep on—skins of animals, reeds, comforts, etc. In this tepee there is a fire, a hole in the center of the top for the smoke to pass out and a pole to hang the kettles on. We visited with one Indian by the name of Abraham Lincoln, who could use good English. John Winney preached in the evening. He said: "My brothers, I come to tell you about the love of Jesus; how he came in the world to save sinners and wants to save Indian, too; Jesus save me all time, Jesus want all Indians to give themselves to Him and He will keep them in right way all the time when Indian listen what Jesus say. He tell them no drink whisky; no get drunk. Now I love Iowa Indian; want to meet you all in heaven, you my brothers; this all I say now."

Fourth month, 8th day.—We had a good meeting here with the Indians last evening. After meeting went into a tepee and laid down with our feet toward the fire and slept well. I had an old Indian man on one side of me and John Winney on the other, and as I lay there on the ground, felt in my heart how good it was in trying to do something for the Lord. The next morning we all sat around on the ground and ate breakfast which consisted of coffee, flap-jack bread, molases made of sugar, and we partook with a relish. The Indian women sat on the ground and made their bread and did their cooking. No stove, no chairs, all sit down or rather sit on your feet; a little hard at first to persons not used to sitting down that way.

We left the Indian camp this morning and traveled some twenty-five miles southwest, arriving at the old Iowa mission about one o'clock, where Charles Pearson and wife are laboring as missionaries and doing a good work. We visited the Iowa burying ground. These Indians bury with their heads toward the north, and at the head of nearly every grave a bunch of sticks, probably fifty, tied together, and sometimes three or more bunches. At one grave a cup and saucer; at some of them a bunch of the person's hair tied up very nicely; at others the skull of a pony that belonged to the dead; at nearly every grave a pole with a flag a foot or fifteen inches square, and sometimes a portion of the clothes of the dead. Why they bury with the head to the north I could not find out.

Fourth month, 10th day.—We left the Iowa village this morning and traveled nearly all day, a greater por-

tion through the Kickapoo reservation, and arrived at the Mission at five o'clock where we held meetings.

Sabbath, the 16th.—We were at the Shawneetown Sabbath School and the children from the Mission with many of the workers attended the school. Dr. Kirk superintends when he is present and it is a very interesting school. We also met our old friend, Professor Richardson, supervisor of Indian schools. We had a very good meeting after school. At three o'clock in the afternoon we went over to the North Fork of the Canadian to a town called Shawnee and had a good meeting; people very attentive. This evening we again had meeting at Tecumseh and the house was crowded. Dr. Kirk and Rachel are doing a noble work for the Master in that country and are well worthy the high esteem in which they are held by the executive committee on Indian affairs.

We returned home on the 18th, feeling that we had been about our Father's business; John Winney feeling in his heart that he had tried to do something for Jesus. We held some twenty-one meetings in all, and we trust much good was done in the name of the Lord Jesus.

A good many years ago I used to hold meetings at the home of Brother Dick Williams, as everyone called him in those days. He was a white man and had married a Shawnee woman. His was the only house in that part of the country for a number of years and the Indians would come for six, eight or ten miles to attend meetings. One time I was there holding meeting when a blizzard came up and we were housed in for

some time. I spoke of being in the way, Dick said: "Do you see that flour, meat and lard?" I replied that I did. "Well," he said, "do you see that big fire place?" "Yes," I said, "I see that." "Now, all you have to do," said he, "is to eat, sleep, sit by the fire and feel as contented as though at home." He had a large log house located about four miles southwest of Miami, but no one thought of a town in those days. When people commenced coming in and settling the country, he built a school house. There are very few such great hearted men as was Dick Williams.

William L. George and I made a visit to a settlement of full-blood Cherokee Indians on the east side of Grand river in the Cherokee nation, they having sent word to us requesting a meeting. We arrived at John Cornstastle's one-room house at five o'clock. Our supper consisted of corn bread straight, a piece of side meat old, and stringy and tough. but for a good, square meal it was not enough, a cup of sassafras tea without sugar or cream—quinine would have tasted sweeter, I am sure. Our breakfast was our supper duplicated. It was seven miles to the meeting house, through rough country, and when we arrived we found the house to consist of just one door and no windows. The mountain side had a slope of thirty degrees and the house was built to conform to the slope. When you went to the rear of the house it was a climb up hill. During the meeting the songs were sung in the Cherokee tongue. At the close of the meeting a party of Indians skipped out, killed a wild hog and by three o'clock we had a buncom good

dinner. After dinner we held another meeting. Then we had to travel fifteen miles before we could get anything more to eat. We put up at an Indian's by the name of George Ward whose wife was a good cook. Here is where William came near killing himself from overeating. The next day we arrived at home. At a full-blood Indian meeting you will never see anyone asleep, and I would prefer, today to take one hundred full-blood blanket Indians and preach to them the gospel of the Living Christ than to talk to three men who, all their lives, have had the privileges of christianity, so far as effective work is concerned. There is something of nobility and grandure about a full-blood Indian.

AN INDIAN MEETING

A good many years ago I was holding meetings with the Indians which we held from one house to the other. We concluded to hold an all-day meeting in the woods, so we found a deep ravine near a large spring of water; brought our dinners with us, fixed a place for me to stand at the foot of the high hill while the people sat on the ground one tier above another. The farthest away being about seventy-five feet, but I could see them all plainly. It would take about two hours to hold a meeting, the interpreter being as long in translating as it took me to talk. Often the last word I used would be the first used by the interpreter. I had an interpreter for each tribe. There is no Indian tribe that has a substitute word for the word "Jesus;" for everything else they have a name, which proves the scriptures. The angel said unto Joseph that his wife should bear a son and his name should be called Jesus throughout the ends of the earth.

The Marrying Parson

Uncle Jerry Hubbard is known far and wide as the "marrying Quaker preacher," for he is known of all men that he has married people all over this part of former Indian Territory since the first coming of the Indian tribes who peopled this section and erected their wigwams on the sunny slopes of Spring and Neosho rivers, and even before.

The story is told on him that he helped dig these streams in Ottawa county and put bark on the trees that line them. But be that as it may it remains as a fact that whenever called upon, whatever the errand may be, Uncle Jerry gets into the harness and is alike useful, whether splicing a couple or performing the last sad rites for the deceased.

And he has been busy during the holidays, in fact on Sunday preceding Christmas he made one-half score of souls happily rejoicing in new-found bliss in the conjugal state. Here is the record:

At the home of Jerry Hubbard, Mr. Wm. Sparlin to Miss Grace Higginbotham, both of Miami, Oklahoma.

Mr. Baker Elmer Jackson to Miss Marie Barnes, both of Miami, Oklahoma.

Mr. Roy Vanetta to Miss Cora A. Summers, both of Miami, Oklahoma.

At Mrs. Robison's, Mr. Austin H. Stevens to Miss Georgie D. Robison, both of Miami.

Mr. Ranson F. Shelton to Miss Della McClaire, both of Miami.

He went to Bluejacket Monday night to officiate when younger men would not have been tempted from their own fireside by any number of fees hardly, or piles of turkey and wedding sweets, but Uncle Jerry is cast in a different mold from most men, the older he gets the more he seems to take pleasure in making others happy. His digestion is perfect, for he has been known to store away three suppers in one night; this shows the social side of the man as well as the gastro-nomic. Uncle Jerry is in his 75th year, (77th as this book is being printed), his wife is some years younger, and both regard themselves as still young in that they feel that way and have young hearts. He has a little book in which he keeps his marriage record, and many is the family in which he pronounces the ceremony for four generations.—Miami, (Okla.), Record-Herald, December 29, 1911.

These are a few of the hundreds of marriages I have performed since I have been a minister. For many years I kept no record of them. Many of them were Indians, and it is to be remarked that when an Indian was converted he immediately wished to conform to the christian marriage ceremony, no matter how long he had been married as a pagan nor how large a family he may have had. My wife often held the babies while I married them.

Married, at the home of the bride's father Jesse Hod-

son, of Alba, Mo., James Moss Hubbard and Dora Hodson, July 4th, 1880. A fine dinner.

Married at Brother Crosby's a mile north of Oronogo, the home of the bride, John Boyd and Miss Crosby, March 28, 1880. It was my privilege twenty-five years after to be at their silver wedding; eleven fine looking children were the fruits of this wedding. An elaborate dinner was served and many costly presents were given them, among which was an Indian basket made by a Seneca Indian woman and presented by Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Hubbard of Miami, Oklahoma. Mrs. Boyd's aged parents were present from Eldorado Springs, Mo.

Married at Splitlog's in the Seneca tribe of Indians in the Indian Territory, William Hunt and Margaret Splitlog, daughter of Mathias Splitlog and wife, October 28, 1882.

Married at Timber Hills William Rose and Ida Wiley, December 10, 1882.

December 7, 1882, I married the two daughters of Mrs. Alice Smith of Alba, Missouri. William Journey and Alta, William Burket and Adell. A fine dinner.

Married at Wyandotte, Indian Territory, May 28, 1883, Manford Pooler, an Ottawa Indian, and Mary Richardville, a Miami Indian.

October 10, 1883, James M. Johnson and Mary Butram of Joplin, Missouri.

On Sabbath the 15th, December, 1883, at the close of the meeting at Splitlog's, I married Joseph Splitlog and Eliza Vancleve, she a white woman. I had married her to her first husband in Missouri.

On February 11th, 1884, at Seneca, Mo., married Dayton Jones and Miss Tinny Patton.

Married, on July 10th, 1884, Allen Johnson and his wife. They had lived together many years and raised a large family, all grown. Both Wyandotte Indians.

At the home of Joseph King in the Ottawa nation, Mr. Antonine Gorkey, a Sac and Fox Indian, and Miss M. Mitchell, a white lady.

On December 30th, 1884, I was down back of my house by Lost creek and heard some one call me. I saw on the other side of the creek a man and woman who said they wanted to get married. The waters were very high and the man asked if there was a skiff handy. I told him no. He said, "I will give you all the money I have if you will marry us." I asked him how much he had and he said one dollar. I told him to throw it over, got up on a log and told them to join their right hands, then I repeated the ceremony. We did not have to have a license in those days.

January 30, 1884, married John Crow, a Seneca Indian, and Mary Whitewing, a Wyandotte. I am not a lover of chicken and dumplings, but I ate a full meal for there was only bread and coffee. I used an interpreter for this ceremony.

On April 5, 1884, married Eli Wallace and Eliza Hill.

On April 19, 1884, married Frank Wallace and Mollie Vanslyke at Wyandotte Mission. Both white people. They gave me a two and one-half-dollar gold piece.

Married on Sycamore Creek at Auntie Sharlow's, after meeting, Jack Armstrong and wife, both Senecas. Lived together for many years.

June 30th, 1884, married A. C. Kizer, a white man, and Susan Sarahas, a Wyandotte. Ten years after he

paid me five dollars. When he was drunk he would always talk about paying me, but when sober he would not mention it. One day at a funeral he handed me the money, saying, "I guess you know what it is for."

On May 4, 1886, married Billy Bearskin and Susan Brown, both Wyandottes. Used an interpreter. They had lived together for many years and had two grown sons.

May 19, 1886, married at the home of E. H. Brown James Wallace and Margaret Vanslyke.

August 15, 1886, married George Jamison and Ellen Crawford. He gave me a ham of venison and a pair of velvet deer horns. He was the boy I whipped that said he knew Teacher couldn't whip him.

Married, at Alba, Missouri, Edgar Hubbard and Mabel Smith, November 4, 1886. He has passed away to his long home many years ago.

Married, December 27, 1886, at the Wyandotte Mission, Indian Territory. R. C. Griggs and Miss Stella Cruce, employes of the Mission, both white. They had a wedding cake twenty inches high.

Married, at Seneca, Missouri, December 27, 1886, James Shear and Alice S. Jackson. She a school teacher and her husband a carpenter. An excellent dinner.

Married my oldest son, Erastus H. Hubbard and Harriet A. Jackson, February 29, 1888, at Wyandotte, Indian Territory. They now live in Miami.

Married at Seneca, Missouri, January 15, 1888, George Buzzard and Lily Walker. They still live in Seneca.

Married March 19, 1888, Benjamin F. Tousey and

Elizabeth H. Douthit. He was a Stockbridge Indian, she a Quapaw. He passed peacefully away many years ago.

Married, March 25, 1888, Henry Stand and Nancy Smith, she a Peoria Indian, he a half Seneca and Wyandotte.

