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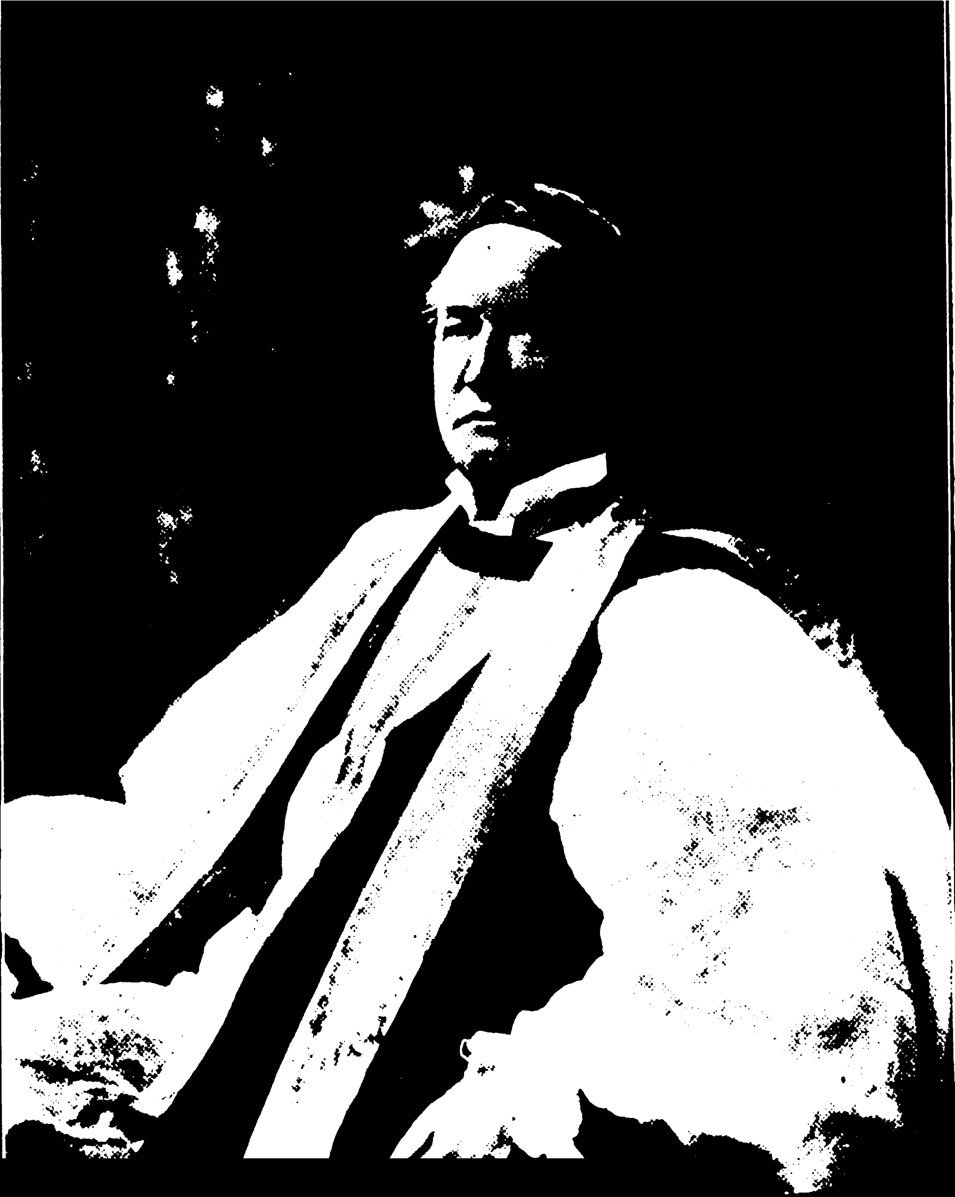
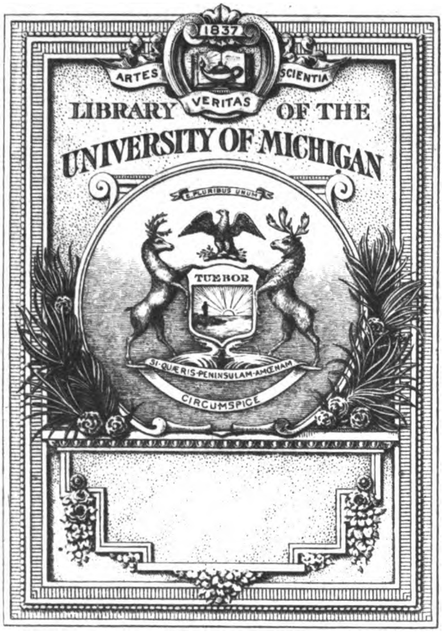


Lights and shadows of a long episcopate

Henry Benjamin Whipple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LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF A LONG EPISCOPATE

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Yours Faithfully
H. B. Whipple
Bishop of Minnesota

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF A LONG EPISCOPATE

BEING

REMINISCENCES AND RECOLLECTIONS

OF

THE RIGHT REVEREND

HENRY BENJAMIN WHIPPLE, D.D., LL.D.

BISHOP OF MINNESOTA

WITH PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR, AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

In the autumn of 1894, some of the members of the House of Bishops, who have given me a love unclouded by a doubt,—among them my beloved friend, the Rt. Rev. John Williams, late presiding bishop,—urged me to write an autobiography. I refused, saying: "The history of one's life, its temptations and trials, its sorrows and shortcomings, can be known only to one's self and to God. The danger of self-praise and self-deception is so great that I dare not do it." But when they said: "One's individuality is a gift from God; the history of your life, the success which God has given you in missionary work and in founding schools, will be helpful to others;" the words of holy Herbert, spoken when dying, came to me: "Take these papers; they are the record of the conflicts of my life. If they can help any poor soul, print them; if not, burn them, for they and I are the least of the mercies of God."

Were it not for the many letters which come to me unceasingly from both sides of the Atlantic, asking for sketches of my diocesan and Indian work, I should hesitate to publish what must necessarily be a most unconventional and incomplete record of my work, owing to the brief time which I have been able to snatch from a crowded life. While, therefore, it has been impossible to give a detailed account of my connection with the Indians of the Northwest, I have given enough to enlighten those who are ignorant of the true state of Indian affairs, and to cause those more or less familiar with the facts to thank God for the light which is dawning.

HENRY BENJAMIN WHIPPLE,
Bishop of Minnesota.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF A LONG EPISCOPATE

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF A LONG EPISCOPATE

CHAPTER I

I WAS born in Adams, Jefferson County, New York. I have paid little attention to the subject of genealogy, but I account it a cause for gratitude that, so far as I know the history of my family, it has numbered a goodly line of God-fearing men and women who have been loyal and useful in their devotion to Church and State. Sixteen of my kinsfolk were officers in the Colonial and Revolutionary wars. Brigadier-General Whipple was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The mother of Stephen Hopkins, another signer of the Declaration, was a Whipple.

My grandfather, Benjamin Whipple, was in the navy of the American Revolution, which was then in its infancy but honored for the heroic bravery of Paul Jones and his associates. He was taken prisoner and confined in the prison-ship *Jersey*, and came out of it a paralytic.

My father, John H. Whipple, was born in Albany, New York. He was baptized in St. Peter's Church of that city, and in the year 1820 married Elizabeth, daughter of the Hon. Henry Wager, one of the electors of Thomas Jefferson.

My childhood was as happy as a tender mother and a blessed home could make it. The one foreshadowing, at that early period, of the battles which I was to fight for my poor Indians was upon the occasion of a quarrel between a boy much older than myself and another half his size. Indignant at the unrighteousness of an unequal fight, I rushed upon the bully and in due season went home triumphant, but with clothes torn and face covered with blood. My dear mother, with an expression of horror upon her fine face, ran toward me, and putting her arms around me, cried:—

"My darling boy, what has happened? Why are you in this dreadful condition?"

"Yes, I know it's bad," was my answer; "but mother, *you ought to see the other fellow!*"

I feel, even now, the gentle hand on my head as she said, after hearing my story,—

"My dear boy, it is always right to defend the weak and helpless."

I owe much to my holy mother, from whom I learned the blessedness of God's word, and whose unfaltering voice in speaking of Divine truth saved me from scepticism. At that time there was no Episcopal Church in the western part of the state of New York, and my parents had become communicants of the Presbyterian Church, although they were afterward confirmed in the church of my grandparents. As a child I read the Prayer Book to my blind grandmother, who was a devout Churchwoman, and unconsciously the lessons of Christ and His Church were impressed upon my heart.

An idea of the changes which have taken place in that part of the country may be given by an incident which occurred when my father as a young man was making the journey by coach from Albany to Utica, ninety-six miles, in company with the Patroon Van Rensselaer, Martin van Buren, Daniel D. Tompkins, and Chancellor Kent. Mr. van Rensselaer, in response to Mr. van Buren's remark, "that he must have seen a great development in the country during his lifetime," gave a description of his early journeys by canoe and horse. Judge Kent also gave his experience, and then boldly added: —

"I have been reading of a road, invented by a Mr. Macadam, made of pounded stone. And I see no reason, if the country is ever rich enough to build such roads, why it would not be practicable, by using relays of horses, to make the journey from Albany to Utica in one day."

This seemed no less a flight of the imagination than did that of a statement made to me upon my first visit to Washington, in 1844. After visiting the places of interest in the city I went to the Capitol to say good-by to a friend who was a member of Congress. As I was leaving the room he said: "By the way, the sergeant-at-arms has given a room in the basement to a man who claims that he can send a message by wire in less than a minute. I do not believe in it. It is probably one of the many schemes to get an appropriation from Congress. But it may amuse you to see it."

I went to the basement, and found a tall, thoughtful-faced man who received me courteously, and in answer to my queries said, with a smile: "There is no possible deception. I can convince you in one minute of the value of this invention. You see that battery? It is connected with a wire the other end of which is near the Relay House. I will send the message, 'Mr. Whipple of New York is here.'" In a moment the answer came back. It was before the day of reading by sound, and the alphabet consisted of a series of dashes on a coil of paper. Mr. Morse—for it was he—tore off the slip of paper, and making the alphabet on another slip, said: "You must read this. What is the first letter?" "T," I answered; and so on until I was able to read the message, "Tell Mr. Whipple that he is looking upon an invention which will revolutionize the commerce of the world."

At ten years of age I was sent to the boarding-school of the late Professor Avery in Clinton, and afterward to the school under the charge of those cultured Christian men, the Rev. Dr. Boyd and the Rev. John Covert, whose kindness and wisdom won my heart and influenced my life. I next became a student at Oberlin where I resided with my uncle, the Rev. George Whipple, professor of mathematics. The Rev. Charles Finney, president of the college, was a remarkable man. His kindness and consideration toward me I shall never forget, and his loving interest in my career gave him a sacred place in my memory.

While pursuing my studies my health failed, and my physician said the only hope of saving my life was to enter upon active business. This was a deep disappointment to my father as well as to me, but following the physician's advice I accepted an offer from my father, and for a time was connected with him in business. From earliest youth I had been deeply interested in political affairs, and had tried to follow the teachings of the founders of the Republic. I felt that if good men were to be nominated for office, good men must attend the primary meetings. My influence was beyond my years, for I believed in the lessons of my saintly mother, "Never hesitate to defend the weak and never be afraid if God is on your side." My father belonged to the old Whig party, but he was one of those broad-minded men who would never interfere with the conscientious convictions of others. I became a Democrat of the conservative school. Through the influence of Governor Dix I was appointed by Governor Marcy, Division Inspector, with the rank of Colonel, on the staff of Major-General Corse, having been previously appointed Major by Governor William L. Bouck. It afforded many pleasant hours of recreation with the fuss and feathers of military equipage. During the scare of the Patriot rebellion in Canada we were ordered to the defence of the frontier, but the Government had wisely sent out some regulars who settled the matter before we entered upon actual service, and our military reputation was saved. My last service in the political field was as secretary of a state convention.

Thurlow Weed and Edwin Croswell, two of New York's political leaders, said when I became a candidate for Holy Orders that they "hoped a good politician had not been spoiled to make a poor preacher."

Many of these political friends became my helpers in my struggles to secure justice for the Indians. Governor Seymour, General John A. Dix, and others, never failed to give me their influence with the authorities at Washington.

It was while I was confined to my room by illness that my mind turned irresistibly toward the truths of the Holy Gospel, and the needs of a dying race. After many and deep heart-searchings I decided, with the advice and sympathy of my dear father and of Bishop de Lancey, to prepare myself for Holy Orders. I pursued my theological studies with the Rev. Dr. W. D. Wilson, and I have always felt it a rare blessing that I had that great scholar for my friend and teacher.

I was ordained to the diaconate in Trinity Church, Geneva, New York, August 26, 1849, and to the priesthood in Christ's Church, Sackett's Harbor, the following February. I was called to Zion Church, Rome, New York, where I preached my first sermon on Advent Sunday, 1849.

Mrs. Whipple, to whom I was married by the Rev. Mr. Fisk of Trinity Church, Watertown, New York, was the daughter of Hon. Benjamin Wright, and of the family of Wards and Pells of Westchester, New York.

A happier life God never gave to man than that of a shepherd of Christ's flock. Mrs. Whipple was all that a Christian wife could be as friend and counsellor, and no pastor ever had a more loving and devoted parish. In the suburbs of Rome there was a large population of extreme poor who became my parishioners, and in work for and with them I learned the hopefulness and helpfulness of the Gospel. My parish numbered many men and women of culture and note. Hatharway, Stryker, Bissell, Ingersoll, and many others, whose faces are imprinted on my heart, have gone to their rest. Among Christians of other communions I found dear friends and helpers.

It has always been a cause for thankfulness that God has given me the ability to put aside the petty annoyances which fret out life. It is worry, not work, that kills men; and the man is happy who can shut out troubles when the day's work is done, for burdens are not lightened by hugging them to the heart.

I remember a lesson learned from a dear friend of my boyhood, the mother of Chief Justice Swan. Aunt Swan was a gentlewoman of the old school,—a Quakeress,—who possessed rare wisdom. She lived on Lake Cayuga, New York. Upon one occasion one of her neighbors gave a party to which all the distinguished families of the county were bidden save Aunt Swan, against whom a fancied grievance was cherished. The night of the festivity arrived, and stately Aunt Swan, in her Quaker garb of mode satin and sheerest muslin, stepped into her carriage and was driven to her friend's house. Making her way through the throng to the hostess, she said with her sweet dignity:—

"Friend Clarissy, thy servant forgot to leave me thy invitation, and it is out of such little things that friendships are often marred. So I have come as thy old friend to enjoy thy hospitality." The difficulty was healed.

Among my parishioners was a man of strong fibre but with little reverence, apparently, for Christian truth. His wife was a communicant of the Church. Upon her death-bed she sent for me, and in the agony of parting from her only child, begged me to be a friend to her husband, that I might influence him in training their son. Her last words, "If you lose sight of John, my boy will be lost," continued to ring in my ears, and I tried to win the man's affections. Late one stormy night I returned from a visit to a dying woman to find the man waiting for me in a state of great excitement. He began his sad story at once, saying: "You know Mr. ——! The woman with whom he is living is not his wife. She is the daughter of an Englishman, and ran away to marry this man. Some day they will quarrel and that woman will die of a broken heart. Will you marry them to-night?"

"Do you ask me to go to a man's house at midnight, and tell him that I have come to marry him?" I exclaimed.

"Yes," was the answer, "and I know you will do it."

It was God's Spirit which led us to the house, where we found the man and woman sitting by the cradle of a sick child. They were naturally surprised when told of my errand, and not inclined to listen to my pleading, but finally their hearts were touched by the thought that I was there to save their child from shame, and an agonized outburst of tears showed me the woman's overburdened heart. The laws of New York required no marriage license, and just as the clock struck twelve I pronounced them man and wife. The next morning poor John —— was burned to death so suddenly that he had hardly time to say, "God have mercy." At his burial there was a look of incredulity upon the faces of many in the congregation, when I spoke of a noble and loving act of the departed brother such as few would have dared to do. It taught me a lesson of charity which I have never forgotten.

One cold night in midwinter I was awakened by the distressed voice of a poor German woman under my window, begging me to go to her dying husband. I dressed quickly and went to the wretched home, where I found the man very near death, and the house lacking the common necessities of life. I realized for the first time the meaning of illness where gaunt poverty dwells in the home. I sent one child for a physician, another to my house for blankets and spirits, and then knelt down and commended the dying man to the Saviour. There was a family of seven children to be cared for. At my first visit after the burial I found the house in an untidy condition. I said to the woman: "If you want my help I will give it to you on one condition, — you must keep your house and children clean. Water is plentiful, and without cleanliness you are not respectable." I bought two pigs — one to pay for the next year's rent, and the other for the use of the family. In the spring, places were found for the older boys, and in season the whole family gathered hops and berries to sell. Once a week I visited them to give advice and counsel. It was a practical seed-sowing which yielded practical results. The family grew prosperous and independent, and all became useful communicants of the Church. It taught me that the poor need our brains more than our alms.

A prominent member of the Presbyterian Church married a communicant of my parish. They agreed to attend alternately each other's place of worship. The husband said to me one day: "I do not like to turn my back on the Lord's Table. May I go to the Communion with my wife?" I replied: "It is not our Communion Table, it is the Lord's; if you have been baptized in the name of the Blessed Trinity, hear the invitation, 'Ye who do truly repent and desire to come;' it is your privilege." It was my custom to seek counsel of my bishop. When I laid the matter before Bishop de Lancey, he said, "You have done right"; and then he added, "When Bishop Hobart was the rector of Trinity Church, a man came to him and said: 'Bishop, it gives me great sorrow to leave your church before the Holy Communion. May I come?'

"The bishop asked, 'Were you baptized in the name of the Blessed Trinity?'

"'Yes,' was the answer.

"'Do you believe in the Apostles' Creed?' asked the bishop.

"'Yes,' was the reply, 'I believe it with all my heart, but I am not sure that I interpret it exactly as you do.'

"The bishop replied, 'The Church has not bidden you to accept Bishop Hobart's interpretation.'"

Forty years ago Christians were not as ready to see the image of Christ in those from whom they differed as now. During my rectorship a noted clergyman came to Rome to preach upon the folly of celebrating Christmas. A few years ago a letter written from Europe by that same clergyman told of the comfort which he had found in the services of the Church of England on the continent, and the blessedness of the Church's Year.

It was always my custom to hold a third service on the Lord's Day at some village or hamlet in the country. After one of these services a note was brought me saying: "My husband is very ill and in great distress, for he is not ready to die. Will you bring some of the brethren and pray for him?"

It was one of the coldest nights of midwinter, and it was a drive of many miles to the home of the dying man. As I entered his room he exclaimed, "I am a great sinner; I am not ready to die; can you help me?"

I told the poor soul of God's love and prayed with him. He seemed much comforted, and begged me to come again, which I did two days later. As I entered the room the man turned his dying eyes upon me and cried: "You are what they call Episcopal. You pray out of a book. You don't let other ministers preach in your pulpit." He glibly repeated every stale objection against the Church, and when he had finished I said quietly:—

"When I came here two days ago, I did not tell you that I was an Episcopal clergyman, nor did I tell you about the Church and its ministry. I tried to lead you to the Lamb of God, and I told you of His love in asking you to believe and be baptized." But all my words fell upon dumb ears; some one had poisoned the poor wanderer's mind, and he died unbaptized. It was a sad lesson of the way in which strife and bitterness shut men out of the joy of believing.

Like most young clergymen I was overconfident of my theological attainments and of the soundness of my philosophy. The Rev. Dr. George Leeds, my neighbor in Grace Church, Utica, had asked me to preach for him. I selected the sermon which I considered my best. The following day I met Judge Beardsley, who had known me from childhood, and, laying his hand earnestly on my shoulder, as I supposed to commend my eloquence of the preceding day, he said: "Henry, no matter how long you live, *never preach that sermon again!* I know more philosophy than you have learned. You must not try to preach to the judge, but to the tempted, sinful man. Tell him of the love of Jesus Christ and then you will help him." It taught me that God's message in Jesus Christ is to the heart.

My aunt, Mrs. George Whipple, a niece of Daniel Webster, told me that when her uncle was staying at John Taylor's, in New Hampshire, he attended the little church morning and evening. A fellow-senator said to him, "Mr. Webster, I am surprised that you go twice on Sunday to hear a plain country preacher, when you pay little attention to far abler sermons in Washington."

"In Washington," Mr. Webster replied, "they preach to Daniel Webster the statesman, but this man has been telling Daniel Webster, the sinner, of Jesus of Nazareth, and it has been helping him."

In 1853 Mrs. Whipple was very ill, and the physician said that she must go to a warm climate. My brother-in-law, Hon. George R. Fairbanks, invited her to spend the winter at his home in St. Augustine, and on the way we stopped in New York, where the General Convention was in session. There I met Bishop Rutledge, who said to me: "I have no clergyman in East Florida. Do come and help me this winter." Bishop de Lancey offered to supply my parish, my vestry gave me a leave of absence, and I accepted the temporary cure of Trinity Church, St. Augustine, where my brother-in-law, the Rev. Benjamin Wright, had had a short but blessed ministry, entering into rest in 1852. At that time much of Florida was *terra incognita*. It had not recovered from the desolation of the Indian Seminole war, and the great freeze had destroyed tropical fruits, while the population was small and scattered. I held missionary services on plantations at Picolata, Palatka, and many other places. Jacksonville was a small village, and the church was vacant. The Bishop invited me to preach the Convention sermon at Tallahassee. I left Jacksonville for this journey of two hundred miles at eleven o'clock Sunday night, and was travelling, or trying to travel, until three o'clock the following Sunday morning, when I reached Tallahassee. It is now a six hours' journey by rail. All through that part of the country I held services at the old plantation homes — often truly patriarchal — where master and slave were united in bonds of affection, and where black and white children were baptized at the same font. After one of these services at Mr. Dupont's plantation, an old slave woman brought me a large basket of eggs, which were then selling for fifty cents a dozen. Turning to my old sexton, David, I said, "David, you have done wrong to beg these eggs of these poor people." "Massa," broke in one of the women, "David done ask fur no eggs. We done ask him down ter de quarters what youse doin' fur de Lord at St. Augustine. David say youse done fixin' de church bigger. We says, we'se guine ter have somefing in dat us selfs. So I done gives ten eggs, an' Clarissey, five eggs, an' Sally, fifteen eggs, and Cloey, two eggs, an' so along; an' Massa, please takes um; dey's fur de Lord."

Old David was a devout man who believed in Jesus Christ as if he had put his finger in the prints of the nails. Jesus walked with him, was in his home and heard his prayers. He believed implicitly in "Apostolic Secession," as he called it. In those days black and white were members of one household of faith and knelt beside one altar. I had a large class of black servants preparing for confirmation, and David always stood at the door listening to the lessons, which he afterward repeated to others. At the close of my last instruction, I said, "I am glad to hear from your masters that you are trying to live Christian lives, and next Sunday I will present you to the bishop for confirmation." David stepped forward and said respectfully, "Massa, tell dem ef dey

done comes in ter dis yere church, deys got ter *stick*. Dis yere church don' take in nobody ter go off ter Mefodist an' Presbyterian; here deys got ter *stick*, shu!"

I missed David one Sunday, and finding that he had gone to the Dupont plantation to hold service, I said to him the next day, "David, I hear that you were preaching yesterday." He looked surprised, but answered solemnly: "Massa, I isn't no such man es dat. I done knows all about dat blessed doctrine of Apostolic Secession. Nobody preach in dis yere church except he's *sent*. Nobody send me; I goes myself. But, Massa, dere's one ting done puzzlin' me,—why so many fokes Christ died fo' done have nobody *sent* ter 'em. So I says, I'se guine myself and done tell 'em all I knows 'bout Jesus. Now, Massa, when de dear Lord sees 'em comin' home in white robes, singin' dat song dey done can't sing 'less deys redeemed, doesn't yer tink, Massa, He'll done be jes' as glad ter see 'em as ef dey'd come de reglar way?"

When David died, Bishop Whittingham and Bishop Alonzo Potter officiated at his burial.

I held the first service of our church at Palatka in an old tumble-down warehouse. There I found the learned jurist and statesman, Hon. Isaac H. Bronson, Judge of the United States Court. He was an invalid, unable to attend public service, and although not a communicant of the Church, he always welcomed my visits, and seemed deeply interested in the subject of religion. I well remember our first conversation upon the Fatherhood of God, when I was asking myself what I could say to touch the heart of this ripe scholar. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Mr. Whipple, tell me of Jesus Christ as you would tell my black boy Jim, and I shall be grateful. I am bewildered by the theories of men!"

It unsealed my heart and lips, and later I had the great joy of receiving this noble soul to the Communion. It was a pleasure that I was able to raise the means to build the church that now stands in Palatka, in which many invalids have found comfort in the winter months.

The *Crackers*, a name given to the poor whites of the South, formed a large part of the population at that time. They were a rude, uneducated class, but often possessing strong common sense and ideas of justice. On one of my journeys I came to a Cracker's cabin, where a tall, gaunt man in hunting shirt and slouch hat was smoking his pipe and caressing the head of a deerhound.

"Hallo, stranger," came the salutation, "be you a preacher?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Then I want to know if dogs kin go to heaven. I can't read, but I've a friend what kin, and he says he's read in the Bible, plain print, about white horses and black horses in heaven. Now, stranger, this yar dog knows more'n any horse on earth, and ef he can't go to heaven, it ain't no place fur me, an' I don't want to go thar."

At the request of Bishop Rutledge I visited Charleston to secure aid for missionary work. Nothing could exceed the open-handed generosity, the hospitality and warm-hearted sympathy of its citizens, and I returned to St. Augustine with an offering which gladdened the heart of the good bishop. At that time Charleston was the most generous contributor to Foreign Missions of any city in the United States.

CHAPTER II

After a winter of blessed experience in Florida, I returned to my parish in Rome. I received calls to Grace Church, Chicago, St. Paul's Church, Milwaukee, to Terre Haute, and several other places; but I loved my flock as they loved me and, as there was every sign that God's blessing rested upon my work, I declined all calls.

In the winter of 1856, Albert E. Neely of Chicago, brother of the dear Bishop of Maine, came to see me. After telling me of the great number of artisans, clerks, and railway men in that city who were as sheep having no shepherd, and of the multitude of wanderers where there was not a free church, he begged me to go to Chicago and take up this work. His words moved me deeply. The more I prayed and thought over it the plainer the way of duty seemed. Bishop de Lancey said: "You must not go. If you wanted to go West, why did you not accept a settled parish? If you go, you will starve." Every one thought it was madness, but my convictions remained clear. The Rev. Dr. Clarkson of St. James' Church, Chicago (afterward Bishop of Nebraska), lent three members of his congregation to make the number necessary to organize a parish. They organized the Free Church of the Holy Communion, rented Metropolitan Hall, and called me.

At first my parishioners were from the highways and hedges, and the support came from the free-will offerings of the people. I visited every shop, saloon, and factory within a mile of the hall, leaving a card giving the place and hour of worship and stating that I would be at the service of any one needing help, day or night. I called on William McAlpine, the chief engineer of the Galena railway, to ask his advice as to the best way to reach the operatives, for there were hundreds of railway men in Chicago.

Mr. McAlpine asked, "How much do you know about a steam-engine?"

"Nothing," I replied.

"Then," he said, "read Lardner's 'Railway Economy' until you are able to ask an engineer a question about a locomotive and he not think you a fool."

I followed this advice, and in due season went to the roundhouse of the Galena railway, where I found a number of engineers standing by a locomotive which the firemen were cleaning. Observing that it was a Taunton engine with inside connections, I asked at a venture, "Which do you like the better, inside or outside connections?" This was followed by questions about steam heaters and variable exhausts, and in less than half an hour I was taught far more than I had learned from my book. In leaving I said: "Boys, where do you go to church? I have a free church in Metropolitan Hall where I shall be glad to see you, and if at any time you have an accident or need me, I will gladly go to you." The following Sunday every man was in church. This was before the day of air-brakes, and accidents were frequent. Whenever I heard of one I immediately went to the sufferer and very soon I found that superintendents and station-masters were expressing their approval of "that sort of religion," and many of the officials became members of my congregation. M. L. Sykes, George B. McClellan, John Newell, John Tracy, E. B. Phillips, Joseph and James Tucker, General Burnside, George Dunlap, and others became lifelong friends.

There are no men who deserve and need the sympathy of Christian men more than railway operatives. They are intelligent and brave, and face death for us every day. I learned to esteem and love them as I looked into their earnest faces turned up to me for God's message of love.

Mr. McAlpine was an ardent Democrat. A few weeks before the meeting of the Republican Convention in Chicago, in 1860, I met him as he was on his way to call upon Senator Douglas. He asked me to accompany him, and during the conversation Mr. McAlpine asked the senator whom he thought the Republicans would nominate for President.

"No one can foresee the action of the Convention," was the answer, "but if the Republicans are wise they will nominate Abraham Lincoln."

"Do you think that he is fit to be President?" exclaimed Mr. McAlpine in surprise.

Mr. Douglas replied, "You know I have been a public speaker since I came to Illinois, and I have never met so able an opponent as Abraham Lincoln."

Much of my work and visiting was among the poor and outcast. Volumes would not hold the experiences of those days. So often the shadows were shifted to show that in the most brutalized lives there were traces of God's image left. I was one day called to a house of sin to see a dying girl, whom I found in the depths of sorrow. Her story was the old story of man's inhumanity to woman, and of parents' pitilessness to an erring child. Dr. Kelly, the girl's physician who accompanied me on my visits, suddenly advised me to discontinue them, saying that "the brute who owned the house had declared that he would kill me if I appeared again." On my next visit the menacing figure of the man confronted me. Taking him by surprise, I put my hand on his shoulder and said: "I heard your threat, but I know you will not injure me because you have had a mother. I must help this poor girl, for whatever she is to others, to me she is a wandering lamb of the Saviour." The threatening attitude was changed, there were no more threats, and I believe that the child found mercy at the hand of Him who pardoned the Magdalene of nineteen hundred years ago.

This experience was not as trying as that of the Rev. Benjamin Evans, for many years one of my clergy. He was summoned to a dying girl at Corlear's Hook in New York. The house of shame was kept by an incarnate devil. After several visits he was met at the door by a servant who said: "The mistress has been away; she has just heard that you have been here; she says if you ever pray again in her house she will kill you." Mr. Evans went to the room of the sick girl, and a moment after the woman appeared with a drawn bowie-knife, screaming, "Get out! Don't pray here, if you do I will kill you!" With his usual courtesy Mr. Evans replied, quietly: "Madam, I came here to commend this dying girl to Jesus Christ. I can pray with my eyes open. I shall now pray, and if you stir one step while I am praying, I will break your head with this stick." What a scene! The virago stood with uplifted bowie-knife, while the clergyman with his oak stick raised, and tears rolling down his cheeks, plead for mercy for the dying girl.

Actors and actresses came often to my services. Upon one occasion I noticed in the congregation a lady dressed in mourning, whose devout manner and interest in the service attracted me. No one knew her; but upon learning that she was staying at an hotel in the city, I called upon her and learned that she was a noted actress. I found my parishioner with a beautiful child in her arms. She seemed touched that I had observed her interest in the sermon of the day before, and when I asked if her child had been baptized, she answered, with tears in her eyes: "I have never been baptized. I am an actress. You would not baptize me, and I cannot put a gulf between my child and myself!" "But actresses have souls to be saved," I answered. "The gospel is as much for them as for others." There was a grateful expression in the woman's face, as she said sadly, "It is not the popular belief."

I learned the woman's history, and that the profession of the stage had been hers from childhood, while she had led an exemplary life. I instructed her and prepared her for holy baptism. Some of my brethren advised me not to baptize her, and members of the parish were afraid that it would injure the Church. While the discussion was going on, Mr. and Mrs. McAlpine, who were among my most influential parishioners, called upon me to say that they would be glad to act as witnesses at the baptism of Mrs. ——, if I desired it. This ended all strife. Knowing the weak side of human nature, I was pained but not surprised at the sudden transition of feeling in the parish. Convinced of this woman's fitness to receive the sacraments of the Church, I would have received her had it left me with a congregation of one mother and babe.

When Bishop Whitehouse asked my reasons for presenting an actress for confirmation, I said: "Bishop, would you sustain me if I were to suspend a communicant from the Holy Communion for attending the theatre?" "Certainly not," was the reply. "Then can I refuse to receive this pure woman who loves Jesus Christ, when she asks for a home in the Church?" "Certainly not," he answered, with a smile.

Years after, when in Rome, Italy, I held service at the United States Embassy, and Charlotte Cushman was present. She did not come to the Holy Communion, and the next day I visited her. When I expressed regret that she had gone away from the Communion, she exclaimed earnestly, "Bishop, I am an actress, and you know how harshly we are judged by Christians." We had many long conversations about Christian duty, during my stay in Rome, and I never knew any one who had a deeper interest in holy things. I did not meet her again for many years. When in Cleveland I saw a notice that she was to give a farewell reading. I called upon her, and when she came into the room she rushed toward me with outstretched hands, with the words: "Bishop, that is all settled! You know I have undergone heroic suffering, and what could I have done without Jesus! And how can I thank you for the help and comfort you have given to me!" It was our last meeting.

During my rectorship I held many services in the country around Chicago; at the homes of S. H. Kerfoot, whose daughter Alice was the first graduate of my St. Mary's Hall, of Thomas B. Bryan, who was a generous helper in the early days of missionary work in Minnesota, and of many another fresh in memory. My life in Chicago was made happy by the generous confidence given me by my own and other folds.

The Church in Chicago was not a united household. The differences between High Church and Low Church were then burning questions. I have often thought of the words of the Rev. Dr. Herman Dyer: "Strife is a great price to pay for the best results, but strife between kinsmen of Jesus Christ is almost an unpardonable sin." The Rev. Noah Schenck, Dr. William Smallwood, and the Rev. Hiram Bishop were the representatives of the Low Church party, and Dr. R. H. Clarkson, the Rev. Gustaf Unonius, and the Rev. John W. Clark, of the High Church party. But all have been my lifelong friends. The Rev. Mr. Unonius had charge of the Swedish Church of St. Ansgarius, to which

Jenny Lind gave a most beautiful communion service. When Mr. Unonius was about to return to Sweden, I was asked by pastor and people to take charge of the parish. My third service on every Lord's Day was for them, besides administering the Holy Communion at an early hour. My interest in them has been rewarded, for we have now several prosperous Swedish parishes in my diocese, of which I shall speak later.

The bishop of the diocese of Illinois resided in New York, and the fact of his non-residence had caused much irritation and bad feeling on the part of Churchmen. The Diocesan Convention had made an assessment of one dollar on each communicant for the support of the bishop. I called the attention of my vestry to our dues, but the answer was, "We shall not pay it until the bishop resides here." I expressed my deep regret at the position taken, and said that I should not preach another sermon in the parish if the canonical obligations were not met. Not until then was the assessment paid. No one felt more keenly than I did the non-residence of Bishop Whitehouse, but to me he was always the kindest and most affectionate of friends and bishops.

CHAPTER III

In June, 1859, I one day returned from visiting my parish and found my dear friend, the Rev. Dr. Clarkson, walking up and down in front of my house. He ran toward me and throwing his arms around my neck exclaimed, "My dear brother, you have been elected Bishop of Minnesota."

I cannot attempt to describe my feeling at this announcement. I felt and said that I could not accept the grave responsibility of this holy office. I received letters from Bishops Kemper, Whitehouse, De Lancey, the Rev. E. G. Gear and from clergy and laity, both East and West, all advising me to accept the election.

The letters of D. B. Knickerbacker, James Lloyd Breck, E. R. Welles, and others breathed a spirit of affection. The letter of the committee of notification expressed confidence and the hope that I would accept. I had great searchings of heart and sought council from my Heavenly Father. When I learned the history of the election, I felt that it was a providential call from God. Several of the clergy of Minnesota had written to Bishop Horatio Potter, asking him to name a suitable person for their bishop. He named the Rev. Dr. John Ireland Tucker, of Troy. Others had selected as their candidate the Rev. Dr. A. B. Paterson, rector of St. Paul's Church, St. Paul.

There was a provision in the constitution of the diocese that the clergy should nominate and the laity confirm, but if a candidate were twice chosen by the clergy and rejected by the laity his name could not again be presented. The Rev. Dr. Tucker was twice nominated by the clergy, but not confirmed by the laity. The clergy asked permission to retire for council and prayer. It was then proposed that each clergyman who had not voted for the Rev. Dr. Tucker should give his reasons for his vote, and that other names should be presented. The Rev. Dr. Paterson, said: "As I came through Chicago the Rev. John W. Clark asked me whom we were going to elect Bishop of Minnesota. He told me of the work of the Rev. Henry B. Whipple of Chicago, and said, 'If I lived in your diocese I should vote for him.' I voted for Mr. Whipple."

After conference it was proposed that they should spend some time in prayer. Rising from their knees they returned to vote. The Rev. A. B. Paterson received four votes, and I received fourteen votes. Judge E. T. Wilder of Red Wing, H. T. Welles, and Judge Isaac Atwater of Minneapolis urged the laity to confirm the nomination, and it was done. I was unanimously confirmed, receiving twenty-one votes. Believing that the call was from God, I accepted it, subject to the confirmation of the General Convention.

I was consecrated bishop, Oct. 13, 1859, in St. James Church, Richmond, Virginia. The Rt. Rev. Jackson Kemper, Bishop of Wisconsin, was the Presiding Bishop. The Rt. Rev. William Heathcote de Lancey, Bishop of western New York, the Rt. Rev. Henry John Whitehouse, Bishop of Illinois, were my presenters. The sermon was delivered by the Rt. Rev. George Burgess, Bishop of Maine. The above named bishops and the Rt. Rev. Nicholas Hamner Cobbs, Bishop of Alabama, the Rt. Rev. Thomas Fielding Scott, Missionary Bishop of Oregon and Washington, the Rt. Rev. Henry Washington Lee, Bishop of Iowa, the Rt. Rev. Thomas March Clark, Bishop of Rhode Island, the Rt. Rev. Samuel Bowman, Assistant Bishop of Pennsylvania, united in the consecration. The attending clergy were the Rev. Dr. W. D. Wilson, and the Rev. Dr. A. B. Paterson. Morning Prayer was read by the Rev. Dr. E. G. Gear and the Rev. Dr. I. V. van Ingen.

Those who have not passed through the experience cannot understand the overwhelming tide of feeling which comes to one, as he realizes the awful responsibility of the administration of such a trust, and his own unworthiness for an office borne by martyrs and saints. Never did I so long to cast myself at the feet of the Saviour and cry, "Lord, help me." I was deeply impressed by one passage in the sermon of the gifted bishop, where he spoke in glowing words of the tender sympathy with which his heart went out to one "who from this day gives up the blessed ties which unite a pastor to his people; who will henceforth bear heavy burdens and often find no help but in Jesus Christ; who will have to build up waste places, to heal heart-burnings, and be a wanderer until called home by the Great Shepherd." I did not then know all that was meant, but often on the lonely prairie, in the wild forest, in the heat and burden of the day, the words have come back to me.

Bishop de Lancey had confirmed me, ordained me deacon and priest, instituted me, and now presented me, and consecrated me a bishop. Truly he was my spiritual father as he was my dearest friend. After the service he came to me in the vestry and, putting his arm around me, said impressively, "My dear brother, I want to give you some advice that will save you much trouble." My heart was full, and expecting some spiritual counsel to fall from his lips, I looked up earnestly. "Never allow yourself to be separated from your luggage." He had once said to me, as a presbyter, "Always carry a sermon in your bag, unless you have one in your heart."

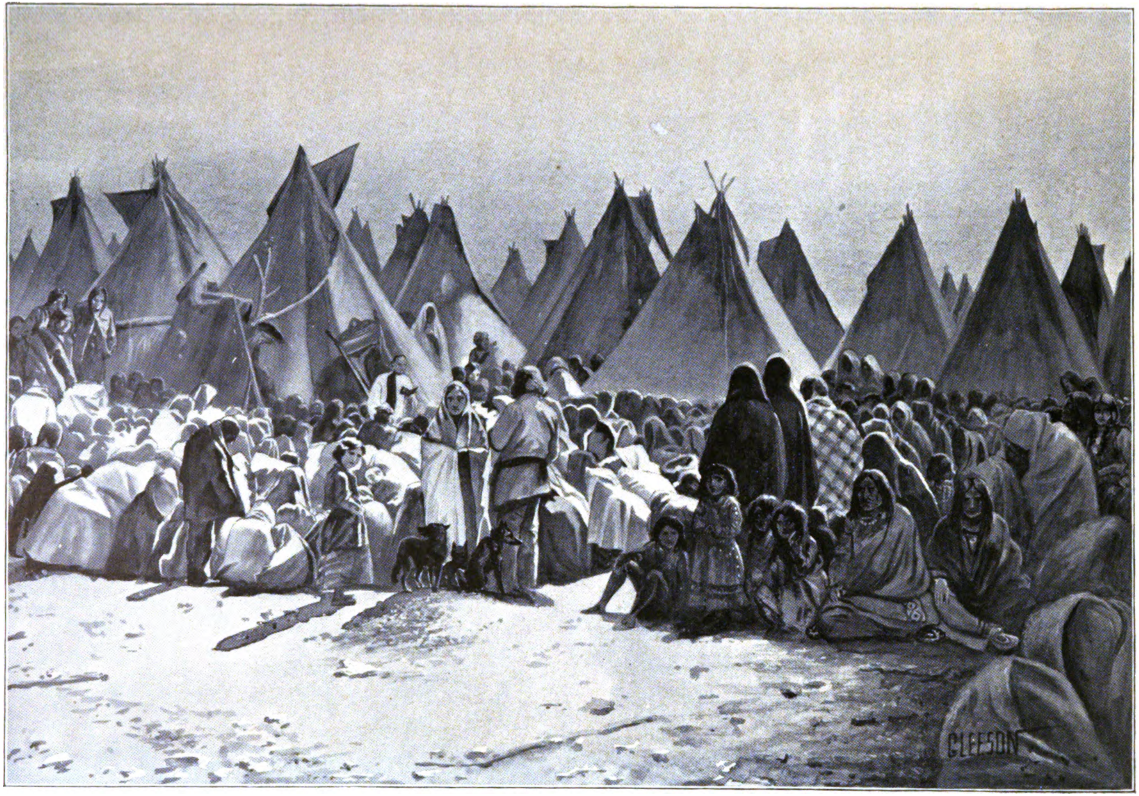
This General Convention met at the time of John Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry, the beginning of our Civil War. Its sessions were marked by loving union and godly concord, and we often looked back to it, in the days when deadly strife had separated the North from the South, as the prophecy of reunion.

I held my first confirmation, at the request of the bishop, in my parish in Chicago, where I left my family for the winter. My first service in my diocese was on the tenth of November, at Wabasha, where I baptized an infant. This was a missionary station of the Rev. E. R. Welles of Red Wing. It was beginning in the right place, in missionary work in a missionary diocese.

November 23, 1859, I visited the Indian mission of St. Columba, Gull Lake. From my childhood I had felt a deep interest in these brown children of our Heavenly Father. In my native town there was an old man who had been captured by the Indians when a child and had lived many years with them. I delighted in listening to his stories of Indian life, and insensibly my heart was touched and prepared for the love which I was to feel for this poor people. On this first visit to Gull Lake I was accompanied by the Rev. J. L. Breck. No words can describe the pitiable condition of these Indians. A few miles from St. Columba we came to a wigwam where the half-naked children were crying from cold and hunger, and the mother was scraping the inner bark of the pine tree for pitch to give to her starving children.

Our Indian affairs were then at their worst; without government, without protection, without personal rights of property, subject to every evil influence, and the prey of covetous, dishonest white men, while the fire-water flowed in rivers of death.

Mr. Breck had begun a mission among the Chippewas at Gull Lake in 1852, and in the summer of 1856 he went to Leech Lake to found a mission, leaving Gull Lake in the charge of the Rev. E. Steele Peake. For a time Mr. Breck was hopeful of this new field; but the following year, in the dead of night, he was attacked by drunken Indians and ordered to leave the country. He could gain no honor for his Master by allowing himself and family to be murdered by drunken savages, and he left the mission. The Leech Lake Indians told me long after, as an excuse for their conduct, that the agent had



THE EARLY CONFIRMATION

told them that one religion was as good as another, and if they did not want the missionary they could drive him away.

We found a few Christians at the Gull Lake mission (the Indian name is Ka-ge-ash-koon-si-kag, the place of the little gulls), the wife of White Fisher, the wife of Minogeshik, Manitowaub and wife, William Superior and wife, Susannah Roy and two aged Indians baptized Abraham and Sarah. The service was read by Enmegahbowh (baptized John Johnson) whom Bishop Kemper had ordained deacon in Faribault in 1859. On account of the unsettled condition of the Indian country, Mr. Peake had been compelled to reside at Crow Wing, leaving the mission in the immediate charge of Enmegahbowh. The service was in the Ojibway language. I preached through an interpreter, which is at first difficult, but it compels the use of simple language in order to reach the heart. I confirmed several persons, and never can I forget that first Indian communion. I was overwhelmed by the thought of the joy which would come to the Divine Heart of the Saviour as He looked down upon these men of the trembling eye and the wandering foot, kneeling at His feet.

We spent several days visiting from wigwam to wigwam, and the gleams of light which occasionally penetrated the darkness strengthened my heart for the work before me. An Indian mother asked me to bury her child, and the service never sounded sweeter than it did in that musical tongue, when the little lamb was christened dust to dust in the acre of God. The next day the mother brought me a lock of hair and said: "Kichi-me-ka-de-wi-con-aye (great black-robed priest), I have heard that when a white mother loses her baby, she has its hair made into a cross to remind her of the baby who has gone and of Jesus who has taken her. Will you have my baby's hair made into a cross?" I had the cross made; I learned that an Indian mother's heart is like that of a white mother.

I was saddened on my return when good men advised me to have nothing to do with Indian Missions, on the ground that the red men were a degraded, perishing race. Our late presiding bishop, the Rt. Rev. John Williams, said at my first missionary address in his diocese, "They are a heathen people and the picture is very dark, but not as dark as that picture drawn by the pen of Divine Revelation in the first chapters of Romans. They are a perishing people, but the Son of God came to save a perishing world; and if the red race is perishing, the more reason to make haste and carry to them the gospel."

I knew all that men could tell me of difficulty and danger, but when I bowed my head at the foot of the cross I believed that there was room for all men, and that if it were dark in the Indian country it was light above. I resolved that, God being my helper, it should never be said that the first Bishop of Minnesota turned his back upon the heathen at his door.

CHAPTER IV

After my consecration as bishop, while the words, "Hold up the weak, heal the sick, bind up the broken, bring again the outcast, seek the lost," were still ringing in my ears, the venerable Bishop Kemper said with deep feeling, "My young brother, do not forget these wandering Indians, for they, too, can be brought into the fold of Christ." The Rev. Mr. Hoffman, our missionary at Cape Palmas, Africa, came to me a few days after and said, "Before I left Africa, our Christian black men gave me seventy dollars to carry the gospel to heathen in America. I give it to you for Indian Missions." It was the first gift I received for this work and was a prophecy of success.

There were at this time, 1859, nearly twenty thousand Indians in Minnesota, the Ojibways, or Chippewas, the Sioux or Dakotas, and the Winnebagoes. The Ojibways belong to the great Algonquin race which comprised all of the Indians north of the Carolinas, from the Atlantic to the west shore of Lake Superior except the Iroquois, the Six Nations of New York. There is a slight difference in the dialects of the Algonquins. The Rev. Edward Everett Hale of Boston sent me several pages of Eliot's Bible,[1] asking me if I knew of any one who could read them. I returned them translated by Archdeacon Gilfillan, the Superintendent of our Missions, who thoroughly understands the Ojibway language. The Ojibway language is most musical. There are more inflections to the verb than in the Greek, so that the finest shades of meaning can be expressed.

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[1] See Appendix, page 495.

The Indians have a sign language which is understood by all of the tribes. It is made up of arbitrary signs, and it is so impressive that it may be understood at once by one quick of observation. When Captain R. A. Pratt was in charge of the Indian prisoners at St. Augustine I held service for them twice a week. Mr. Fox, the interpreter, was an adept in the use of the sign language, and translated the story of Joseph and his brethren so that it was understood by all of the prisoners of four different tribes.

I have never known of an atheist among the North American Indians. They believe unquestioningly in a future life. They believe that everything in nature — the laughing waterfall, the rock, the sky, the forest — contains a divinity, and all mysteries are accounted for by these spirits which they call manidos. When they first saw a telegraph they said, "A spirit carries a message on the wires."

The Ojibways are not idolaters, they never bow down nor worship any created thing. They have preserved a tradition of one Supreme God whom they call "Kitche-manido" — the uncreated, or the kind, cherishing Spirit. They believe that the Grand Medicine was given them by an intermediate deity, the Grand Medicine God. Their religion promises nothing for the next world, having no reference to it, but helps to prolong life here. The Christian religion is considered greatly inferior, as its promises are for the future life.

The ceremony of the Grand Medicine is an elaborate ritual, covering several days, the endless number of gods and spirits being called upon to minister to the sick man and to lengthen his life. The several degrees of the Grand Medicine teach the use of incantations, of medicines and poisons, and the acquirements necessary to constitute a Brave. When a young man seeks admission to the Grand Medicine Lodge, he first fasts until he sees in his dreams some animal — the mink, beaver, otter and fisher being most common — which he hunts and kills. The skin is then ornamented with beads or porcupine quills, and the spirit of the animal becomes the friend and companion of the man. The Medicine-men have but a limited knowledge of herbs, but they are expert in dressing wounds, and the art of extracting barbed arrows from the flesh was learned from them. After going through with certain incantations the Grand Medicine-man tells his patient that his pain is caused by a bear, or some other animal, which is gnawing at the vitals. He makes a most infernal noise in order to drive the spirit away, and if the patient recovers he accredits it to his own skill; if death follows he falls back upon the plea so often used by his white brother, "I was called too late!" They make great gain out of the people and are their counsellors in peace and war. They are bitter opponents of Christianity. The venerable Medicine-man, Shadayence, was the most cunning antagonist that I ever had among the Indians. I called him my "Alexander Coppersmith."

One of the Indians who had become a Christian was very ill, and when he was dying he called his friends about him and told them of his faith in Jesus Christ and begged them to prepare for the home to which he was going. It produced a great effect upon the Indians and the following day the Medicine-men left the village. At the end of two weeks they returned with their faces blackened — the sign of mourning — and their blankets in rags. At first they would say nothing in explanation of their appearance, but finally they gathered the Indians together and consented, with great sadness, to enlighten them.

"We have had a fast," they said. "The Great Spirit showed us the spirit world. Our friend that died is in great trouble. We found him wandering alone in much sorrow. He told us that when he went to the white man's heaven an angel asked him who he was and he said, 'I am a Christian Ojibway.' The angel shook his head and replied, 'This is a white man's heaven; we have no Ojibways here. There are Happy Hunting-grounds for Ojibways; go there!' He went to the Happy Hunting-grounds, and an angel at the gate asked him who he was. 'I am a Christian Ojibway,' he answered. The angel shook his head, and said: 'The Ojibways are all Medicine-men. Christians never come here. Go to the white man's heaven.' My friends, our brother has lost the trail. He gave up the religion of his people, and he must forever wander alone."

According to their belief, the soul after leaving the body makes a three days' journey westward through a prairie country, arriving on the fourth day at a deep and rapid stream spanned by a bridge called "the rolling and sinking bridge." It can only be crossed by twisting and writhing like a serpent and often being covered by the black waters. If this life has been marked by brave deeds, the Happy Hunting-grounds are reached, but the swirling rapids may bear the unfortunate soul away and it will be forever lost. This latter idea is theoretical, however, and, as before mentioned, does not affect the moral life.

When a death occurs a fire is made near the place that its warmth may follow the soul on its journey, and as it is believed that the spirit lingers by the grave until decomposition takes place, a little house of bark is erected above it, with an opening at each end that the spirit may pass in and out; for after it has left the body, it must have a covering while in this world. Food — maple-sugar, duck, or fruit, perhaps — is placed in this little shelter, and if the relatives are told that the dead cannot eat, they answer, "We know that; but there is something spiritual in food which nourishes life, and how do you know that they do not eat that?"

An Indian burial is most touching. If of a child, the mother places the playthings of the little one in the birch-bark coffin, and strews flowers in the grave. She then makes an image of the baby, ornamenting the head with feathers, and carries it with her for one year. If of a chief or warrior, the body is arrayed as if for the chase or war-path, with bows and arrows, and medicine-bag by his side. The favorite dog is killed that he may accompany him on his journey. The orator of the band then addresses the silent figure, telling of his deeds of bravery, of how he pursued his enemies and brought back their scalps, of his wise words of counsel and acts of kindness, and how, having left this world for the Happy Hunting-grounds, he will find the trail a narrow one and will be tempted by evil spirits to turn aside, but that he must be deaf, for if he stops to listen he will miss the trail and be lost.

Formerly, when a man lost his wife or child, he would get up a war-party and kill some of his enemies to assuage his grief.

It is part of the Indian's belief that men live in their own personality hereafter. When Little Crow was a young man, a half-brother, who was his rival for the chieftainship, ambushed him; as the man rose to fire, Little Crow clasped his hands over his breast and they were both shattered by the ball. He was taken to the fort, and the surgeon said that the hands must be amputated. "No," exclaimed Little Crow, "better die than that! How could a man hunt in the other world if he had no hands?"

I once saw an old man sitting by a grave on the bank of the Mississippi River. I said to him, "Nechebuckaday?" (Are you hungry, my friend?) "Menunga," (yes) was the answer. I then said that I should be in the Indian country another week, and if he would be my companion I would give him all the provisions left at the end of that time. Putting his hands on his heart he answered: "Father, you are kind to the Indians. But my wife is sleeping here. I cannot go far from her; she would be lonely without me. Thank you." And with bowed head he again took his seat by the grave.

The current idea that Indians are sullen and morose is false. In the presence of strangers they are reserved, but they are naturally cheerful and appreciative of fun, even making their misfortunes an occasion for joking. They are generous to improvidence, and there is a singular absence of the greed which gathers treasure that cannot be used. They think white men fools to accumulate wealth. They say: "I kill deer. My friend has no deer. I give him part mine. I feel better nor white man who has plenty, and his neighbor hungry."

When game is killed all share it until it is gone. It is a point of honor to preserve a calm exterior and perfect self-control under all circumstances. Indians are rarely rude or brusque, and owing to their keen observation, when dining for the first time at a white man's table they will conduct themselves as if to the manor born. Enmegahbowh, who has a keen sense of humor and has always taken pleasure in relating stories to show this characteristic of his people, told me the following incident which occurred when he was on a visit to Washington with some Indian chiefs. They were dining at a hotel and one of the number, seeing a white man use pepper-sauce, took the bottle when passed to him and shook it over his plate. After taking a mouthful of the fiery condiment he kept an immovable countenance, although he could not prevent the tears from coming. His neighbor asked him why he was crying, and the answer came, "I was thinking of my dead grandmother." A moment after the second Indian took the bottle and used it with the same lachrymose result. The first man leaned toward him and asked, "What are *you* crying for?" "I am crying," was the answer, "because you didn't die when your grandmother did."

Enmegahbowh tells the following amusing anecdote of his first visit to Boston, in the early days when he went East to raise money for a Mission Church:—

"I was told that Boston was a very fine place. People very wise, very good. I think I must have new hat for Boston. I bought a very fine hat. When I went into the hall where I made speech, I left hat with others. When finished I went out, looked for fine hat. It was gone; in its place there was a bad hat full of holes. A reporter came to me and asked what I thought of people in Boston. I said, 'I did not get much money, and my new hat was stolen.' I said no more."

On this trip Enmegahbowh visited New York, where some Christian women who were interested in his work told him that they wanted to give him a present to take home, and that they had thought that he might like a package of tracts or some religious books. Enmegahbowh was silent for a minute, and then he answered, "If you want to give me what I most want, it will be a breech-loading shot-gun." To the credit of the ladies be it said, they made no comment, and Enmegahbowh went home with a very beautiful gun which he still treasures. His benefactors little knew what a blessing to the bishop this gun was to be, for many a time on his missionary journeys there would have been a scant larder had it not been for the ducks provided by Enmegahbowh.

Hardships and discomforts are borne by the Indian with composure and are never made the ground for making his companions uncomfortable. His heroism in meeting torture and death is proverbial. Gregarious in habit, the thought of solitary imprisonment carries insupportable terror. Often in winter, families will remain by themselves in their separate hunting-ground, for they usually hunt in the same place year after year, and by tacit consent are not intruded upon. But a mental register of the position and occupation of the band is always kept. At certain times they all come together from their solitary haunts, as, for instance, at the sugar-making, the planting, and at the ripening of the corn when the feast of the first fruits takes place.

The corn-dance, the sugar and berry feasts are interesting, and suggest the thought that they might have come down from a remote age, being somewhat similar to the feasts incorporated into the Jewish ritual, and that the painted and feather-ornamented stones which they set up and call sacred, might be traced back to the time when stone altars were erected. The deed has been kept, but the truth forgotten.

The Ojibway wigwam is made of strips of birch-bark drawn round standing poles, with a hole in the top for a smoke-escape. A blanket is hung before the door and the mats, which the women make from the rushes and color with their own dye, cover the ground. In the winter a bright fire is the centre round which the members of the family recline, laughing and talking in their sociable way. When the fire goes out they roll themselves in their blankets, often with the thermometer thirty degrees below zero, with the wind coming through the cracks of the wigwam, and go to sleep. From the law of heredity they seem to stand the cold well, whereas white people would perish sleeping a whole night in such a temperature. After civilization, however, they are quite as sensitive to cold as the white race. Before setting out on a winter journey, the Pembina Indians put out their fires and sit in the cold in order to accustom themselves to it. One day, when the thermometer was below zero, an Indian came to see me, wearing only leggings, and, under his blanket, a thin cotton shirt. Looking at his bare chest, I said, "I should think you would freeze." He smiled and pointing to my face, exclaimed, "Face not freeze, —*Indian all face.*"

CHAPTER V

HOSPITALITY is sacred with the Indians. Their wigwams are open, and they have an unwritten law that any one has a right to sleep in them. Permission is never asked, but when a stranger enters it is accepted as a matter of course, often nothing being said on either side. If the host is particularly pleased to see his guest he says, "Ni-min-ub-i-min, ni-min-ub-i-min," (we are at home, we are at home,) which is considered great cordiality, and the seat of honor behind the fire is offered, and the women bring in fish or wild rice and place before him. If a stranger comes at night and finds no one awake, he makes a fire, rolls himself in his blanket and goes to sleep. The pleasure which the family receives from the news brought by the visitor compensates for his entertainment. This hospitality extends to white people, although contact with the latter has produced its effect, and it is usually expected that upon departure some trifle will be left as a recompense.

The Indian's standard of excellence is amiability of disposition. If this is lacking, a man will be looked upon as a bad fellow even if he were to possess every other cardinal virtue. On the other hand he will be highly esteemed, in spite of grave moral defects, if uniformly kind and considerate. As an outcome of this a man may commit an outrageous offence against the code, but he will never be reminded of it by word or manner. It may be secretly mentioned to another, but to refer to it before the offender would be enough to ruin a reputation for kindness and politeness.

Indians are not profane, and it is well known that they do not take the name of God in vain, nor use the senseless oaths common among profane white people. More profanity and bad language may be heard every night in a white man's logging camp, or on a ranch, than in a life of twenty years among Indians. As my dear brother, Archdeacon Gilfillan says, "Sin never flames to the height that it does among white people."

A government surveyor, a God-fearing man, told me that one of his chainmen became ill and he was obliged to send to the Indian Agency for some one who could speak English to take his place. Frederick Smith, who was chosen, went to his employer after having been at work a few days, and said: "I must go back to my people. Your young men use bad oaths, and if I stay I may learn them. There is not an oath in the Ojibway language." The surveyor called the young men together and, telling them the story, made so touching an appeal that profanity was broken up in the camp.

I took this boy with me to Faribault, educated him, and he became a candidate for Holy Orders, and is now in charge of the parish at the White Earth reservation, where Archdeacon Gilfillan resides, and the Rev. J. J. Enmegahbowh is the rector-emeritus.

Polygamy is permitted, but it is not common. I once saw an Indian who had three wives, running from his lodge evidently much excited. When I asked him if he were in trouble he answered, "Too much squaw! too much squaw!"

The marriage ceremony is very simple. A young brave, being pleased with a maiden, manifests his interest and goes to her lodge in the evening, covering his face with his blanket so that he may not be recognized by his friends. If the parents of the maiden approve, they will lie down and sleep, leaving the lovers to themselves; but if they are not in favor of the union they will pile logs on the fire, making the lodge as bright as day, and the suitor retires. When satisfied of the love of the maiden and the approval of the parents, a gift is presented to the latter — perhaps a pair of blankets, a gun, or a piece of cloth — and if accepted, a lodge is built and wedded life begins. As a rule they are kind to each other, but sometimes when a domestic quarrel occurs the man "throws the woman away," as divorce is termed. Fondness for their children is a passion with them. Courteousness of speech is a marked characteristic. It is an act of great rudeness to interrupt another, and the last words of every speech are, "*I have done.*"

Knowledge of this fact once enabled me to settle a serious difficulty. The Indians at Leech Lake had heard that the Government had sold all of their pine without their knowledge or consent. I was on a visitation in the southern part of the state, when I received a telegram from George Bonga, a negro of mixed blood, saying, "The Indians at Leech Lake have killed the government cattle and stolen the government goods. I fear an outbreak."

George Bonga had been educated in Montreal. He was a man of great intelligence and perfectly understood the Indian character. He had been my companion on many journeys through the Indian country. I could rely implicitly upon any information he gave me, and I repeated his telegram to Washington, adding, "This man is trustworthy." In a few hours Secretary Delano telegraphed me: "The President requests you to go to Leech Lake and settle the difficulty. He will ratify whatever you do." I went to St. Paul and consulted General Terry, asking him to give Captain McKaskie, who was stationed at Fort Ripley, leave of absence to accompany me, "for," I said, "if I take a Republican and settle this trouble, I shall be accused of covering up rascality; if I take a Democrat and fail to settle it, I shall be accused of stirring up an outbreak."

It was in the dead of winter, the thermometer below zero and the snow deep. It was a journey of seventy-five miles through the forest, and it took us three days to reach Leech Lake. The Indians came to their council in paint and feathers, angry and turbulent. The chief, Flatmouth, arose and said: "I suppose you came to find out who killed the government cattle. *I did.* You want to know who took the government goods. *I did.* I told my young men to do it. Perhaps you want to know why we did it. We have been robbed. We have been robbed again and again. We will bear it no longer. Our shadows rest on our graves." He talked a long time, angry, exasperated, and using bitter invective and stinging sarcasm. Meanwhile, I tried to think of some way to stop him, knowing that if he could be silenced I might reach the others. I rose and said:—

"Flatmouth, how long have you known me?"

"Twelve years," he answered.

"Have I ever told you a lie?"

"No, you have not a forked tongue," he replied.

"I shall not tell you a lie to-day," I went on. "I am not a servant of the Great Father; I am the servant of the Great Spirit. I shall tell you the truth. It will not be pleasant to my red brother. When you killed those cattle, you struck the Great Father in the face. When you stole those goods, you committed a crime. I am not here to tell you what the Great Father will do. He has not told me. If he does what he ought to do, he will arrest those who have committed this crime if it takes ten thousand men."

As I expected, the chief was very angry, and, springing to his feet, began to talk violently. I folded my arms and sat down. When he paused I said quietly: "Flatmouth, are *you* talking or am *I* talking? If you are talking, I will wait till you have finished; if I am talking you may wait till I have finished." The Indians all shouted, "Ho! ho!" Their chief had committed a great breach of courtesy toward me, their friend.

Overwhelmed with confusion, Flatmouth sat down, and I knew that the ground was mine. I then told them that when I heard of the pine sale I wrote to Washington and protested against it; that I went to the man who bought the pine and told him that I should oppose the sale and carry the matter into the courts. "But," I added, "when I ask good men to help me, and they ask if the Indians, for whom I am pleading, are the ones who killed those cattle and stole those goods, what shall I say? You are not fools. You know that you put a gag into my mouth. Now you may talk this over amongst yourselves, and when you are ready, send for me. I shall be at the log house opposite."

They remained in council for several hours and then sent for me. "We have been foolish," they said. "You are wiser than we are. Tell us what to do and we will do it." After promising to be peaceable, they asked me to express their sorrow to the Great Father. The sale was not confirmed.

At my next visit to Leech Lake Flatmouth asked me to go to his lodge. "The first time I saw you," he said, "you wore something over your robes. I thought it was the badge of your office. I asked my wife to make one for you. Will you have it?" And he presented me a stole made of black glass beads with a cross of gold beads worked in the ends. "I give you this," he said, "because you are the friend of my people."

The argument which I made against the pine sale was this: England, Holland, France, and Spain have recognized the possessory right of the Indians to the soil, a right that can only be extinguished by treaty. The ordinance of 1787, which has the binding force of the Constitution, expressly declares that the Indians' property shall never be taken except by purchase, or in wars duly authorized by Congress. When

Napoleon sold to the United States the country west of the Mississippi River, the rights of the Indians were reserved. The legislative, executive, and judicial departments of the Government have always recognized this right. The pine timber is a part of the realty. If the Secretary of the Interior has a right to sell the pine, he has also the right to sell the land. If he has the right to sell one reservation, he has the right to sell all reservations, and hence the Secretary can dispossess every Indian tribe in the United States of their homes.