Married at Seneca, Missouri, November 12th, 1888, Mat C. Murdock and Blanche Walker. He was a white man and his wife a Wyandotte Indian.

Married, November 28, 1888, Thomas Walker and Cora Walker. Both Wyandottes.

Married at J. C. McNaughton's home in the Peoria Nation, December 9, 1888, William Perry and Miss Walker.

Married at Seneca, Missouri, January 1, 1889, William Quigg and Sarah E. Myers.

Married, November 11, 1891, Clyde Goodner and Maud Perry.

Married, December 14, 1890, Jerry Hubbard Modoc and Jennie Modoc. He was the homliest Indian I ever saw. When the younger children of the tribe had no name Asa Tuttle told them to name themselves, so this Indian took my name and added the name Modoc that we might not get mixed.

December 14, 1890, married William Faithful and Lucy Modoc. William received his name through being faithful to the whites. At one time he overheard the Indians plotting to kill the soldiers and went to Dr. Thomas, General Camby and Col. Beecham and told them there was to be a general massacre, but they did not believe him until it was too late.

One Sabbath in 1892, I married Alfred Whitecrow and Mary Spicer, both Seneca Indians. She used to live with us and was a very good girl, always pleasant and jovial.

Married July 1st, 1892, G. L. Spradling and Florence R. Holman. Both whites. Live at Desloge, Mo.

Married at the Wyandotte Mission March 29, 1887, Edwin Little and Belle Naramore.

Married at the Modoc Mission, July 23, 1887, Daniel Clinton and Jennie Lawver. Both Modocs.

In the Seneca Nation, December 18, 1887, John Dickey and Matilda Spicer, of Canada.

Married, February 6, 1893, at Joplin, Missouri, Robert Fowler and Minerva Robison, An excellent supper was served. The Robison girls are among the best cooks in the country. They live at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, now.

Married, February 28, 1893, at the Wyandotte Mission, Harwood Hall, superintendent of the mission, and Mrs. J. Fannie Dean. She was the matron. They were transferred to a Dakota school and were married just before their departure. They are now at Redland, California, in an Indian school.

September 26th, 1906, married at Lowell, Kansas, at the home of the bride's father, W. F. Stith, Floyd Simmons and Florence E. Stith. She is my granddaughter.

Married, December 9th, 1906, Ervin Triggs and Cora McCorkle, of Miami. They are now in Oregon.

Married December 11th, 1906, Lewis R. Hough of Portalis, New Mexico, and Elizabeth G. Hubbard of Alba, Missouri. She is a niece of mine, he a dentist of the above place.

Married in Miami, December 24, 1906, Harry Ironsides and Beulah Jones. Now live in Michigan.

Married at our home in Wyandotte, February 10, 1889, Dudley Jackson and Hannah Crippen. She lived with us for three years, and during all that time we never saw her out of humor, and was always a kind and loving girl, ready to do anything that was to be done. They now live in Miami, Oklahoma.

Married at Seneca, Missouri, June 9, 1889, Frances C. Lea and Olive H. Nichols. He is a railroad man.

Married August 3, 1889, Smith Nichols and Lucy Crow. He is a Wyandotte and she a Seneca. They are both sweet singers in the Wyandotte language.

Married at the residence of the bride's father, J. E. Jackson, August 25, 1889, Robert Price and Margaret Jackson. Nice supper. Now of Miami, Oklahoma.

Married, November 23, 1889, John Spicer and Annie Long—he a Seneca and she a Modoc.

Married, February 3, 1901, W. A. Ramsey and Clara Supernaw. Both of Miami.

Married, February 10, 1901, James T. McCullume and Belle Waters.

Married, February 23, 1901, Oscar Allen and Cleo McGee. Both of Miami.

Married, February 24, 1901, Alva Mitchel and Winnie Sky. Live near Miami.

Married, February 24, 1901, Jim Poe and Thora Brown. He is a barber in Miami.

Married, March 27, 1901, Frank Lafallier and Pearl Peckham. Both Peoria Indians.

July 22, 1901, Lewis Peckham and Lizzie Large. Both of Miami. He has since passed away.

Married, July 24, 1901, H. H. Rider and Rosa A. Record, of Fairland and Afton.

Married December 31, 1901, Hardy T. Parmer and Ada E. Moore. Both Peoria Indians of Miami.

Married October 27, 1901, W. S. Kirk and Eva Waddel, both of Miami.

W. W. McBrian and Myrtle Pooler, of Miami. He a white man, she an Ottawa.

Married at the Friends church, Miami, February 22, 1903, Silas Burnette and Mrs. Susanna Burris.

Married, July 19, 1903, John Harper and Josie Hinds, both of Miami.

Married, September 20, 1903, at the home of the bride's parents in Miami, H. E. Stines and Ethel Brown. He is a rural route mail carrier.

On January 7, 1904, G. W. Larkin and Frances Davidson. All of Miami.

Married, February 1, 1904, R. J. Cantrell and Blanche Crouch, of Miami.

Married at Miami, January 24, 1903, Jeff McCleary and Maggie Shinn.

Married February 2, 1904, James Lamar and Mary Ketchum, of Fairland, Oklahoma.

Married March 7, 1904, A. J. McCrery and Mary J. McCombs, Ottawa nation.

Married at Afton, Columbus Williams and Rosa T. Montgomery. A fine dinner and large crowd present. He is a Cherokee Indian, she a white lady.

Married at Mt. Hussey, Cherokee nation, October 15

1896, Lee M. Newman and Mrs. Edna H. Quizzin. She and her first husband, Robert Quizzin, were missionaries at the Ottawa Mission for several years.

Married September 22, 1897, Richard Binns and Luna Bailey. Now live near Lincolnvillle, Oklahoma.

Married at Miami, December 20, 1898, Wm. W. England and Kelvia James. She used to board at our home and teach school. She scatters sunshine.

Married, March 19, 1899, at Lowell, Kansas, Fred W. VonWedell and Carrie Cummins.

Married in Kansas, April 12, 1899, Eugene C. Scott and Lora B. Nordyke.

Married at Alba, Missouri, May 16, 1899, Bailey Hubbard and Cora Cathers. He a nephew of mine.

Married at the same time and place, the brides being sisters, May 16, 1899, Will Haney and Adelia Cathers.

Married at Lowell, Kansas, August 8, 1899, Charley E. Graham and Adell Reagan.

Married at Alba, Missouri, September 17, 1899, Phillip Smith and Anna Baldwin.

Married at Ottawa, December 20, 1899, George Wyrick and Lula Robertaile. He a white man and she an Ottawa Indian.

Married, May 13, 1900, Thomas McBee and Laura Minor.

Married at the home of the bride, H. H. Butler, Charles W. A. Davis and Belle Butler. A handsome couple.

Married at the Commercial Hotel, September 29, 1900, O. R. Lucus and Silver Dollar. He was a white

man and she a Miami Indian. The only time I ever married a Dollar.

Married at Miami, October 4, 1900, Ed Ziler and Lillie Montgomery.

On January 2, 1901, I was called to the Commercial hotel parlors and married John M. Lester and Jennie Bluejacket, of Afton. The man told me to go home and say nothing to anyone about what had happened. We separated at the foot of the stairs, and in about an hour he came back and got the girl. I never saw or heard of him again.

I had another experience some years ago seven miles southwest of Miami. A young man had ruined a girl, and one day when he was at the home of the girl her father took down his shot gun and told him to stay in that room. He then sent his son for a marriage license and a preacher. The son came for me and said he would take me out and bring me back, but told me nothing of the circumstance. I went and the old man made him marry the girl. but I don't like such experiences.

Married at Fairland, Oklahoma, January 29, 1901, P. L. Black and Cora Flint.

On January 19, 1901, married Titus Barlow and Edith Thankful King, at Ottawa; she an Ottawa, he a white man.

Married, February 2, 1902, Fred Station and Flora Peffingar of Columbus, Kansas. He is a Peoria Indian and she a white lady.

Married, February 23, 1902, Tory Brown and Lizzie Tawlkenbury. A fine supper at five o'clock which all enjoyed.

Married, March 23, 1902, J. E. Wills and Lizzie Lane, of Miami.

Married, August 18, 1902, Frank E. Audrain and Mary Wier, of Fairland.

Married June 29, 1902, Carl Wills and Queenie Lykins, of Miami. A fine dinner served.

Married, at Lowell, Kansas, August 21, 1902, T. C. Horner of Spurgeon, Missouri, and Lizzie Mendenhall, of Lowell, Kansas.

Married, June 26, 1904, A. S. Thompson and Elsie Peery of Miami. They were married with the beautiful ring ceremony and stood under a large star in the ceiling. A fine supper was served by Mrs. J. P. McNaughton, a sister of the bride.

Married, at the home of the bride's father, Henry Rockwell, Harry K. Hubbard and Clyde Rockwell, all of Miami. He is our youngest son.

Married, February 13, 1905, C. C. Barnard and Lena E. Finley, of Miami. He a white man and she a Miami Indian.

Married, February 22, 1905, W. S. Staton and Helen Smith, of Miami; he a Peoria Indian and she a white lady.

Married, October 1, 1905, Gurney Hubbard and Mrs. May Pryor, of Alba, Missouri; he a nephew of mine.

Married, June 27, 1906, Luther F. Lee and Grace D. Hubbard, of Alba, Missouri; she a niece of mine.

Married, November 14, 1906, John Skaggs and Anna Revere, of Lowell, Kansas.

Married, February 12, 1907, Addison W. Menden-

hall and Clara VonWedell, Lowell, Kansas. Now in California.

Married, March 24, 1907, Fred Mitchell and Stella Nolend, Miami.

Married, March 21, 1907, M. T. Cordin and Lula Lenard of Quapaw.

Married at Carthage, Missouri, at the residence of Nial Wagoner, friends of the bride, at three o'clock, Saturday afternoon, March 13, 1907, William H. Holton and Sue Shellhammer. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Jerry Hubbard, of Miami, Indian Territory, an uncle of the groom. The contracting parties are well known in Alba, Missouri, and stand high in the estimation of their friends. Those present were Mollie Holton, Mrs. Cronk, Essie Cronk, Mrs. Gray, Lena Holton and Sophia Cook. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served.

Married, August 18, 1907, John S. Hale and Marchie Drake, Miami.

Married, September 8, 1907, Bert Staton and Pearl Godell, Miami, Oklahoma; he a Peoria Indian, she a white woman,

Married, July 19, 1903, John Harper and Josie Hinds, of Miami.

Married, June 4, 1902, David Lafallier, of Chetopa, and Grace Newlin, of Quapaw.

Married, September 11, 1907, Albert McGinnis and Myrtle Durham. The wedding was kept secret for two months to fool the young people of Miami.

Married, October 13, 1907, William Ziler and Ruby A. Turner, Miami. A handsome couple.

Married, November 12, 1907, Max Paul and Edith Carnell, of Miami; he a druggist, she a school teacher.

Married, under the new law of Oklahoma, November 24, 1907, Jesse Porter and Hazel Wills; he from Manford, Oklahoma and she of Miami. Fine supper.

Married, December 1, 1907, Charles Lewis Spence and Vinnie Beegar, out at Ottawa.

Married at Alba, Missouri, February 8, 1908, William Lindley Hill and Anna Belle Hubbard; she my niece.

Married in 1907, C. F. Nigh and Edna Gulett, Blue Jacket, Oklahoma.

Married at Blue Jacket, Oklahoma, April 18, 1908, Clifton Doty and Cora Gulett.

Married, Hiram McBee and Sarah E. Gordon; he a white man, she a Quapaw Indian.

Married, December 20, 1908, Earl Triggs and Agnes R. Hubbard, Miami. My granddaughter.

Married, January 3, 1909, Samuel E. Jarson and Anna Belle McCorkle, Miami.

Married, January 6, 1908, James H. Waddel and Minnie Houseman, Miami.

Married, at Lowell, Kansas, January 10, 1909, Harry H. Lane and Ella VonWedell.

Married, January 10, 1909, John M. Kipps and Sadie Breckenridge, Miami.

Married, February 2, 1909, J. F. Baker and Virddie S. Cummings, Hattonville, Oklahoma.

Married, March 14, 1909, Fred A. Lee and Marie Evans, Ottawa, Oklahoma. Now of California.

Marred, at the home of the bride's father, Manford Pooler, J. L. Pappin and Josephine J. Pooler.

Married, April 18, 1909, Leo E. Albro and Myrtle Gibson, Ottawa.