The man who sold this pine was the Rev. E. P. Smith, a Congregational clergyman, who was the Indian agent. He sold it by the direction of the Department. For this he was denounced as dishonest. I knew him intimately while he was an Indian agent, and I believe that he was a devoted Christian and an official faithful to his trust. After his resignation from the office of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, he went to my uncle, the Secretary of the American Missionary Association, and said: "They have assailed my character and have robbed me of the dearest thing in life. Give me any work, however hard, and I will do it." The Missionary Board sent him to Africa, where he died of African fever. Mr. Smith was field-agent for the Christian Commission during the Civil War, and Commissioner of Indian Affairs, but he died poor. He had a small family and was most abstemious in his manner of living. The last time we met he burst into tears as he grasped my hand and said: "I am so grateful, Bishop, for your kind words. You believe me honest.

God knows I have tried to do my duty." For my defence of Mr. Smith I was censured.

There are conflicting feelings in the Indian's heart toward his white brother, for whom he has an inborn reverence; and there is an instinctive sense of what he should be to him; but his knowledge of what he has really been, and still is, clouds his mind so that he is swayed by a mingled sentiment of love and wrath toward him.

Travellers usually form their ideas of Indian character by the vagabonds of the border village or railway stations, who have lost manhood by contact with the worst elements of our own race. It would be as just for a foreigner to describe the character and habits of the American people from what he had seen in the slums of New York.

After my first visit to the Indian country, in 1859, I wrote the following letter to President Buchanan, and began my pleading for a reform in the Indian system, and exposing its evils.

FARIBAULT, MINNESOTA.
April 9th, 1860.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY JAMES BUCHANAN, THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Sir: Having been called to the Episcopate of Minnesota, I find in my diocese several thousand Indians of the Sioux, Winnebago, and Chippewa tribes in whom I feel the deepest interest. They are American Pagans whose degradation and helplessness must appeal to every Christian heart. From their past history they have peculiar claims upon the benevolence and protection of a Christian nation. The only hope for the Indians is in civilization and Christianization. They understand this, and I believe would welcome any plan which will save them from destruction.

The curse of the Indian country is the firewater which flows throughout its borders. Although every treaty pledges to them protection against its sale and use, and the Government desires to fulfil this pledge, thus far all efforts have proved ineffectual.

The difficulties in the way are these: First, the policy of our Government has been to treat the red man as an equal. Treaties are then made. The annuities are paid in gross sums annually; from the Indian's lack of providence and the influence of traders, a few weeks later every trace of the payment is gone. Second, the reservations are scattered and have a widely extended border of ceded lands. As the Government has no control over the citizens of the state, traffic is carried on openly on the border. Third, the Indian agents have no police to enforce the laws of Congress, and cannot rely upon the officers elected by a border population to suppress a traffic in which friends are interested. Fourth, the army, being under the direction of a separate department, has no definite authority to act for the protection of the Indians. Fifth, if arrests are made, the cases must be tried before some local state officer, and often the guilty escape. Sixth, as there is no distinction made by the Government between the chief of temperate habits and the one of intemperate, the tribe loses one of the most powerful influences for good, — that of pure official example.

With much hesitation I would suggest to those who have Indian affairs in charge and who, I trust, feel a deep solicitude for their welfare, —

First, whether, in future, treaties cannot be made so that the Government shall occupy a paternal character, treating the Indians as their wards, and giving to them all supplies in kind as needed.

Second, whether a United States Commissioner could not be located near all reservations with authority to try all violations of Indian laws.

Third, whether more definite instructions cannot be issued to all Indian agents to take prompt action to prevent the sale of ardent spirits to the Indians, and with full power to enforce the law.

Fourth, whether the department has power to strike from the roll of chiefs, the name of any man of intemperate habits, and thus make a pure, moral character the ground of government favor.

Fifth, whether the department has authority to issue a medal on one side of which should be a pledge to abstain from intoxicating drinks for one year, these medals to be given to all Indians at the time of payment, who will make this pledge.

Sixth, whether in the future the different bands of an Indian tribe may not be concentrated on one reservation.

Seventh, whether some plan cannot be devised to create in the Indians an interest in securing for themselves homes where they can live by the cultivation of the soil.

Eighth, whether practical Christian teachers cannot be secured to teach the Indians the peaceful pursuits of agriculture and the arts of civilization.

Be assured that I appreciate fully the perplexities which surround our relations to the Indians. My excuse for addressing you is my deep interest in this wronged people, whom the Providence of God has placed under my spiritual care. In my visits to them my heart has been pained to see the utter helplessness of these poor souls, fast passing away, caused in great part by the curse which our people have pressed to their lips.

I have written frankly as a Christian bishop may write to the Chief Magistrate of a Christian Nation. It was my privilege to send you, a few weeks ago, a letter on this subject from the Hon. John A. Dix. I enclose herewith letters from the Hon. D. S. Dickenson, the Hon. Samuel Beardsley, Mr. C. Comstock, of the *Albany Argus*, and Judge Hunt of New York.

With my best wishes and prayers for your health, happiness, and prosperity,

I am faithfully yours,

H. B. WHIPPLE,

Bishop of Minnesota.

CHAPTER VI

At about this time I was called East by the sudden death of my honored father, and after seeing my dear mother comfortably arranged for the winter, I returned to Minnesota where I visited every parish in the diocese, the last one being Faribault.

In 1858, the Rev. E. S. Peake, the Rev. Solon W. Manney, and the Rev. James Lloyd Breck had organized an associate mission. The Rev. Mr. Peake was to take charge of the Indian Mission at Gull Lake, and Dr. Manney and Dr. Breck were to establish a Divinity School at Faribault, which was to be the centre of missionary work for southern Minnesota.

I cannot speak too affectionately of these dear brethren. Dr. Manney had given up a chaplaincy in the army, with a salary of two thousand dollars a year, to become a theological teacher with a salary of five hundred dollars a year. He was a scholar, a devout thinker, and possessed one of the most perfectly balanced minds I have ever known. He was familiar with the history of the Church which he passionately loved. He died after a brief illness, January 19, 1869. The circumstances of his death were remarkable. He had been ill for some time but was not considered dangerously so. I was on a visitation in the valley of the Minnesota River. I had held a service at Belleplaine on Friday evening and had an appointment for Sunday morning at Shakopee. Friday night I awoke with a strange and sudden presentiment that I ought to return to Faribault. Nothing had occurred to give rise to this feeling, but it was so strong that I suspended my visitation and on Saturday morning started for home, a drive of forty-five miles across the country. On my arrival I went directly to Dr. Manney's house and found him very ill. The moment I entered the room I knew that his days were numbered and that he was unconscious of it. I said to him, as gently as possible, "Dear brother, I am afraid you will not remain long with us."

He looked up into my face, and then closing his eyes in prayer for a few moments, answered: —

"If this is true, Bishop, the only thing for me to do is to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

I sent that night for three celebrated physicians from different cities, not being sure which one I should reach, as there was a great storm raging. They all came, and after a long and careful examination two of the physicians said there was a bare possibility that life might be saved by amputating a leg. The third man said it was useless — that death was certain from blood-poison. I told my brother the result of the consultation and asked what he would have done. He replied, "It is a man's duty to take every means to preserve his life for the service of his Master. Let the man who thinks there is a chance perform the operation." I said: "My brother, the doctors are ready now. Will you have the Communion before or after the operation?" "The grace of God is for the time of trouble," he answered, "and my trouble is now." I gave him the Communion, but before receiving it, he asked for pen and paper to make his will, the first words of which told the story of his life.

"Being unexpectedly called to leave this world for another, I declare that I die in the Catholic faith, as set forth by the Nicene Fathers. I commit my soul to the mercy of the Saviour who died for me."

A few days after he entered into rest, and if it were not that he had gone to a higher service, I should count it the greatest loss that had ever come to my diocese.

Dr. Breck was a devoted missionary and Churchman, observing every feast and fast of the Church, and being regular in its daily offices and in celebrating the weekly Communion. He was the instructor in liturgics, and rector of the parish, and had charge of several neighboring missions. He left Minnesota in 1867, and died in California in 1876.

Dr. Manney was the instructor in Church history, Canon law, Exegesis and Divinity. On Sundays he held services at some outlying mission. The students were wont to speak of Drs. Manney and Breck as "Dr. Canon" and "Dr. Rubrics."

The first Associate Mission of Minnesota was founded in 1850 by the Rev. Austin Merrick, Dr. Breck, and the Rev. Timothy Wilcoxson, their first service having been the celebration of the Holy Communion under an oak tree on the bluffs opposite La Crosse. From that day the Sacrament has been celebrated on every Lord's Day, in the diocese.

The Rev. Mr. Peake remained for three years in charge of our missionary Indian work and also held services at several frontier villages. He then accepted a chaplaincy in the army and was an angel of mercy to the sick and wounded soldiers at Little Rock, Arkansas. After the war he became the rector of St. Luke's Parish, San Francisco, which has since become one of the most vigorous parishes on the Pacific coast. He returned to Minnesota to take duty as a missionary on the line of the Northern Pacific Railway, residing at Detroit Lake. Some years ago he was elected Chaplain of St. Mary's Hall, which position he now holds, beloved of all.

The Misses Edwards of New Haven and Mr. J. K. Sass of Charleston, South Carolina, gave the Associate Mission one hundred and fifty dollars with which to buy land in St. Paul. The Rev. E. G. Gear added an acre of land, and the five acres which then cost two hundred and fifty dollars are to-day worth over fifty thousand dollars.

The Rev. E. G. Gear was a pioneer missionary in central New York and afterward at Galena, Illinois. He accepted the office of chaplain in the United States Army in 1838, and was at that time the only clergyman of the Church in the great Northwest. It was his habit to read every morning before breakfast a chapter in the Greek Testament and from some Latin classic.

At the beginning of our Civil War, when our army met many sad reverses, Father Gear was wont to express his opinion by saying, "Cæsar would not have made that blunder." He had a deep love for the Church and while stationed at Fort Snelling, he officiated on the Lord's Day for the garrison, taught a school for the officers' children, and held services at St. Paul, Mendota, and St. Anthony's Falls, before Minneapolis existed. He was a warm friend of Bishop Anderson of Rupertsland and rejoiced at his success in gathering the Indians into the fold of Christ. He was often my companion in my early visits to the Indian country, and I recall with pleasure the joy he felt when any of this poor race came to the Saviour.

Father Gear was a man of striking appearance, being over six feet in height, with deep piercing eyes, and possessing a strong personality. He loved Faribault, and before the days of railroads made us many visits.

Before parishes were established in the villages around Faribault, the clergy and students held services throughout that portion of the state. On one occasion Manney and Breck were officiating in an old school-house. It was a hearty service and Manney preached with a fervor that moved the hearts of his frontier congregation. Neither Manney nor Breck had voice or ear for singing, but feeling that the occasion demanded it, they started the Gloria in Excelsis. At the end, an old man who had not heard a Church service for twenty years came forward, and grasping Dr. Manney by the hand, exclaimed: "It was so good! It reminded me of the Cathedral services at 'ome."

One of our students, now the Rev. John Williams of Omaha, held service at a small hamlet every Sunday walking a distance of ten miles. As he was one day passing a farm-house, the owner said to his neighbor, "Who is that man who goes by here every Saturday afternoon and returns Sunday night?" "Oh," was the answer "it is one of those theologues at Faribault." "What do they pay him?" came the query. "Nothing," was the reply. "Do you mean to say that the man walks ten miles, summer and winter, to preach for *nothing?* If that is true then I'm done lying about Episcopals."

February 19, 1860, I held my first service in the rude little chapel at Faribault. The following week forty gentlemen called at the Mission House and, in the name of the citizens of Faribault, offered me a home. They were men of different communions, and after speaking of the conditions of the country and expressing their confidence in its future, they said that they had raised money which they would give me to provide a home for myself, or they would pay the rent of the bishop's residence for five years. They also promised to aid me according to their ability in founding schools. The warm welcome of these pioneers touched my heart. I believed that God's Providence had pointed out my home.

The Secretary of the Board of Missions, on behalf of the members of the Board, advised me not to make Faribault my residence. My reasons for disregarding the opposition were that it was the only place in the state which had offered me definite pledges for a residence; it gave me the hope of meeting my expenses without debt; it was the centre of a rapidly growing section in Minnesota, and it offered me the prospect for the establishment of Church schools. Nashotah which I loved could not provide clergy needed for the growing West. After eighteen years we had but one Nashotah man among our clergy. Could Nashotah have graduated twenty men each year, they would have been needed in Wisconsin. At St. Paul my salary would compel me to give up the missionary work absolutely needed in a new field. I have never regretted my decision. The citizens of Faribault have always given me their confidence and support.

In selecting a seal for the diocese, remembering that the Indian tribes were at war with one another, and with the longing that our Zion should be at unity with itself and that we might do our part toward healing the divisions which separate Christians, I chose the design of a cross, with a broken tomahawk and a pipe of peace at its foot, and surmounted by a mitre, with the motto, "*Pax per sanguinem crucis*," — Peace through the blood of the Cross.

In the spring of 1860 my family came to Faribault, and the next two years were full of work. I drove my horses three thousand miles each year, over the prairies, and held services in school-houses, wayside inns, the forest, in houses of worship loaned us by Christians of other communions, and in our own churches. Everywhere I was warmly welcomed.

I visited in June, 1860, the Lower Agency of the Sioux Indians. The Presbyterians had a mission, under the charge of the Rev. Drs. Williamson and Riggs, at the Upper Agency, Yellow Medicine.

Here I gladly pay a tribute to the lovely character of the Rev. Dr. Williamson whom I knew intimately and loved as a devoted servant of Christ. Dr. Riggs I met only occasionally; when I planted a mission among the lower Sioux where there was no mission of any kind, he seemed to think it an intrusion on territory thirty miles distant. But in later years he paid a just tribute to our work among these Indians.

This visit was at the time of the annual payment and twenty-five hundred Sioux had gathered at the Agency. The head-chief Wabasha, Wa-kin-yan-was'te (Good Thunder), and Taopi came to see me with a sad story of their wrongs.

They had sold the Government eight hundred thousand acres of their reservation — a country thirty miles long and ten miles wide — and had been promised eight thousand dollars a year for schools; but the Government had not paid them for their land nor had they any schools. Wabasha said, with a touch of sarcasm in his sadness, "I know that it is a long way to Washington; the cars go very fast, and perhaps the money has been jostled off and lost."

They asked for a school and a missionary, which I promised if I could find the man and obtain the means. On my return to Faribault, Samuel D. Hinman, one of my divinity students from the diocese of Connecticut, came to me and said: "Bishop, you know I have been holding services for the Sioux near Faribault. I am learning their language, for I want to be a missionary to them." I had found my man, and the means came in unexpected ways. I ordained Mr. Hinman deacon, September 20, 1860, and he began services at the Mission of St. John at the Lower Agency.

Mr. Hinman came to me as an orphan, with a warm letter from Bishop Williams of Connecticut. I saw much of him while in the divinity school and loved him for his heroism in the time of the Sioux outbreak, and for his devotion to the Indian prisoners at Fort Snelling.

The following June I visited this mission. There were fifty children in the school, and I confirmed seven persons, the first-fruits of the Church among the Sioux.

At this visit Wakinyanwas′te brought me his only child, a beautiful girl twelve years of age, and said: "I want my daughter to be like a white woman, not a wild woman. Will you take her to your home?"

We had at that time an Indian boarding-school at Faribault, named after the first missionary to the Mohawks, "Andrews Hall." I placed the child in this school and at her baptism named her Lydia Sigourney, after the gentle poetess who, hearing of Lydia's baptism, sent us a beautiful poem upon the Indians. By a strange Providence this gentle girl became ill, and thinking that she would not live, I wrote to her father. As quickly as he could get to me he came, and with a sad countenance told me that when the wild Indians heard that his child was ill, they jeered at him and called him a fool, saying, "You sent your child to a school of the Ojibways who are our enemies; they have poisoned her and she will die, and we are glad of it."

I said: "Good Thunder, I shall say nothing to you about this foolish lie. You must go to Lydia's room and let her tell you about it."

He repeated the story to his child, who answered: "Father, these Ojibway children are my sisters. There are no enemies among Christ's children. They love me and bring me fresh flowers and berries every day."

This satisfied the father, but he saw that the beautiful flower was fading, and he decided to take her home. Knowing the prejudices of the frontier people against Indians, I wrote the following letter and told Good Thunder to show it wherever he stopped.

"This child of Wakinyanwas′te is a lamb of Jesus. Will you not be kind to her for His sake who said: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, . . . ye have done it unto me'? H. B. Whipple, Bishop of Minnesota."

When I next saw Good Thunder he told me of the kindness that had been everywhere shown to his child, of how a chicken was often killed and prepared for her, and of how she was carried to the best room in the house and tenderly cared for.

I was with the child when she entered into Paradise, and I heard her tell her father of the Saviour's love and of her longing that he should become a Christian. Her last words to the heathen warrior were, "Father, you must follow me to the Great Spirit's Home, for I shall be *waiting* for you."

The death of Lydia softened the hearts of many of the Indians, who felt a deep sympathy for the bereaved father whom all respected. I shall never forget the scene as we came to the little grave on the broad, green prairie. While the dew was still upon them, the Indian women had gathered hundreds of wild roses, and had lined the grave with the tender color, making a fitting resting-place for the fair flower which God had gathered to Himself. The service was in the Dakota language, and as the Indians sang: Nearer, my God, to Thee,

"Mi-ta-Wa-ni-ki-ya,
I-ma-cu-ye;
Te-hi a-wa-ki-pa
E-sa, na-kun
Ki-ci ci-un wa-cin,
Mi-ta-Wa-ni-ki-ya;
I-ma-cu-ye,"

Paradise never seemed nearer.

Through the death of his child, Good Thunder became a Christian, and he was the first Sioux whom I baptized. I named him Andrew, after the apostle who led his brother to Christ.

As I write, lights and shadows of mission life come before me. Christian women had given to this Indian school Carlo Dolce's "Ecce Homo." There was a noted orator among the Sioux, named Red Owl, who, when he spoke in council, seemed to sway his listeners as leaves are moved by the wind. Afraid of losing his influence with his people, he never attended church; but one day he came to the schoolroom, and seeing the picture of that sweet, sad face of the Saviour he sat down before it and remained for some time silently gazing upon it. He then asked: "Who is that? Why is he bound? Why is there blood on his face? Why are the thorns on his head?" The story was told him and without a word he went away. A few days after he came again and sat down before the picture and went away without speaking. He did this again and again. On my next visit, a few months later, I was on my way to an Indian village when I saw on the prairie a wooden cross over a newly made grave. I asked what it meant and was told it was the grave of Red Owl who, before he died, called his friends around him and said: "That story which the white man brought us is *true!* When I am dead I want you to put a cross over my grave like the one on the Mission House, so that when the Indians see it, they may know what was in Red Owl's heart."

On one of my visits I found a scalp-dance going on in front of the Mission House. I had just come from the Chippewa country, and had heard that the Sioux had killed one of their people. Indignant at the brutal sight, I took our interpreter, Thomas Robertson, and went to see the chief. I said, "Wabasha, you asked me for a school and a mission. I come to visit you and I see in front of the Mission House a horrible scalp-dance. I know the man who was killed; he had a wife and children; the wife is asking for her husband; the children are asking for their father. Wabasha, the Great Spirit is angry! Some day He will look Wabasha in the face and ask him for his red brother."

The chief was smoking, but when I had finished he took his pipe from his mouth, and slowly blowing a cloud of smoke into the air said: "White man go to war with his own brother; kills more men than Wabasha can count all his life. Great Spirit look down and says, '*Good* white man; he has My Book;

I have good home for him by and by.' Dakota has no Great Spirit's Book; he goes to war, kills one man, has a foolish scalp-dance; Great Spirit very angry. *Wabasha doesn't believe it!*"

In the autumn of 1860 I went to Washington to plead for justice to these red men. I had letters from J. K. Sass, President of the Bank of Charleston, to a prominent Southern statesman upon whom I called with the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall, rector of the Church of the Epiphany. In response to my pleas this government official said:—

"Bishop, we cannot help you. Mr. Lincoln will be elected President, and the South will go out of the Union. South Carolina will secede first and other states will follow. You will have to seek justice for your Indians from the Northern Government."

"Is it possible," I exclaimed, "that I hear a representative of the Government say that even its trusted servants are plotting for its destruction?"

He smiled and replied, "You know we Southern men believe in the right of secession."

"If you go out of the Union," said Dr. Hall, "it will be because God has permitted you to be stone-blind, and slavery will be doomed. It will be a righteous retribution. We have married men and women at the altar, and have separated them on the auction-block, and Christian men have not dared to call it a sin."

Two years after this, in the middle of the Civil War, I was the guest of my cousin, General Halleck. Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, came in one evening, and after speaking with some bitterness of the secessionists in Washington remarked, "I was told to-day that Dr. Hall is a Southern sympathizer." I repeated Dr. Hall's words at the interview in 1860, at which Mr. Stanton expressed much surprise and exclaimed, "Did you hear that yourself, Bishop?"

The next day I called upon Dr. Hall and told him that although I could not give him my reasons for believing it, I was confident that he possessed enemies who had informed the Government that he was a Southern sympathizer. Springing to his feet he exclaimed: "Bishop, excuse me a few minutes. I must go to the War Department immediately." This he did, sending word to Mr. Stanton that he wanted to see him for "exactly two minutes." Upon being admitted he said: "Mr. Stanton, I am a Southern man. I am a Southern sympathizer, and I should be a brute if I were not. My misguided friends are being killed. I am a Christian and loyal to the Government which keeps a roof over my head. When I cannot be loyal I will ask you to put me in Fort Lafayette. Is that satisfactory?"

Mr. Stanton's answer was: "Dr. Hall, have you any pews to rent in your church? If you have, you may count on me as a parishioner as long as I live in Washington." Mr. Stanton was a member of the Parish of the Epiphany until he died.

CHAPTER VII

I MAKE the following extract from an early diary written at the time of my first visit to Red Lake, showing the itinerary of a traveller in the Indian country:—

August 4. Left Fort Ripley for Red Lake accompanied by William Spencer, sutler of the Fort. Reached Crow Wing at 10 o'clock A.M. where we were joined by the Rev. E. S. Peake. At 1 P.M. left for the Mission of St. Columba. Left August 5, 7 A.M., and reached Four Mile Bridge ten minutes before eight. Lakes on both sides but only one in sight; outlet flows into Gull Lake. One mile on a lake of one portage, outlet flowing west; half a mile on a lake on west side.

Here I asked William his age; he answered, "I don't know." Asked him how old he was when General Cass came in 1824. He answered, "A boy, and had one breech cloth."

Seven miles from Gull Lake came to Twin Lakes, fifteen miles; crossed two streams few rods apart running east; Spring Creek and Grass Lake on west side; two miles on camped for dinner at Pine River at 1 o'clock, twenty-one miles from Gull Lake. Left at 2 P.M. and reached Mountain Lake, two miles from Twenty-four-mile Creek, where we camped at 6 P.M.

August 6. God be praised for this glorious day!

A little cloudy. Left camp at 4 A.M., after repeating the Creed and Lord's Prayer in Chippewa. Breakfasted at High Mountain Lake, where we saw one wigwam of Indians. Reached Leech Lake at 1 P.M. Were hospitably entertained by Messrs. Sutherland and Rutherford. Made an appointment for service on Thursday of next week. Left Leech Lake in two canoes, — number one, Peake, Spencer, William Superior, and 'Ke-chi-gan-i-queb (the man with wavy hair). Number two, the bishop, Enmegahbowh, Manitowaub, and Ah-yah-be-tung (the man who is continually sitting). Reached point of mainland at 8 P.M., and for one hour travelled west and then due north. Reached Kah-pah-ka-seeh-ke-pah-wah-wang (the river that branches off), at 11 P.M. Enmegahbowh killed a mallard duck. Saw thousands of acres of wild rice. The channel is very winding — sides marshy with scattering rice. Saw many white and yellow lilies. Had a severe walk with packs on back over a two miles' portage; land poor and sandy; crossed a small lake of two miles, and a one-mile portage, and reached Cass Lake at 3 P.M.; passed through an old Indian Mission, and camped for the night in an empty wigwam. Supped on a fish caught at the mouth of the lake. Our voyageur cooked a dish I should call "choke-dog." Met here a hungry household whom we fed. Had prayers, slept, thankful to God for His care.

Rose at 5 A.M., cooked breakfast, saw only five Indians; rest gone for berries. After prayers and talk with Indians, left at 7 A.M. Began raining; camped on branch of the Mississippi called Gnat

River (Pin-guish-i-wi Sibi) where we cooked famous dinner of bacon and hard bread.

Camp initiates one into the mysteries of Indian life. We want a candlestick; Enmegahbowh splits a stick, twists a piece of birch bark into it, and we have it. We want a box for our berries; Manitowaub makes a mokuk of birch bark and strips of willow. The stories of Shaganash are amusing. He says that long before Indians lived at Red Lake an old woman lived on the banks, and in a fearful storm her canoe was driven from the shore; she plunged in and a sea-serpent carried her to the middle of the lake to her canoe and brought her back to shore. The snake was as long as a large pine tree. He religiously believes it, and says that such a serpent lives in Leech Lake and has been seen by many Indians.

Shaganash said to Enmegahbowh: "When I hear you talk I cannot believe you were ever wild Indian with breech cloth. I can't believe you ever like us."

Enmegahbowh replied: "All that makes me unlike you is the religion of Christ. I was once like you, but the Great Spirit gave me little light; I followed it and more came and it made me all I am."

Shaganash answered, "The Indian mind well; they all dark, no light; they would follow white man's religion if they wise." After that he was silent and thoughtful.

From Gnat River across Gnat Lake; killed a crane; reached portage at 6 P.M.; crossed two miles and camped on other side. After prayers and religious conversation we slept.

Beautiful moon last night. Nothing can be wilder than the scene at the camp-fire, — some cooking supper, others drying moccasins or mending clothing; the blazing fire, the tall pines, the groups of part civilized and part wild men make a picture worthy an artist's pencil.

We have in our party a working church, — a bishop, a priest, a deacon, two Christian Indians, and one Christian white man, and the heathen to be converted. God grant that some poor souls may be led to Christ by our efforts!

The night was cloudless, and the stillness unbroken save by the hooting of an owl, the cry of a loon, or the bark of some wild beast. Rose at 4 o'clock, had prayers and breakfast, and left at half-past five. Entered a beautiful lake having a wonderful echo. Entered an outlet where water flowed north, — a branch of the Mississippi. At 9 A.M. reached a one-mile portage to Turtle Lake, a tortuous sheet of water; crossed another portage of half a mile to Lac du Mort, which empties into Hudson Bay. This last portage is a dividing ridge; to the left is a small lake from which, it is said, water flows both ways, to the Atlantic and to Hudson Bay. Killed a sand-hill crane; crossed a portage of a mile to Pa-push-kwa Lake (Open Clear Lake). A wolf without any hair was seen here. The portage here is the dividing ridge between the waters of Hudson Bay and the Atlantic Ocean. Reached a small lake; dragged our canoes, waist-deep in rushes, until we reached a small sheet of water which having crossed we reached the last portage. Here we left our canoes and luggage in charge of William Aiken and started on foot for Red Lake, a distance of fifteen miles. After four miles we reached a long portage, a point to which Indians come in high water; four miles, we reached a creek, and two and a half miles, another creek. We walked another hour and rested fifteen minutes, but the walking was very bad, the trail winding, and the roots and snags difficult. I wrenched my ankle badly and severely bruised my feet.

Half a mile from Red Lake we met Mr. Shubway's son with a pony, and soon we received a hearty welcome from Mr. Shubway, who has been here since 1823. He came as a clerk in the employ of the American Fur Company. He is a hale, hearty Canadian Frenchman, and has a wife and seven children. Gave me many interesting facts about these Indians. There are here about eight hundred, about two hundred at Pembina, and several hundred scattered about Rainy Lake and Lake of the Woods. He thinks the Indians have not decreased since he came among them. They are poor, but cultivate a large amount of land. They have corn of last year, one Indian having forty sacks. Fish in abundance.

Mr. Shubway gave me an interesting account of the dealings of the Fur Company, and the life of voyageurs who made one journey each year to Mackinac or Detroit. They left the scattered posts in this upper country in June and returned in October. As far as Fond du Lac they use batteaux, but above, canoes capable of carrying fifteen hundred to two thousand pounds. They carried these loads and canoes over portages, and made from twenty to twenty-five miles a day.

Mr. Shubway thinks that no one has ever dealt so well with the Indians as the American Fur Company; for although this company charged a great price for goods and paid small prices for fur, they sold no whiskey, and their employees were generally men of good character and friendly to the Indians.

We had a bountiful supper of corn-bread and molasses. After prayers we slept, camping on the floor. I had the luxury of a comfortable rest.

Sunday, August 10. Rose at 6 o'clock. Spent some time in reading the Bible; prayers; breakfast. Held service at 11 A.M., and celebrated the Holy Communion. After this, held service for the Indians. The large room in Mr. Shubway's house was filled, and a crowd stood at the doors and windows. They seemed deeply interested. It was a strange congregation and would have been grotesque if less solemn. Every variety of ornament was worn; several had the entire rim of the ear slit off; others had it cut to represent ear-drops. Some wore large brass clock-wheels in their ears, and others wore the common Indian ear-drops. They were all in blankets, paint, and feathers.

My sermon was the simple story of the love of Jesus Christ with its practical application, that the object of the gospel was to show men how to live in this world so that they would be fit to live in the Great Spirit's Home hereafter.

There is nothing more heart-moving than to look into a sea of heathen faces, with the thought that they know nothing of the love of Christ, and then to feel the thrill that comes, as a gleam is detected on some face showing that the story has taken root.

After service Mr. Shubway gave an account of an attempt, the year before, to make a treaty for the sale of the Indians' land. It failed because the head chief, Ma-dwa-ga-no-nint, was not satisfied with the small sum offered, and because of the enormous claims of the traders against the Indians. After the council had adjourned the chief said to his people: "Our Great Father at Washington has sent these men, but they have forgotten his words. They want to cheat us. To-morrow at daybreak we leave quietly for home. No treaty will be made." Turning to the other chiefs, he said, "If you sell my land it will be void." The trader heard of it and told the agent, who came to the chief and tried to persuade him to change his mind. The answer was: "My father, you split my heart to-day. It is too late. I cannot make a treaty." And no treaty was made.

Mr. Shubway informs me that the claims of the traders against the Indians at this time were one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He says that the way these claims are put through is by a division of the spoils. I read Mr. Shubway my letter to the President in behalf of the Indians. He asked me to read it to the head chief, omitting all passages which reflected upon the Government. The chief was much pleased.

Mrs. Shubway has not been out of the Red Lake country since she came here over twenty-five years ago. When I asked her if she were not afraid, she said: "No, the Indians are very kind to me. While the old chief, Wa-won-je-gwun, was alive, he came every day, whenever my husband was absent on his one or two months' trips, to inquire if we were well, or if any of his people had trespassed upon us, or if he could do anything for us. Since his death the present chief, Madwaganonint, or his brother, continues to do the same. Why should I be afraid of such people ?" This is a touching evidence of Indian fidelity.

I am consulted frequently by sick Indians, and in most instances I have the proper medicines for their relief.

Monday. Had a long interview with the head chief in the presence of his old men who are his counsellors. He made the following speech:—

"There was a time when my people were strong. Since the white man came we have grown poorer and poorer. We are going to sell our lands; we want to be like white men. We are afraid when we sell our homes we may be like the poor Indians below. Your words are true like the words of a Spirit; we want to know more than we do. All we understand of your words is pleasant to us. We shall some day hope to see you here. We hope you will give us a teacher and a school. The Indian is like a blind man. He cannot see for he has no teacher. When you come you will be welcome. Good-by, I am done."

The chief then asked me to go with him to see the Indian gardens. We rode four miles on the banks of the lake, and I never saw a more beautiful sight than these gardens, extending for miles. There is hardly a lodge which has not corn of last year. In one lodge we counted twenty-nine sacks of old corn. Everywhere there were signs of plenty. The tenth of August we had new potatoes and green corn from Indian gardens.

The condition of this people is so unlike that of Indians in treaty relations with the Government, that one cannot fail to see at a glance the iniquity which lies at the door of the Government. As I looked into the anxious face of the chief, I could not help a great throb of pity for the helpless man who felt the pressure of a stronger power, knowing that he must sell and yet fearing that the sale of his land to a great Christian nation would be his people's doom. *God in mercy pity a people thus wronged, and help them!*

The shores of Red Lake are bold and beautiful. The view extends for miles and miles away, with the dim outline of the distant shores, and luxuriant gardens with their rude fences festooned with the wild cucumber which grows everywhere in profusion. To give up such a home, to leave the graves of their fathers to go, God knows where, and be subject to the merciless treatment of corrupt agents, is a doom to which I would subject no enemy.

Purchased to-day some bead bags and pipes of the Indians. The black pipe-stone quarry of the Chippewas is at Rainy Lake. The stone is said to be in great abundance, and the pipes made from it find their way through the whole Indian country. These people are generally fine looking. They use beads profusely in their ornaments but are loath to sell them as money is of little value so far in the Indian country. It is valuable for what it will buy at the Indian traders', and that is very little.

Monday, August 11. Left Red Lake at 10 A.M. Mr. Shubway kindly loaned Spencer and myself ponies, and one was hired for Mr. Peake from the chief. The road is very wild, descending into ravines, skirting lakes, and threading tamarack swamps. Much of the way the land is poor, but there is little which would not repay cultivation. The timber is maple, birch, ash, basswood, Norway pine, tamarack, cedar, and spruce. We saw quantities of the wild plum, cherries, currants, gooseberries, whortle and blue berries; also black and red cherries, and the finest hazelnuts I ever saw. The Indian pink, Scotch bluebells, harebells, phlox, and a tall white flower grow in wondrous profusion.

Reached the portage where we left our canoes at 3 P.M.; cooked and ate our dinner, and left at 4 P.M. Entered small lake, and in order to avoid the place where we dragged our canoes, waist-deep, made a short portage, quarter of a mile over a narrow neck of land which divides the two lakes, and entered Papushkwa Lake, which is beautiful, the shores gently undulating, and richly colored with a most luxuriant and variegated foliage. The great variety of forest trees shows that the land is very rich. For seventy-five to one hundred miles, from Leech Lake to Red Lake, the wilderness is now uninhabited by white men; no one threads the narrow trail of the route save the red man, or the adventurous half-breed guide who is hardly more civilized than his heathen half-brother. Once a year the trader or his agent visits these remote bands to buy the furs taken in their winter hunts, usually at half or less than half their value.

We travelled about two miles through Papushkwa Lake and crossed a mile portage, which was well named "mosquito portage," for the havoc these torments made upon us was fearful. Entered Lac du Mort, a beautiful sheet of water, with the same luxuriant foliage, sloping shores, and indented with hundreds of small bays. This lake is the first of waters which flow toward Red River and Hudson Bay. When we cross the next short portage the waters flow to the Gulf of Mexico. There is no tradition as to the origin of the name, Lac du Mort; the Indians say it was so named because an old Indian died here, but if this were the case the name would be in the Chippewa tongue. Probably some of the early French voyageurs lost their lives crossing this lake.

We made about one and a half miles on this lovely sheet of water and came to a portage which is the dividing ridge of the waters of the northern part of North America, a ridge nowhere with an elevation of over one hundred feet or over an eighth of a mile across. On our right we saw a small lake at the foot of the hill with its main outlet into Turtle Lake; it has an outlet also into Lac du Mort.

What a whirl of ideas! A stick cast on one side of this ridge might find its way to Hudson Bay, and on the other into the Gulf of Mexico.

Regretted that we could not examine this lake more carefully, but the night drew on and hunger called for the routine of camp life. The scene at camp-making is a busy one, all occupied in the preparation for night — one building a fire, another cutting poles to fasten the mosquito bars, another brewing tea, another preparing the venison, and so on till each man has a place.

There is nothing which so tests a man's temper as this wild, rough life. If he has any cross-grained material about him it will come out, or if disposed to shirk it will be revealed.

Found on this ridge a lavish growth of the wild sweet pea, the convolvulus, and the climbing honeysuckle.

After supper and prayers we lay down to rest. I had no sooner entered my mosquito bar than I overheard William Superior in earnest conversation with our two wild Indians. He said, "I was once a wild, foolish, Grand Medicine-man, but God showed me a better way, and if I keep in it I shall grow better all the time and reach the Great Spirit's Home." Shaganash said, he "would try to follow the trail, and if he could be near a missionary he believed that he could be a Christian." He asked many thoughtful questions, and then came to the one so often asked by heathen men: "Why are there so many religions among white men and only one Book? We have only one Grand Medicine."

Rose at 5 A.M., had prayers, and left before breakfast. After a mile and a half on Turtle Lake we passed through a narrow rice-field into another part of same lake. Scenery still wild and beautiful; more pine mixed with the hard wood; the bays are deeper. Reached end of lake at half-past six, and after a short portage and some small lakes entered the lake north of Cass Lake, thus making a continuous channel to the Mississippi. Followed this channel one mile to Echo Lake, the most beautiful of the chain. Crossed a two-mile portage of sandy pine land and entered Gnat Lake, five miles long. Next into Gnat River at 11.30 A.M. The banks of this river are generally low, with small bays filled with wild rice, called by the Indians, "Manomin." It is found abundantly throughout the Indian country, and is a great blessing to the Indian. It grows in water from two to four feet deep, and ripens about the first of September, standing as thick as wheat at thirty bushels to the acre. The crop seldom fails, and the Indians always leave enough ungathered for seed. It is a little like oats in appearance, the top of the stalk a yellowish red. It is now in the milk. Killed mallard and wood ducks on the river. Halfway through Gnat River we passed a field of not less than two hundred and fifty acres of wild rice. Stream is now low, and it often requires great skill to avoid the rocks on the bottom.

Camped for dinner of fried duck at 2 P.M. I failed signally at making corn-bread for breakfast. Have killed no wild game, although we have crossed the tracks of bear, moose, and otter. Half a mile above drank from a spring strongly impregnated with iron; saw traces of bog ore in great abundance;

four miles from camp saw four bear tracks. Indians are quick to detect signs of wild game. They have a wonderful vocabulary of signs to convey information which would be unintelligible to a white man. There is a chief of Cass Lake who is following us and desires to overtake us. To-day at the first portage Enmegahbowh made in the sand a dial to show the chief the hour we passed that point.

At half-past five we entered Rice River, a small sheet of clear water, with its bays waving with wild rice. It is truly wonderful to see the kind provision of God for these wild men. There are thousands of bushels of wild rice growing in this northern country.

At 6 P.M., reached short portage from second Rice Lake to a small lake, half a mile wide, which emptied by a short outlet into Cass, or Red Cedar Lake. Here we camped for the night in a wigwam and had a fine muscallonge for our supper.

Rose at daybreak and went out to explore the shores of Cass Lake, where we had been told coal could be found. I found a large number of pieces but no indication of a vein. I think the pieces must have been drifted on shore by ice. After breakfast I visited a wigwam where I had gathered all the Indians. I talked to them very plainly of their besetting sins. I told them of the folly of the Grand Medicine, of how it deluded their people, that they had no word of the Great Spirit, no message of mercy, no knowledge of a home beyond the grave. When I had finished an old man said: "You have spoken true words. We are poor and growing poorer. The Great Spirit must be angry with us, or our people would not fade away. When I was a young man we had game and plenty; we were a pure people. Since the payment came all is changed. The Great Spirit gave you words to speak to us to-day. They sound plain. We want to know more. We are blind. Our sins come from our poverty. We must have light or we will perish."

A woman then said: "A few years ago I was baptized; the priest gave me a cross and some beads; he told me to look at the cross and count the beads and I would be good Christian. I lost cross and beads and I no more a Christian; I forgot all."

From Cass Lake we went by canoe down Cass Lake River to Lake Wi-ni-bi-gosh-ish. River filled with fish. I stocked our canoe with beautiful wall-eyed pike, weighing from two to four pounds each. At the mouth of the river we found some half-famished Indians whom we supplied with fish. They shouted, "Mi-gwetch, mi-gwetch!" (Thank you, thank you!) Found the wind blowing a gale on the lake, but when I asked the Indians if it were safe to cross, they answered, "Yes, for you, the Great Spirit's messenger." After a stormy passage we reached the nine-mile portage. It was an experience to remember. The thermometer was well up in the nineties, and we were loaded down with our impedimenta and wearied by the long trip. At last we reached Leech Lake and crossed to the old Agency, where I met some of the Indians who had driven Dr. Breck from the country.

I held service and they asked me to come again, and some said that after they heard more about the new trail I had brought into the country, they would walk in it.

During this journey several Indians came to me and said, putting their hands to their cheeks, "Wibid-akosi" (my tooth is sick), and asked if I could extract it. I was obliged to say "No." But on my next visit to Chicago I called on my old friend, Dr. W. W. Alport, a celebrated dentist, and asked him to teach me to pull teeth. He smiled and said: "It is a very simple matter, Bishop, if you will remember three things. First, be sure to separate the ligaments around the tooth; second, be sure to grasp the tooth firmly with the forceps; and third, *pull!*" A few minutes later a patient came in to have a tooth extracted. I watched the operation and said to the doctor, "I think I can do it." He gave me a set of forceps which I stored away in my travelling-case, with the feeling that I possessed a new means of reaching the hearts of my red children.

On my next visit I held service at White Fish Lake. After the service a chief came to me and with his hand on his cheek, said, "Wibidakosi." With a not unmingled sensation I boldly answered, "I will help you." He opened his mouth, and to my dismay I saw that the sick tooth was a large molar on the upper jaw. But "in for a penny, in for a pound." It was a comfort to remember that Indians never show signs of pain, no matter how great the agony. I followed to the letter all the good doctor's directions and I did *pull.* In spite of appearances I knew it was the "ligaments" and not an artery that I had cut, but I used salt as heroically as I did the forceps, and it was with no small degree of satisfaction that I heard the old chief telling his people that "Kichimekadewiconaye was a great Medicine-man."

At this time there was no physician in the Chippewa country, and I found it necessary to carry a small case of instruments and a supply of simple medicines, by which, in God's good Providence, I was able to relieve much suffering."

From Diary of 1862.

CHAPTER VIII

In journeying through the Indian country it was necessary to have a good supply of courage and good nature to meet the annoyances and difficulties which were sure to be encountered. On one of these expeditions I was accompanied by Mr. Gilfillan and Mr. Percival, a cousin of the Earl of Egmont. My time was limited, and to save three days of travel we took Indian ponies and went from Red Lake to Cass Lake by an abandoned road. We found the bridges gone and in the first river a mud bottom. Knowing that our ponies could not draw the loaded wagon through, we prepared ourselves for the plunge, and up to our shoulders we waded across with our provisions and luggage. The next river had a gravel bed, and blocking up our wagon-box we started bravely in. But the river was high and the current like a mill tail, and in the middle of the stream the water suddenly lifted the wagon-box from the fore-wheels and we were swept into a big hole. Bags and robe-cases were filled with water, and everything that could be dissolved at once became so, and we were left without sugar, salt, or bread. Mr. Gilfillan, who is a splendid swimmer, succeeded in saving the other provisions; and the next few hours were devoted to drying our wardrobe and rescuing what remained of our larder by spreading it in the sun to dry.

Mr. Percival asked me if "such episodes were frequent in the experiences of their Lordships, the Bishops of America."

Upon one occasion I received a message from the Mille Lacs Indians that they desired to see me. The Rev. E. S. Peake, Enmegahbowh, and two Indians were my companions. It was at the time of a heavy thaw. Our route lay across Nine Mile Lake, where the ice was covered with a foot of snow and slush. It was a weary tramp for the wind was in the north, and just before sunset it became bitterly cold.

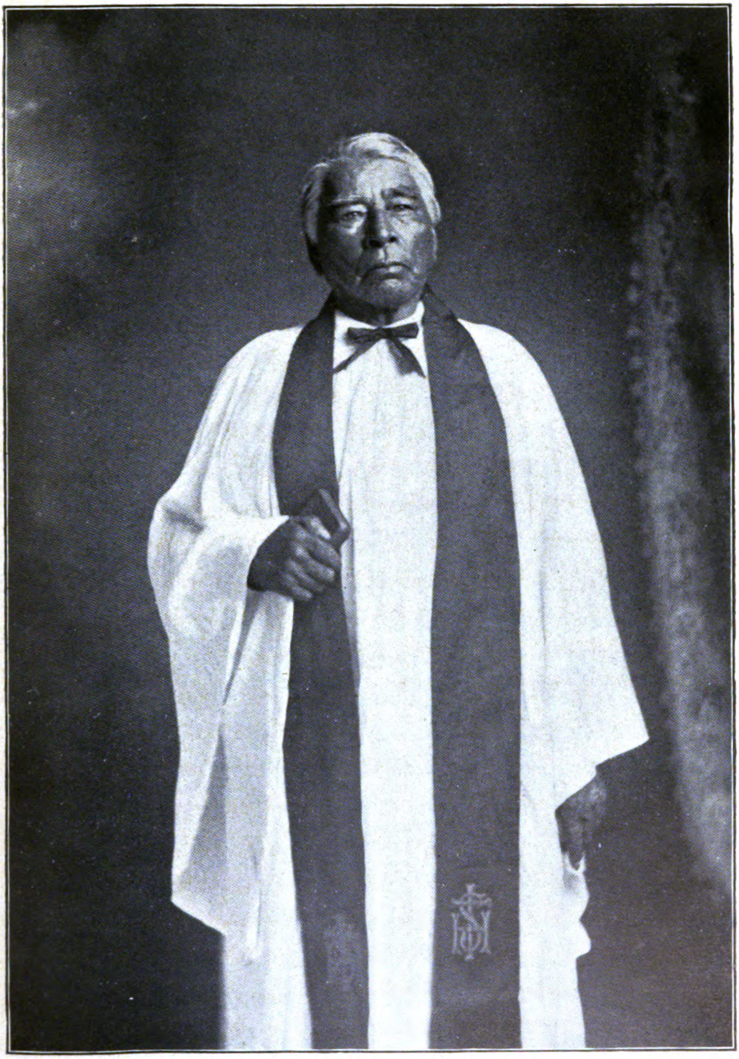
When a cold wave strikes northern Minnesota one is never sure where the thermometer will go. The old settlers have a proverb, "It would have been colder if the thermometer had been longer."

However, when we prepared our camp for the night we made a roaring fire of pitch-pine logs, built a stockade of pine branches, and were soon comfortable, for there is no bed more luxurious to a weary traveller than one of fir and spruce boughs. As a border-man once said, "Talk of comfort, I tell you there is nothing so good after a hard day's pull as to stretch yourself on a bed of green boughs and feel the tired going out of you."

It began to snow heavily in the night, and in the morning we found a deep snow covering the forest. As we strode wearily on with our packs I said to our guide, "Shall we reach Mille Lacs for dinner?"

As an Indian never makes an assertion if there is the slightest doubt, there is no word used more often than that which answered my question:—

"Ka-win-ka-na-batch." (No, perhaps.)



THE Rev. J. J. ENMEGAHBOWH

After lunch I asked, "Shall we get to Mille Lacs before sunset?"

"En-do-gwen-ka-na-batch." (I don't know, perhaps.)

Just before sundown I asked, "Can we get to Mille Lacs to sleep?"

"Me-nun-ga-ka-na-batch." (Yes, perhaps.)

We often travelled twenty miles on the frontier journeys without a sign of habitation. On one of my visits to the Sioux Mission in 1861, I reached New Ulm at noon. The thermometer was thirty-six degrees below zero, and there were indications of a severe storm. I stopped at the house of Louis Robert, a French Indian trader, a man who, once being asked if he knew Bishop Whipple, replied, "Yes, he's a *sky-pilot* and always straight."

When I told Mr. Robert that I had promised to be at the mission the next day, and reminded him that Indians call men liars when they do not keep their word (the Indians say: "You said you would be there. You did not come. You lied"), he made a quick inspection of myself, looked at my horses and said: "Bishop, with that buckskin suit and fur coat you'll go through all right, only I'll give you three pairs of moccasins to put on in place of your boots. One never knows what sort of storms will come up on the prairies. The first seven miles of your journey you will find three houses but none after that for twenty-three miles. Let your horses out at their best speed when you reach the prairie; you can easily follow the road as the grass will be high on either side." Without a moment's delay I pulled on my moccasins and started, driving at a rapid speed until well out on the prairie, but suddenly I discovered that the grass had been burned before the snowfall, and there was nothing to define the road. I found by the hard stubble which showed itself where the snow had been driven off by the wind, that I was hopelessly out of the track. The windstorm which had already set in had obliterated the road over which I had come as completely as it had the stretch before me. In passing through several of the *coulees* with which the prairies abound my horses were breast-deep in the snow.

A starless night came on and with the howling wind sweeping the snow first into almost impassable drifts and then levelling them to the bare ground, I had to confess myself lost.

Until one has encountered a western *blizzard* the word has little meaning. The Indians have always paid me their highest compliment when they have declared that I could follow a trail and find the points of the compass as well as any Indian.

I now kept my horses headed in the direction which I thought to be that of the Agency. I said my prayers, threw the reins over the dash-board, let the horses walk as they would, and curling myself up under the buffaloes, hoped that I might weather the night.

Suddenly Bashaw stopped. I was confident that the wise fellow had struck a landmark, for he knew as well as I did that we were lost. I jumped from the sleigh and could just distinguish in the darkness something under the snow that looked like a huge snake. It proved to be an Indian trail. The Indians always walk single file to avoid an ambush, and in the loam of the prairie these trails are several inches deep. Bashaw followed it, and when his mate was inclined to turn out he put his teeth into his neck and forced him into the path.

Mr. Hinman was so sure that I had started that he had kept a light in the window of the Agency, and when Bashaw saw it he leaped like a hound from her kennel. When we reached the mission and Bashaw, comfortably stalled, turned his great eyes upon me, his whinny said as plainly as words, "We are all right now, master."

Bashaw was own cousin to the celebrated Patchin. He was a kingly fellow and had every sign of noble birth, — a slim, delicate head, prominent eyes, small, active ears, large nostrils, full chest, thin gambrels, heavy cords, neat fetlocks, and was black as a coal. He was my friend and companion for over fifty thousand miles, always full of spirit and gentle as a girl. The only time I ever touched him with a whip was on the brink of a precipice where the path was a sheet of glare ice and as the wagon began to slide I saved us both by a lash, but the blow hurt me more than it did Bashaw. He saved my life when lost on the prairies many times. In summer heat and winter storm he kept every appointment often by heroic effort. Patient, hopeful, cheerful, he was a favorite of all the stage-drivers, and upon coming to an inn, cold and wet, I was always sure to hear a kind-hearted voice cry, "Bishop, go into the inn; I know just what the old fellow needs."

A few months before he died at thirty years of age, I sent him to a friend in the country to be pastured. One day some colts in the same meadow were racing and Bashaw, who had been noted for his speed, with all his old fire joined in the race, beat the colts, and dropped dead. I wept when the news came to me.

No wonder that men who have passionately loved these intelligent creatures of God have believed in their immortality, as did John Wesley and Bishop Butler. It was God our Father who gave them those wonderful intuitions, those marvellous instincts, that true, unwavering love. These sentient creatures of God have the strongest claims upon us who have been made their guardians. They suffer because of man's alienation from God; their wrongs cannot be righted in this world. They have *memory* — memory which binds our lives in an harmonious whole — which has the prophecy of a future life. They are a part of that creation which, marred by Satan, waits for redemption. When man finds his true place at his Saviour's feet his love overflows to these dumb creatures of God who share with us His protection and love.

Sympathy is often expressed for a pioneer bishop's life of hardships. It is true that in the early days a visitation was rarely made without encountering some new difficulty. One often came to depressions in the prairies which the inexperienced traveller was tempted to cross, wondering, meanwhile, why others had chosen to prolong their journey by making a circuit of miles; but he was suddenly enlightened by the sinking of his horses' feet, and it was a fortunate ending if he escaped with whole wagon and harness.

Bishop Clarkson once had an appointment at a ranch, and, his time being short, he attempted to cross one of these sloughs. His wagon-tongue suddenly broke, and wading out with robe-case in hand, he mounted one of the horses and found his way to the ranch, well bespattered with black mud.

"Is this Mr. Smith's place?" he asked of the first man he met on the ranch.

"Yes," was the answer.

"I am Bishop Clarkson and I have an appointment for a service here."

The man looked at the bishop from head to foot and then answered with a gasp: —

"Stranger, you don't look as I thought a bishop would look, but if you *are* a bishop, you shall have a chance. Sail in!"

But the sunshine comes as often as the clouds. The hospitality of those early pioneers was unbounded. However poor, they were always ready to share their all with the traveller. I have enjoyed the hospitality of palatial homes in many lands, but nothing has ever exceeded the true kindliness of my welcome in some of those one-roomed log huts, where my bedroom had to be improvised by partitioning one end of the room with a sheet. Many of the frontier settlers were people of refinement and culture who, in some financial panic, had lost everything and had pre-empted homes in the West, where they lived in independence, scorning to apologize to their bidden guest for their meagre surroundings. A piece of rare old silver or a bit of fine table linen would often speak volumes. From many of those homes I have gone forth refreshed in mind and soul, and thanking God that I was permitted, as apostles were of old, "to minister to the Church in their house."

I once stopped at an inn to hold a first service, and in the night a freshet came, overflowing the river so that I could not get away for four days. Every evening I held service in the school-house. Upon my departure, when I asked for my bill, the landlord looked at me reproachfully and said, "Bishop, I am a wicked man, but I haven't come to that!"

The genuine pioneer may be a rude man, but he is seldom an infidel. He is brave, self-reliant, and expects to bear hardships in order to make a home for his loved ones. After a sermon in which I had alluded to the folly of unbelief, one of these men said to me: "Don't think we are infidels, Bishop. A man can't live all alone with God, as we do, and say there is no God."

I recall one of the true-hearted pioneers who once showed the greatest kindness to one of my clergy, taking him to his home and caring for him through his last illness. When I expressed my appreciation of his goodness to my brother, he answered gruffly, "I only did my duty."

"Yes," I replied, "but there are many men who are not doing their duty. And, my friend, you will not forget that you must go down into the same valley through which my brother has just passed, and there is but one hand to lean upon!"

"I know that," was the quick response. "I do pray, for I've faced death a good many times, Bishop. Once I was on a steamer, and in a storm she ran agin a rock and punched a hole in the bottom. They all thought they were going to be lost, and you would never have dared to go aboard that steamer if you'd known the kind of critters they had there. All night they were crying and confessing their sins like mad."

"And what did you do?" I asked.

"I went to dipping water," was the reply. "I stood in line forty-eight hours, bailing her. I thought God would think just as much of me if I was dipping water to save those miserable critters, as if I was a whining and a snivelling over my sins."

After some conversation I said, "But, my dear friend, there is one thing which you have forgotten. The Saviour asked you to be baptized. The night before He died He made a feast and asked you to come to His Holy Communion because He had something to give you,—His grace and help. Will you not think this over and when I come again be ready for baptism and confirmation?"

At my next visit his first words of greeting were: "Bishop, you were right about *that*. It's all there as plain as print, and the old woman and me are both going to be baptized."

When the time came for the baptism the poor man, owing to rheumatism, found it difficult to kneel down. He looked up as artlessly as a child and said, "Bishop, I put it off too long; I ought to have done it when *my knees were limberer!*" No one smiled, for it was the simple expression of one who was as true as Nathaniel of old, in whom was no guile. In his own expressive border language, he has "passed over the Divide," and some day we shall meet again.

I once heard on the frontier an Evangelist denouncing the validity of infant baptism. On the front seat sat a mother holding a beautiful child in her arms. I cannot forget the look of relief and comfort which came over the anxious face when, in answer to a request from the congregation that I would give my views upon the subject, I said, "I have stood by the graves of many children, but it has never been necessary to tell the mother of the safety of her babe. Suppose that one of these babes, having grown to childhood, asks the mother if she is a Christian. The answer comes, "Yes, my child."

"Am I a Christian?" is the child's next question.

What will the mother answer? If she believes what you have heard to-night, she will say: "No, you are not a Christian; you are the child of the devil. I have taught you to kneel and say, 'Our Father,' but God is not your father. I hope that you will be a Christian some time, or you will be lost."

As I finished speaking, a gray-haired patriarch of the Presbyterian Church arose and said, "Thank God that you have come to tell us of Christ's Covenant for little children!"

Often, expressions of appreciation at the close of these frontier services were clothed in language which would have provoked a smile had they been less sincere. After a sermon preached in a town where spiritualism and many other "isms" had robbed the people of faith, an old man grasped my hand and exclaimed, "Bishop, the *gospel sounds good*, but there is a lot of stuff preached here which is only the poorest kind of physic." Another time an old woman said to me, with tears in her eyes, "Thank God, I got a good boost, to-day!"

CHAPTER IX

THE frontier men were loyal-hearted, and when the Civil War came they were ready to give their lives for their country. When President Lincoln called for troops, the first regiment which was mustered in for three years' service was from Minnesota. General Sanford, United States Minister to Belgium, sent President Lincoln a battery of rifled cannon to be given to the first regiment mustered into service for three years which proved worthy of the gift; and it was given to the First Regiment of United States Volunteers from Minnesota.

I preached to the regiment, May 12, 1861, on the parade-ground at Fort Snelling, from the text, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." It was one of the most solemn services of my life. I knew many of the men, and as I looked into their faces I knew that it would be the last time that I should tell them of the love of Jesus Christ. I was afterward elected chaplain of this regiment; but, gratifying as was the expression of loving confidence, duty to my diocese compelled me to decline.

I met the regiment again after the battle of Antietam. They had been placed at a point where the battle raged fiercest. The field was covered with the dead, and the stone house and barn hard by were filled with the wounded and dying. From one to another I went, with words of comfort and last prayers, and many a message of love and loyalty for home friends I carried away from those brave hearts. I held service for the regiment, and just after I received the following note from General McClellan:—

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

My dear Bishop: Will you do me the favor to perform divine service in my camp this evening. If you can give me a couple of hours' notice I should be glad of it, that I may be able to inform the corps in the vicinity. After the great success that God has vouchsafed us, I feel that we cannot do less than avail ourselves of the first opportunity to render to Him the thanks that are due to Him alone. I, for one, feel that the victory is the result of His great mercy, and should be glad if you would be the medium to offer the thanks I feel due from this army and from the country.

Earnestly hoping that you will accede to my request,
I am very respectfully,
Your humble svt.,
GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN,
Maj.-Gen'l.

BISHOP WHIPPLE.

I held a service and delivered an address. The names of many of the officers present have become household words and will always live in the grateful remembrance of their country.

I had known General McClellan when he was chief engineer of the Illinois Central Railway. He invited me to spend the night in his tent, and we conversed until long after midnight. When we parted he said, "Bishop, you do not know what a comfort it is in my care-worn life to have a good talk about holy things!" He paid a tribute to our Minnesota boys, saying, "No general ever had a better regiment than the Minnesota First."

The general loved his soldiers deeply. He was blamed for not bringing the war to an immediately successful issue. Victor Hugo said that "it was not Wellington who conquered Napoleon at Waterloo — it was God." Our people did not know that this was God's war. North and South were reaping a harvest of their own seed-sowing. Had the war been closed then, slavery would have been fastened on the Republic.

At parting, the general asked me if I would call at the hospitals on my way to Washington and write him the condition of the sick and wounded, which I did: —

FREDERICK, September 23rd, 1862.

My dear General: I have spent the day in visiting your brave boys who are in the hospital here. I had the privilege, also, of visiting the wayside hospitals between here and the camp. I am sure it will gladden your heart, as it did my own, to know the great love they bear to you. When I told them how tenderly you had spoken of them, and how you knelt with me in prayer for God's blessing upon them, many a brave fellow wept for joy, and on every side I heard, *God bless him! God bless the general!* While here and there some veteran claimed the privilege — *God bless Little Mac!*

I had the opportunity to commend some dying men to God, and to whisper to them the Saviour's name for the last journey.

If it were not for wearying you, I could fill an hour, telling you of words of loving confidence spoken by these brave sufferers who had been with you in good and evil report. But I cannot close without telling you how sweet the remembrance is of the service held in your camp, and to assure you that it is a pleasure every day to ask God's blessing upon you. Your way is rough, many do not know you, many are jealous of your success, many will try to fetter you. Let no cloud nor thorn trouble you. Above you is God our Father. He will hear our prayer. God bless you. I am, with love,

Your servant for Christ's sake,

H. B. WHIPPLE, *Bishop of Minnesota.*

MAJOR-GENERAL GEO. B. McCLELLAN,
Army of the Potomac.

During the Civil War I went three times a year to Washington to plead for the Indians, each time visiting the army. On Good Friday, 1864, I preached in St. John's Church, Washington, and after the service Mrs. Charles Sumner and Mrs. Samuel Hooper came to the vestry room. Mrs. Hooper said, "Bishop, we are caring for some sick and wounded soldiers at one of the hospitals, and knowing what your words will do for them, we have come to ask if you will preach for them this afternoon?" This was my first meeting with Mrs. Hooper, but it led to a warm friendship.

The following day I received a telegram from General Meade asking me to celebrate the Holy Communion at his headquarters on the Rapidan. It was a blessed service, and never was that trysting-place dearer than when I knelt with those veteran soldiers to receive the Blessed Communion.

During my visit to General Meade, he told me that one night some one came to his tent and to the demand, "Who is there?" a voice answered, "It is General Townsend (the adjutant-general). I come to bring you a new burden. I have a commission for you as Commander of the Army of the Potomac." He gave Meade a letter from General Halleck, pledging him the hearty support of the Government. On my return to Washington General Halleck gave me the circumstances which led to General Meade's appointment. He said: —

"After the defeat of General Hooker at Chancellorsville, President Lincoln met the Secretary of War and myself at the War Department. He asked: 'Whom shall we appoint Commander now? We can't run Joe any more.' I told the President that I had tried to feel the pulse of the army, and that I believed General Meade was the man to appoint; but I also mentioned several other names, among them that of General Sedgwick, one of the ablest men in the service. The President proposed that we should ballot. Mr. Stanton voted for General Sedgwick, and the President and I voted for General Meade."

My cousin, General Halleck, I had known intimately from boyhood. He was a man of great intellectual ability, and few men have had a more perfect knowledge of the science of war. At his graduation from West Point he was made Assistant Professor of Engineering, and was detailed to build the fortifications on Bedloe's Island, New York. While he was second-lieutenant, General Scott asked his opinion in reference to sea-coast defences, and was so impressed by the young officer's views that he requested Thomas H. Benton, of the United States Senate, to offer a resolution asking Lieutenant Halleck to give the Military Committee his opinion on such defences. He was sent to California at the close of the Mexican War to take charge of engineering on that coast. It was during the time that gold was discovered, and prices were so advanced that the servant who accompanied Halleck was receiving twice the amount of his master's salary. Halleck remained faithfully at his post, and as a reward for his services the War Department gave him a year's leave of absence.

Senator Forsythe of Georgia, an eminent jurist, had advised Halleck to devote his leisure time to reading law, saying that the day would come when he would find it useful. A law firm in San Francisco, Peachy and Billings, offered him a copartnership with the understanding that, as his duties as a military officer had made him familiar with Spanish land grants, he should be the consulting member of the firm. He accepted the offer, and purchased a civilian suit of clothes at a cost of five hundred dollars. A few days after, a client called to consult about a land grant. Halleck wrote out his opinion and asked his partners what he should charge for it, and they said five hundred dollars. This was the beginning of his success. Colonel Morris, of the army, wrote to General Riley congratulating him upon his wise organization of a stable government on the Pacific coast. Honest General Riley replied to General Morris: "You give me too much credit. That youngster, Halleck, has furnished the brains for my work."

Halleck was a man of unflinching integrity, a hater of shams, and never considered policy in his actions. From the beginning of the Civil War he was loaded down with responsibilities which carried him to the grave. His first command was in Missouri where he brought order out of confusion, and saved Missouri from secession. His next command was in Mississippi, where he won from his troops the sobriquet "Old Brains." He was General-in-Chief for a time, and afterward Chief of Staff to President Lincoln, whose confidence he retained throughout that eventful struggle. He was brusque in manner, and often made bitter enemies. I remember upon one occasion, when I was his guest, a prominent politician called upon him and said: —

"I have asked the President to appoint three persons brigadier-generals. They are loyal men and deserve recognition. The President tells me that he has promised you and Secretary Stanton that he would not appoint men to high office in the army without your approval. I am here to consult you. Do you oppose their appointment?"

The general turned, with flashing eyes, and exclaimed: "I *am* opposed to their appointment! You cannot run this war machine with *political gas*."

The following letter is characteristic: —

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSOURI.
ST. LOUIS, Nov. 29th, 1861.

RT. REV. H. B. WHIPPLE, *Bishop of Minnesota, Faribault.*

My dear Cousin: Yours of Nov. 12th is just received. I have little or no time for private correspondence, nevertheless I cannot let the letter of my old friend and cousin pass unnoticed. . . .

Affairs in this Department are in a most deplorable condition — whether made so purposely or not I will not say. If I can ever get any order out of this chaos I shall be satisfied.

Of course I shall be well abused by the extreme abolitionists and the pro-slavery secessionists. But it will not drive me from the course of policy which I have determined on and shall pursue until I am removed, which, very likely, will soon take place. I am resolved to be made the instrument of no political faction, having no political aspirations myself. I shall do my duty faithfully, as I understand it, let the consequences be what they may. . . .

Good-bye, dear Cousin, write me as often as you can.