Married, May 1, 1909, Lewis Zimmerman and Ada McGuffin, Miami. Fine young couple.

Married, February 20, 1909, John W. Sackett and Nora C. Stilson, Miami.

Married, May 30, 1909, six miles northwest of Miami, Joseph F. Demo and Mrs. Laura P. Frost. Big dinner.

Married, June 16, 1909, Lafayette Williams and Minnie Cole, Ottawa.

Married, June 20, 1909, William Markel and Ethel Walker, Miami.

Married, Pink Hayes and Georgia Wyrick, Ottawa.

Married, July 7, 1909, Walter G. Wallace and Pearl Robison, Miami.

Married, at the home of the bride's parents, George Bigham, Walter E. Foster and Mary I. Bigham, Miami.

Married, August 8, 1909, Charles M. Demo and Mary W. Bailey, six miles northeast of Miami.

Married, at Fairland, Oklahoma, August 16, 1909, Albert Sidney Lee and Fitzhugh Lee Bird. Both were named after war generals.

Married, September 15, 1909, G. B. Williams and Gertie Whitely, Welch, Oklahoma.

Married, at Alba, Missouri, December 25, 1909, George W. Williams and Edith A. Robbins. Fine dinner. Clerk in postoffice department.

Married, February 23, 1910, Peter Coons and Jennie C. Bradley, Miami. Clerk in postoffice.

Married, February 24, 1910, Dillard Wilson and

Ethel Pearl Newton, Miami. Now in Joplin, Missouri.

Married, April 17, 1910, Richard Finke and Bessie Duncan; he a druggist at Fairland, Oklahoma.

Married, June 27, 1910, Clarence E. Ensworth and Grace Hale, Miami; he a Miami Indian, she a white lady.

Married, 1910, ten miles west of Miami at the home of the bride, Virgil Duffy and Lavera DeSilva. Fine supper.

Married, October 2, 1910, Frank Glasscock and Callie Jackson, Welch, Oklahoma.

Married, January 1, 1911, Artie O. Stevens and Nannie Houseman, Ottawa.

Married, March 19, 1911, Fred J. Hagie and Virgie B. Burcham, Peoria, Oklahoma.

Married, March 12, 1911, J. Elliott and Bessy M. Garden, North Miami.

Married, in Friends church, Miami, April 9, 1911, Fred H. Kelch and Ada G. Whickers, Miami.

Married on June 6, 1911, R. M. Marks and Nellie M. Rockwell, Miami.

Married at Miami, June 11, 1911, H. M. Hewett and Inez Rockwell.

Married Chauncey C. Kipps and Zoe B. Barlow of Miami.

On June 24, 1911, married Jesse L. Nefus, Cassville, Missouri, and Cora Gamble, Miami.

July 8, 1911, married Levi Boombury and Mrs. Susie Mudd, Seneca Indians. I married the parents and now marry the children. This young man's father was at one time my interpreter in my missionary work, years ago.

August 7, 1911, married Gale Robison and Gertie Beck, Miami.

August 27, 1911, Eugene McBee and Vera Partain, Miami.

September 2, 1911, married Tom L. Moore and Ethel Miller, Miami; he a white man, she a Miami Indian.

September 17, 1911, George H. Kempel, and Anna M. Hudson, Miami.

September 20, 1911, married at the home of Clarence Griffith, Fred Matthews and Erma Duden.

Married, at Afton, Oklahoma, November 16, 1911, Paul Hubbard and Beulah M. Ogdon.

Married, at Miami, Ruben T. Blount and Mrs. Margaret Edwards, Hattonville, Oklahoma.

December, 1911, married Joseph Bennet Gibbs and Margaret L. Roberts, Miami.

December 24, 1911, William W. Sparlin and Grace Higgenbotham, Miami.

Married at the home of Mrs. Robison, Austin H. Stevens and Georgia Robison.

December 24, 1911, Ray E. Vannatta and Cora A. Summers.

December 24, 1911, R. Elmer Jackson and Marie Barnes; both of Miami, Oklahoma.

Married at Blue Jacket, Oklahoma, December 25, 1911, George C. Henley and Lola Holder; on Christmas day.

Married, January 28, 1912, Wm. A. Kempel and Evalena Wilber.

Married, March 15, 1912, Guy Jenison and Gertrude Brown, Ottawa. He an Ottawa, she a white lady.

January 1, 1912, married Walter D. Cannon and Myrtle Carmichal, Miami.

June 10, 1912, married Charley Ricknen and Cora Wyer.

August 13, 1912, married Thomas Lankins and Mattie Epps.

Married August 26, 1912, C. Earl Allen and Ruth Edwards. He of Joplin, Missouri, she of Miami.

Married, September, 15, 1912, Robert Lee Tharp and Mary Moore. Both of Miami.

November 20, 1912, married Harvey Gillespie and Ada M. Zimmerman.

November 27, 1912, married Harry Neff and Ethel Sullivan.

December 7, 1912, married Joseph D. Miller and Mary E. Keller, North Miami.

December 8, 1912, married Roy J. Holt and Elsie Wagner.

December 15, 1912, married Herman J. Beck and Edith Kerns. Both of Miami.

Married at the home of Milton Kipps, December 22, 1912, Clarence J. Shirly and Linna Kipps.

December 29, 1912, married Sylvan S. Shipley and Grace Webber.

Married at the home of John Simpson, November 19, 1911, Joseph F. Demo and Bertha M. McCleary, of Miami, Oklahoma.

Married at the court house in Miami, June 2, 1913, Joseph R. Harris of Purcell, Missouri, and Emily Boyd of Wyandotte, Oklahoma. Live at Purcell.

Married, April 6, 1913, Sherman Staton and Beulah A. Brewer; he a Peoria, she a white lady.

Married, May 18, 1913, Lewis H. Finke and Edna A. Clark, both of Miami.

Married, February 2, 1913, Robert Samples and Rosa Osborn.

Married at the home of the bride, February 2, 1913, Charles P. McGuffin and Mrs. Emma J. Heck.

Married at the home of Will Standfield, Baxter Springs, Kansas, March 9, 1913, Roy E. Dempsey and Bertha A. Standfield.

SPEERS-HILL NUPTIALS

With the smiling sun, on Thursday morning, the Hon. John L. Speers appeared on the streets of Miami, a full-fledged benedict, as serene as placid waters and as dignified and majestic as one royal born.

He had pulled off a sensational surprise on his friends the night before, and was reveling in their confused smiles.

It happened this way. He was booked to marry Miss Sarah E. Hill, a most cheery and accomplished young lady. The bride and groom had revealed the secret of their little heart affair to but a few friends, while the larger number had been left outside the pale of confidence. They had planned to meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Scott Thompson on West Fourth street, in company with Rev. Jerry Hubbard, about the hour of 9:00 p. m., while a large number of the city's social leaders and personal friends were responding to cordial invitations to gather at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Robards, adjoining. When the invited guests had assembled and were settling down for an evening of social

enjoyment, Rev. Jerry Hubbard broke in upon their startled view, but yet the real event of the occasion did not occur to them, for no function is quite complete without the sunny presence of the "marrying parson," so his advent upon the scene revealed nothing out of the ordinary to the assembled guests. Closely following him came J. L. Speers and Miss Sara E. Hill, a little late 'tis true, but there in the roseate hues of life, happy smiles playing upon their faces and their cunningly concealed secret struggling within their breasts.

Not till they had lightly tripped across the room, halted in front of the distinguished divine, and he began to say the words calculated to blend the lives and hopes and aspirations of the estimable couple, who stood before him, did the guests begin to realize that they were attending a wedding and sitting within the sound of the solemn ceremony that was to make Mr. Speers and Miss Hill husband and wife.

It was an unique plan, adroitly and charmingly carried out. Thus the popular justice of the peace submitted to the solemn vows that he had exacted from others, and seemed to thoroughly enjoy the ordeal. At an appropriate time hilarity and merriment subsided and all joined in a dainty repast of ice cream and cake. The few who knew what was to happen brought presents, and all united in felicitous and benediction bestowals.

The Old Quaker Meeting House

The following poem was written by George M. Lindley, of New London, Indiana, but now living at Lawrence, Kansas. It is a description of the old Quaker meeting house at Honey Creek, Howard county, Indiana:

Within the graveyard now so quiet and still,
Stood the old meeting house on the crest of the hill,
That sloped to the east to a small ravine
Where two hewn logs were plainly seen;
These logs were laid close side by side,
Which made a foot-bridge amply wide
For all to cross and get a drink
From an old tin cup that sat on the brink
Of a spring that never ceased to flow
As those athirst went to and fro.
A Sugar tree near this ravine
Cast its shadow o'er the green,
Where we boys lounged upon the grass
And watched the thirsty as they passed.

Just east of the spring the old house stood,
Where I went to school in my boyhood;
And north of the schoolhouse a graveyard lay,
Full of Friends who had passed away.
Abandoned now, unused for years;
Long since a scene of parting tears,
No monument there, no mark of pride,
The rich and poor lie side by side;

But here and there short marble stones
Marked the graves of sleeping loved ones.

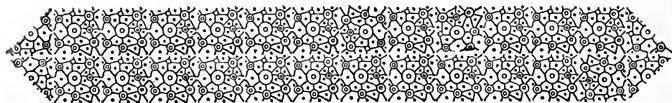
The meeting house yard was quite a space,
A five board fence was round the place;
Two gates in the south each in front of a door,
One east, one west, which made just four.
The old meeting house was very plain,
No vestibules, no window stain;
No gabled roof, no steeple there,
No bell to toll the hour of prayer,
But when the hour for meeting came,
The Friends were there in garments plain.

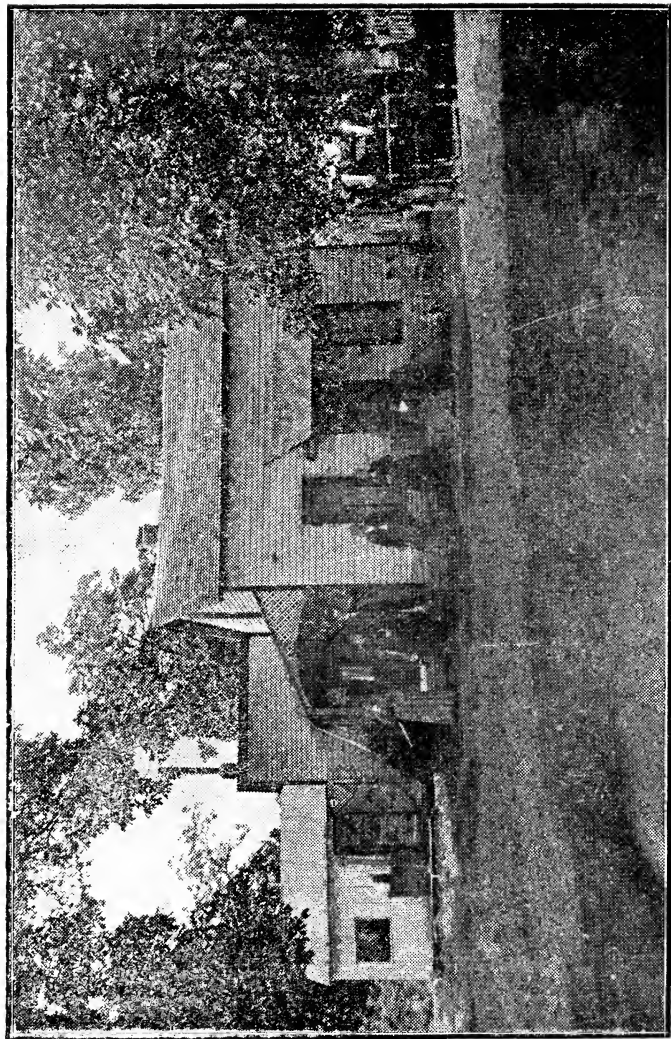
The old meeting house was long and wide,
And many seats were there inside;
Its spacious room was cut in two
By a row of shutters through and through.
The one on the east was always the men's,
The one on the east was for women Friends.
The shutters were made to lower and raise,
And were used for monthly meeting days.
On First day meeting the shutters were down,
And you could sit in your seat and look around
All over this wide and long old place
Into many dear faces beaming with grace.

Sometimes one hour would pass away,
And no one had a word to say.
The voice of song was never heard,
But all were still in silent prayer
Waiting for the spirit's call,
Which seemed to overshadow all.