Yours truly,

H. W. HALLECK.

While in command at Louisville he was seized by sudden illness. I visited him, and it was my privilege to baptize him and give him the Holy Communion.

Some years after, I delivered an address at the burial of General Meade, at the request of his wife, in St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia. The President and Cabinet, General Sherman and other distinguished officers were present.

I said, I should not speak of the life of our brother as a soldier; it was not necessary. His name would always be honored by his country, and his fame remain a precious heirloom to his children. I spoke of that Easter Communion on the Rapidan, amid the camps of soldiers, and said, That day I learned much of the soldier's heart — that loyalty to God and loyalty to country are blended in brave, true hearts. There is sometimes an idea among men that the profession of arms is not favorable to the development of the highest Christian character. I have not so read the gospel of the Son of God. When God's herald, John the Baptist, preached by the River Jordan the Roman soldiers were among the first to go out to hear him. It was of a Roman Centurion that our Lord said, "I have not found such faith, no, not in Israel"; and when He hung upon the cross it was the Captain of the Guard who bowed his head and heart, and cried, "Truly, this was the Son of God." When the gospel was preached to a Gentile world, the first man received into the Church was a Roman Centurion, who for his bravery had been permitted to call his legion "the Italian Band." Until the names of Washington, Wellington, Havelock, and a host of others have perished, faith in Jesus Christ will be the highest laurel for a soldier's brow.

CHAPTER X

AUGUST 18, 1862, the Sioux Indians began a massacre which desolated the entire western border of Minnesota. Eight hundred people were murdered. Many of these victims of savage vengeance had given me true-hearted hospitality, and my heart was filled with sorrow. I had feared an outbreak. Again and again I had said publicly that as certain as any fact of human history, a nation which sowed robbery would reap a harvest of blood. Thomas Jefferson said, "I tremble for the nation when I remember that God is just." In subsequent pages the causes of these Indian wars will be found.

The Sioux were a warlike people; they had been our friends. General Sibley, who was chief factor thirty years for the Northwest Fur Company, said: "It was the boast of the Sioux that they had never taken the life of a white man. In the earlier days of my residence amongst them I never locked the door of my trading-post, and when I rose in the morning I often found Indians camped on the floor. The only thing which I have ever had stolen was a curious pipe, which was returned by the mischievous boy who took it, after I had told the Indians that if the pipe were not returned I should keep the door locked." The Honorable H. M. Rice, who was chief factor among the Chippewas, has told me substantially the same thing.

The history of our *first* negotiations with the Sioux for the purchase of their lands, which included all of southern Minnesota, I do not know; but white men as well as Indians say that there was much deception connected with it.

I was in the Indian country when the Sioux came for their annual payment in June, 1862. They had made bitter complaints about the non-payment for the land sold from their reservation. Pay-Pay, an old Indian whom I had known at Faribault, came to me and asked, "How much money shall we receive at this payment?" "Twenty dollars per head," I answered, "the same that you have always received."

A few hours after he brought Wa-cou-ta to me, saying, "Tell him what you said."

I repeated my statement, feeling much anxiety, for it was evident that the Indians had heard that they were not to receive their payment.

When I returned from the Upper Agency, where I found the Indians most turbulent, I said to a trader's clerk, "Major Galbraith, the agent, is coming down to enroll the Indians for payment." He replied: "Galbraith is a fool. Why does he lie to them? I have heard from Washington that most of the appropriation has been used to pay claims against the Indians. The payment will not be made. I have told the Indians this, and have refused to trust them."

I was astounded that a trader's clerk should claim to know more about the payment than the government agent. I had never seen the Indians so restless. Every day some heathen dance took place,—a monkey dance, a begging dance, or a scalp dance. Occasionally one of the men would refuse to shake hands with me. I knew what it meant, that he wanted to boast that he would not take the hand of a white man, which was always a danger signal.

I left the Sioux country, sad at heart, to pay a visit to the Chippewa Mission, and went as far as Red Lake. There I found the Chippewas much disturbed, showing that a storm was brewing. On my arrival at Crow Wing, Mr. Peake brought a letter from the post-office for Hole-in-the-Day, marked "immediate." I saw that the address had been written by Mr. Hinman. Hole-in-the-Day had gone to Leech Lake, and we asked one of his soldiers to read the letter, which said: —

> Your young men have killed one of my people — a farmer Indian. I have tried to keep my soldiers at home. They have gone for scalps. Look out.
>
> (Signed) LITTLE CROW.

As the Sioux and Chippewas were bitter enemies, it was evident that Little Crow had made some treaty of peace with Hole-in-the-Day. I at once inquired if there were any Indians away, and finding that a family were camped on Gull River, twenty miles distant, I sent for them that night and they were saved. On my return journey, a day from Gull Lake, my Indians saw tracks and told me that they belonged to the Sioux. I laughed at them and said, "There isn't a Sioux within a hundred miles." But they refused to go on. They stooped to the ground, and wherever they found traces of a footprint they carefully examined the crushed grass to see if the juice which had exuded were dry or fresh. Suddenly we came to a place where there had been a camp, and one of the men picked up a moccasin, which he brought to me, saying, "Is that a Chippewa moccasin?"

"No," I said, "it is a Sioux moccasin."

The moccasins of the tribes are all made differently. The rest of the journey was of unceasing vigilance.

On Saturday I left Crow Wing for St. Cloud and heard of a party of Sioux back of Little Falls. I spent Sunday in St. Cloud, and that day these Indians committed a murder at Acton in order to precipitate a massacre. They reached Little Crow village before daybreak; a council of soldiers was called, and, against the advice of Little Crow, who afterward became their leader, they began their fearful warfare.

The pictorial papers containing the Civil War scenes, which the traders kept on their counters, deeply interested the Indians, who plied questions about the battles and their results. Up to this time, August, 1862, the Union troops had been defeated. Major Galbraith had enlisted a company of Renville Rangers, largely made up of mixed bloods, and many of the Indians supposed that the Government had sent for them to fight because so many of the white men had been killed. They said, "Now we can avenge our wrongs and get back our country."

The morning of this day of blood, Mr. Hinman was sitting on the steps of the Mission House at the Lower Agency, talking with a man who was building our church, when suddenly a rapid firing was heard at the trading-post a quarter of a mile away. Sun-ka-ska (White Dog) appeared on a run, and when asked what the firing meant, answered: "The Indians have bad hearts and are killing the whites. I am going to Wabasha to stop it." In a few minutes, running at full speed, Little Crow appeared, and the same question was asked him; but he made no answer and ran on to the government barn, where Mr. Wagoner was trying to prevent the Indians from taking the horses. Little Crow cried, "Kill him!" and he was instantly shot.

Mr. Hinman hastened to Mr. Prescott, the interpreter, who lived near by, to notify him of the outbreak. Mrs. Hinman was absent from the mission, but Miss West, the missionary, was advised to leave and cross the river, which she did, meeting on the way to the ferry a white woman and child whom she took under her protection. As they reached the bluff, after crossing the river, they met a party of Indians in war-paint and feather, who greeted them pleasantly with "Ho! Ho! Ho! You belong to the missionary. Washte! (Good!) Where are you going?" Miss West pointed to a house in the distance, and they said, "No, we are going to kill them," and motioned her to take the road leading to Fort Ripley. They threatened to kill the other woman, but to Miss West's statement that she had promised to take care of her they answered, "Ho! Ho!" and parted.

For weeks we had no tidings from the Sioux or Chippewa missions. They were dark days. When news came, we found that both missions had been destroyed; but our hearts were made glad when we learned that the only lives saved during that holocaust of death were by the Christian Indians, or friendly Indians, who had been influenced by the missionaries.

The wily chief, Hole-in-the-Day, had planned for a massacre at the same time on the northern border. But Enmegahbowh had sent a faithful messenger to Mille Lacs, to urge the Indians to be true to the whites and to send men to protect the fort. More than a hundred Mille Lacs warriors went at once to the fort, but meantime Enmegahbowh himself walked all night down Gull River, dragging a canoe containing his wife and children, that he might give warning to the fort. Two of his children died from the exposure. Messages were also sent to the white settlers, and before Hole-in-the-Day could begin war the massacre was averted.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who was at the fort, was so filled with gratitude at the Mille Lacs Indians for their protection that he promised them that they should not only be rewarded by the Government, but should not be removed from their reservation. Pledges to that effect were incorporated in a treaty made shortly after, but the pledges were broken.

It would be too long a story to tell of the heroism of Taopi, Good Thunder, Wabasha, Wa-ha-can-ka-ma-za (Iron Shield), Simon A-nag-ma-ni, Lorenzo Lawrence, Other Day, Thomas Robertson, Paul Maza-kute, Wa-kin-yan-ta-wa, and others who, at the risk of life, saved helpless women and children.

The following statements were made at the time of the surrender of the captives.

STATEMENT OF TAOPI

CHIEF OF THE FARMER INDIANS

On the morning of the 18th of August, 1862, I was preparing to go down to the Mission House, the residence of our minister, the Rev. Mr. Hinman. He had promised to go with me to assist in laying out our burial lot near the new church. My child had been buried but a few days before. As I was about starting, an old man (Tah-e-mi-na) came to my house and said, "All the upper bands are armed and coming down the road." I asked, "For what purpose are they coming?" He said, "I don't know." The old man had hardly gone out when Ta-te-campi came running to my house and said, "They are killing the traders." I said, "What do you mean?" He said, "The Rice Creek Indians have murdered the whites on the other side of the Minnesota River, and now they are killing the traders." I said, "This is awful work."

As soon as he was gone I heard the report of guns. I went up to the top of my house and from there I could hear the shouts of the Indians, and see them plundering the stores. The men of my band now began to assemble at my house. We counselled, but we could do nothing to resist the hostile Indians because we were so few and they were between us and the settlements. I told them not only to keep out of the disturbance but also not to go near the plunderers. Some of them obeyed me. I sent Good Thunder with a message to Wabasha, but he could not reach his house on account of the hostile Indians. The hostile Indians soon came to our village and commanded us to take off our citizen's clothing and put on blankets and leggings. They said they would kill all of us "bad talkers." We took our guns and were prepared to defend ourselves. We did not know what to do. I wanted to take my wagon and go to the whites, but I could not.

Good Thunder came back and brought news that nearly a whole company of soldiers from the fort had been killed at the Ferry. Good Thunder and Wa-ha-can-ka-ma-za and myself went into my corn-field to talk over the matter. We wanted to escape to the fort that night, but could not because we were watched. We determined to go to the whites at the first opportunity. I proposed to take two white girls who had been taken prisoners at Redwood, and take them to within a short distance of the fort, and then send them in with a letter stating that we were ready to coöperate with the whites in any way they might direct. We were ready, but the girls were afraid to go.

Soon after this the Indians moved to Yellow Medicine. At Yellow Medicine the hostile Indians replied to General Sibley's letter found at Birch Coulee. They laughed at the letter because they did not believe he would spare them, or even their women and children. They sent back a saucy, indifferent answer. When we moved up to Ma-za-wa-kan, opposite the mouth of the Chippewa River, I wrote a letter to General Sibley. Good Thunder and I wrote the letter together. Thomas Robertson (he is part Indian) wrote the letter for us. The Indians forbade our sending any letters or messages on pain of death. Thomas Robertson and Thomas Robinson volunteered to take the letter to the fort. They are both part Indian. Wabasha refused to sign it, as he feared the Indians. We desired to go to the whites and to aid them, but were afraid his young men would find it out and make trouble. The Indians searched the two (Robertson and Robinson) when they started off. They even searched their moccasins. They went to bear a letter from Little Crow to the general. They did not have my letter with them when they were searched. I had sent it off by Wahacankamaza (my cousin). We went out on the prairie in the morning on horseback as if to hunt ducks. He took a circuitous route and came back to the road at Mr. Riggs' house. Then he concealed himself and gave the letter to Robertson when he came along. When they returned from the fort (Ridgely) they brought an answer to my letter. I could not see it for some time as the Indians suspected something, and my tipi was always surrounded by their guns. A few of us went down into the Minnesota Bottom at midnight and concealed ourselves in the high grass and rushes. Mr. George Spencer, whose life was saved by Chaska, read the letter to us. He drew a blanket over his head and lighted a candle under it and read the letter to us. He was covered with the blanket lest the Indians on the hill should see the light.

My heart was glad when I heard the letter. General Sibley said: "Save as many of the prisoners as you can. Get them into your possession as quickly and quietly as you can." I could not sleep after this. I was thinking all the time how we might save the prisoners. Mr. Spencer told the white women and children that I would save them, and they came flocking to our tipis like pigeons. I distributed them among my friends to be cared for. After hearing General Sibley's letter, Ma-za-ku-te-ma-ni (a chief of the Wahpeton) helped us very much. He had long wanted to run away from the Indians. He was very bold, and rebuked the hostile Indians in open council. I never attended any of the councils, but always sent Good Thunder that I might find out what was going on.

We now separated our tipis from the rest of the camp. There were only six tipis at first, viz. — my own, Good Thunder's, Wahacankamaza (my cousin), Wa-kin-yan-ta-wa (who saved Mr. Spencer), Tu-can-wi-coxta, and Mazakutemani.

The Indians came back from their defeat at Wood Lake and immediately prepared to retreat up the river to Big Stone Lake. They threatened to kill the friendly Sioux before leaving. We intrenched our tipis, digging down four or five feet that the women and children might be safe in case of attack. We could at any time have saved a few of the prisoners and escaped. But after General Sibley's letter we wished to save all of them or as many as possible. At first most of the Indians ran away with those routed at Wood Lake. But when they knew that the general would probably spare our lives, they kept coming back into our camp every night, until after his army arrived. I was instructed to save the prisoners if possible. By God's help we succeeded, and the bad men were foiled. The prisoners numbered one hundred whites and about one hundred and fifty of mixed blood. There were two hundred and fifty-five in all. Many of the Indians of the Farmers' Band aided me in my undertaking. I wish especially to mention Wakinyanwaste (Good Thunder) the head man of my band, Wakinyantawa (who saved Mr. Spencer), and Wahacankamaza who carried the letter over the prairie. The two young men, Thomas Robertson and Thomas Robinson, who carried the letter to General Sibley, ought to be rewarded. They did it at the risk of their lives. I wish also to state that I tried to send a letter to General Sibley before. I asked Mr. Spencer to write it for me, but he could not as he was wounded in the right arm.

This is all I have to say.

STATEMENT OF ANDREW GOOD THUNDER

WAKINYANWASTE

I have nothing to say concerning myself that is not included in the statement of Taopi. Taopi was the chief of the Farmer Band, and I was his chief adviser or head soldier.

I wish, however, to make a statement concerning Wabasha. His name appears in the letter sent to General Sibley from Mazawakan. The day after his interview, in which he refused to sign the letter, he came to me and desired me to have his name attached. He said: "I want to be among the whites and live like a white man. I am a Farmer. I want to aid the whites. But what can I do now? I am watched. If I move, they will kill me. But I wish you to sign my name. I will do what I can." After this I asked Robertson to put Wabasha's name in the letter, and he did so. He put it in first — *i.e.* before Taopi's, because Wabasha was the head chief of the Lower Sioux. This is all I wish to add to Taopi's statement.

THE STATEMENT OF LORENZO LAWRENCE

TON-WAN-E-TI-TON-NA

Some days after the beginning of the massacre, I do not remember the day, week, or month, I determined that the only safety of the friendly and Christian Indians was to escape if possible from the hostile camp. I went and spent the night with a Christian Indian named Anagmani. We talked about the matter all night, and determined to escape by the first opportunity. I went from there to the house of Mr. Cunningham where my wife and children were staying. I said to my wife, "I am tired of staying here. We can do no good. These

Indians will ruin us. I want you to bake some bread as soon as possible for the journey." She said, "It is true, but I do not feel like running away. I am afraid we shall be killed." I said, "We must die anyway — we had better die now than with these bad Indians." She said, "I am not afraid to die, but I am afraid if we are taken the soldiers will kill our children also. I have pity on our children, and therefore I do not wish to go." I said, "No, the whites do nothing hastily; if we are taken they will not kill us until they council for some days, and at any rate they will not kill our children, they never make war like the Indians. It is better to go, even if we die."

I then went out of the house, and looking down the road I saw a white woman with four children coming toward the house. She was crying. I went into the house, and she followed. It proved to be Mrs. de Camp, the wife of the miller at the Lower Agency. She had been taken prisoner by the Lower Indians on the first day of the outbreak. She said, "Until now an Indian has taken care of me and my children, but yesterday he came back from a war party badly wounded. He says he cannot care for white people any longer." She then looked up and saw my Bible lying on the table and asked me if I read that Book. I told her yes, that we read the Bible and prayed to the Great Spirit every day, to show us some way out of this trouble. She said, "I am so glad, now I know you will save me." I said, "I have made up my mind to run away as soon as possible, and have already told my wife to bake bread for the journey."

I went out behind the house to cut wood, and sent Mrs. de Camp and the children into the cellar. I worked then and talked with her, and when I saw any one coming along the road, I would give her word that she might conceal herself. That night I went over among the Indians to find out the news. I asked several, and learned that the scouts had brought word that Sibley had crossed the river. I also learned that the Indians intended to break up their camp the next day and move up to Mazawakan. I went home and said, "The time has now come for us to escape." My wife now made no objections. We started down into the bottom and made our way through the hazel wood and underbrush, carefully avoiding all trails. I took them through the timber and underbrush until we were just below Dr. Williamson's house. We then went into the lake (Red Lake). I carried three children, one in each arm and one on my back. We made our way to the middle of the lake, sometimes wading and sometimes stepping on the logs. Near the centre of the lake I found a collection of logs large enough to hold us all. Thinking this a safe place and not likely to be approached by the Indians, I left the women and children here and went back to scout and see if we were watched. The women urged me not to go. They said: "We are safe now. If you go, you will be killed." But I said: "No, I must go. I think God will spare me." I went through the timber and ascended the bluff through the hazel wood near Mr. Riggs' house. As I reached the high ground, I saw the smoke and flames of the burning buildings which the Indians had fired in leaving for the upper Minnesota. I went as far as the road, and where I stood I could see the last wagon of their train pass over the rising ground in the distance. I saw no one. All my relations were gone. I was left alone. I went to Anagmani's house and he was not there, but he had left a letter for me tacked to the door of his house. It said, "Friends, I have already started." That was all. I killed four chickens and hastened back to the lake where I had left the women and children. Between the lake and river there was a swamp. We had great difficulty in getting through. It was especially hard for the women. We carried the children through one by one. When we arrived at the river I sent my boys for canoes.

I had a very savage watch-dog (a bull dog). I thought a great deal of him, but was afraid to take him lest he should make a noise by barking. I choked him with his collar, and then cut his throat. A half-breed woman, Mrs. Rebardo, and three children had joined us; but as we were starting, their hearts failed them. We started in four canoes. I took one, and my two oldest boys and Mrs. de Camp's boy took the other three. It was now sundown, and we started. We travelled nights to avoid detection. The first night we went down as far as Hop River. We went ashore, and it rained and blew very hard. I made a shelter of boughs for the women and children, and went out into the prairie to kill some game. I had not gone far when I heard a cry. After searching, I found a woman and three children crowded under the boughs of a tree that they had bent down to hide them. It proved to be Mrs. Rebardo and her children; she had followed us down. They were all nestled together like chickens. I took them to the boats. Soon we heard the tinkling of a bell. My wife asked me to go and kill the cow that we might eat. It was not mine, but all things are lawful to a starving man. I went in the direction of the sound. It proved to be a ram and not a cow that bore the bell. I was afraid to shoot lest the report should be heard. I took my knife and gave chase, but the ram was too fleet for me. I took my gun and four balls which were all I had. I missed two shots, but at the third I put a ball through his head. The children came out and ate the raw fat as I cut it off. We were very hungry. Before this we had nothing but some unripe grapes; all the bread was eaten the first day. We started at dark and had great difficulty in getting over Patterson's Rapids. We arrived at the Mounds the next morning. I went out to find a deserted house to search for pots or kettles in which to cook our meat. I heard a rooster crowing and soon found a house and two pots, and also some potatoes.

On my return I discovered the dead bodies of a German and two boys. I covered them as well as I could with earth, wrote on a piece of paper my name, and what I had done, and left it there pinned to the door of the house. I thought the soldiers would find it. We left at evening. My boy and all the children were sick at Rice Creek from eating raw meat. We reached the Ferry at the Lower Agency, and I was afraid to pass it in the daytime. The soldiers of Captain Marsh's Company were killed there. The banks of the river were clear at the Ferry, and I was afraid that Indians might be lurking round. We waited until after sundown and started. The night was very dark. We stopped at De Camp's house near the saw-mill on the lower reservation, and Mrs. de Camp went in to see if she could find any tidings of her husband. She brought back her Bible with her. Soon after starting again, Mrs. de Camp's son fell asleep lying down in the bow of the canoe; he was very tired. The night was very dark, and we could not see. The canoe was paddled by my son Thomas. They were ahead; and as he could not see, he soon ran into a snag, — a trunk of a tree that reached out of the water. The shock threw Mrs. de Camp's son into the river. My boy secured the canoe by throwing his arms around the snag. I was behind and heard the boy struggling in the water, and hastened to bring my canoe to the spot. I came almost by accident alongside of the body as he was finally sinking, and my wife reached down and drew him into the canoe. The women were crying and praying. I told them not to cry as they would be saved, but that I did not know what would become of me. Passing along I saw something white lying against the bough of a tree. I rowed up to it, and it proved to be the dead body of an army officer. I saw the shoulder-straps, and afterward knew it was the body of Captain Marsh.

From this place down we could hear the report of guns at the fort. We came to within one mile of the fort and landed. It rained and was very cold, for we were all wet through. I went toward the fort as far as the Ferry. I feared all the while lest some soldier should discover me, and kill me. Soon after I saw a soldier coming down the hill toward the boat. He was one of those detailed to attend the Ferry. He took me for a white man coming up from below, and asked me how I came up. I told him: "No, I am from the Indian camp. Come and see what I have brought." He came, and saw the women and children, and rushed back to the fort for his comrades, who came and took all up with them, carrying the children in their arms. Mrs. de Camp arrived three days after her husband's funeral. He was killed at Birch Coulee. I rescued ten persons. The next day I went out with Mr. Marsh and a detachment of soldiers to find his brother's body. They promised to pay me for so doing, but I never received anything.

This is all I have to say.

STATEMENT OF JOHN OTHER DAY

AN-PE-TU-TO-KE-CA

On the morning of the 18th of August, 1862, I went out early to cut hay on the Minnesota Bottom. I worked very hard until I was tired and thirsty. I then went for water. As I ascended the hill I heard signal drums at In-yang-ma-ni's camp on High Prairie. I went immediately to the camp and was shown by the Indians to a tipi in the centre of the camp. There were a good many tipis in the camp. I think about thirty. I went into the tipi indicated and found all the chiefs and principal men assembled in council. They were all silent; no one spoke a word; a place to sit down was pointed out to me. I sat down. Mazomani (a chief) then said to me, "We have heard dreadful news." I said, "What is it that you have heard?" He answered, "The Indians at Rice Creek on the lower reservation have been killing the whites on the other side of the Minnesota River, and now the Melewakantonwans have determined to murder all the whites on the reservation, and then to make war on the settlements." I replied: "What is that to us? We are a different tribe. Their actions are nothing to us. I do not want to see a white man killed." He said: "It does concern us. Melewakantonwans are our relatives. Their country adjoins ours and is between us and the whites." I answered: "If they have ruined themselves they cannot ruin us. We will take no part in the matter. As the whites have horses and wagons, let us send them word to fly for their lives." He said: "I think it is too late for us to keep aloof from this trouble. The whites will not discriminate—the Melewakantonwans have involved us in their ruin."

At the time of this conversation a crowd of young men were standing a little way off from the tipi. All of them were armed, having either guns or bows and arrows. They stood with their arms at rest as if waiting orders from their chief. Just then, looking over the prairie, I saw a cloud of dust and soon heard the sound of horses' hoofs. I at once knew that it was the young men and warriors of White Lodge's Band coming to kill the whites and plunder the trading-posts. These were the most unruly Indians of the Upper Agency. As they drew near we immediately gave word to our young men to take position across the road and stop their advance to the Agency. In the hurry and confusion of executing this order I secretly withdrew, and ran to my house to alarm my wife. She was not in the house, and I asked two or three Indian women who were sitting there where she had gone. One of them said, "She has gone to make a call at some of the houses under the hill." I immediately ran down the hill and found her in the house lately occupied by Dr. Daniels. I told her of the disturbance, and went out and gave the alarm to all the whites living on the west side of the Yellow Medicine. We hurried as fast as possible to the Agency, and took refuge in Brick Agency Building. We fortified the building, and all the whites remained there during the day. I was the only Indian with them. Just at dusk Dr. Wakefield asked me to call some of my friends to help them to stand guard during the night. I went out and brought back five Indians and a half-breed. We kept guard walking around the building all night.

About midnight I noticed that the Indians were collected in considerable numbers on the rising ground a little way off. I could see the smouldering fires around which they were sitting. (Up to this time Matoniyanke had favored the whites, but now messengers were continually arriving from the Lower Sioux at Redwood, boasting of their success, and all the Indians were fast becoming demoralized; I had no longer confidence in their friendship.) I went over to them and asked them why they were there. I told them to take the traders' goods if they wanted them, but to spare the whites. "If you are counselling the death of the whites, kill me also. I will not live."

I went back to the Agency and told the people there that we must prepare for flight. . The stables were locked so that we had both horses and wagons. I had already once prevented young men from stealing the horses. They had no keys, but they were endeavoring to cut the iron with saws. It was near dawn. The Indians had all left the hill, and we could hear the report of guns and the noise of breaking boxes at the traders' posts in the valley. Five young men who were with me on guard now ran away, and the half-breed soon followed. I went into the building and said: "If we would save our lives, we must go now. It is our last chance. The Indians are all busy plundering the stores; come, come at once!"

Just then one of the traders, Mr. Garvey, came up the hill. He was badly wounded. The whites refused to allow him room in one of our wagons. I said: "No, he is yet alive. Do not leave him here to be killed. If he dies, he shall die with us." But it was not until I wrapped him in blankets and took hold of his feet to lift him that any one would help me; we then started and crossed the Minnesota River and went over on the prairie. I told them that our only danger and our only hope of escape was that day. We therefore made two parties; one party riding, and one party running beside the teams. We were two days and one night without food. On the evening of the second day we reached the settlement on the edge of the Big Woods. The party that I rescued at the start numbered sixty-five souls, — men, women, and children. Three Germans of the party left us the first day to go to Beaver Creek. I remonstrated, but to no purpose. I told them that so long as we continued together we would be safe; but if we separated into small parties we would be in great danger if overtaken by Indians. The men were killed soon after leaving us.

This is all my statement.

CHAPTER XI

I WAS in St. Paul when news of the outbreak came. At the request of General Sibley I rode all night to Faribault to ask Alexander Faribault to join him with a company at St. Peter. I reached Faribault at sunrise, and at once sent a boy ringing a bell through the streets, with a message to the citizens to meet me in front of the hotel. I told them briefly of the massacre, took the names of volunteers, the names of those who would furnish guns and horses, and in a few hours they were on their way to join General Sibley.

A few days after I went to St. Peter and found it filled with refugees, many of whom were badly wounded. With the aid of a few devoted women we organized a hospital in the Court House. The only physician was Dr. Asa W. Daniels, who set the fractured limbs and performed amputations while I sewed up wounds. The gratitude of some of the sufferers not only overpaid me, but saved me from the hatred which border people felt for an Indian sympathizer. One German woman softened the hearts of her neighbors by declaring, "Dat bishop is no pad man; he haf sewed up my wounds and made me well; he is one goot Christian man."

At the time of the burning of the Mission House the wife of Good Thunder crept in and seized the

Bible from the altar, wrapped it in a surplice, and buried it in the forest. As soon as she was able to do so she sent the message to me: "Me saved the book of the Great Spirit, and buried it. When can me send it to you? Great Spirit's book best thing in mission, must not lose." This Bible was given to our mission by the Landgrave of Hesse and is a double treasure because saved by this faithful Indian woman who was at that time a heathen and thought it the only Bible in the world.

The following article I wrote directly after the outbreak, calling things by their right names; and while the truth of my statements was not denied, I was bitterly abused.

FARIBAULT, September, 1862.

THE DUTY OF CITIZENS CONCERNING THE INDIAN MASSACRE

The late fearful massacre has brought sorrow to all our hearts. To see our beautiful state desolated, our homes broken up, and our entire border stained with blood, is a calamity which may well appal us. No wonder that deep indignation has been aroused and that our people cry vengeance. But if that vengeance is to be more than a savage thirst for blood, we must examine the causes which have brought this bloodshed, that our condemnation may fall on the guilty. No outbursts of passion, no temporary expediency, no deed of revenge can excuse us from the stern duties which such days of sorrow thrust upon us. . . .

In all our relations with the Indians we have persistently carried out the idea that they were a sovereign people. If it is true that a nation cannot exist within a nation, that these heathen were to send no ambassadors to us and we none to them, that they had no power to compel us to observe a treaty, and that we did not look to them for inherent power to observe it for themselves, then our first step was a fatal step. They did not possess a single element of sovereignty; and had they possessed it, we could not, in justice to ourselves, have permitted them to exercise it in the duties necessary to a nation's self-existence.

The second most fatal error was a natural inference from the first. Because we had treated with them as an independent nation, we left them without government. Their own rude patriarchal government was always weakened and often destroyed by the new treaty relations. The chiefs lost all independence of action, and sooner or later became the pliant tools of traders and agents, powerful for mischief, but powerless for good. Nothing was given to supply the place of this defective tribal government. The only being in America who has no law to punish the guilty or protect the innocent, is the treaty Indian. . . . The only law administered by ourselves was to pay a premium for crime. The penalty of theft was deducted from the annuity of the tribe, leaving the thief to profit by his ill-gotten gains.

These evils have been increased by bad influences, and even fostered by the careless unconcern of the Government. We have taken no steps to restrain savage warfare among tribes at variance. They have murdered each other in our streets, fought beside our villages, even shaken gory scalps in our faces, and we did not know that we were nursing passions to break out in violence and blood. There was no mark of condemnation upon their pagan customs, for even high officials have paid them to hold heathen dances to amuse a crowd.

The Government, instead of compelling these men to live by honest labor, has fostered idleness, encouraged savage life by payment of money, by purchases of scalping-knives and trinkets, and has really given the weight of influence on the side of heathen life.

The sale of fire-water has been almost unblushing, when it was known that while it made drunkards of white men, it made devils of red men.

The system of trade was ruinous to honest traders and pernicious to the Indian. It prevented all efforts for personal independence and acquisition of property. The debts of the shiftless and indolent were paid out of the sale of the patrimony of the tribe. . . . The Government has promised that the Indians' homes should be secured by a patent. . . . But no patent has ever been issued. Every influence which could add to the degradation of this hapless race seems to be its inheritance.

Such a mistaken policy would be bad enough in the hands of the wisest and best men, but it is made a hundred-fold worse by making the office of an Indian agent one of reward for political services. It has been sought, not because it was one of the noblest trusts ever committed to men to try and redeem a heathen people, . . . but because, upon a pittance of salary, a fortune could be realized in a few years.

The voice of this whole nation has declared that the Indian Department is the most corrupt in the Government. Citizens, editors, legislators, heads of the departments, and the President alike agree that it has been characterized by inefficiency and fraud. The nation, knowing this, has winked at it. We have lacked the moral courage to stand up in the fear of God and demand a reform. More than all, *it was not our money*. It was a sacred trust confided to us by helpless men, where common manliness should have blushed for shame at the theft. . . .

It hardly needed any act of wrong to incite savage natures to murderous cruelty. But such instances were not wanting. Four years ago the Sioux sold the Government part of their reservation, the plea for the sale being the need of funds to aid them in civilization. . . . Of ninety-six thousand dollars due to the Lower Sioux not one cent has ever been received. All has been absorbed in claims except eight hundred and eighty dollars and fifty-eight cents, which is to their credit on the books at Washington. Of the portion belonging to the other Sioux, eighty-eight thousand, three hundred and fifty-one dollars and twelve cents were also taken for claims. . . . For two years the Indians had demanded to know what had become of their money, and had again and again threatened revenge unless they were satisfied. Early last spring the traders informed the Indians that the next payment would be only half the usual amount, because the Indian debts had been paid at Washington. They were in some instances refused credit on this account.

It caused deep and widespread discontent. The agent was alarmed, and as early as May he wrote me that this new fraud must bring a harvest of woe, saying, "God only knows what will be the result." In June, at the time fixed by custom, they came together for the payment. The agent could give no satisfactory reason for the delay. There was none to give. The Indians waited at the Agencies for two months, dissatisfied, turbulent, hungry, and then came the outbreak. . . . The money reached Fort Ripley *the day after the outbreak*. A part of the annuity had been taken for claims and at the eleventh hour, as the warrant on the treasury shows, was made up from other funds to save an Indian war. It was too late! *Who is guilty of the causes which desolated our border? At whose door is the blood of these innocent victims?* I believe that God will hold the nation guilty.