Not a word was heard 'till the power was felt,
And then our hearts would often melt
When some dear Friend would rise and tell
How Jesus Christ, who loved us well,
Would lead us in the paths of right,
As Moses did the Israelite;
Along the straight and narrow way,
With fire by night and cloud by day
If we would leave the paths of sin
Take up the cross and follow him.

Many years since then have passed away,
And now my hair is mixed with gray;
I still revere those dear old Friends,
And shall until my earth's life ends.
Beyond the grave I can not see,
And know not what I shall be,
But feel that earnest work and prayer
Will take me to them over there.





OLD MISSION HOME OF JERRY AND MARY HUBBARD FOR MANY YEARS

The Living Sacrifice

Amid the forest's silent shadows,
Where nature reigns supreme;
A little band had met to hear
The glorious gospel theme.

I gazed upon the dusky forms
Of Indians gathered there;
And thought how once the red man owned
These lands so wide and fair.

But now he roams throughout the plains,
Where once his father dwelt,
A poor heart-broken wanderer,
For him none pity felt.

But hark! the preacher's solemn tone,
My wandering thoughts recall;
He preaches Jesus crucified,
Jesus, who died for all.

He tells with smiling eloquence,
How the good Shepherd came
To save the erring sheep He loved,
From ruin and from shame.

He speaks of sad Gethsemane,
Then tells the eager crowd,
How Jesus Christ was crucified
By cruel men and proud.

And as his word like forest trees,
Moved by the rushing blasts
O'er the proud hearts of these dark men,
A wondrous change then passed.

They wept—nature's lone children wept
At that sweet tale of love—
To think that Jesus died that they
Might dwell with Him above.

And one of that wild forest's sons
Of tall and noble frame;
While tears bedewed his manly cheek,
Toward the preacher came.

“What? did the blessed Savior die
And shed His blood for me;
Was it for my sins Jesus wept,
In dark Gethsemane?

“What can poor Indian give to Thee
Jesus, for love like Thine
The lands my father once possessed,
Are now no longer mine.

“Our hunting grounds are all upturned
By the proud white man's plow;
My rifle and my dog, alas—
Are my sole riches now.

“Yet these I fain would give to Him
On calvary's cross who bled;
Will Christ accept so mean a gift?”
The stranger shook his head.

The Indian chief a moment paused,
And downward cast his eyes;
Then suddenly from round his neck,
His blanket he unties.

“This, with my rifle and my dog,
Are all I have to give;
Yet these to Jesus I would bring,
He died that I might live.

“Stranger, will Jesus Christ receive
These tokens of my love?”
The preacher answered, “gifts like these
Please not the Lord above.”

The humble child of ignorance,
His head in sorrow bent;
Absorbing thought unto his brow,
Its saddening influence lent.

He raised his head, a gleam of hope
On his dark features passed,
As when on some deep streamlet breast
The sun’s bright beams are cast.

His eyes were filled with glittering tears,
And eager was his tone;
“Here is poor Indian, Jesus take
And make him all Thine own.”





OSCAR CARDIN IS A QUAPAW INDIAN, 34 YEARS OLD,
AND LIVES IN MIAMI*

Teaching Experiences in the Indian Territory

My twentieth term of school was taught in the Indian Territory, at the Wyandotte Mission. I went there about the first of the 3rd month, 1873. I was teacher and general manager. Went from home down to the Agency, and the agent took me to the Mission. We got there about eleven o'clock and the children were all down in the school room. The object in taking me to the school room was that the children and I might become acquainted with each other, which we quickly did. I talked with them a little while and soon had them in a high state of merriment.

The children who attended this school mission were Wyandotte, Shawnee and Senecas. They were kept right here all the time, except once in a while when they were privileged to go home by the manager. When the children went to the dining room that day, one of the ladies asked George Jemison, a Seneca, how he liked his new teacher. "Teacher whip George," he said. "O, no, he will not," said the lady. "Teacher good and kind, and will not whip George, if he is good," "Ah, he will whip George," persisted the boy. About a month later the lady said, "Well, George, teacher has not whipped you yet, has he?" "No," he replied, "but he will whip George." A short time afterward, as George was leaving the dinner table, he deliberately spit upon

each of the plates as he passed out. The matron came to the hall door and told me what had happened. By this time he was out in the yard, I stepped to the door and said, "Here, George, we will go down to the school house." He understood what was up. When we got down to the school house I took down a gad that I kept there for the purpose of dressing down those fellows who did not walk the chalk line, and gave him a complete tanning. He cried quite lively for a little while. I asked him if he would ever spit on the plates again; he said no. When he went back up to the house, Jennie inquired, "Teacher did whip you, did he?" "Ah, me know teacher whip George." "How did you know it, George?" "Me see whip in his eyes." Jennie laughed at me a great deal, because they could see the whip in my eye. George was one of the best boys in the school after that.

I would say right here that the Indians read by the eye. I commenced teaching the next day after I got there, It was odd work to me—had never done anything of the kind in my life. We all lived here as one family; it was one school from four o'clock in the morning until ten at night. I had to be the last one to go to bed always. Some of the little chaps wanted to run off, and if they got out of sight they would. They had been in the habit of running off, both the young men and the young women. The man who was there before me was bothered very much. I told the children I would not stand for their running away, and if they did there would be a settlement. After I had been there a few days the head chief of the Wyandottes was taken

sick. The Indians believe in witches. The chief's wife said one night she heard the witches coming, and she awakened the chief and he got up and built a fire. They say that if you build a fire the witches will leave. In a few nights the witches came again, she woke him up and again he built a fire. Again she heard the witches coming but she did not awaken him. They bewitched him and in few days he died.

The Indians are divided into what are called clans. The children are named after the clan of the mother. Among the Wyandottes there are the Turtle, Little Turtle, Deer, Fox, and various other clans. It is a custom among them that when one of a clan dies the men of his clan bury him. It seemed that there were but two or three little boys left of the clan of the chief, so the council had to appoint members of other clans to assist at the funeral. It was a large funeral. Many Indians were there. Governor Walker, a Wyandotte Indian, who was once governor of Kansas and Nebraska while they were territories, delivered a very interesting address at the funeral. After he finished I spoke for a few minutes, the governor acting as interpreter for me. There were several funerals that spring, chiefly of the older people, and I was often called on to address the people on these occasions, always, however, with the aid of an interpreter, for the Indians insisted on having everything spoken interpreted to them. John W. Greyeyes and my old friend, George Wright, were good interpreters.

I held meeting every Sabbath in the school house, in which the children appeared to be much interested.

One young man was in the habit of committing to

memory from five to seven chapters of the New Testament every week which he would repeat to me in the Sabbath school.

The most difficult part of my work was to teach them the English language; it was a hard matter to teach them even a letter. I always had to have a little boy or girl act as interpreter. I have had as many as thirty-five in my card class, all the way from five to thirty years of age. I have asked them questions over and over, and had them stand and stare me in the face and never crack a smile. There was one young woman by the name of Susan Bearskin who was conspicuous for this; I could never persuade her to answer my questions. An Iowa man, who visited the Agency, said it was necessary for a teacher to have a large store of patience and charity always in reserve to draw from,

After I got them so they could spell in one syllable there was no more trouble. One peculiar feature I noticed in these people was, they seldom if ever made any mistakes in emphasis or inflection; they seem to acquire a correct idea of these naturally.

Our white children are taught too much baby talk when they are young, and the teacher finds it harder to unlearn them than to teach them in the first place. I never saw children learn to read so fast after they had learned to spell as these Indians did. They learn to talk very much by motions and gestures. The children loved to sing and enjoyed our evening meetings very much. There was one little Seneca Indian whom I had to hold every evening while going from the school house to the boarding house, to keep him from running away. If I

ever forgot him, he was sure to run away. One night he succeeded in getting out of sight, and though strict and diligent search was made in and around the mission, he was nowhere to be found. Next morning at day break he appeared at the door of his father's house, some five miles distant. One day he hid out under some brush, like an old turkey hen hiding her nest.

As I have said, there were Wyandotte, Shawnee and Senecas at the mission, and we had to exercise care to get children of the same tribe together in a bed, for if children of different tribes were put together, there was sure to be a fight. For this reason I had to be the last to go to bed; I usually waited till all was quiet, and then retired. One night I went down to my room and laid down with my clothes on, leaving the doors open between us; I had scarcely laid down when I heard a terrible racket among the boys, I knew in a minute some of them were fighting and hurried up stairs. By this time there was a general outcry of "give it to him! give it to him!" As soon as I could reach the bed I said, "yes, give it to him." Instantly all was as still as death. I made one grab, caught one of the boys, hauled him out of bed and paddled him nicely; when I got through with him I grabbed for the other boy, who was crouching behind me, caught him by the top of the head and gave him a very nice warming. "Now boys," I said, "get back into bed; and if I hear any more noise tonight, I will get a gad and wear it out on you." A man who was engaged in breaking prairie slept above, and he told me next morning the boys could not have been more quiet the remainder of the night if they had been shot.

This disturbance was caused by putting a Wyandotte and Seneca in the same bed.

There was an Indian in the neighborhood who had accompanied John C. Fremont on his trip to California in 1849, and his description of the journey, and the privations endured by the men, was most terrible. He said they became so reduced as to be forced to kill and eat their mules, drinking the blood and eating the flesh, and toward the last were obliged to subsist on buckskin gloves, and thought these quite a luxury. After many weary months of hardship and starvation, they reached California so weak and emaciated as to be scarcely able to lift a chair from the floor. They had to be fed on a spoonful of mush and milk at a time, until they were able to eat more without danger to their lives. This gentleman told me no one who had not been starved could have any conception of the suffering endured.

I spent five months very pleasantly with the Indians. The Wyandottes named me Te-ya-we-da-ya, meaning two islands or rocks. They always name everyone who comes among them. We had in the school Ida Mudeater, Elizabeth Choplog, Margaret Splitlog, Susan Bearskin, Susan Swahas, and many other odd names.

All the Indian children like to smoke, and when they went home they usually brought back a pipe and tobacco, which they hid near the mission, and then there was great glee among them. I had to be very watchful to keep them from this vice. One evening I was chopping wood, and I noticed several of the little ones looking at me with one eye. When an Indian looks at you with one eye you may be sure they are up to mischief.

I kept my eyes on them, and pretty soon I saw a little fellow peeping around the school house at me with one eye. I gathered up the wood and carried it in, and then stood carelessly in the doorway to await developments. Directly a half dozen of them ran up the hill and over to the other side. As soon as they were out of sight, I went round another way and came upon them. When they saw me they slid down a steep embankment into Lost Creek, crossed over and hid in the brush. A search soon revealed a pipe and some tobacco which I gathered up and took to the mission. I did not let on that anything had happened.

To a person that does not like to be with Indians, it would be a severe punishment to be forced to teach them; but I loved them, and made many friends among them. I could go to their homes and sit and talk with them, and they were pleased to have me come. Oh, how much these poor, despised people have been wronged. Wicked men have gone among them and cheated and abused them, and then told lies about them. If the Indian is treated with kindness he is a true friend, but if he is abused he is a dangerous enemy.

I attended one of their green corn feasts one August, which is one of their annual feasts. This was a Wyandotte feast, but was participated in by many of the other tribes by invitation, and several hundred people were present. They drove stakes in the ground and placed hickory strips across them; then they started a wood fire and when it had burned down to coals the meat was placed on the hickory strips and left to broil. Bread, beef and venison was all they had to eat, this being a

dry year, and there being no green corn. When the meats and bread were cooked they were brought around to us in baskets. We had each provided ourselves with a three-pronged stick, and on the sharp points was stuck a large piece of each—beef, venison and bread. I never ate so much in one day as I did on this occasion. Any person who has eaten jerked venison knows that it is good. It was a day of enjoyment for all. Whitetree, a big man among the Senecas, made a short but enthusiastic speech. He was dressed in the aboriginal costume; he did not like the dress of the white man. He was a tall and portly looking man. Several short speeches were made.

This was the time for naming all those who had been adopted into the tribe during the past year, as well as all the infants who had been born. Thomas Mannucue was the old man who did the naming for the Wyandottes; he would take the little ones in his arms and go over a rigmarole, then the Indians said something and laughed heartily. After they got through with this they put a small log in a ring, and then you heard a yell that would make your hair stand up on your head, if you had any; then an Indian jumped into the ring with two turtle shells fastened together, with a quantity of corn between them and a stick fastened to them, and commenced humming something and pounding the log, which, with the rattling of the corn, made quite a noise. After this fellow had hummed for a few moments, another Indian jumped into the ring; he was painted all over; he yelled, and commenced to jump and dance about; then the men jumped into the ring one after another until they formed

a circle twenty feet across. The women then formed a ring between the men and the man with the shells. They now jumped and yelled and had a good time among themselves. This sport generally lasted until day-break, when they scattered and went home to sleep.

Every other day I used to take the boys to the river to bathe. It was a novel sight to see these little fellows taking to the water like so many ducks, for they appeared to be as much at home in the water as though they were ducks.

The Fourth of July of this year the Peoria Indians gave a great dinner, and invited the surrounding tribes to come and partake of their hospitality. They made a large arbor, covered it with brush, and constructed a table in the form of a ring on which was placed the victuals. The people stood up around the outside of this table. After dinner there were some speeches made by the big Indians. Governor Walker spoke first, and Judge Win, the chief of the Ottawas, followed him. Here are some of his words:

“This was the way of living when I was young. My parents kept me in the Indian faith and belief; in this way they raised me from a boy; my parents shaved my head. Old people followed that way at that time. When I was twenty years of age I chose for myself; I chose the law of the Lord, and to serve Him while I live; I left off all these old customs and now I live better; this is a fine country, and we make good homes by working and maintaining ourselves; my friend Walker, of the Okmulgee council, we must attend to. Indian afraid of tax—afraid of those things that white men have; if we

would all cultivate the land, we would be happy at home. Work is the success of the white man. We are made like the white man, why should we not do as well? Why does the white man make good citizen? because he is faithful to work his farm of forty or eighty acres. My Indians here all do as white man does—attend one farm, take care of one family; this is right. The Indians like to dress like white man, do as white man does, and eat as white man eats. Not fifty years, and Indian women will have red ribbons tied around their necks and all the fads of fashion. Late years, Indians are not contented unless they have every new figure in calico. Young Indian starch their shirts. Only one thing lacking with Indian—afraid work! This is the only mode or success. No hunting in the forests for us now. By work we will grow in knowledge among men and all the different tribes. Ten years, and the Ottawa language will not be. I tell you these things; remember them. Quit all evil; quit all things that are not right, and quit all bad habits. Love will come in. Put your trust in the Great Spirit and labor, then we will be blessed in all our undertakings. This is all I am going to say.”

There were many similar speeches made that day. Since then Judge Winn has died and lies buried in the Ottawa burying ground in a sepulcher of hewn rock, prepared for him by the hands of his loving friends. He was a good man. Many have fallen since that dinner. Major Battese, a Peoria chief, spoke that day, he has fallen. Governor Walker has also gone. They are going very fast. That day of the Fourth will long be remembered by the survivors of that time.

My school progressed nicely. It was quite interesting to see the children at the table. Those of one size would sit at one table, and those of another size at another. One morning I got up early, went out doors and looking up saw the roof of the house covered with Indian boys. It was so warm they had taken their blankets and crawled out on the roof to keep cool. They were very sly in their moving about.

I believe it would be right to insert just here a part of Laurie Tatum's report of the Indian Missions, for the year 1878:

"From the Osages, I went to the Quapaw agency, a ride of about one hundred miles. This is under the care of Hiram W. Jones. In it there are four schools. The first one visited was the Quapaw and Modoc mission school, under the care of Emeline Tuttle, contractor. Through the winter she had fifty-six scholars, two teachers and six other helpers. Twelve girls over twelve years of age, who assisted in all the household duties, mending, knitting and sewing. The boys assist in the garden. Here was a school where the contractor had a good, religious experience, who with her husband, Asa C. Tuttle, and several of their employes, taught the gospel to their children; several of them appear to have been converted. Among them a Modoc boy, Samuel Modoc, who, when he commenced school, was very contrary, high tempered and pugnacious. About two years after he began school he was brought under deep condemnation for sin. One night, after retiring to bed, being under condemnation, he arose, dressed, and went out upon a hill, and in repentance prayed to God for

pardon. He found peace, and he has since been a very different boy. He told me that he often yielded to temptation to sin, and again went to God for pardon before he found peace. That day, while I was there visiting the school, he was somewhat sulky, which he thought would not have been the case had he prayed in the morning as he usually did.

“The Ottawa Mission School was formerly taught by Asa and Emeline Tuttle. When they commenced their christian and literary labors in this tribe there were but two of the men who were not addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors. The present school contractor, Francis King, frequently became intoxicated. He, and many of the Indians have, through the instrumentality of these active christians, become converted. They have ceased drinking and are leading very different lives.

“The influence of these Friends extended to the neighboring tribes. A marked instance that I heard of was Baptiste Peoria, the chief of the Peorias. He quit his drinking habits and urged his people to become temperate, and expressed to some of his friends that he wished to die a christian. When taken sick with the pneumonia he was visited by Francis King, who reminded him of his wish to die a christian, adding. ‘There is yet hope for you.’ Taking his friend by the hand, he said, ‘Is that so?’ ‘Yes,’ replied his friend, ‘Christ came to save sinners, and if you repent and ask him to forgive you, He will hear you.’ He did repent, ask and find forgiveness. The next day he had the principal men of his tribe to go to his room, whom he urged to quit their drinking habits and other wicked ways, go to the Lord

in repentance and embrace the christian religion, which he had accepted and which then made him happy in the Lord. He died a christian, as he desired; but how much better it would have been had he also lived a christian."

I have put this piece in here to show what two good, active christian workers, such as Asa C. and Emeline Tuttle, have done for the poor Indians. There has many a heart been bound up by their faithful hands; many a poor Indian has been helped in more ways than one by them. They were always doing something to help them along. Oh, that all the workers who are among the Indians were such.

There was one good feature about those Indians; they were always still and quiet while in the school room. The boys and girls, when they got so they could read, would study every minute there was. One boy, by the name of Henry Stand, a Seneca, was the best worker I ever had in my school. When they got so they could write on their slates they would keep one busy writing copy. I went up to my home in Missouri while I was teaching, and told the children I wanted them to all be good while I was gone. This is a copy of a letter one of the boys wrote when I got back to the Mission:

"William Jackson Fish has been a very good boy while you were away. I mind all is here. I have go home Saturday. I come back in the evening. All the children mind what they tell.

JEREMIAH HUBBARD.

"Wyandotte Mission."

My school was a very nice school, I thought. There

was one young woman who often assisted me in the school room. She was a fine looking Indian and a good girl. Many of those Indian children have a very warm place in my heart. I never in all my life spent a few months so pleasantly, and when I left them they were all sorry. My memory often turns back to them among the trees and on the prairies. There was one little Indian by the name of Tommy Fish, an orphan. I was talking to some of them about the Lord; how he would take care of all those that love Him. Tommy thought there would be nobody to take care of him. He said: "Do the Lord see Tommy in the night?" "Yes," said I, "He will hold us in His arms and carry us in His bosom." The little fellow's eyes sparkled as I was thus talking to them. He has since then gone to his long home, where I hope to meet him again in the world of glory. My school closed very pleasantly.

JOHN JANKIN'S SERMON

The minister said last night, says he,
"Don't be afraid of givin';
If your life aint nothin' to other folks,
Why, what's the use o' livin'?"
And that's what I say to my wife, says I,
There's Brown, the miserable sinner!
He'd sooner a beggar would starve, than give
A cent toward buyin' his dinner.

I tell you, our minister's prime, he is;
But I couldn't quite determine,
When I heard him a givin' it right and left,
Just who was hit by his sermon.
Of course there couldn't be any mistake
When he talked of long-winded prayin';

For Peters and Johnson, they sot an' scowled
At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say:
"There's various kinds o' cheatin';
And religion's as good for every day
As it is to bring to meetin'!
I don't think much of a man who gives
The Lord 'amens' at my preachin',
And spends his time the followin' week
In cheatin' and overreachin'."

I guess that dose was bitter enough
For a man like Jones to swaller;
But I notice he didn't open his mouth
But once, after that, to holler.
Hurrah! says I, for the minister—
Of course, I said it quiet—
Give us some more of this open talk;
It's very refreshing diet.

The minister hit 'em every time;
And when he spoke of fashion,
And a riggin' out in bows and things
As woman's rulin' passion,
And a comin' to church to see the styles,
And, nudgin' my wife, says I, "That's you,"
And I guess I sot her to thinkin'.

Says I to myself, that sermon's pat,
But man is a queer creation;
And I'm much afraid that most of folks
Won't take the application.
Now if he had said a word about
My personal mode of sinnin'
I'd have gone to work to right myself,
And not set here a grinnin'.

Just then the minister said, says he,

"And now I've come to the fellers
 Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends
 As sort of moral umbrellers.
 Go home," says he, "and find your faults,
 Instead of huntin' your brother's;
 Go home," says he, "and wear your coat?
 You've tried to fit for others."

My wife, she nudged, and Brown, he winked,
 And there was lots of smilin',
 And lots a lookin' at our pew—
 It sot my blood a bilin.'



ON KINDNESS

A little word in kindness spoken,
 A motion or a tear,
 Has often healed the heart that's broken
 And made a friend sincere.

A word, a look, has crushed to earth,
 Full many a budding flower,
 Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
 Would bless life's latest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing,
 A pleasant word to speak,
 The face you wear. the thoughts you bring,
 A heart may heal or break.



It chills my blood to hear the bles't Supreme
 Rudely appealed to on each trifling theme.
 Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise,
 To swear is neither great, polite or wise;
 You would not swear upon a bed of death,
 Reflect, your Maker could stop your breath.

INDIANS' BELIEF

The Indians' belief concerning a God is, that there is a great and good Spirit, who is omnipotent, omniscient; omnipresent, the creator of every thing that is good; but that he never had anything to do with evil, nor could, for it was contrary to his nature; that he has not only made man intelligent, but has, in infinite mercy, given him a portion of his own good Spirit, to preserve him from all evil, and instruct him in everything that is proper to be done; that from this source arises man's accountability, and that he will receive a reward in exact proportion to his works, whether good or evil. They also believe in the immortality of the soul, future rewards and punishments, and a perpetual judgment-seat in the mind, which is always accusing or justifying us for our conduct; that heaven is a place inexpressibly delightful, where the good will live with the Great Spirit eternally. Their idea is, that the passage, or bridge, that leads to this happy place, is not broader than a hair or the edge of a knife; yet that there is no difficulty in the good passing it, for angels meet them and conduct them over; they also believe, that beneath this narrow passage there is a dark and horrible pit, full of every loathsome and tormenting disease, where the wicked are forever punished; that when the wicked attempt to cross this bridge there is no help afforded them, and they therefore fall into it and it is impossible for them to get out again.

THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF JESUS

In a letter written by Publius Lentulus, President of

Judea, and sent by him to the Senate of Rome, about the time when the fame of Jesus began to be spread abroad in the world, he says:

“There lives at this time in Judea, a man of singular virtue, whose name is Jesus Christ, whom the barbarians esteem a prophet, but his own followers adore him as the offspring of the Immortal God. He calls back the dead from their graves, and heals all sorts of disease with a word or touch. He is tall and well shaped, of an amiable, reverent aspect; his hair of a color that can hardly be matched, falling in graceful curls below his ears and very agreeably touching his shoulders—parted on his crown like the Nazarity. His forehead is large and smooth; his cheeks without other spot save that of a lovely red; his nose and mouth formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard thick, and of a color suitable to the hair of his head, reaching an inch below his chin, and parting in the middle like a fork; his eyes bright, clear and serene. He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness; his whole address, whether in word or deed, being elegant and grave. No man has seen him laugh at any time, but he has wept frequently.”

AN INDIAN MEETING

A good many years ago I was holding an all-day meeting in the woods with the Quapaw Indians. We had no seats out in the woods in the afternoon meeting, the Indians sitting on the ground. I had been preaching ten or fifteen minutes when a rain set in. As long as my audience remained quiet it was not necessary to dismiss, so I continued my discourse. It rained through-

out the meeting, or until we were about ready to announce its dismissal. During the meeting the Indians did not move and were as unconcerned as though nothing was happening. At its close we all shook hands and went home. I doubt very much if white folks would have remained quiet under similar circumstances. My experience with Indians is that they are the stillest people on earth during meeting. The meetings held in the woods and on the side of the hills have been among my best meetings.

THE EFFECT OF CHRISTIANITY

When we first came among the Indians they would not have anything to do with other tribes. I remember after we had held meetings among the different tribes that at one of our monthly meetings there were sitting on one bench men from six different tribes, and as they arose, one by one, and told the same story of friendliness and sociability one could but enquire, "What had made the change?" There was but one answer, the love of God in their souls.