Our white race would not be proof against the corrupt influences which have clustered round these heathen. It would make a Sodom of any civilized community under heaven.

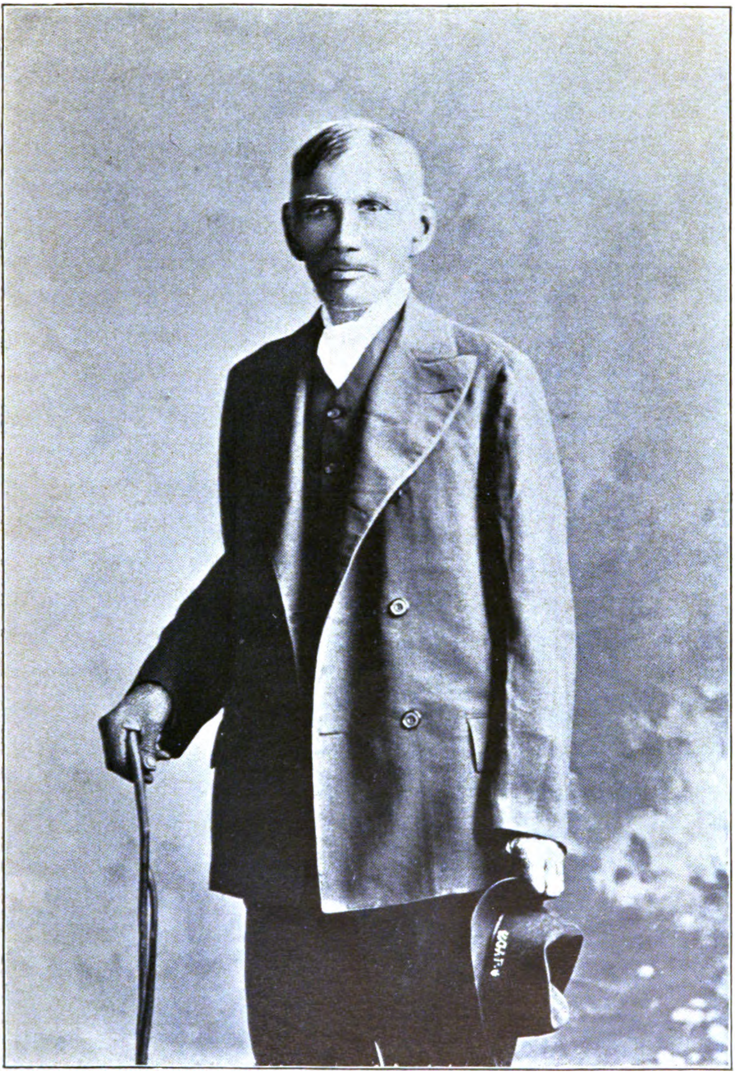
The leaders in the massacre were men who have always been the pliant tools of white men. When men like Little Crow and Hole-in-the-Day desired to open their budget of griefs, they could cite wrongs enough to stir savage blood to vengeance.

There is no man who does not feel that the savages who have committed these deeds of violence must meet their doom. The law of God and man alike require it; the stern necessities of self-protection demand it. If our inefficient system had not permitted the Spirit Lake murderers to go unpunished, if we had not refused to regard them as subjects of law, we should not have suffered as we have in this outbreak.

But while we execute justice, our consciousness of wrong should lead us to the strictest scrutiny, lest we punish the innocent. Punishment loses its lesson when it is the vengeance of a mob. The mistaken cry, "Take law into our own hands!" is the essence of rebellion itself.

As citizens, we have the clear right to ask our rulers to punish the guilty. The state has the right to arraign these men in her Courts, but anything like mob violence is subversion of all law. It is a question for the judges to weigh calmly, how far any man, who was driven into this by savage leaders, and who committed no violence nor murder himself, shall be deemed guilty; and whatever that decision is, we ought to bow before the majesty of the law. There are others who, like Taopi, Good Thunder, Anagmani, and Wabasha, have a peculiar claim to our protection. Conscious of wrongs suffered, they resisted the outbreak, and to the last refused to join it. It was due to them that the captives were rescued and the guilty delivered up. In the face of death they were the white man's friend. Are we to reward their fidelity by a cry of extermination? . . .

As one whose life must be spent in Minnesota, whose home cannot be changed at will, whose lot for good or ill must be identified with her weal or woe,



GOOD THUNDER,

Warden of the Church at Birch Coulee Mission

I feel a deep solicitude that our settlement of this war shall be such as to call down the blessing of God. The nation cannot afford to be unjust. No one could have a more heartfelt sympathy for the innocent victims of this massacre, or a deeper indignation at the guilty actors in the bloody drama. And it is because I would forever prevent such scenes, that for three years I have plead with the Government to reform the system whose perennial fruit is blood. . . .

Because we fear God, let us fear to cover up iniquity; because we hope in His mercy, let us reform the system which has proved so pernicious, and which has developed like results under all administrations. . . .

Concerning the propriety and necessity of the removal of the Indian tribes of Minnesota, I will say, that if this course is deemed the true policy for ourselves and for them, it ought not to be done — as it has so often been done — without a thought of justice. As to any scheme for concentrating the thousands of Indians in one reservation, I believe that it would only prove a large powder-magazine; that it would give bad men the power to organize a larger force to lay waste the border; and that under any system like the present one, it would prove itself mischievous and wicked — alike destructive to them and to us.

Many of these Indians have been removed again and again, and each time have been solemnly pledged that their homes should be theirs forever. If a removal were to take place, we ought to see that our nation does its whole duty, that the Indians shall have a strong government, an individual right in the soil, a just system of trade, a wise system of civilization, and honest agents. It is due to them and to ourselves that these systems shall no longer be the foster-parents to nourish savage blood. Such a reform demands the calmest thought of the best men of the nation.

H. B. WHIPPLE.
Bishop of Minnesota.

This massacre led to a general war between the Sioux and the whites which lasted for over a year. The refugees from the two Agencies and our mission and many settlers were besieged for three weeks at Fort Ridgely, where there were no troops. The Indians were kept at bay by Captain John Whipple and Sergeant Jones. After three weeks of peril the beleaguered fort was relieved by Colonel Shehan, who had made a rapid march from Fort Ripley to Fort Ridgely, and the Indians then fled.

The next terrible engagement was at Birch Coulee. A party of soldiers under Major Joseph Brown, of which Dr. J. W. Daniels was the surgeon, went out to bury the dead who had fallen victims in the massacre. They camped for the night at Birch Coulee, and at break of day they were surrounded by a large body of Indians, who opened fire upon the camp, and most of the command were killed or wounded. The next battle was at Round Lake, where the Indians were signally defeated. It was while the hostile Indians were engaged in this battle that the friendly Indians rescued the white captives, and after the battle delivered them to General Sibley.

I have a letter from General Sibley with reference to the disposition of the hostile Sioux, and at the end he bears the following testimony to the Christian Indians: —

> I respectfully suggest that for those individuals of the Sioux who remained faithful to the Government through all the bloody scenes referred to, and with unexampled heroism exposed their own lives and property to destruction while engaged in saving the lives of white men, women, and children, special and liberal provision should be made, which will place them beyond the reach of want and suffering. Such an exemption from the common lot of their kindred they have well and richly earned. They are comparatively few in number, and their names can readily be ascertained.

A little later a large body of Indians surrendered to General Marshall. Three hundred were condemned to death by Military Court. The President commuted the sentences of all but thirty-nine, who were hanged at Mankato. The Rev. Dr. Riggs, who was present at the trial, said that it was conducted with haste and that forty men were tried in one day.

An officer told me that one man was hanged for lying, the circumstances having been that the man, who was not at Yellow Medicine during the outbreak, boasted upon his return that he had killed Garvey, an Indian trader, with an arrow. "As we knew," said the officer, "that Garvey had been killed by a bullet, we hung the rascal."

The marshal of the prison told the Rev. Dr.

Knickerbacker and myself that a man was hanged by mistake. "The day after the execution," said the marshal, "I went to the prison to release a man who had been acquitted for saving a woman's life, but when I asked for him, the answer was, 'You hung him yesterday.' I could not bring back the redskin."

CHAPTER XII

THE friendly Indians and those who had surrendered were taken to Fort Snelling, where we at once began to hold daily religious services. They were subdued, and felt very sore because their chiefs and Medicine-men had misled them in their prophecies of a successful war. Mr. Hinman lived in the camp at Fort Snelling, and Dr. Knickerbacker and myself were there every week. One night some white roughs from St. Paul broke into the stockades and beat Mr. Hinman until he was insensible. Those who live much with the Indians seem to imbibe their spirit of fortitude and apparent indifference to suffering. Mr. Hinman made no allusion to his experience until I happened to see the stitches in his scalp.

I confirmed one hundred Indians while in camp. They brought me their charms and medicine-bags, and many of them became faithful scouts for General Sibley. When the General began the spring campaign I asked him what would be done with the wives and children of these scouts, and the families of those who had rescued the white captives. He answered sadly, "I shall have to send them with the other Indians to the Missouri River. The people will never consent to have a Sioux remain in Minnesota." I said that I should take them to Faribault. "But how will you take care of them?" asked the general. "I do not know now," I answered, "but I shall find a way."

I went at once to Mr. Alexander Faribault, told him my plan, and found him, as always, generous and public-spirited. He offered me his land for a camp.

Mr. Faribault had Indian blood in his veins and had lived among the Sioux from childhood. He was one of the kindest men I have ever known.

Of those who were brought to Faribault the leading men were Pay-Pay, Wah-con-di-ga, and Taopi. Much excitement was caused by this removal, and foolish threats were made. Some time later the Rev. Mr. Hinman came to Faribault to hold service for them. It was at this time that he began the translation of the Prayer Book into the Dakota language.

One morning Taopi came to my house with Mr. Faribault and gave me a paper which read:—

> The bearer, Taopi ("wounded man") is entitled to the lasting gratitude of the American people for having, with other Christian Indians, during the late outbreak, saved the lives of nearly two hundred white women and children.
>
> H. H. SIBLEY,
> *Colonel Commanding.*

Taopi said: "I hear that white men say they will kill me. If it is because the white man has the same law as the Indian—that when one of his people is killed another must die in his place, then tell them not to shoot me like a dog, but to send for me to go to the public square, and I will show them how a man can die." Mr. Faribault published this in the village paper, and it ended the excitement.

The Government confiscated all the lands and annuities of the Sioux. These annuities were twenty dollars *per capita*, besides interest from funds for civilization, and over one million acres of land. Taopi would have starved, but for the care of Mr. Faribault and myself. He became very ill, and suddenly I received the message: "Come quick! The Great Spirit has sent for me to go on the last journey. I want to see your face once more." After the Commendatory prayer he looked up into my face and whispered: "I am not afraid to go. Jesus has walked in this trail before me. I shall not be lonesome on the road."

The following letter from the widow of Taopi shows the gratitude of an Indian's heart.

FARIBAULT, Dec. 2nd, 1869.

RIGHT REV. H. B. WHIPPLE.

My very dear Friend: I long very much to hear the sound of your voice. We are of different nations, but you have always been kind to us and why should I not think of you? I feel as though I had no Father since you are gone. But your Church still stands where it did when you were here, and we all meet there on the Praying day, in prayer for you, and daily at home it is pleasant to feel that this is not denied us, and we do not fail to remember you ever in our daily prayers. I am with my whole family to approach the Sacrament on Christmas day at three o'clock in the morning, when we shall offer earnest prayers and beg the Great Spirit to restore you to your anxious friends. As the Christmas holy days approach we are all children and all reminded of your great kindness to us, for at these times you were wont to make our hearts glad and our little ones to rejoice over your kind attentions. My white sister tells me that you say we are still to have a Christmas tree. How good to know that though the great water rolls between us, you yet stretch forth your hand and bid our hearts rejoice again. Your poor Indian children are all well, and their hearts are flowing with prayers for you. We all love you deeply, for you have taught us all the good we know, and we shall never forget it. I and my family hold your hand tight and long to hear the sound of your voice.

HAPON TAOPI.

At about this time Captain Wilkins overheard some frontiermen declare that they "must go down to Faribault and clean out that bishop."

"Boys, you don't know the bishop," said the captain, "but I do; he is my neighbor, and I will tell you just what will happen when you go down to 'clean him out.' He will come on to the piazza and talk to you five minutes, and you will wonder how you ever made such —— fools of yourselves." My good friend's words evidently had weight, for nothing further was heard on the subject.

In the autumn the General Convention met in New York, and at the same time I visited Washington. General Halleck went with me to the President, to whom I gave an account of the outbreak, its causes, and the suffering and evil which had followed in its wake. Mr. Lincoln had known something of Indian warfare in the Black Hawk War. He was deeply moved. He was a man of profound sympathy, but he usually relieved the strain upon his feelings by telling a story. When I had finished he said: —

"Bishop, a man thought that monkeys could pick cotton better than negroes could because they were quicker and their fingers smaller. He turned a lot of them into his cotton field, but he found that it took two overseers to watch one monkey. It needs more than one honest man to watch one Indian Agent."

A short time after this, President Lincoln, meeting a friend from Illinois, asked him if their old friend, Luther Dearborn, had not moved to Minnesota. Receiving an affirmative answer, he said: "When you see Lute, ask him if he knows Bishop Whipple. He came here the other day and talked with me about the rascality of this Indian business until I felt it down to my boots. If we get through this war, and I live, *this Indian system shall be reformed!*"

He gave me a card to the Secretary of the Interior with the message, "Give Bishop Whipple any information he desires about Indian affairs."

I found upon examination that the warrant drawn by the superintendent for the Sioux payment instead of reading, "Pay on account of appropriation for the annual payment of the Sioux, forty-three thousand and odd dollars," read, "Pay on account of the unexpended balance of the appropriation for annuities, eighteen thousand dollars; pay on account of appropriation for extinguishing Indian titles, fifteen thousand dollars; pay on account of purchase of Indian lands, ten thousand dollars."

In the treaty of 1858, for the purchase of eight hundred thousand acres of the Sioux reservation, there was a clause authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to use any of their money as he deemed most to the advantage of the Indians. There was also a provision that no debts should be paid unless they were approved in a public council of the Indians.

No council of the kind was ever held. A council was held with Little Crow and a few other chiefs in our Lower Agency school-house. What took place I do not know, but the following day Little Crow had a new wagon.

I went to the General Convention sick at heart, and the more depressed because I was half ill from having poisoned my hand severely in caring for the wounds of the sufferers at St. Peter. I drew up the following paper to present to the President and showed it to one of the bishops, who after reading it said, "I hope that you will not bring politics into the House." Bishop Alonzo Potter, observing my distress, asked me the cause, and I answered:—

"My diocese is desolated by Indian war; eight hundred of our people are dead, and I have just come from a hospital of wounded and dying. I asked one of my brothers to sign this paper and he responds by calling it 'politics.'"

In his own warm-hearted way the bishop exclaimed, "My dear Minnesota, give me the paper. I will get it signed, and will go to Washington with Bishop McIlvaine and present it."

1862.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Sir: We respectfully call your attention to the recent Indian outbreak, which has devastated one of the fairest portions of our country, as demanding the careful investigation of the Government.

The history of our relations with the Indian tribes of North America shows that after they enter into treaty stipulations with the United States a rapid deterioration always takes place. They become degraded, are liable to savage outbreaks, and are often incited to war.

It is believed that much of this record has been the result of fundamental errors of policy that thwart the Government's kind intentions toward this helpless race. We therefore respectfully call your attention to the following suggestions: —

First, That it is impolitic for our Government to treat a heathen community living within our borders as an independent nation, instead of regarding them as our wards. As far as we know the English Government has never had an Indian war in Canada, while we have seldom passed a year without one.

Second, That it is dangerous to ourselves and to them to leave these Indian tribes without a Government, not subject to our laws, and where every corrupt influence of the border must inevitably foster a spirit of revenge leading to murder and war.

Third, That the solemn responsibility of the care of a heathen race requires that the agents and servants of the Government who have them in charge shall be men of eminent fitness, and in no case should such offices be regarded as a reward for political service.

Fourth, That every feeling of honor and justice demands that the Indian funds, which we hold for them as a trust, shall be carefully expended under some well-devised system which will encourage their efforts toward civilization.

Fifth, That the present system of Indian trade is mischievous and demoralizing, and ought to be so amended as to protect the Indian and prevent the possibility of the sale of the patrimony of the tribe to satisfy individual debts.

Sixth, That it is believed that the history of our dealings with the Indians has been marked by gross acts of injustice and robbery, such as could not be prevented under the present system of management, and that these wrongs have often proved the prolific cause of war and bloodshed. It is due to the helpless red men that these evils shall be redressed, and without this we cannot hope for the blessing of Almighty God in our efforts to secure permanent peace and tranquillity on our Western border.

We feel that these results cannot be obtained without much careful thought, and we therefore request you to take such steps as may be necessary to appoint a Commission of men of high character, who have no political ends to subserve, to whom may be referred this whole question, in order that they may devise a more perfect system for the administration of Indian affairs, which shall repair these wrongs, preserve the honor of the Government, and call down upon us the blessings of God.

H. B. WHIPPLE,
Bishop of Minnesota.
JOHN WILLIAMS,
Bishop of Connecticut.
T. H. CLARK,
Bishop of Rhode Island.
JACKSON KEMPER,
Bishop of Wisconsin.

S. P. PARKER,
Rector of St. Paul's Church, Stockton.
GEO. C. SHATTUCK,
Deputy from Massachusetts.
ANDREW OLIVER,
Rector Immanuel Church, Bellows Falls, Vt.

C. S. Hawks,
Bishop of Missouri.
George Burgess,
Bishop of Maine.
Henry J. Whitehouse,
Bishop of Illinois.
Alonzo Potter,
Bishop of Pennsylvania.
Carleton Chase,
Bishop of New Hampshire.
Alfred Lee,
Bishop of Delaware.
Charles P. McIlvaine,
Bishop of Ohio.
B. B. Smith,
Bishop of Kentucky.
Manton Eastburn,
Bishop of Massachusetts.
Horatio Potter,
Bishop of New York.
G. T. Bedell,
Bishop (Assistant) of Ohio.
Joseph C. Talbot,
Missionary Bishop of Northwest.
Wm. Bacon Stevens,
Assist. Bishop of Pennsylvania.
Henry W. Lee,
Bishop of Diocese of Iowa.
George Upfold,
Bishop of Indiana.
Nicholas Hoppin,
Rector of Christ Church, Cambridge, Mass.
J. L. Clark,
Rector St. John's Church, Waterbury, Conn.
M. Schuyler,
Rector of Christ's Church, St. Louis.
J. Wilcoxon,
Missionary in Minnesota.
R. S. Adams,
Rector St. Andrew's Church, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Francis Chase,
Rector St. Andrew's Church, Hopkinton, N.H.
Alex. Burgess,
Rector St. Luke's Church, Portland, Maine.
John W. Andrews of Ohio.
Erastus Burr of Ohio.
Wm. Welsh of Philadelphia.
Murray Hoffman, New York.
Isaac Atwater,
Asst. Justice, Supreme Court, Minnesota.
E. T. Wilder,
Red Wing, Minnesota.
John E. Warren, St. Paul.
L. Bradish, New York.
Samuel B. Ruggles, New York.
Fred. S. Winston, New York.

CHAPTER XIII

After my first visit to the Indian country, in the early days when the people of the frontier called me an "enthusiastic tenderfoot" whose eyes had not yet been opened to the fact that there were no good Indians save dead Indians, Mr. Kittson, one of the oldest of the traders of the Northwest, said to me: "Bishop, don't be discouraged about the red men nor make up your mind about them until you have met Madwaganonint. He is a man that no money could swerve from the truth." A few weeks after, I visited Red Lake, three hundred miles by foot and canoe, as described in my extract from a diary of that time. The chief had heard of my visit to his people and seemed favorably impressed. Upon my arrival he came from his lodge to meet me. He was a man six feet and four inches in height, straight as an arrow, with flashing eyes, frank, open countenance, and as dignified in bearing as one of a kingly race. I told him the object of my visit — that I wanted his people to know of the Great Spirit, the Father of all men, and of His Son, Jesus Christ, who had come into the world to teach men how to live. The chief said frankly, "I have heard of your visits to my people, and I think that the trail you have brought into my country is a good trail; those who have walked in it have not come to harm. I do not say that I will walk in it. I do not know it. I shall always be glad to see you and will listen with open ears to the words you speak. I will now talk to you about my people. We have never sold any land to white men. They will come some day and ask us to make a treaty. Will you tell me what to say to them? The Indians to the East have sold their land and have perished. I want my people to live."

I advised him when he made a treaty to make provision for houses, cattle, implements of husbandry, and schools,—all needed for civilized life. And I promised him that if it were possible I would be present whenever a treaty was made.

The following year a Commission was sent to Red Lake to treat with the Indians but, unfortunately, I was unable to be present, having been thrown from my wagon and severely injured. A few months later, when the lakes were frozen, Madwaganonint walked one hundred and fifty miles to see me. Anxiety and sorrow were stamped upon his face. Drawing on the ground a map of his country, he said: "The white men say they have bought my land. There are four principal chiefs. One-half the Indians are in my band and nearly one-fourth are in Ase-ne-wub's band. Asenewub says he has signed no treaty. Whether he has or not the Indians will believe him. I did not sign because there were no houses, cattle, nor schools in the treaty. The game will be gone, and there is a place for my people's graves. Will you help me?"

I was deeply touched by the artless plea of this wild man. I asked him why he spoke as he did about Asenewub. "He had a horse given him," was the answer, "and white men do not give Indians horses for nothing." I afterward learned that the horse was a return for signing a paper.

A short time after this I visited Washington with the Red Lake chiefs and some friendly Sioux and called upon the President and Members of the Cabinet. Secretary Stanton said to General Halleck: "What does Bishop Whipple want? If he has come here to tell us of the corruption of our Indian system and the dishonesty of Indian agents, tell him that we know it. But the Government never reforms an evil until the people demand it. Tell him that when he reaches the heart of the American people, the Indians will be saved."

I spent two weeks pleading for these Indians and failed. I went to the Indian office and said to the commissioner: "I came here as an honest man to put you in possession of facts to save another outbreak. Had I whistled against the north wind I should have done as much good. I am going home, and when you next hear from me it will be through the public press."

He replied, "Bishop Whipple, you have said many severe things about this Bureau!"

I smiled and said: "I have, and you will remember I have always said them over my own signature, and *I have the proof of every statement that I have ever made.* The darkest transactions I have never mentioned. The Government which protects my home is on the verge of destruction, and I cannot weaken the hand of our noble President by accusations against members of his administration."

The next day the commissioner waited upon ex-Senator Rice and said: "I do not want a fight with Bishop Whipple. What does he want? If it is money for an Indian school we will help him." Mr. Rice laughed and answered: "You don't know Bishop Whipple; I do. All that he wants is *justice* for these Indians, and he will have it. If he has made accusations, you may be sure that he possesses the proofs."

The treaty was made that day, but after one of the severest personal conflicts that I have had in my life.

From that time Madwaganonint was my devoted friend, and the next year he visited me at my home. We had long conversations upon religion, and finally he said to me: "I want your religion for my people; I can see it; it is good. I like it for two reasons. I hear that when you plant a mission you *stay*. You are patient and *make the trail plain.* Your Church cares for little children. *I like it!*"

I sent two young Indian clergymen to Red Lake, Frederick Smith and Samuel Nabicum, the latter the son of Shadayence, the Grand Medicine-man of the Ojibways.

When the question came up as to what the mission should be called, Mr. Gilfillan and I agreed that there could be no more fitting name than that of St. Antipas. In the Book of Revelation it speaks of "my servant, Antipas, where Satan dwelleth."

Madwaganonint became from the first a regular attendant upon public worship. After due instruction he was baptized and confirmed, and from that time to the day of his death he faithfully kept the "Praying day," and sought to lead his people to the Saviour.

At my second visit to Red Lake to hold confirmation, I found that there were eleven persons to be confirmed. When I called the candidates forward Madwaganonint came first and stood at one end of the chancel rail. I was surprised for the moment, thinking that the dear man had not understood that confirmation was not to be repeated. But as the candidates came forward, the chief counted them on his fingers, and when all had come he bowed to me and reverently took his seat. As their chief, he considered it his duty to see that the young men fulfilled their promises. He more truly represented the patriarchal chieftain and counsellor than any Indian I have known. Upon one of my visits he said to me: "My father, since you were here my wife has lain down in the grave. I have heard that Christian white men ask the Great Spirit to bless the place where His children lie, and have them in His keeping till He calls them. Will you bless the place where my wife is sleeping, and where I shall rest?"

We formed a procession, first the children of the village led by one of the clergy, then the women, the men, the clergy, and last the chief and myself. We marched around the field which was to be God's acre, singing in the musical Ojibway language, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul."

"Jesus, on-si-ma-da kin,
Ed a-na-ci-tan-kta ce."

Then followed a short service with a lesson from Holy Scripture, the Apostles' Creed, and an address. After the service Madwaganonint took my hand and said with emotion: "I thank you for telling me and my people that we have a Saviour. I thank you for blessing the place where we shall sleep. I have your face on my heart. Good-by. I have done."

Many of the clergy and laity of the diocese will remember the speech which Madwaganonint made at the council at Duluth in 1886. I was presiding, and seeing the old chief standing at the door, and knowing that he had made the journey of two hundred miles to see me, I beckoned to him to come forward. Turning to the council, I said: "I want to introduce to you the head chief of the Red Lake Indians, our brother in the Church of Christ, whose village is the only one I know in Minnesota where every man, woman, and child is a Christian." Judge Wilder and Judge Atwater instantly rose, and the rest of the council followed.

With perfect composure Madwaganonint turned to me and asked, "Do they expect me to speak to them?"

"I think they will be very glad to hear you," I answered.

Dropping his blanket from one shoulder, he stood with all the grace and dignity of a Roman senator, and said: "My friends, I am glad that when you chose a man to be your father, you chose one whose heart was large enough to have room for my people. I thank you that with all the work you had for him to do, you permitted him to come and tell me and my people that we have a Saviour. I am an old man and almost home. Will you pray for me? Good-by. I have done."

Only a few months ago, in the winter of 1898, I received a letter from the Rev. Francis Willis, at Red Lake, telling me that Madwaganonint had entered into rest. For a moment my heart was overwhelmed with sorrow, for I loved this noble red man, one of the truest souls I have ever known. He had seen great sorrows, and felt keenly the wrongs which his people had suffered, but I do not recall a word of murmuring from the brave heart. Over his grave near the little log church which stands in the Red Lake forest, I placed a marble cross representing the rough trunk of the oak tree, at the base of which was inscribed: "In memory of Madwaganonint, Head Chief of the Red Lake Indians, always faithful and true. He has gone to his reward."

Many of the obstacles to Christian work can be removed by Christian courtesy. The Congregationalists had had a mission at Red Lake which they had given up at the time that Dr. Breck had been driven away; but although they resumed it in 1868, it had not been a success. I wrote to the Rev. Dr. Strieby, the Secretary of the American Missionary Association, and said: "I have been requested by the Red Lake chiefs to send them a missionary. I have an excellent Indian clergyman whom I can send, but I write to you for your approval; for although it is in my own diocese, I am unwilling to be a party to present a divided Christianity to heathen folk. I know that your missionary has not been successful in this field."

After looking into the matter Dr. Strieby wrote, thanking me for my courtesy: "You are right; our mission has not been a success. We will withdraw it and leave the field to you."

Nothing lingers longer in memory than the nights spent round the Indian camp-fire. There, in the heart of primeval nature, under the subtle influences of the ever-shining stars and the murmur of fragrant pines, we have been able to draw forth the legends and traditions of the Indians as we could have done in no other way.

At night, after the Indians have come into camp, and supper has been followed by prayers, we have rolled ourselves in our blankets around the fire and I have suggested that each one should tell a story, saying, "I will begin, my white brother will follow, and then our red brothers shall tell a legend of their fathers."

Some of these stories have been incorporated in Longfellow's "Hiawatha," the Indian words of which are in the Algonquin tongue. Enmegahbowh thinks this the greatest poem of the white man.

I have been asked often what Indian legends are like. The following give a very good idea.

LEGEND OF THE SEVEN STARS

Two girls were walking in the moonlight talking, as girls sometimes do, about their lovers. One asked the other if she would like to marry the son of their chief. "No," was the answer, "I will never marry unless I can marry that star."

"And I would marry the next one," cried her companion.

No sooner were the words spoken than the two girls were transported to the sky, where they were united to their chosen husbands. And so there were four stars. One day they were in the Elysian fields digging tepsin, which is dug with a long wooden spade; suddenly one of them struck so hard that she broke through the sky, and her little son who was playing near her fell through the hole to the earth. He found himself in a village where an old woman was crying with cold, and when he asked her why she did not go to the forest and cut wood, she replied, "There is an evil spirit in the forest and he will make any one who cuts wood there a prisoner." The boy answered, "I am the son of the stars, and the evil spirit cannot hurt me."

He took a hatchet and went into the forest, but as soon as he had cut an armful of wood the evil spirit whisked him away and he found himself in the ear of an owl where there were many captives. He felt for the throbbing of the brain, and striking a blow with his hatchet the ear relaxed, and the captives were made free.

Then the son of the stars spent years in visiting different bands of Indians. At one place he found the people almost starving, and when he asked why they did not catch fish and gather wild rice, he was told that an evil spirit lived in the river and would upset the boat if any one fished or gathered rice there. "I am the son of the stars," he responded; "I am not afraid of the evil spirit." He got a canoe, but no sooner had he speared a fish than his canoe was upset, and he found himself in the belly of a catfish. Feeling for the heart, he struck a blow, and the fish's jaw relaxed, leaving him again free.

The chief of this tribe had a beautiful daughter whom he had promised to a great chief. But she loved the son of the stars, and they ran away and were not found for years, and then they were brought back to the village with their child. A council was held to decide what punishment should be given them. The wise men said it would never do to harm a son of the stars, so they decided to build a large canoe, store it with provisions, and place the son of the stars, his bride and child in it, with no paddles, and let the wind waft them to the opposite shores of the great lake. They were borne across to where the earth and sky met, so that when they landed they walked on the sky; and soon they found the other four stars who were watching for them, and since then the seven stars have lived together.

THE DELUGE

The world had become very wicked, and the evil spirit opened the flood-gates and deluged the earth with water and only one man escaped. He fled from one place to another until he reached the top of a high mountain, where he climbed a tall pine and cried to the Great Spirit for help. The Great Spirit told him that if he would get some earth and dry it in his hand that he would blow upon it, and wherever a grain of it fell, dry land would appear. The man asked the loon to bring him some earth, but the loon dived and could not get any. Then he called upon the beaver, but he failed. He then sent the muskrat, who came back bringing earth in his paw. He did as the Great Spirit told him, and then the Great Spirit blew upon it, and wherever a grain of the earth fell, dry land appeared. Everywhere else it was water. In that way came all the great waters and lakes.

All these legends like that of the sacred pipestone, which Longfellow has clothed with poetry, are realities in the heart of the Indian.

On one of my visits to the Indian country, I saw the "Maiden's Feast," which is one of the oldest customs of the Dakotas.

An old crier went up and down among the tipis, calling, "The time has come for the Maiden's Feast. All pure girls, and all young braves who have killed an enemy before they have made love, may eat at this feast."

Several hundred Indians formed a large circle, in the centre of which was a sacred stone ornamented with feathers. One by one the mothers led their daughters, who were neatly dressed, with flowers in their hair, to the stone: touching it, the maidens looked up to heaven, and by this sign declared their purity. The mothers, after depositing gifts for the feast — venison, ducks, bread, cake, or fruit — near the foot of the stone, withdrew. When all had assembled, the crier called for the young braves. A young man arose, entered the circle, and with flashing eyes and impassioned words, told how he had followed the enemy of his people till he had slain him in ambush and taken his scalp as a trophy.

The crier then turned to the people and said, "If any one present has aught to say against the right of the maidens to stand in the circle, proclaim it now." This was twice repeated in a loud cry. A young man stepped forward, and walking into the circle touched one of the maidens and declared her unworthy of the feast. He gave his testimony; and when a second brave came forward and swore to the truth of the accuser's words, all the Indians with a loud shout condemned the girl, throwing their clubs high in air, and the maiden was thrust from the circle. Then followed the feast.

It was a thrilling scene, being the Indians' testimony to virtue and bravery.

CHAPTER XIV

Bishop Anderson, the first Bishop of Rupertsland, was present at my first diocesan council. His jurisdiction extended from Hudson Bay to the Rocky Mountains, and he had over one thousand Christian Indians in his diocese. He told me the following story of one of his Indians who was dying, and to whom he had sent one of his clergy to administer the Holy Communion.

The man asked to be raised to his knees, saying, "I have a great thing to ask of Jesus." He then prayed: "O Lord Jesus, who died for me, I give you my only boy. Take him and make him a minister to tell his Indian brothers of thy love." Smiling peacefully, he breathed the words, "He has heard my prayer," and died.