I was traveling at one time in the east and was telling one night at a meeting I was attending of our living in the woods, never locking a door and our flour chest sat on the porch and not a dust of it was taken except what we took ourselves. A lady, who had heard me speak, could not sleep that night for thinking of my family out west, in the woods and among the Indians, so she came to me the next morning and told me she could not sleep. I told her not to worry, as my family was perfectly safe there among the Indians, who were very dear to our hearts.

FUNERALS

In the past forty years I have attended a great many funerals in a radius of eighty miles of our home here at Miami, Oklahoma. I attended one funeral that I was gone from home three days in going, attending the funeral and returning home again. I have attended something over two thousand funerals in the past forty years.

When the Modocs were brought to the Indian Territory they burned their dead with everything the person had. They would build a log heap, lay the corpse upon it with all it had possessed in life, set fire to the heap and the watchers would care for it night and day until it was entirely consumed. After they arrived in the Territory the government put a stop to this practice and furnished them with neat pine coffins. After a time the Modocs observed that the whites buried their dead more elaborately and nothing would do but that they must follow suit, so they would take up a collection every time a member of the tribe died and secured a coffin more or less elaborate according to the size of the collection.

When the old chief of the Ponca Indians died south of Baxter Springs, Kansas, in the Indian Territory, they set him up like he was sitting in a chair, dug a hole for his feet, placed a half gallon can filled with water and some bread by his side, then built a little house some eight feet square over him, and that was a way mark for a long time. It used to be quite lonely in traveling over these broad prairies in those days; but when we could see the old chief's house in the distance we could always tell where we were.

There is one grave in the south part of the Wyandotte Reserve where a lone Indian sleeps by the name of Daniel Jack. He could call by name nearly every shrub and bush in his neighborhood, and also its medicinal value. He would show me what a little bird would defend her young with when it discovered a snake in the act of stealing her eggs or young by picking up a twig or leaf and dropping it in the nest. He also demonstrated to me that a dog bitten by a mad dog will not go mad if he can find a certain weed to eat and which a dog, that is, an Indian's dog, well knows.

MARRIAGES

I have kept a record of the marriages I performed for the past thirty years; before that have no record. For many years in the Indian Territory there were no licenses, so I married them and gave them a certificate. My record book has been brought into court on several different occasions to prove whether couples were married or not, there being no way of keeping records of marriages previous to the present license law. For the year 1911 we counted the marriages performed, I calling off and my wife numbering them, and we found that I had married during the year one hundred and eighteen couples.

In this book have given the names of a few of the many that I have married who live in this section of the country. From the record we have kept and those we can remember previous to that time, we find that I have married about three thousand couple.

At one wedding I performed at seven o'clock at night,

they had a supper of corn bread, fat meat, cabbage, potatoes and strong coffee. They thought they must have supper, and sure enough they did. I think that I have been blessed of the Lord in being able to eat everything that came along. If it was nothing but a cold biscuit and piece of meat I ate it with a relish.

When I told one couple I was marrying to join their right hands they were so embarrassed they joined their left hands. At another wedding when I got the couple all ready, the lady spoke up and said, "I want you to distinctly understand that you are not to say that I am to obey, because I shall not do it." I never let on that she had said a word. A great many different experiences we have in this kind of work.

THE UNBARRED DOOR

When on Columbia's eastern plains
Still roamed the forest child,
And new homes of Europe's sons
Were rising in the wild.

Upon a clearing in the woods,
Amos had built his cot,
And tilled his little farm, and lived
Contented with his lot.

A just, peace-loving man was he,
Kind unto all and true;
And well his ever open door
The wandering Indian knew.

But often were the settler's lands
By force or fraud obtained,
And in the red man, dispossessed,
Revenge alone remained.

And around the blazing fire of logs,
When winter nights were cold,
To shuddering listeners, dreadful tales
Of Indian raids were told.

But Amos feared not, though his home
All undefended lay;
And still his never-bolted door
Was open night and day.

One morn a neighbor passed in haste—
“Indians, they say, are nigh,
So, Amos, bar your door tonight,
And keep your powder dry.”

“Nay, friend,” he said, “the God I serve
Commands me not to kill;
And sooner would I yield my life
Than disobey His will.

“One gun have I, but used alone
Against the wolf or bear;
To point it at my fellow man,
My hand would never dare.

“But I will put the thing away:
They shall not see it here;
For the old gun, in hands unskilled,
Might do some harm, I fear.

“Besides, the Indians are my friends—
They would not do me ill;
Here they have found an open door,
And they shall find it still.”

“Well,” said the neighbor, as he went,
“My faith is not so clear;
If wretches come to take my life,
I mean to sell it dear.”

But the good wife of Amos stood
And listened with affright;
"Unless," she said, "the door is fast,
I shall not sleep tonight."

And with her words, as woman can,
She pressed her husband sore,
Till, for the sake of household peace,
At last he barred the door.

They went to rest, and soon the wife
Was wrapped in slumber deep;
But Amos turned and tossed about
And vainly tried to sleep.

Then came a voice within his heart,
A mild rebuke it bore,
It whispered: "Thou of little faith,
Why hast thou barred thy door?"

"Weak is that poor defense of thine
Against a hostile band;
Stronger than strongest fortresses
The shadow of My hand.

"Hast thou not said, these many times
That I have power to save,
As when my servants' trembling feet
Were sinking in the wave?"

"Now let thy actions with thy words
In full accord agree;
Rise quickly and unbolt thy door,
And trust alone in Me."

Then Amos from his bed arose,
And softly trod the floor,
Crept down the stairs, and noiselessly
Unbarred the cottage door.

Then forth he looked into the night,
Star-light it was, and still;
And slowly rose the waning moon
Behind the tree-fringed hill.

He looked with truthful, reverent gaze,
Up to the starry sky,
As meets a child with loving glance
A tender father's eye.

The cloud was lifted from his mind,
His doubts were over now;
The cool air breathed a kiss of peace
Upon his tranquil brow.

Then back to his forsaken bed
He softly groped his way,
And slept the slumber of the just
Until the dawn of day.

That night a painted warrior band
Through the dark forest sped,
With step as light upon the leaves
As panther's stealthy tread.

They reach the farm—"We make no war
With good and faithful men,"
The foremost Indian turned and said,
"Here dwells a son of Penn."

"Brother, if still his heart is right
How shall we surely know?"
Answered another; "Time brings change,
And oft brings friend to foe."

Then said the first one, "I will go
And gently tap the door;
If open still, it proves his heart
Is as it was before."

It yielded, and they entered in;
Across the floor they stept,
And came where Amos and his wife
Calm and unconscious slept.

With tommahawk and scalping-knife
They stood beside the pair;
A solemn stillness filled the room—
An angel guard was there.

Then eye sought eye, and seemed to say,
“How sound the good man sleeps!
So may they rest, and fear no ill,
Whom the Great Spirit keeps.”

Then noiselessly they left the house,
And closed the door behind,
And on their deadly war-trail passed
Some other prey to find.

And horror shrieked around their steps,
And blood-shed marked their way;
And many homes were desolate
When rose another day.

But Amos, with a thankful heart,
Greeted the morning light,
And knew not until after years,
How near was death that night.



The Friends Review published in 1884 the following letter:

“A letter from Jeremiah Hubbard, dated Grand River, Indian Territory, first month, 24th, 1884, states that third day, first month, 8th, Elwood W. Weesner and himself started on a visit to the Sac and Fox Agency. They reached Tulsa, one hundred miles on the way from home and the end of the railroad, the first day.

The next day they took the mail hack and rode sixty-five miles to the Agency, staying that night with the family of Agent Jacob V. Carter. The next day they called on David Bowles, who is engaged in work for the agent as well as working religiously with the Indians. Also called on William Hurr, the Indian Baptist missionary, who was formerly at the Ottawa station in the Quapaw Agency, where he mingled much with Friends. They then visited the government boarding school, under the care of Silas Moon and wife, whom they found well filling their responsible places. The children were under good management and the school doing well. They took dinner at the boarding school and then attended the funeral of a little Indian girl, who was for a time at White's Institute, but who proved too delicate and had to be returned to her home. The same evening they attended a meeting at William Hurr's meeting house and had a favored meeting. On sixth day morning William Hurr drove them thirty miles to the station where the Mexican Kickapoos are settled and where John Clinton and his wife now live. Here also they had a good meeting in the evening. On seventh day John Clinton drove them to Shawneetown to John Elliott's, who was delighted to see them. He took them some twenty-five miles to Wagoya, where the government day school for the Pottawatomies is held and a meeting and Bible school are kept up. On first day, first month, 13th, they attended the Bible school and meeting and held another meeting in the evening. They found all who were in attendance had made a profession of faith, holding on their way and form; others expressed their desire to en-

ter on the christian life. On second day they returned to Shawneetown and had a good meeting that night at the government boarding school, the Lord's presence being felt. Lindley M. Cox and his wife are the superintendent and matron of this school and filling their places well. Thomas W. Alford is much valued as a teacher and a christian. He was trained first in reservation schools and then at Hampton and holds a very important relation to the Shawnees. On third day at 11 a. m., a meeting was called at Franklin Elliott's at which the number was small but the meeting was attended with the Lord's favor and presence. Meeting was held that evening at Franklin Elliott's, the next day two meetings and on the fifth day they went to Kickapoo station. They felt that Franklin Elliott was in his right place, the right man to fill it, and truly devoted to his work. At Kickapoo station they had another meeting and were satisfied that John Clinton was also useful in his service at this place. On sixth day they returned to the Sac and Fox Agency. Jacob V. Carter has served these Indians well as United States agent. At the Agency J. H. and E. Weesner held meetings on sixth and seventh evenings and were at the Bible school and meeting on first day morning. One Indian requested to join Friends' meeting. On second day they visited Keokuk, the good christian chief, who also said that Agent Carter had done a good work for their people. Second and third day nights meetings were held and four more persons desired to join Friends. These dear brothers felt the Lord led and blessed them greatly in their visit.

HOW HE KEPT HOUSE

Old Granley declared by all the leaves
That were upon the tree—tree
He'd do more work in one short day
Than his wife could do in three—three.

Mrs. Granley she came in, she says:
"You shall have trouble now—now,
For you shall do the work in the house,
And I'll go follow the plow—plow.

But you must milk the muley cow,
For fear she will go dry—dry,
And you must feed the little pig
Which is within the sty—stye.

And you must put the cream in the churn,
Which is within the frame—frame;
And you must see to the fat in the pot,
That it doesn't all go in the flame—flame.

And you must feed the speckled hen
For fear she'l go astray—astray;
And you must reel the spool of yarn
That I spun yesterday—day."

Mrs. Granley took the whip in her hand
To go and follow the plow—plow;
Old Granley took the pail in his hand
To milk the muley cow—cow.

The muley cow she kicked, she raved,
She rumbled with her nose—nose;
She kicked old Granley on the shin
Till the blood ran down to his toes—toes.

He went to watch the speckled hen,
For fear she'd lay astray—astray;
But he forgot the spool of yarn . . .
His wife spun yesterday—day.

He went to put the cream in the churn
 Which was within the frame—frame,
 But he forgot the fat in the pot,
 And it all went in the flame—flame.

He looked east, he looked west,
 He looked to the sun—sun,
 He thought it was the longest day—
 And his wife would never come—come.

And then he declared by all the leaves
 That were upon the tree---tree,
 His wife could do more work in a day
 Than he could do in three---three.

ADDITIONAL MARRIAGES

Married, on Sabbath, July 27, 1913, at the home of Will Holton, in Miami, Mr. Bert Easterbrook and Miss Edna Newkirk, both of Lowell, Kansas.

Married, in Miami, at Elmer Jackson's, Friday, August 8, 1913, Mr. Henry O. Barnes and Miss Eva Culver, both of Afton, Oklahoma.

AN UPSETTING SIN

A negro prayed earnestly that he and his colored brethren might be saved from their "upsetting sins." "Brudder," said one of his friends, at the close of the meeting, "you aint got de hang ob dat ar word; it's be-settin'—not upsettin'."

"Brudder," said the first, "if dat's so, it am so; but I was prayin' de Lord to sabe us from de sin ob intoxication, and if dat aint an upsettin' sin, I dunno what am!"

A little girl, being told that the name of the king of Siam was Chu-Long Korn, exclaimed, "Ma, is he fond of succotash?"

JOHN

You're going to leave the homestead, John--
You're twenty-one today;
And the old man will be sorry, John,
To see you go away.
You've labored late and early, John,
And done the best you could;
I ain't a goin' to stop you, John--
I couldn't if I would.

Yet something of your feelings, John,
I s'pose I'd ought to know;
Though many a day has passed away---
'Twas forty years ago---
When hope was high with me, John,
And life lay all before---
That I, with strong and measured stroke,
Cut loose, and pulled from shore.

The years they come and go, my boy,
The years they come and go;
And raven locks and tresses brown,
Grow white as driven snow.
My heart has known its sorrows, John,
It's trials and troubles sore;
Yet God withal hath blest me, John,
"In basket and in store."

But one thing let me tell you, John,
Before you make your start;
There's more in being honest, John,
Twice o'er than being smart.
Though rogues may seem to flourish, John,
And sterling worth to fail,
O, keep in view the good and true,
'Twill in the end prevail.

Don't think too much of money, John,
And dig and delve and plan,

And rake and scrape in every shape
To hoard up all you can.
Though fools may count their riches, John,
In shillings, pounds and pence,
The best of wealth is youth and health,
And good, sound common sense.

Be gentle to the aged, John,
At poverty ne'er jest,
For many a brave and noble heart
Beats 'neath a ragged vest.
And the Savior of the world, my boy,
Whose blood for us was shed,
With all his grace had not a place
Wherein to lay his head.

And don't be mean or stingy, John,
But lay a little by
Of what you earn; you soon will learn
How fast 'twill multiply,
So, when old age comes creeping on,
You'll have a goodly store
Of wealth to furnish all your needs,
And maybe something more.

There's shorter cuts to fortune, John,
We see them every day;
But those who save their self-respect
Climb up the good old way.
"All is not gold that glitters," John,
And make the vulgar stare;
And those we deem the richest, John,
Have oft the least to spare.

Don't meddle with your neighbors, John,
Their sorrows or their cares;
You'll find enough to do, my boy,
To mind your own affairs.
The world is full of idle tongues---

You can afford to shirk;
There's lots of people ready, John,
To do such dirty work.

A PARTICULAR PROVIDENCE

George Dillwyn, of Burlington, New Jersey, an eminent minister of the Society of Friends, in the early part of the present century, was remarkable for spiritual discernment. Among other anecdotes related of him illustrating his quick perception of the pointing of duty, and his faithful obedience thereto, is the following:

On one occasion, when sitting in his parlor with his wife, he suddenly arose from his seat, took his hat, and seemed about to go out for a walk. His wife attempted to detain him, informing him that it was raining, of which he seemed to be unaware, and that it was nearly dinner time. He replied that he must go; his wife accordingly brought him an umbrella, and he left his home without apparently knowing his destination. After walking the street for a time he came opposite a house into which he felt it right to enter. He opened the door and walked into the front parlor, in which he found two men, who appeared greatly astonished to see him. He sat down by them in silence and, after a time, said that he felt impelled to enter that house, though for what purpose he could not tell, but perhaps they could inform him. They then told him that they had had an earnest discussion on the doctrine of a particular Providence, which one of them had stoutly maintained and the other as strenuously opposed. At length the latter had said that if George Dillwyn was to walk into the room, at

that moment, he would believe the doctrine. He had no sooner said the words, "than," remarked the narrator, "you came in." After this remarkable incident, George Dillwyn addressed them in an impressive manner, and took his leave.

FARTHER BACK

Would you force the Indian farther back
In the trackless, western wild;
Through the frowning forest, broad and black—
From his native haunts exiled?

Say, shall they have their childhood's home?
And the banks of their sunny streams;
Through the untrod waste, outcasts to roam
Where the panther's eye balls gleam.

True they are weak and we are strong,
With us vain were their might;
But does their weakness make them wrong,
Or is our strength our right?

Remember once this fair domain
Was theirs and theirs alone;
Sole monarchs of the boundless plain,
They feared the wrath of none.

From an eastern clime a fable band
Came to their peaceful shore;
They craved a boon at the red man's hand,
He shared with them his store.

He gave them shelter, fire and food,
And soothed their lot forlorn;
And then instead of gratitude,
He felt the white man's scorn.

O'er the fair land their hosts have gone,
Sore fell their arm in wrath;
Till scarcely a single moccasin,
Marks the red hunter's path.

Our homes are built upon the mounds,
Where the dead Indian lies;
And o'er their forest hunting grounds,
Our lordly cities rise.

Their fathers sleep beneath the sod,
Now by the white man pressed
But the Indian leaves the turf untrod,
That guards the warrior's rest.

And ill do they bear to know the graves
By them thus sacred held;
Upturned by the shares of avarice slaves
Are leveled with the field.



RINGING FOR THE WATER BOY

A good story is told of a verdant one, who was a passenger in a railroad express train and became thirsty: "Where's that 'ere boy with that water can?" he queried of his neighbor. "He has gone forward to the baggage car, I suppose." was the reply. "Wall, do you suppose I ken get him back here again?" "Certainly," said the other; "you have only to ring for him," and he nodded toward the bell-line that ran above their heads. Before anyone could prevent it, Rusticus had seized the line and given it a tremendous tug. The consequences were at once obvious; three shrill whistles were instantly heard, half a dozen brakemen ran to their posts, and the train came to a stand-still with a suddenness that startled half the passengers with astonishment, and caused every

man next to a window to hoist it and look out to see what was the matter. In a few minutes the conductor, red and excited, came foaming into the car to know who pulled that bell-rope. "Here, mister, this way; I'm the man," shouted the man, drawing all eyes upon him. "You!" said the conductor; "and what did you do it for?" "Sartin; I wanted the water-boy, and my partner here in the seat said I'd better ring for him, as we do at the hotel, and so I yanked the bell; will he be along soon? And, by the by, what in thunder be ye stoppin' fer?" The shout of laughter that greeted this honest confession was too much for the conductor, and he had to wait till he got his train under way again before he explained the mystery of the bell-rope to his verdant customer.

St. John says that when the Savior was brought before Pilate, he was asked the question, "What is truth?" As Pilate was a Roman, of course his question was asked in the Latin language: *Quid est veritas?* The scripture records no reply to this question, possibly for the reason that it contains an answer which may be discovered by the mere transposition of the letters: *Est vir qui adest*, "It is the man who stands before you." This may be as interesting as it is singular to many.

THE SIMPLE CHURCH

I've been to a Quaker meeting, wife, and I shall go again;
 It was so quiet and so neat, so simple and so plain;
 The angels seemed to gather there, from off the other
 shore,
 And fold their wings in quietness, as if they'd been before.

There was no high-priced organ there, no costly singing
choir
To help you raise your thoughts to God and holiness
inspire;
But, sitting still in silence, we seemed to feel and know
The still, small voice that entered in and told the way
to go.

The walls were free from paintings and costly works of art,
That in our modern churches seem to play so large a part;
For, it seems they each endeavor to please the eye of man,
And lose all thoughts of plainness in every church they
plan.

The windows had no colored glass to shed a gloom around
But God's pure sunlight entered unrestrained and all
around,
And centered in a little spot, so bright, it seems to me
A glimpse of brightness somewhat like our future home
will be.

There was no learned minister, who read as from a book,
And showed that he had practiced his every word and
look,
But a sermon full of wisdom was preached by an old
Friend,
That took right hold of all our thoughts, and held them
to the end.

There was no pulpit decked with flowers of beauty rich
and rare,
And made of costly foreign woods, almost beyond com-
pare;
But the plain and simple words that we that day had
heard,
The common painted gallery did much to help the word.
There was no bustle, noise, or stir, as each one took his
seat,

And silence settled over all, not solemn, but so sweet!
As each in his quiet way implored for strength to know
The right from wrong in everything, and asked the way
to go.

It seemed while I was there, wife, so peaceful and so still,
That I was in God's presence, and there to do His will;
The simple, peaceful quiet did more to movè my heart
Than any worship yet had done, with all its show and art.

I'm going there again, wife, and you will like it, too.
I know what it has done for me; 'twill do the same for
you;
And you, when once you've entered through the plain
but open door,
Will wonder why you've never tried the simple church
before.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Caroline Spicer, wife of John Spicer, died on the eve of December 23, '93, aged 44 years, after a long spell of sickness, in a mysterious way and slowly losing her breath. She would get better at times but finally get back into the same sickness. She bore her ailment with great courage. After a few months illness the guardian angel beckoned her home and she fell asleep in the arms of Jesus. Just prior to her death she made a few remarks to her husband concerning her sickness. She said: "John, I am going to get better, I feel better. I think I shall sleep tonight, I am going to get better and won't be sick any more." She removed herself from the bed and sat on a chair and made special request concerning a few domestic affairs, and in a few moments bade him redress her bed that she might sleep well that night, and when the bed was ready she arose, went to it,

bade her husband "good-bye," laid down and thus her spirit departed for its ethereal throne to join with the Great Spirit.

Friend after friend departs, as the years go by, those that we have known in infancy, in childhood, in youth, in maturity, one by one pass from our sight. Yesterday they were with us, full of life, joy and love—today they are gone, and our homes are desolate, and our hearts are sad with a sadness for which sadness earth has no remedy. The nearest and dearest, the truest and noblest, pass from us and are lost in the shadow of the tomb. We who linger behind are also passing away. It is only a little while and the partings will be over, and the meetings will begin; the toil will be ended and the rest remain; the weariness, the pain the conflict ends, and then comes the peaceful sleep, the quiet rest in hope and the joyful awakening to an immortal life.

The following lines were sent to my wife's sick room by E. A. Bacon, Germantown, Pennsylvania. How much they cheered her heart:

Lord, speak to me that I may speak
In loving echoes of thy tone;
As thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

Oh lead me, Lord; that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
Oh feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

Oh fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'er flows;

In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

Oh use me, Lord, use ever me
Just as Thou wilt, and when and where,
Until Thy blessed face I see—
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

To tell the Indian, Lord, of Thee,
That he may share Thy joy with me;
Oh, may we sing the song of love
In that bright world above.

Bear not a simple care,
One is too much for thee;
The work is His, and His alone,
To rest in Him thy work shall be.

When I take a retrospective view of the past forty years of my life in this country and contrast forty years ago with now it makes me smile. Then I traveled in a two horse cart, and when noontime came would unhitch my team, feed them and take my lunch of cold bread and meat and walk backward and forward along the trail while eating.

One morning when I started on a trip the postmaster at Wyandotte brought out a card and read to me giving a description of a man, who had killed another man up in Kansas and took his team.

I was riding along in my cart on a trail not very far from Grand river, heard a noise, looked up, and right in front of me, holding a gun in his hand, stood a man fitting the description of the man in the card the postmaster had read to me that morning. I stopped, we talked a few minutes and I said I must be going. He

said I could not cross the river. "Yes," I said, "I know the river is high, but I am going down on this side." I never looked back, but expected him to shoot every moment until I got away. I did not see the team as he had them hid in the bushes. A great many people have disappeared quite suddenly and were never heard from again in this country in the early days.

We would travel many miles at times without seeing any one. At one time I was going to the Sac and Fox agency, a distance of forty miles, and only passed one house. I stopped there for dinner, and while I was unhitching my team a man came out and said there was a woman in the house who knew me. I wondered who in the world it could be that would know me this distance from home, but when I went in the house I discovered that she was a lady whom I had married to a Sac and Fox Indian many years previous. Some times in traveling in that early day, twenty to thirty miles would be passed without seeing a house, and yet I was never lonely for I had sweet communion with my Lord and Master.

One time a great many years ago my wife and I and Thomas Stanley were riding along in my hack out on a big prairie. Thomas asked me to stop, climbed out of the hack and started across the prairie, saying he would be at the house the next morning about ten o'clock, and sure enough he was. I remember on another occasion Thomas and I stayed all night with Uncle Irving Long, chief of the Wyandottes. We were standing out in the yard when Thomas sniffed the air a little and said if I

would go in the house and ask Nancy for an apple and a biscuit he would go on. I inquired where he was going. He replied that as I had given him the apple and the buiscuit he had apple pie now and would go on to Dick Witham's. Thomas had a coat which he made himself, with eleven pockets in it. He always walked. I have tracked him for miles and miles. He would stop and shake hands with every Indian he met, and all the Indians throughout the country knew him. On one occasion he wanted to drink a cup of hot water. After pouring it out he stood with the cup in his hand for some time, busily talking, when an old Indian spoke up, "If Thomas don't drink that pretty soon it will lose its strength." Thomas was a man who was always at home wherever he happened to be, and would take hold and help with any work there was to do. He was quite a character and everyone who knew him loved Thomas Stanley.