"That boy," said the bishop, "was then twelve years of age, and now there is no man in my jurisdiction who can so move my heart when he tells the story of Christ's love as that Henry Budd."

The memory of Bishop Anderson's visit gave me hope in my darkest hours.

When the Rev. John Horden, who had been a teacher in the public schools of England and who afterward became Bishop of Moosonee, went out to Hudson Bay to assist Bishop Anderson, about 1854, he found the northern tribes very degraded, the murdering of aged parents being one of the atrocities commonly practised. Shortly after he landed, a son and daughter said to an aged mother, "The time has come for you to die; you cannot fish and you cannot make nets." The request that she might first smoke her pipe was granted, and then a bow-string was put round her neck and she was strangled.

A few years before the bishop's death he wrote me, "I have not had the trials and sorrows which you have had, but you remember the sad stories which I told you of matricide. All these fruits of heathenism have passed away; all the tribes of this vast jurisdiction, save one, are Christians, and most of them can read in their own tongue the word of God."

The missionaries to these northern Indians use syllabic characters; a sign standing for a syllable is so simple that an intelligent Indian can be taught to read in a week.

In the Great Slave Lake country, almost within the Arctic Circle, the climate forbids cultivation of the soil, and the Indians live altogether by the chase.

In 1887, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Thorold, Bishop of Winchester, and myself were invited to unite with the Canadian bishops in the consecration of the Rev. Dr. W. C. Pinkham, Bishop of Saskatchewan, at Winnipeg. He was the successor of the great Missionary Bishop, the Rt. Rev. John McLean, whom the border men called "Saskatchewan Jack." Here I met the Rev. Mr. Spendlove, missionary from the Great Slave Lake country. He told me that the only way in which the missionary can reach these

Indians is by hunting and fishing with them, sharing their privations and hardships and, as opportunity offers, telling them Christian truths. Usually there are some in the company who become deeply interested and they are made special objects of care. They are trained so that when the missionary leaves to join another band of hunters they become catechists.

When Mr. Spendlove was on his last missionary journey with them, they struck a country where there was no game and, their provisions being exhausted, they were reduced almost to the point of starvation. Their only moose skin was divided and a strip given to each man to relieve the gnawings of hunger. Mr. Spendlove told them that God alone could save them and asked them to spend the day in prayer. This they did and then lay down to sleep. In the morning they found within one hundred yards of their camp two moose which the wolves had driven in and killed, but after having sucked the blood from the necks had left the carcasses untouched. When the Indians saw them they exclaimed in awe, "That is God! No one ever heard of a wolf leaving an animal he had killed until he had gnawed the bones."

On a visit to England, in 1888, I was asked to deliver a missionary address to the Young Men's Christian Association in London. In the address I spoke of the work of Mr. Spendlove in his difficult field, and at the close I was surrounded by many of the young men, who expressed their delight at hearing the first tidings which had come to them of the labors of Mr. Spendlove, who had been a member of their association and had consecrated himself to God in that very room.

After Bishop Pinkham's consecration, with Bishop Thorold I visited Alaska, where I learned much of the condition of the Indians of that country. Thank God that the Church has now missionaries on the Yukon River, whose missions, although hundreds of miles away, are in touch with the missionaries of Bishop Bompas, one of the heroes of the century,—a bishop who did not attend the Lambeth conference because he could not go and return the same year. He was consecrated Bishop of Athabasca in 1874, and has lived more than twenty years amid the solitudes of the Arctic Circle. He has the promise of the prophet, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

In 1887, at a meeting of the Board of Missions, I plead for a missionary jurisdiction and a bishop for Alaska. I spoke of the work which had been done by Mr. Duncan, and expressed my feeling that these Indians who had been led to embrace civilization ought to be under the care of the Church. For my tribute to Mr. Duncan I was severely condemned, a circumstance which called forth the following letter:

FARIBAULT, MINNESOTA,
November 26th, 1887.

My dear Brother: I thank you for your letter. I have not been in the habit of answering attacks on myself, and I am not responsible for the reports of newspapers. The one thought of my heart in asking for a missionary jurisdiction for Alaska was this: Several hundred Christian Indians who were baptized in the Church have removed to Alaska by the consent of the President of the United States. They are souls committed to our care. We had no missionary jurisdiction in Alaska. Among other reasons for establishing such a jurisdiction I spoke of Mr. Duncan's work among most degraded savages whom he had won to civilization, his establishment of a coöperative store, a canning factory, a saw-mill, etc., and the fact that the people had become one of the most moral and religious communities on the Pacific coast.

My authority for this is the testimony of Bishop Hill in the reports of his visits, the Earl of Dufferin, the publications of the Church Missionary Society, Archdeacon Kirkby, and the testimony of Canadian and English bishops and missionaries. I supposed it was an unquestioned fact. I said not a word about any conflict between the Bishop and Mr. Duncan or the authorities of the Church Missionary Society. I did say that "there are two kingdoms in the world,—the kingdom of Satan and the kingdom of our King; that whether at White Earth, Dakota, China, or on the Pacific, the masterpiece of Satan is to foment strife among Christians. At whatever door the sin lies, the fact is the same."

I said that I hoped, if we were wise, we might not only save this mission, but be able to use these Christian Indians as a leaven to leaven the heathenism of other Indians of that coast. I did not think it necessary to speak of any peculiar views which Mr. Duncan might hold. The only question before my mind was this. Here are hundreds of baptized souls who are Christians and members of the Church. When Mr. Duncan goes to his rest, are these Indians to find a home in an historical Church, or are they to be left a prey to every form of error?

I do not know Mr. Duncan personally. His life shows a passionate devotion to these red men. I have hoped that the love of Christ which solves all differences might be able to disentangle the difficulties which surround this mission.

Perhaps you are not aware that the ruling of the Dominion Government in British Columbia, as to the Indians' possessory right to the soil, has not been as generous to the Indians as that of the British Government in Canada. The law of nations recognizes that the Indians have this possessory right, not a right in fee simple, but a right of occupancy which can only be extinguished by treaty or agreement. In the case of the Methakatla Indians, the failure to recognize this right would imperil their material interests, and allow them to be corrupted by the settlement of bad white men.

Mistakes may have been made, but my heart goes out in tender sympathy to any man who in this age of worldliness gives up all worldly hopes to tell of God's love to the poor souls going down to death, who have never heard of a Saviour.

All that I want the Church to do is, in the spirit and love of Christ, to try to save our red Christian brothers.

Your friend and brother,

H. B. WHIPPLE,
Bishop of Minnesota.

In Canada there has not been the same pressure of immigration to contend against, and therefore it has been a simpler matter to protect the Indians; but there is a wide difference in the mode of dealing with them.

Colonel Robert N. Scott, Chief of General Halleck's staff, the first military instructor of my boys' school, was sent to receive Alaska from the Russian authorities. At Victoria he called upon Governor Douglas just after an Indian had been killed by another. Governor Douglas sent at once to the tribe and demanded the murderer, who was arrested, tried, convicted, and hanged.

The day before our troops were to take possession of Alaska, Colonel Scott went into the Greek Church, where he saw upon the altar an illuminated copy of the gospels in a beautiful binding studded with jewels. He said to the bishop, "The country is to be turned over to us to-morrow, and I think you will be wise to take that rare copy of the gospels to your house." "I hope that your people do not steal from God," was the answer. "That Book was given to the mission by the mother of the Emperor, and has rested upon that altar for seventy years. I shall not remove it." It was stolen the next day. Our Indian territory knew no law.

I have often had proofs of fraud to the Indians, which I needed, furnished me by men who have not had the slightest interest in Indians but have been influenced by their admiration of pluck. I once made a charge that a certain pay-roll contained the names of dead Indians. A Roman Catholic paid one hundred dollars to secure a copy of this pay-roll which he gave to me, saying, "Bishop, it is a good thing to have the proof in your pocket." I never made an accusation against an Indian agent till after frankly telling him that it was my intention to bring charges against him.

I was one day asked by a prominent statesman, "How much success do you expect in this Indian fight?"

"As much," I answered, "as the man who preached forty years and never gained a convert; but he saved himself and family in the ark."

Another said, "Bishop, don't you know that everybody is against you?"

"Yes," I replied, "but God is on my side, and that makes a majority."

An account of one of my Indian confirmations was headed in large type: "AWFUL SACRILEGE—HOLIEST RITES OF THE CHURCH GIVEN TO RED-HANDED MURDERERS."

Many bitter and untrue things were said of me in this article. A few days later I met its author, whose attention at the moment was absorbed in watching the opposite sidewalk. I stopped him and said: "My dear fellow, I am a public man, and I know that I am a legitimate subject for criticism. No one will read comments on my course with more interest than I shall. But there is one thing that a public man cannot stand!"

"And what is that?" came the question.

"*Lying!*"

My frankness evidently won his heart, for he never again alluded to me unless in commendation.

In the year 1860 I was taking a wagonful of Indian children — twenty or more — to Faribault, where we had opened Andrews Hall, our Indian school, and I overheard a border man say to another: "I wonder if the bishop thinks he is going to make Christians of them! It can't be done any more than you can tame a weasel!"

Owing to the Sioux war and the fact that Faribault was in what had been the Sioux country, the Chippewas asked to have their children returned. Some years after a lumberman said to me: "Bishop, I don't take any stock in missions, but I will say that I know one red man who is a Christian if any one is! He is a Chippewa in my lumber camp, and his only fault is that he won't work Sundays."

I visited the camp and found the son of Shadayence, the Grand Medicine-man. After talking with the boy several times I decided to educate him and prepare him for Holy Orders. He became one of the four clergymen, who, as children, were taken in the wagon to Faribault, and of whose future the border men were sceptical. When old Shadayence saw his boy in a surplice preaching the word of the Great Spirit, it so touched his heart that he became a Christian, and his life was devoted to Christ. I have known him to walk seventy miles through the winter forest to tell the heathen among his people of the joy that had come to him.

The following letter shows the faithfulness of our young Christian Indians: —

WHITE EARTH, September 21st, 1880.

My dear Bishop and Friend: In my love and desire to talk to you I write you these lines You have always said that you loved us and were proud of our progress, and would at all times be glad to hear from me. I think very strongly that the young men's praying band have listened to your good advice to them. They feel proud of your words, and take great delight in them.

In the evening visitations I do not go about with them. In the daytime I go and see the sick. They are glad to hear me talk of the Great Spirit. I think He is with the young men in their work, and in His love and pity directs them. I will tell you what they want to do, and I am not going to say nay to them. They want to pay a visit to our neighbors, the Pillagers at Leech Lake, to tell those who have not taken the faith of the Great Spirit. I think our friend, Charles Wright, will be glad to see them over there. I think that this work is a great help to the missionaries here at White Earth, and so I am glad that they want to go over and help the missionary who is the same blood as themselves. I stay and take care of the work here and will do their work also while they are away.

That is all I have to say as to what we have done and are going to do. I write also that you may let your friends, the learned ones whom you are going to meet, know what we are doing, and you may be so good as to mention us to them.

You may be sure that the young men and myself will bear in mind the work we have laid out for ourselves. I can do much if the Great Spirit will help me, and I know He will.

This is all I have to tell you, dear friend and Bishop whom I love so much.

I that am called

SHADAYENCE.

There is an interesting story connected with the Rev. Sherman Coolidge of the Shoshone Agency.

In one of the periodical battles which we had with the Indians a boy was picked up on the battlefield, whose father had been killed, while the mother had fled with other Indians.

Captain Coolidge, who was a warm-hearted Christian, took the boy to the fort and cared for him, and

Mrs. Coolidge had him baptized Sherman Coolidge. A few years later Mrs. Coolidge wrote to me for advice as to his future. I decided to educate the boy, and through the kindness of railroad and steamboat officials, secured him a free passage to St. Paul. I placed him in my boys' school, and he proved a diligent student and made an excellent record for himself. One day he came to me and said, "Bishop, I suppose I am the only Arapahoe who has become a Christian, and I should like to become a missionary to my people." He entered our Divinity School, and by his devotion and piety won the esteem of the professors. In the vacation of his last year at Seabury I received a letter from one of our white missions, asking me to send a divinity student as a lay reader. The only student left in Faribault was Sherman Coolidge, whom I sent for one Sunday; but the people at the mission were so impressed by him that they begged that he might remain with them through the vacation, which he did, and at the close he presented me a class for confirmation.

After his ordination to the diaconate, the mission again requested me to send him as their pastor, but I was obliged to refuse as he was going to his own people.

Upon his arrival at the Agency an Indian woman, led by a mother's instinct, ran toward him crying, "You are my son!" And so it proved. He afterward had the privilege of leading the heathen mother to the Saviour.

After two years' service as a missionary he took a special course at Hobart College, through the kindness of President Eliphalet Potter, and after his ordination as priest returned to be the shepherd of his people in Wyoming, where he is laboring with success.

An aged relation of Sherman Coolidge, Washakee, the head chief of his tribe, many years ago performed an act of great kindness to our soldiers by furnishing them ponies, for which he received no compensation. The colonel of the post wrote to General Grant asking him if he would send a letter of thanks to the old chief. With his usual kindness, General Grant purchased a bridle and saddle with embroidered cloth and trappings and sent them to the chief. When the colonel received them he sent for Washakee, called out the soldiers, with the band playing "Hail to the Chief!" and presented the gift with the words, "Your great Father has heard of your kindness to his soldiers and has sent you this saddle and bridle as a present."

The chief remained silent. "Have you no thanks for the great Father, Washakee?" asked the colonel. "When white men receive gifts, they return thanks."

Straightening himself up to his full height the chief answered: "When the white man receives a gift, he receives it in his head. The head has a tongue and can speak. When Washakee receives a gift, he receives it in his heart; and the heart has no tongue."

CHAPTER XV

August 29, 1861, I consecrated St. John's Church, White Bear Lake, where I met the Rev. Mr. McDonald, who was on his way to Manitoba as a missionary to the Indians. Six years later I heard of his work from Bishop Machray (the successor of Bishop Anderson), who paid me a visit. Mr. McDonald's mission was at the head waters of the Yukon River, where for nine months of the year he travelled on snowshoes, and for three months in a birch-bark canoe. He received a mail but once a year. By leaving Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, early in the spring, his first station was reached in October.

A few years after this Mr. McDonald visited me on his way to England, where he was to print the gospel for seven hundred Indians whom he had baptized.

I mention these facts because they brought light to me in the days when I was walking on my heart. At a time when greatly perplexed I visited the mission to the Mohawks, under the charge of that venerable missionary and man of God, the Rev. Mr. Nelles, of Brantford, Canada.

The society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts began a mission among the Mohawks in colonial days. Sir William Johnson had been made a sachem of the tribe and had married a sister of their chief, Joseph Brant. His dealings with the Indians, for whom he had a deep love, were marked by strict justice, and he was at all times their friend and counsellor. It attached the Mohawks, with whom he lived, to the English, and in the war of the Revolution they took the side of the Crown. After peace was declared they were removed to Canada and were lost sight of by the Missionary Society. Their chief, when at home, officiated for them as lay reader for twenty years. Queen Anne gave the Mohawks a very beautiful communion service, which I believe is now in possession of St. Peter's Church, Albany.

In my labors for the Indians I have had the sympathy of the officers of the army, and none know better than they the shameless violations of treaties and the dishonesty which have led to wars. A friend said to General Crook, "It is a hard thing to have to fight Indians, — wars which bring no honors and are beset with hardships."

"Yes," the general replied, "but the hardest thing about it is to be obliged to fight men when you know that they have right on their side."

When peace was made with the Nez Percés, General Miles promised Chief Joseph that he should be taken to his old home. The Government sent him prisoner to Fort Leavenworth; but until his promise was fulfilled General Miles did not cease his efforts on his behalf. To General Sanborn and Judge Flandreau I owe a debt of gratitude for their interest in the welfare of the Indians.

In the report of the Indian Commission sent to investigate the atrocities committed by Colonel Chivington upon the Cheyennes, General Sherman said:—

"The scenes which took place that day would have disgraced any tribe in the interior of Africa. This Indian problem, and a good many other problems, can be solved by one sentence in an old Book, 'Do unto others as ye would have them do unto you.'"

There was little light on our Indian affairs until President Grant appointed a Christian Commission and sought the advice of Christian men in the appointment of Indian agents.

At the time that the Santee Sioux were encountering such hardships at Crow Creek, I went to Washington to try to secure their removal to the more fertile region of Niobrara. The Indian officials resented my interference, and insisted that the country occupied was in every way suited for an Indian reservation. I found that General Warren of the army had made a reconnoissance of that country, and going to his headquarters on the Potomac, I said, "General, I want to ask you a question, and if your answer is what I think it will be, you will gain the hostility of some politicians in Washington." Manly soldier that he was, he replied, "Bishop, I shall answer any question which a Christian gentleman may ask me, whatever trouble it may bring to myself."

I told him that I wanted to know the character of the country at Crow Creek, with a view to the removal of the Santee Sioux. He answered, "If you will put your question in writing, Bishop, I will answer it fully in writing."

This was done, and I believe that it was the means of procuring a better home for these Indians, but it brought much hostility upon himself.

Captain Wetherspoon of the United States Army, who had charge of the Apache prisoners at Camp Mount Vernon, Alabama, said: —

"For twenty-two years I have known the Indians, sometimes with their faces painted, sometimes in fights, and sometimes as prisoners. When I have not been chasing them, they have been chasing me. But after years of service among them, I do not hesitate to say that I have never known an Indian, not debauched by rum, to tell an untruth even when it would redound to his benefit. In cases where Indians under my charge have been accused of drunkenness or crime, and have told me that they were not guilty, I have found it unnecessary to look for evidence. And if they have acknowledged guilt, they have always taken their punishment quietly. In twenty-two years, outside of the debauched cases, I have not known a thief among them. They are usually kind to their families; they do not overwork their women, and they are good to their children."

Captain R. H. Pratt, of the United States Army, who has charge of the Industrial School at Carlisle, and who has as intimate a knowledge of Indian character as any man in our country, and has done so much educationally for the Indians, bears the same testimony. In every speech that he makes upon the subject he emphasizes the truth, that an Indian is like a white man, and that industry, reward of labor, protection of law, and Christian homes will do for the one what it has done for the other.

Generals Worth, Harney, Terry, and many others bear the same testimony.

Indians are keen judges of character. A lawyer, who was reputed to be not over-scrupulous in his dealings, was employed by an Indian to draw up some papers. On paying his fee the Indian asked for a receipt and was told that a receipt would not be necessary. The Indian insisted upon having one, and when questioned as to his anxiety about the matter, replied, "Since becoming a Christian I have been very careful in all my dealings that I may be ready for the judgment; and when that day comes, I don't want to take time to go to the bad place to get my receipt from you."

Indians have a reverence for law, and do not avenge punishments which have been administered by due process of law. But where white men resort to lynch law, they will avenge the act. I know of a chief who killed a man, and, knowing that by Indian law he ought to die, he went into the presence of the dead man's friends, and folding his arms sat down by the grave to meet his doom.

At one of our frontier villages two Indians, demoralized by drink, were arrested for having murdered a white girl. As the girl was missing, and the Indians were known to have been in the neighborhood, the presumptive evidence was of guilt. One evening the Rev. Mr. Gilfillan, who at that time was rector of St. Paul's Church, Brainard, was sitting by his window when he heard the hoarse cry of angry voices and the hurried tramp of feet. He rushed out and met a mob dragging the two Indian prisoners by ropes around their necks to execution. Mr. Gilfillan mounted a box which was standing near and cried to the mob to stop, saying: "I cannot prevent you from hanging these men; I would if I could. But you shall not hang them until I have told them of that Saviour who pardoned the thief on the cross."

He was interrupted by a cry, "That is fair!" The Indians understood a little English, and all listened while brave Gilfillan in his touching way pointed the poor souls to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.

He then said to the mob, "I am going to ask the greatest thing that can be asked of God,—that for the sake of the Blessed Saviour these poor souls may be washed white in His blood, and that they may find mercy."

The mob remained silent while he prayed. And then they hanged the men.

The next Sunday Mr. Gilfillan's church was crowded. Fearlessly he told them of the crime which had been committed in executing these men. At that time Brainard had a large, rough population, and the feeling against Indians was most bitter. But the roughest men respect courage, and my dear brother was never more admired than after this occasion.

Mr. Gilfillan was standing one day on the bank of the river, when a man approached him and said: "Parson, I hear that you are a good swimmer. How far can you swim?" With characteristic modesty Mr. Gilfillan replied, "I do not know how far; I have never tried; but I have an appointment to-night at Crow Wing, and if you will carry my clothes in a canoe and be at the service, I will swim to Crow Wing."

This was a distance of twelve miles, but he accomplished it with apparently no fatigue, much to the admiration of the men and boys of Brainard, and I have no doubt that his reputation as a preacher increased from that time.

I made the acquaintance of Mr. Gilfillan shortly after going to Faribault to reside. He was at that time the confidential agent of his uncle, Dr. McCutcheon, who was a man of wealth and of extended business relations throughout the Northwest.

Mr. Gilfillan possessed a thoughtful, scholarly mind, and a large grasp of affairs. He became deeply interested in religion and decided to study for Holy Orders. In order to entirely disconnect himself from business, he decided to enter the General Theological Seminary in New York. After he was graduated he visited the Holy Land, and upon his return he was ordained by me deacon and priest.

Much of the success of our Chippewa Mission is due to his love and devotion to the Indians. When I think of the record of his pure, unselfish life, I say with St. Paul, "I have no one like minded."

Most of the degradation which has debased the Indians has come, as I have said, from fire-water, the horrible effects of which have been increased by poisonous adulteration which makes it worthy of the Indian name, "devil's spittle" or "hell broth." I was present when some officers of the army found a barrel of whiskey containing not only poisonous drugs, but huge pieces of tobacco and leather. There would be no difficulty in preventing the sale of whiskey to the Indians if the law were rigidly enforced and the offender imprisoned. But the fine has usually been but a moiety of his ill-gotten gains. The officers of the law receive mileage, the court is in a distant city, each witness adds to the emoluments of service, and it is very easy to see how these trials may be made a harvest to officials, and a drunken Indian a key to the National Treasury.

I have known many pure, upright district attorneys, and marshals above the possibility of reproach. No purer judge ever graced the United States Bench than Judge R. B. Nelson. The secret of the evil lies in the fact that the shameless administration of Indian affairs in the past, the lack of a proper moral sentiment, and the hatred of these red Naboths, made it almost impossible to secure justice.

I have spoken of the Indians' reverence for law. After the Sioux had been driven out of Minnesota, it was a grave question as to how this extended frontier could be protected. General Sibley placed a camp of friendly Indians every twenty miles on the frontier, with orders to kill any hostile Indian who came into the state to commit murder. Only one such party escaped the watchful vigilance of these scouts, and they were the murderers of the Jewett family near Mankato. They were pursued; two were killed and two were hanged. One of those who escaped ran into a camp of scouts, where he found his uncle in command. "My uncle," he said, "you will save my life!"

Pointing to his uniform the uncle answered: "I am not your uncle now; I am a soldier. My orders are to kill any Indian who has white man's blood on his hands. Your hands are red with blood. You must die!" He lifted his gun and shot him. It was a fidelity to duty worthy of a Roman.

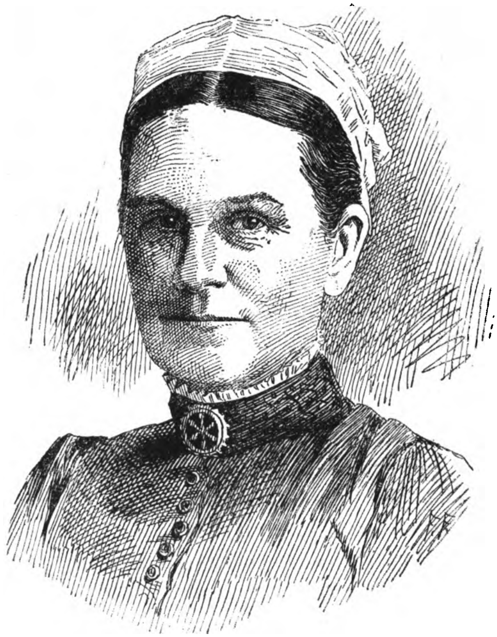
Indians are not traitors. They feel a loyalty to their race which causes them to cling to any one who holds out a pitying, helping hand. They are far from wanting to keep up the sad record of war and bloodshed, and I know that many an Indian heart responds to the beautiful words of the true poetess, Edna Dean Proctor:—

"The same earth spreads for us and you
And death for both is one;
Why should we not be brothers true
Before our day is done?

"You are many and great and strong;
We only a remnant weak.
Our heralds call at sunset still,
Yet ah! how few on plain or hill
The evening councils seek!

"And words are dead and lips are dumb
Our hopeless words to speak,
For the fires grow cold and the dances fail,
And the songs in their echoes die,
And what have we left but the graves beneath
And above the waiting sky?"

The question of a money-earning industry for our poor Indian women had at one time become a serious one. They are most skilful with their needles, and even in their wild state use much taste in the blending of colors. Their native handiwork, — baskets, bead-work, mats, etc., — had found a very small sale, and it was when we were at our wits' ends to know, after several futile attempts, what to try next, that I invited our beloved deaconess, Miss Sibyl Carter, to visit the White Earth reservation.



DEACONESS SIBYL CARTER

She was deeply interested in the Indians, and shared our feeling that something must be found to secure the women a means of livelihood. They were crying for work.

After this Miss Carter went to Japan, and while visiting some lace-schools there the thought came to her: "This solves the question of work for my Indian sisters. They shall be lace-makers."

Familiar herself with the art, she returned to America and again made a journey to White Earth, where she gathered a dozen or more of the women about her and gave them their first lessons in lace-making. She was delighted by what was accomplished in a few weeks. To use her own words, "I was amply repaid by taking back to the East twelve bits of pretty lace, thus proving two things, first, they could learn; second, they wanted to work for their living."

With characteristic energy and sympathy, Miss Carter agitated the question among other faithful Churchwomen, funds were secured to support a certain number of teachers, and Miss Carter went to White Earth and began work in earnest.

That the venture has been a success may be known from the fact that the beautiful laces are finding their way all over the country. The industry has grown until now there are eight lace-schools, which are at White Earth, Leech Lake, Red Lake, Birch Coulee, Oklahoma, Oneida, Wisconsin, Onondaga and one will soon be started in Greenwood, South Dakota. The school at the Birch Coulee Mission, of which Good Thunder is patriarch, is under the charge of my cousin, Miss Mary Whipple, and my niece, Miss Salisbury. The teachers of these schools are true missionaries, caring for the souls and bodies of the needy.

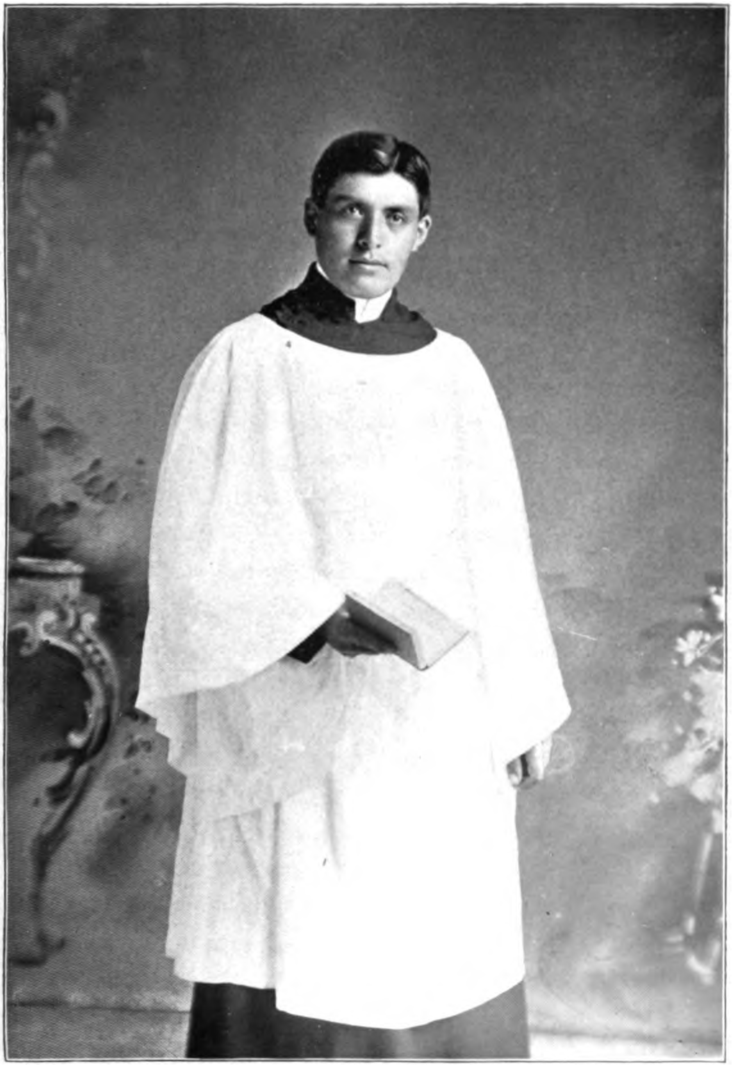
This work has been beset with many difficulties which Miss Carter has overcome by bravery, love, patience, and hopefulness.

CHAPTER XVI

At the first service which I held in Faribault, I saw, sitting on the chancel steps, a bright-eyed Sioux boy of ten years of age, with painted face, a blanket, and a feather in his hair. He listened attentively and seemed much touched by the music, and afterward was always present at the services. I became so deeply interested in the boy that I educated him and baptized him George Whipple St. Clair. As he showed more and more that the Saviour's love had fallen upon him, I put him in our Divinity School, and he became a candidate for Holy Orders.

He was the first Sioux whom I ordained to the sacred ministry. After some years of faithful labor among his people he went to his rest. The day of his burial, four of our Chippewa deacons, who were in Faribault, asked to be his pall-bearers. It moved me deeply, for I knew that the father of two of these men, the Rev. George and the Rev. Fred Smith, was killed by the Sioux, in a battle in which the father of the Rev. George St. Clair had also been engaged, — an illustration of the truth of our motto, "*Pax per sanguinem crucis.*"

His only son, Henry Whipple St. Clair, I have recently ordained to the diaconate. The ordination service took place in the pretty stone church at the Birch Coulee Mission, which the Indian women, long



THE Rev. HENRY WHIPPLE ST. CLAIR

before sunrise, had made beautiful by the flowers of the prairie, which have no rival. A more blessed service never gladdened a bishop's heart, for as I cradled this dear son in my arms at holy baptism so I have carried him in my heart all these years. I confirmed him; then he was catechist at this mission, and he is now in the Seabury Divinity School. Like his father, he counts it joy to tell men of the love of Christ, and is full of the desire to work for his people, who hold him in deep affection and respect.

The strongest opponent to missions would have bowed head and heart could he have looked upon the dignified, thoughtful faces of that Indian congregation as they hung upon the words of the holy office which gave them a shepherd from among their own people.

Among the lines of veterans whom I first knew as wild men in paint and feathers, were Wakinyanwas′te, warden of the mission, and Wahacankamaza, heroes of the massacre of 1862, and other warriors who had laid down tomahawk and scalping knife to follow in the footsteps of their Master. The lay reader, Wabasha, is the son of Wabasha, the hereditary head chief of the Lower Sioux.

When Te-me-za heard that her grandson, Henry St. Clair, was to enter the ministry, she exclaimed with tears of joy: "This is the best thing that has come to me; my son's boy is to give his life to his people and will lead them to the Great Spirit. I shall die in peace."

After the Rev. Mr. Peake became a chaplain in the army, Enmegahbowh was left in charge of the Gull

Lake Mission. It was a hundred miles to the nearest priest, and the Holy Communion could be administered only at my visits.

Enmegahbowh had a good English education and was devout and well-read in the Scriptures and Church history. With the consent of the Standing Committee I gave him a dispensation in Greek and Hebrew. He was a faithful student, and I selected three of the ablest men in my diocese for his examiners, — the Rev. Dr. McMasters, the Rev. Dr. Edward Welles, and the Rev. Dr. Knickerbacker. The examination lasted a day, and my Indian deacon did not miss an answer. When the examiners said, "It is very remarkable," my heart leaped for joy, for I knew that henceforth my red children could receive regularly the Christian's Bread.

I ordained Enmegahbowh to the priesthood in the Cathedral at Faribault.

The story of this pioneer Indian clergyman whose life has been so interwoven with my own in the history of the Chippewas for the past forty years, is interestingly told in his own way, in a letter written to me, which may be found in the Appendix.

A providence of God may be traced in an incident which occurred many years ago, when the Chippewas were encamped on Lake St. Croix, where Enmegahbowh's wife, then a young child, was visiting an aunt. In the night the Sioux attacked the village and murdered all the inhabitants except this child, who was unnoticed as she slept between her aunt and sister. I have always looked with reverence upon this Mother in Israel whose life had been spared to help and bless her heathen people.