In cosmopolitan literature there is probably no character that is known among so many people, and especially the red race, as is Uncle Jerry Hubbard. He has lived two score years among them, studied their habits, manners and customs and is fully equipped and prepared to give a complete history, setting forth their development and advancement. We can imagine forty years ago and see Uncle Jerry riding his little Indian pony to and from the different tribes; how glad they were to greet him when he appeared among them; how pleased they were to invite him to their feast of dog meat that had been especially prepared for him. How in his good-

natured way he entertained them, preached to them and told them interesting stories about the white man that would soon be among them to take their lands and dispossess them of their hunting ground, all of which has sure come true.

It is unquestionably true that "Uncle Jerry" has married more Indians than any other white man in the known world. He was the founder of the Friends church among them. They all knew "Uncle Jerry" as the Indian's friend. He never betrayed one of them, always gave them good advice, comforted them in time of need. They loved him as a father to them, respected him for his lovingkindness.

Of late years "Uncle Jerry" has devoted his entire time to the ministry, preaching here and there wherever the occasion demands. He has been called to preach funerals which have required scores of miles of travel on his part, and which he has cheerfully done, no matter what the weather may have been.

It would not do to close this article without saying something about his appetite for good things to eat. He has feasted on the "canine species" and from that to the yellow-legged chicken, of the latter he is exceedingly fond. To him no marriage ceremony is complete without a well-spread table.

In conclusion, we wish to say that the subject of this little sketch has a great circle of friends, and is a man with but few enemies. For a man seventy-seven years of age he is quite active both physically and mentally. Such well rounded characters are these that live to reach the century mark. Here's hopin' to "Uncle Jerry."

J. W. COONS

Editor Live Wire, Miami, Oklahoma.

We see by the Miami papers that "Uncle Jerry Hubbard" is publishing a book of reminiscences of "Forty Years Among the Indians." In our opinion there is no man better fitted to compile a book of that sort, or one more experienced in the ways of educating and upbuilding the Indians. We have known him for thirty-five years out of the forty and can only say that he is "Johnny-on-the-spot" either with or without the dollar in sight to help the poor, marry the love-sick or bury the dead. We have known him to go far and near to visit the sick and bury the dead—help carry the corpse out and take the shovel and help smooth over the little mound, wipe the sweat from his brow, then offer a fervent prayer for all. We have had him engaged for the past twenty years to ease us out of this vale of tears when the final taps of life are sounded. Jerry is a man who allows every person his or her own way of doing right, and can work with any denomination so long as their doings point to the same place. Every Indian as well as white know that they have a friend in Uncle Jerry, and all we have to do is to let the people know that Jerry will preach at a certain time and place and a large congregation will be present who are sure to pay strict attention to all that he says. And, again, Uncle Jerry is a man who attends to his own business, never meddles, but on occasion will give a sinner good advice. When in the pulpit he scores you right and left.

We have watched him all these years and can say truthfully that he comes the nearest walking the Golden Rule of any man we ever met—always scattering sunshine, and he lives his christianity every day, as every

Indian and every white in all this country will bear witness. And while he is a man seventy-seven years old yet he can ride in a buggy or wagon all day and not be weary. Our only wish is that our feet were as sure of walking the Golden Streets as we believe his to be.

We want one of Uncle Jerry's books, and we believe no library complete without one.

Your old friend,

WATT C. JENNISON.

This is old Judge Winn's son-in-law, of the Ottawas.

CONSIDER THE LILIES

At the conclusion of the Quarterly Meeting in Massachusetts, 7th month and 6th, 1876, Stanley Pumphrey commented on a pond lily held in his hand, in the following language: "As I was entering the meeting house a kind friend handed me this flower. When first received it was fresh and vigorous, fragrant, pure and beautiful, showing what exquisite beauty and loveliness our Lord may bring forth from very unpromising materials. It is a plant formed in the mire, and growing in unsightly surroundings; yet, from amidst the impure and vile, it has grown up and blossometh forth an emblem of purity. So the things which we do lightly esteem in this lower world, or loathe as grievous, inconvenient or uncongenial, may be converted into the conditions of our spiritual development, and the beauty of the Lord our God upon us; so, by His grace, may we be endowed with "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garments of praise for the spirit of heavenliness." By the length of the stem which this flower crowns, it appears

that it has come up through deep waters, until finally it was unfolded to the light. What encouragement is there for us unto patient continuance in the midst of our dark, or turbid, or storm-tossed surroundings, ever looking to come up higher by means of these to the Sun of Righteousness, in His light shining clearer and clearer till we merge into the perfect day. We may be toiling, we may have to grope upward as in the darkness, but let us patiently fight the good fight of faith, to finish our course, and reach the crown of righteousness which the Lord will give us in that day.

“You see this flower, which at first was so fresh and lovely, now wilted and withered away. This because it has become detached from the root that bore it. Beware, lest it be so with any of us through our not dwelling in the root, as branches abiding in the vine. From Jesus Christ, our root and foundation, we derive all our life and supply. Disconnected from Him, we shall wilt and wither and perish. Clinging to Him, we shall draw continually upon everlasting strength, and bring forth, not only of His glory and beauty to adorn His doctrine, but also much fruit unto life eternal. “Consider the lilies, how they grow.”

ABIDE WITH ME

“Abide with us; for it is toward even, and the day is far spent.”

Abide with me; fast falls the even tide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, Oh, abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my eyes;
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

A LAMP TO THY FEET

A lamp to thy feet—not a splendor,
 Lighting the hills afar;
 Not radiance, solemn and tender,
 Of moonlight; or glimmer of star.
 All around may be shrouded in shadow
 And dimness and mist of the night;
 But be it o'er mountain or meadow,
 Before us the path shall be light.

For His locks are wet with the night dews,
 His feet are bleeding and torn,
 As, weary under our burden,
 He treads in our pathway the thorn.
 Though His lamp light one step, and one only,
 There's the mark of His foot in the sod;
 Though the way be thorny and lonely,
 It ends in the bosom of God.

“GOD'S RAVEN”

A lady who lived on the north side of London, set out one day to see a poor sick friend, living in Drury Lane, and took with her a basket provided with tea, butter and food. The day was fine and clear when she started, but as she drew near to Islington a thick fog came on, which somewhat frightened her, as she was deaf and feared it might be dangerous in the streets if she could not see. Thicker and darker the fog became; they lighted the lamps, and the omnibus went at a walking pace. Just at she reached her destination the fog

cleared. She knocked at the door and a little girl opened it. "How is grandmother?" "Come in, Mrs. A—," answered the grandmother; "how did you get here? We have been in thick darkness all day." The room was exceedingly neat and the kettle stood boiling on the fire. "I see you are ready for tea, and have brought something more to place upon the table," The woman said, "Mrs. A—, you are indeed God's raven, sent by Him to bring us food, for we have not tasted yet. I felt sure God would care for us. Thirty years He has provided for me through all my pain and helplessness and I felt sure He would not leave us to starve at last." The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles."

A PATHETIC INCIDENT

One day in the winter of 1832-3, four Flathead Indians appeared upon the streets of St. Louis with a request which no white man had ever heard before. They came, they said, from the land of the setting sun. They had heard of the white man's God, and they wanted the white man's Book of Heaven.

General Clarke, then commanding the military post at St. Louis, was a Roman Catholic. The Roman Catholic missionaries have performed heroic service among the Indians. Unfortunately, however, they have tried to give the Indian christianity without civilization. So while the four Flatheads were received with the greatest hospitality, and were shown the Roman Catholic church, the pictures of the saints, etc., yet they were denied their oft repeated request for a bible. Two of the Indians

died in St. Louis from the fatigue of their long journey from Oregon. The other two, homesick and disappointed, prepared to return. General Clarke made a banquet for them and bade them God speed on their journey. One of the Indians was called upon to respond. His response deserves to rank with Lincoln's Gettysburg speech as a model of eloquence, and with Washington's farewell address in the influence it subsequently exercised. We can give no just idea of the circumstances, or of the impression it produced. We can only give the English version of the speech, which, like all translations, loses much of the force of the original:

"I came to you over the trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friends of my fathers who have all gone the long way. I came with an eye partly opened for more light for my people who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back to my blind people? I made my way to you with strong arms, through many enemies and strange lands, that I might carry back much to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. Two fathers came with us. They were the braves of many winters and wars. We leave them asleep by your great water and wigwam. They were tired in many moons and, their moccasins wore out. My people sent me to get the white man's Book of Heaven. You took me where you allow your women to dance, as we do not ours, and the Book was not there. You took me where they worship the Great Spirit with condles, and the Book was not there. You showed me the images of the good spirits and pictures of the good land beyond, but the Book was not among

them to tell us the way. I am going back the long, sad trail, to my people of the dark land. You make my feet heavy with gifts and my moccasins will grow old in carrying them, yet the Book is not among them. When I tell my poor, blind people after one more snow in the big council, that I did not bring the Book; no word will be spoken by our old men or by our young braves, One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness, and they will go on the long path to other hunting grounds. No white man will go with them and no white man's book to make the way plain. I have no more words."—Missionary Review.

The government has often made mistakes in treating with the Indians by sending the wrong men—men whose slightest command demanded instant obedience. They may be good men, doubtless are, but generals, colonels and captains will not do. Half a dozen old farmers who have the patience to sit down with the Indians and carefully listen to the Indians' side of the case will do more good and accomplish more in less time than blustering generals or pompous officials. The Indian wants to know why the Great Father at Washington requires him to do thus and so. What would our white citizens do if Great Britain should suddenly order them to move over into Arkansas and back the order up with an army? The Indian's case is parallel, he wants to know why? Denied the reason why and commanded to go he fights, just the same as any other race of people would do. Look up and down the blood-red pages of greed's dealings with the American Indian and ask yourself, will not Almighty God visit his wrath upon the white man?

PEN PICTURE OF "UNCLE JERRY" HUBBARD

Every city and village in the land has its town character—a man or woman who stands out prominently from the inhabitants thereof with characteristics possessed by no one but themselves. Miami, Ottawa county, Oklahoma, the capital of the greatest lead and zinc mines the world has ever known, is no exception to this rule. Her most distinguished citizen is Reverend Jeremiah Hubbard, and his office is that of the Lord's ambassador.

At Seattle, Washington, a number of years ago, lived Princess Angeline, daughter of Chief Seattle, of the Siwash tribe of clam-digging Indians of the Puget Sound country. In all the teeming industry and commercialism of that great city Princess Angeline was pointed to as the one whom the city of Seattle esteemed to be the greatest and most picturesque of all her inhabitants. Princess Angeline had the freedom of the city. She it was who could go into any home with the privileges of an invited guest, or into any store or shop and help herself to whatever might appeal to her fancy or desires, without money and without price. The city saw to it that her wants were well provided for.

So it is with our "Uncle Jerry" Hubbard. No home in all this great northeastern section of Oklahoma but has a welcome on the door mat for him. His wants are well provided for. For forty years he has ministered to the spiritual and physical needs of first, the aborigines, and next, the white settler as he came crowding in on the heels of the disappearing red man.

It would be a hard matter for a person to read the

pages of this book and not discover in its simple story of a life that gave all its best and asked nothing in return, the secret of its strength of hold upon the lives and hearts of the people with whom he has come in contact for the forty long years herein detailed.

To do as the savage did; to sleep in his tents; to eat his food; endure the hardships of the winter's blasts and the summer's drouths; to toil night and day in an effort to bring to the lives of an unenlightened race the light of a better way, of a sublime hope; the turning of darkness into day for benighted minds, and do it all so cheerfully day by day, shows a strength of character which can not but excite the admiration, and be an inspiration to every person who may have the good fortune to read these lines.

And, as you grasp his hand and look into his eyes—steady eyes, sincere eyes—you ask yourself the question, what is the force, the inspiration back of this man? What gives him this power to win the hearts of children and men? Take the pains to turn to page three of this book and there read your answer, for besides his God, who gives him grace, is the wife—Mary G. Hubbard—the sublime queen of motherhood, the dauntless inspiration of manhood.

A. H. P.

NOTE—On the page in this book which speaks of John Winney as having been converted at twenty-five years of age; should read seventy-five years of age.

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