I have known Enmegahbowh in sunshine and in storm, and he has always been to me a faithful friend and brother. He has been my companion in many of my journeys in the wilderness, and while he is most thoughtful in character, he possesses a vein of fun which, I suppose, he has more often revealed to his bishop than to any other.

His letters are often amusing. In one he says: —

> All of your red children send you their love and say, "Tell him that we remember and pray for him, and that our prayers are not lip prayers — they are from the heart." We uneducated red men do not know the seat of the faculties of men. Some wise men say it is in the brain. We do not know. We *do* know that "the Lord said unto Moses that Pharaoh's heart was hardened." He did not say that Pharaoh's brain was hardened. Jesus said, "Son, give me thy heart." He did not say give me thy brains. Jesus said, "Let not your heart be troubled." He did not say let not your brain be troubled. As I said, the seat of the mind we do not know. We do remember the advice you gave us to pray out of our hearts. Had you told us to pray out of our brains, we should have tried to do it; but I think they would have been brainless prayers.

The death of his son, the Rev. George Johnson, the last of his children, was a severe blow to Enmegahbowh. He was a young man of great promise, and possessed his father's ability as a preacher.

The Rev. Charles Wright, the son of the head chief of the Chippewas, Wah-bon-a-quot, began his theological studies with George Morgan and Mark Hart, under the Rev. J. A. Gilfillan. He spent two years at Seabury, and for the last few years has been at Leech Lake, where he has been doing faithful work.

I have always been pleased by the loyal obedience of the Indian clergy. When I was about to establish a mission at Leech Lake, I called my Indian deacons together, and said: —

"I want to send one of you to Leech Lake. The one who goes will meet many difficulties; and you must tell me frankly if you shrink from the responsibility."

Fred Smith said: —

"Bishop, when you ordained me, I promised to obey my bishop, and by God's help I will."

"The field where I now am," said George Smith, "seems large to me and is very pleasant; but you look over the whole field, and if you say I am needed at Leech Lake, I go."

Samuel Nabicum said: —

"I was ordained to preach the gospel, and the field which the bishop, the head shepherd, thinks is mine, I want."

Mark Hart's answer was: —

"I say as my brothers have said — that the mind of my bishop is my mind."

The Rev. Charles Cook was sent to Seabury by Bishop Hare. He had been graduated from Hobart College. I have known few men with a more remarkable power of language, or who have been more truly consecrated to Christ. He became a missionary to his own people, the Yankton Sioux. Upon the death of Mrs. Whipple he wrote me the following letter: —

My dear Father in God : I am sure you will pardon my intruding on the privacy of your sorrow, but I cannot forget the kindness to me, in my student life, of one whom we delighted to call by the best name the Indian heart knows, "Ina," Mother. The memory has been an inspiration to me through all my ministry. May our Father long spare your life to bless the poor red men, is the prayer of one of your sons in the native ministry.

CHARLES COOK.

Good Thunder gave me twenty acres of his land for the mission at Birch Coulee. Over twenty-five years ago he left his tribe at the Santee Agency and preëmpted one hundred and sixty acres of land near Flandreau; but, longing for his old home, before the outbreak he sold this land and bought eighty acres at Birch Coulee. He then came to me and said: —

"I cannot live without a tipi-wa-kan (sacred house). If you will build one, I will give you land."

I told him that I could not allow him to give me his land. Finally, after several visits, he said to me with great earnestness: —

"I do not give the land to *you*. I give it to the Great Spirit."

After that there was but one thing to do. I accepted the land, upon which I built a church and a mission house and consecrated a quiet acre of God where sleep the missionary, the Rev. Mr. Hinman, and many of his flock.

At the laying of the corner-stone of this church Good Thunder brought me a paper signed by the Indians, which read: —

We were once wild men. We are now Christians. It was you who led us to the light. You have always been our

Father. You are to lay the first stone of a tipi-wa-kan to-day. We ask you, Father, to name it after one we loved so well, "Saint Cornelia."

Upon the occasion of a Fourth of July celebration at a village which had been named in his honor, Good Thunder was asked to be present as the honored guest.

A white man who had no friendship for Indians told the Committee of Arrangements that Good Thunder, the chief for whom the village had been named, was dead, and that their invitation had been sent to a bad Indian of the same name, a relative of Little Crow, the leader in the Sioux massacre. The Committee withdrew their invitation, and Good Thunder came to see me burdened with sorrow because, as he said, his "good name had been stolen."

I drew up a paper giving the facts of the case, and General Sibley and myself signed it. The people of the town of Good Thunder at once sent a committee to explain the mistake and to escort the chief and his wife to the celebration. They were driven in state to where a public dinner was given; and when Good Thunder was asked to make a speech, he arose with quiet dignity and said: —

"My friends, you have called your village Good Thunder. Perhaps when I am dead some one will ask why the white men gave this name. He will be told that it was named after a Christian Sioux who thought it would please the Great Spirit if he saved some of his white children from death. I thank you for naming your village after me. But, my friends, if this village has no Praying day; if it worships in a saloon instead of a church; if its people swear; it will not be an honor to have it bear my name. I hope you will be people who love the Great Spirit and who love each other. Good-by. I am done."

A touching proof of what the gospel can do for heathen wild men may be seen in the spirit of love and gentleness which has taken possession of the heart and life of this once savage warrior. Shortly after the outbreak Good Thunder and his wife were coming to visit me. They passed through a village where a colored woman had just died leaving a mixed-blood Indian infant. No one wanted the child, and finally Good Thunder said he would take it. He said to me afterward: —

"You have told me that the Great Spirit loves little children. He did not say white children. I think he will like to have me take care of this motherless baby. It makes no difference if its body is of another color. Will you baptize it Charles Whipple, after your son?"

God has repaid this loving act, for no son could be more thoughtful in caring for his parents than Charles Whipple Good Thunder.

One year the crops at Birch Coulee failed. Upon my visitation I saw near Good Thunder's house some immense stacks of hay. I expressed my surprise to Charles, who answered: —

"I heard of a white man ten miles from here who had much grass on his meadow-land. I agreed to cut it on shares, and got enough to more than last for the winter."

The Rev. Lord Charles Harvey paid me a visit to learn about our Indian missions. He went with me to White Earth, where I consecrated the Church of St. Columba and confirmed a large class. The Indian women had prepared a forest feast for us, and, unknown to me, a pantomime for my friend. We were sitting on the greensward in front of a log house, when the chief, Wahbonaquot, said to me: —

"Your friend comes from across the great water; would he like to know the history of my people?"

Lord Charles said he should be very glad to hear it, and the chief began: —

"Before the white man came the forests and prairies were full of game, the lakes and rivers were full of fish, and the wild rice was everywhere — the gift of Manitou to his red children. I will show you some of my people as they were before the white man came.

He clapped his hands and the door of the log house opened and a man and woman appeared, fine specimens of the free-born native American, dressed in skins ornamented with colored porcupine quills, and with brilliant feathers in their hair.

"These are my people before the white man came," said the chief. "Shall I show you what the white man did for us? He told us that we had no houses, no fire-horses, no fire-canoes, no books, and that if we would give him our land he would make us like white men. He had a forked tongue. This is what he did for us."

He again clapped his hands, and then appeared in the doorway a wretched-looking Indian in tattered blanket, without leggings, and by his side a miserable woman in a ragged gown.

"Oh, Manitou!" cried the chief, "are these my people? How came it?"

The man drew a black bottle from under his blanket and answered:—

"Ish-ko-te-wabo (fire-water), the gift of the white man!"

Turning to Lord Charles, the chief continued:—

"I would not have told you this, but there is more to tell. Many moons ago a pale-faced man came to see us. We hated white men, and would not listen to his words. Each year when the sun was so high we saw this white man coming through the forest. One day I called my people in council. I said:—

"Why does this pale face come to see us? He does not trade; he does not ask anything of us; perhaps the Great Spirit has sent him. Our ears must be open. We then listened to his story; we took it to our hearts. This is what it has done for us."

He clapped his hands, and a manly young Indian clergyman in clerical clothes appeared, and by his side a gentle woman in a neat gray gown.

"My friends," said the chief, "there is only one religion that can lift a man from the mire and tell him to call the Great Spirit, *Father*, and that is the religion of Jesus Christ."

A sceptical friend who was with me grasped my hand and exclaimed:—

"Bishop, all the arguments which I have ever read in defence of Christianity are not equal to what I have seen to-day."

There were present at these services some Otter

Tail Indians whose lands had been sold, leaving them homeless and wanderers. The chief of the band had brought us the children of one of these Indians who had been killed by a white man, saying: —

"These children have no father; will you pity them?"

The chiefs of the White Earth band offered these Otter Tails a township of land if they would live with them. I promised to build them a church and parsonage at Wild Rice River, and Lord Charles said he would give them a font for the church.

This is the most beautiful font in the diocese; the bowl is of porphyry, supported upon variegated marble columns, resting upon a block of Sienna marble.

In my first sermons to the Indians I preached as I would to white men; but after one of the services a chief said to me: —

"What does the white man mean by slandering my people and calling them sinners? *We* are not sinners. We know that his people are sinners. It is his people who bring fire-water and evil to my people and our daughters. It is better that he talks to them."

When this chief learned of the goodness of God, he sat as a little child at the feet of Jesus. It reminded me of the saying of St. Paul, "When the commandment came, sin revived, and I died."

CHAPTER XVII

On July 16, 1862, I laid the corner-stone of the Bishop's Church at Faribault. At the suggestion of my beloved brother, the Rt. Rev. A. C. Coxe, I named it "The Cathedral Church of Our Merciful Saviour." It was my hope that we might build up schools around the Cathedral, making it a common centre. I felt that our first building should be a House of Prayer in honor of the Triune God. On July 17 I laid the corner-stone of Seabury Divinity Hall. The bluffs upon which the schools were to stand were covered by forest, the tipi of the Sioux scattered here and there. I recall the expression of amusement on the faces of my listeners, when, in my address upon that occasion, I drew a picture of the day when those wilds would be covered with institutions of learning. On the site of the beautiful Shumway Memorial Chapel I witnessed a scalp dance in 1860.

I knew that in my day our schools, missions, and works of charity would require all our means, and I did not think we could found an English Cathedral in a western diocese. I desired a Bishop's Church to be forever free, the simple ritual of which would be a model for a missionary diocese. This was the first Cathedral of the American Church erected in the United States.

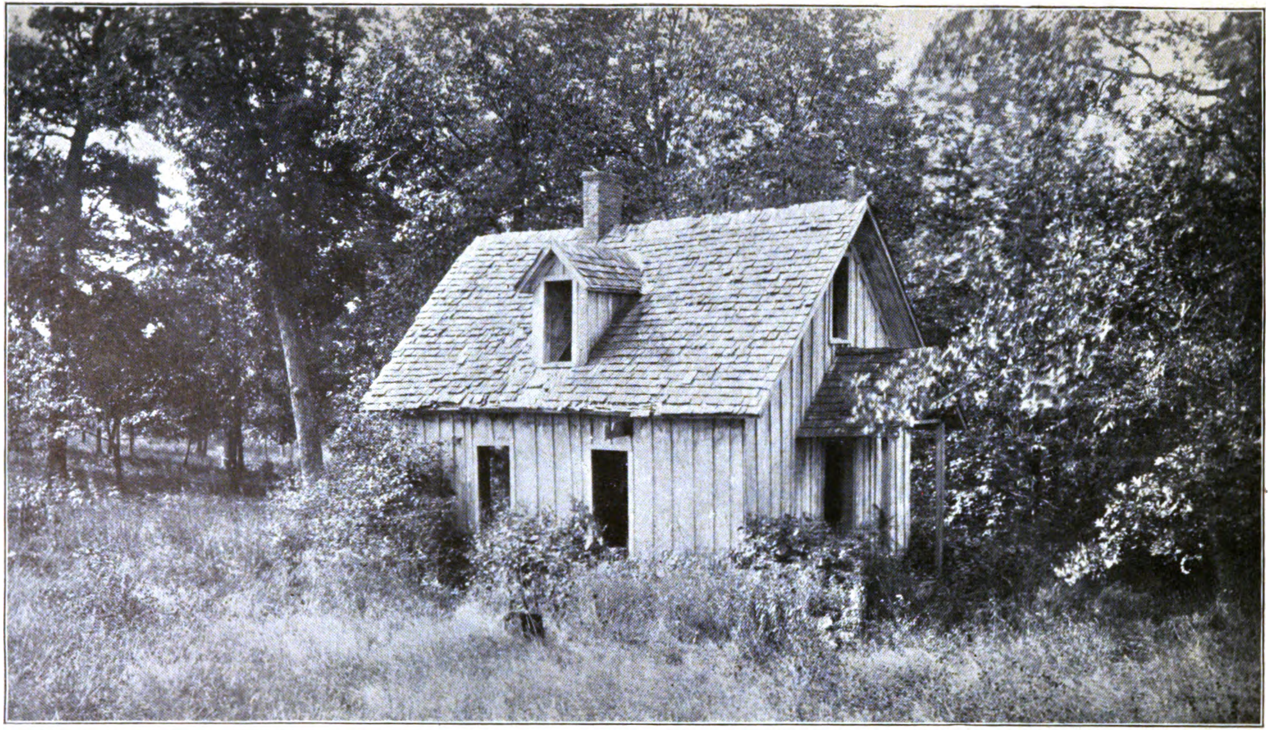
An agreement was made with the parish of the Good Shepherd in Faribault, that it should aid to the extent of its ability in building the Cathedral, and that when completed, it should be under the sole control of the bishop; that the parish rector should be nominated by him, and become the Dean of the Cathedral; that the morning services and those on all Church Festivals should be the bishop's services which the teachers and students of the schools should attend. The evening and week-day services were for the parish alone, the schools attending the services in their own chapels.

The Cathedral was consecrated in 1867 by the venerable Bishop Kemper, and the sermon was preached by the Rt. Rev. John Whitehouse.

When I went to Faribault the mission had only a rude wooden chapel, two small frame cottages for Professor Manney and Dr. Breck, and a little one-story building, used as a Divinity School.

The Church owes a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Manney and Mrs. Whipple for their interest in the students in those early days.

The Bishop Seabury Mission was organized in 1860. Some of my dearest friends doubted our success in the undertaking and declined to become trustees. The Rev. E. R. Welles, the Rev. D. B. Knickerbacker, the Rev. E. G. Gear, the Rev. S. Y. McMasters, the Rev. James Dobbin, the Rev. S. W. Manney, the Rev. T. B. Welles, the Rev. J. L. Breck, the Rev. J. S. Kedney of the clergy, and H. T. Welles, E. T. Wilder, Isaac Atwater, and Harvey Officer of the laity, and the trustees elected at a later period never failed



FIRST BUILDING OF SEABURY DIVINITY SCHOOL

to hold up my hands. They believed that it was God's work, and they knew how to labor and to wait.

In 1866, feeling the necessity of a school for the education of the daughters of the clergy, notwithstanding the burdens which we were carrying, I determined to begin a school in my own home. I built an addition to my house, and on All Saint's Day St. Mary's Hall was opened. Miss Sarah P. Darlington of Philadelphia, daughter of Dr. Darlington, the celebrated botanist, had come to Faribault for her health, and as a work of love was teaching in the Parish School. She was deeply interested in our undertaking and consented to become the principal of the school. Miss Darlington was one of the most remarkable women I have ever known; a scholar possessing rare wisdom and deep piety, she was peculiarly fitted to mould the minds of the young.

We were also blessed in securing as chaplain the Rev. Dr. Leonard J. Mills, who had been an assistant of Bishop Kerfoot in St. James's College which was a lineal descendant of the School of the sainted Muhlenberg at Flushing. He was with us only six months before entering into rest, but it was long enough to give us the traditions of these celebrated schools.

Miss Darlington, after a few years of noble work, was also called home.

Time will not permit me to tell the story of the loyal women who have been my helpers in this blessed work. I can gratefully say that there is not in the Church a school more worthy of love than St. Mary's Hall, which is now under the care of Miss

Caroline W. Eells and her efficient corps of professors and teachers.

In the year 1864 I visited England as the guest of Robert B. Minturn. Bishop de Lancey gave me letters to the Most Rev. Dr. Longley, Archbishop of Canterbury, who had been the head master at Harrow, and to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Tait, Bishop of London, who had succeeded Dr. Arnold at Rugby.

The substance of advice given me concerning the organization of schools was: "Do not attempt to found schools unless you believe that God has called you to do this work. If He calls you, He will help you. Remember that your school has as real a life as an individual; its character is the sum of all its traditions."

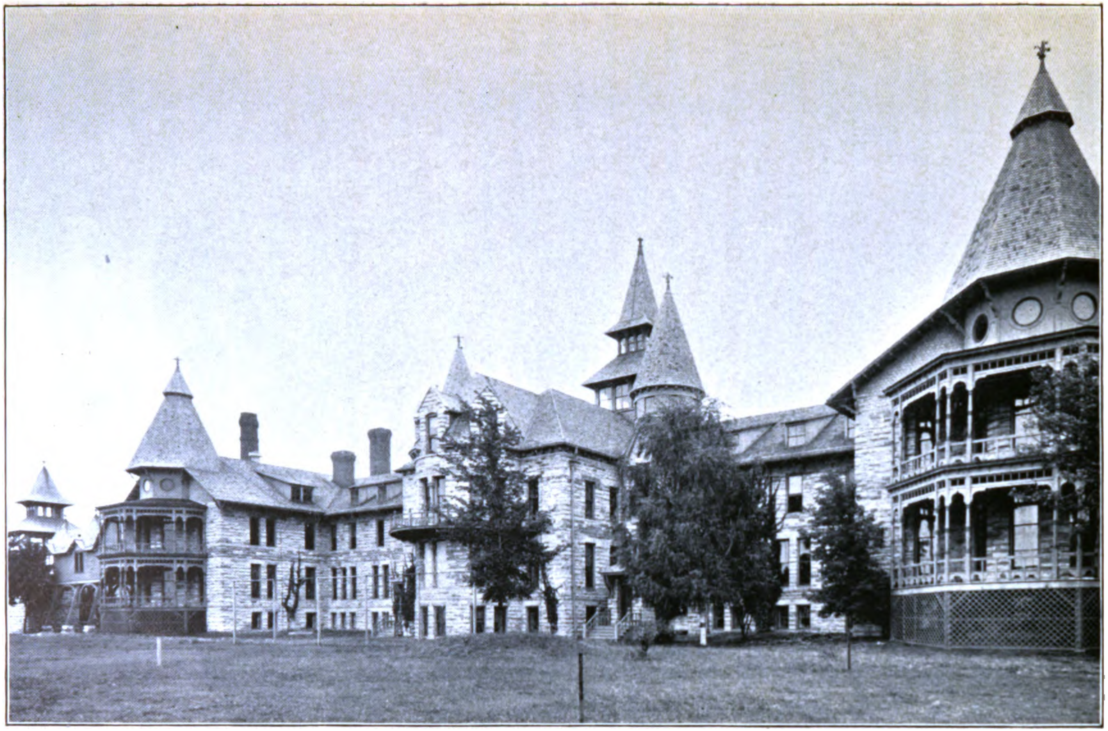
It has been a joy to me that I was permitted to share in the love and friendship of Archbishop Longley. During my visits to England he made me as welcome as his own son, and I owe him much for wise and paternal counsel.

At the opening of St. Mary's Hall he sent me the following letter: —

ADDINGTON PARK, January 28th, 1866.

My dear Brother: I have to thank you for two instances of your kind remembrance which have lately reached me — your annual address to your clergy and the address to the children at the opening of St. Mary's Hall. With the outpouring of your heart in this letter I was especially charmed. It breathes such a spirit of fatherly love and affection towards these youthful members of your church as must, I should hope, under the blessing of God upon the words spoken, have touched the souls of those little ones of Christ.

May you see rich and abundant fruit from this your labor of love; and may all those present that day to listen to your



ST. MARY'S HALL

wise and seasonable counsel have grace and strength so to profit by it that they may be your crown of rejoicing in *That Day!*

I would fain send them my blessing across the Atlantic; and may the peace of God which passeth all understanding ever keep their minds in the knowledge of God and their hearts in the love of Christ!

The case of your poor Indians is very affecting, and the deep interest you take in their welfare must make many passing events very painful to you. I fear they are sometimes tempted to commit outrages which it is difficult to justify, while there may be most aggravating circumstances goading them on to such extremities.

I should rejoice to hear that you had been instrumental in reconciling the conflicting interests of the different parties.

The Ritualistic Controversy is still rife with us, and the advocates of High Ritualism have felt themselves much encouraged by the language of your presiding bishop (Hopkins) in the little volume he has just published. I am in hopes the fever is beginning to abate. . . .

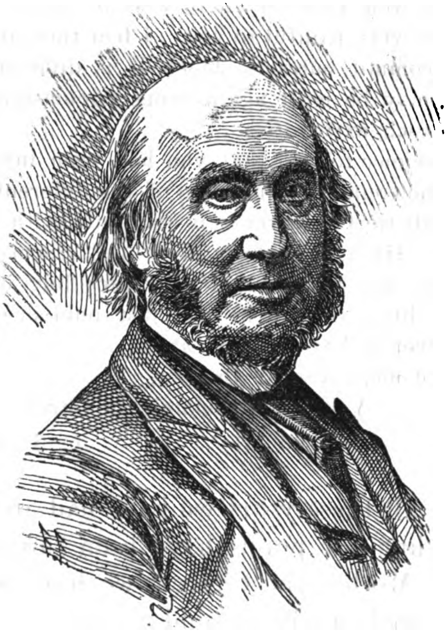
Believe me, my dear Brother,
Yours affectionately in Christ,
C. T. CANTAAR.

Through all these years we have had an invariable rule that while our pupils have been taught the lessons of our Mother the Church, we have allowed no word to be spoken which could wound any disciple of Jesus Christ, for many of our pupils have been from other religious bodies.

Our boys' school was named in memory of my devoted friend Dr. George C. Shattuck, the founder of St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, to whose generosity we owe its beginning. Shortly after my consecration Dr. Shattuck said to me: —

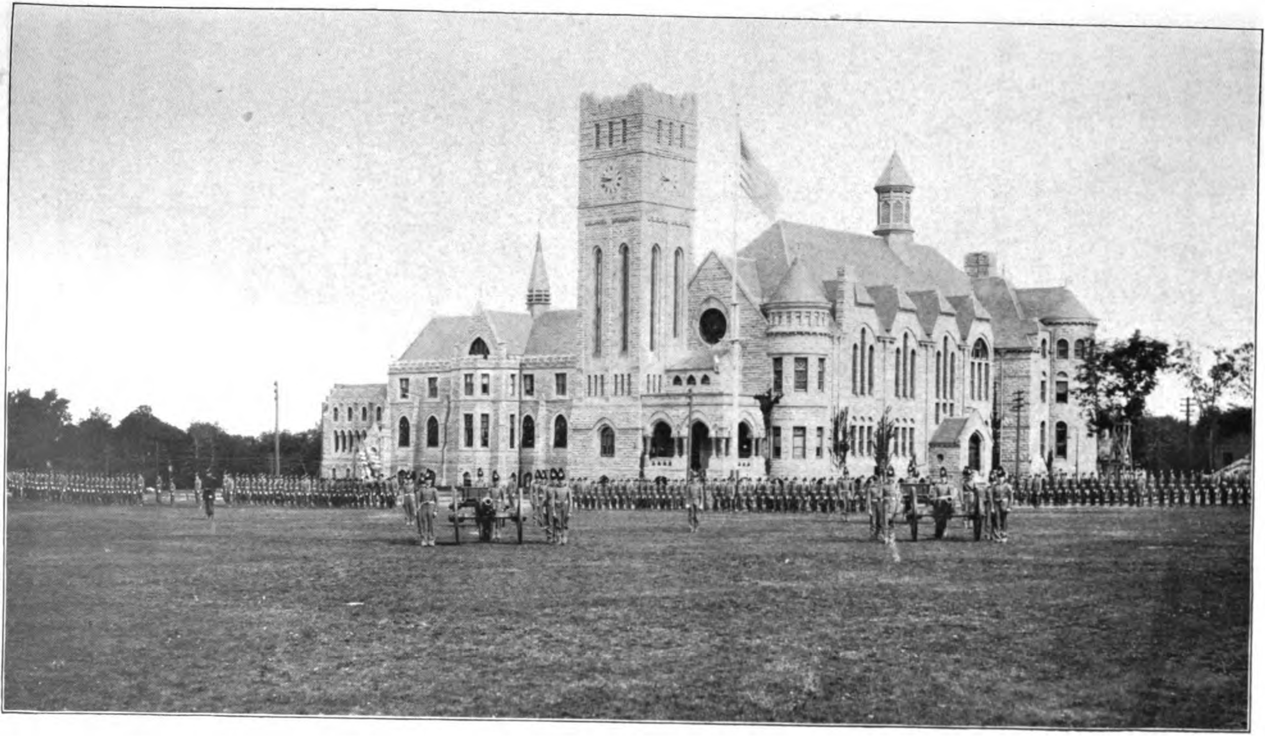
"I own a tract of land in Illinois. I have promised to give four thousand dollars to St. James's College, Maryland, within ten years. I will give you this tract of land, and as you sell it you can use one-half the proceeds to pay my subscription and the other half for your educational work."

I was most fortunate in making sales. Mr. Felix Brunot, of blessed memory, desired to purchase eighty acres, and said to me: —



DR. GEORGE C. SHATTUCK

"Bishop, the land belongs to the Church; I will give you three months to get the best offer which you can get for this eighty acres, and then I will give you an additional ten dollars for every acre, and the extra amount you can use for the Indians."



SHATTUCK SCHOOL

This was characteristic of one of the most devoted friends of missions. One day a man called upon me and said he would like to buy a piece of Illinois land. I asked him if he did not own a coal mine which could only be worked by sinking a shaft, and if by owning my land he could not tunnel from the side and draw his coal out by mules. He answered: —

"Yes."

"And does not Mr. —— own a coal mine on the other side of my land, situated in quite the same way?"

"Yes," was the smiling answer.

"Then have I not the same right to take advantage of the peculiar position of my land that I would have if it were a corner lot in a city?"

"Of course you have," was the frank reply.

He agreed to pay me twelve dollars and a half an acre more than the land was then worth, and the bargain was closed.

I paid over to St. James's College eight thousand dollars, and Dr. Shattuck procured a release and directed me to use the remainder for my schools. The amount which I received was nearly thirty thousand dollars, which enabled me to erect buildings for my boys' school.

The boys' school and the Divinity School occupied one building which was burned on Thanksgiving Day in 1873. This compelled us to build two new halls which cost sixty thousand dollars. We had received twelve thousand dollars insurance, and we had a subscription of over twenty thousand dollars.

Up to that time all our buildings had been built by day labor, and when our money failed we stopped work. The diocesan work required all my time, and the trustees to relieve me made contracts for the new buildings, believing that the funds would be secured as needed. Then came a financial panic, and some of our subscriptions were unpaid. We knew that if we stopped the work we were liable for damages and to go on meant a heavy debt. All banks had suspended, but I went to one of the Faribault bankers and said: —

"You have watched our work for twelve years and can judge whether we shall fail or succeed. By God's help we shall not fail. We need ten thousand dollars and you must loan it to us."

The money was furnished and the building completed, and we were thirty thousand dollars in debt to our village banks. After the panic was over, at a meeting of the trustees, Hon. E. T. Wilder said: —

"Gentlemen, we created that debt to save a great work. We ought not to cripple the bishop in his work by asking him to raise this money, and I propose that we assume it ourselves."

It was paid by the trustees and friends; and I mention it here as an evidence of their loving confidence and to give credit where it is due.

Over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars had been given to the schools by my diocese.

My dear friend, Mrs. Augusta Shumway, whom I knew in Chicago, offered to build a chapel for Shattuck, and it was partly finished when the Chicago fire destroyed a large part of her property. But she said to me a short time after: —

"Bishop, I promised God to build the chapel in memory of my daughter. I owe but one debt, and that is to God. I have collected enough of insurance money to complete the building, and here it is."

It was a noble instance of woman's faith. Mrs. Shumway also bequeathed the means to build a beautiful hall for Shattuck in memory of her husband, and a hall for Seabury Divinity School in memory of her father, William Johnston, and a partial endowment for both schools.

When Congress authorized the detail of officers of the army to schools of a certain grade, I at once applied for a detail for Shattuck, which was granted. A border man, seeing the army officer on his arrival, said to a bystander: —

"There is one of Uncle Sam's boys; what is he doing here?"

"Oh," was the answer, "the bishop has got him to drill his theologues so that when there's a fight about religion he will be ready."

Military drill has a marked effect in developing a boy's character. The first lesson of life and its last is *obey*.

Perfect freedom only comes through perfect obedience. Not many years ago flogging was considered a salutary medicine for a disobedient boy; but now our boys say "flogging is played out." Military discipline creates an *esprit de corps*. It gives frequent inspection and teaches obedience. With it there must be wise pastoral care and a presentation of Christian truth which will kindle in young hearts love to God and man.

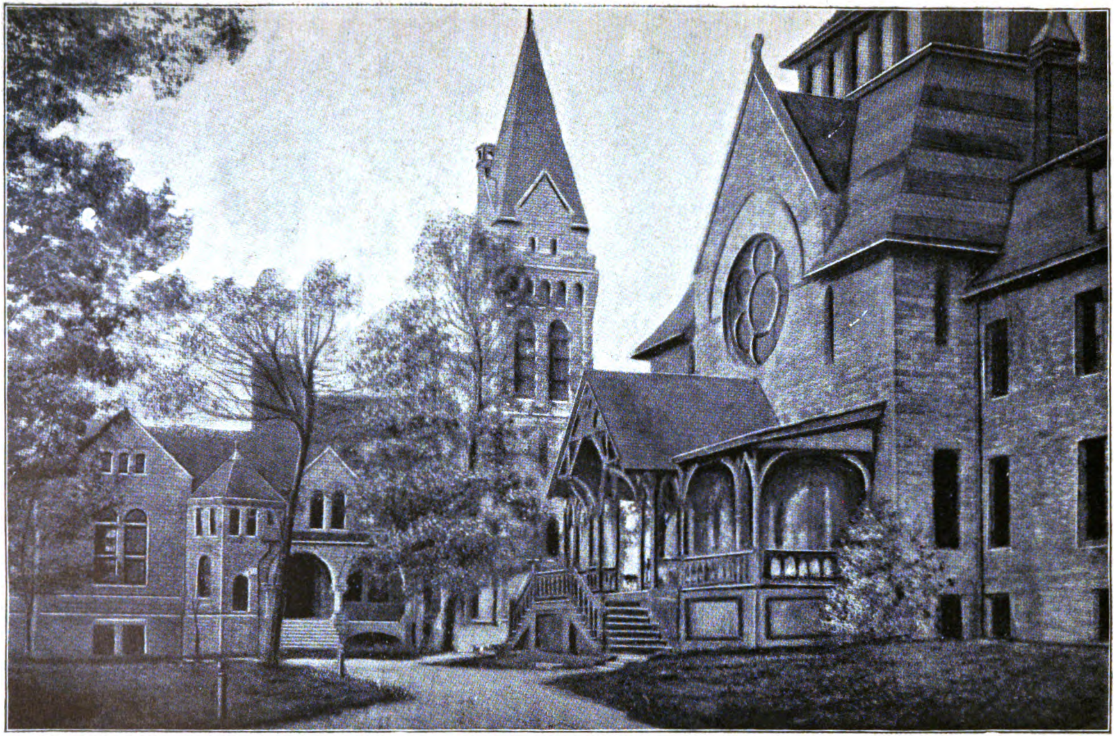
We have been most fortunate in securing as military instructors officers of the United States Army of the highest character. Colonel Robert M. Scott, Lieutenant Dames, Captain Lancaster, and our present efficient officer, Lieutenant Abbott.

I owed a debt of gratitude to General Grant and General Sherman, who always secured me a competent officer, in some cases overruling the decision of the Secretary of War.

The Inspector General of the United States Army paid a tribute to Shattuck, and to its beloved Commandant, Lieutenant A. T. Abbott, U. S. Army, when he stated officially last year (1898): —

"This Institution is one of the best of the schools where army officers have served: more than one hundred of its alumni are in the service of the United States as commissioned officers, ranking from Second Lieutenant to Colonel, while many others have accepted service in the capacity of non-commissioned officers and privates. They were all thoroughly drilled and disciplined at Shattuck School, under the painstaking supervision and personal direction of Lieutenant Abbott, and have proved themselves an important and predominating factor in establishing and maintaining a healthy *esprit de corps* in their military organizations.

"Lieutenant Abbott's zeal and ability have been highly commended by the officers of the Inspector General's Department in the annual inspections. The value of his services to the Government in thus training these officers and men cannot be overestimated."



SEABURY DIVINITY HALL

There is no trust more sacred than that of the teacher who represents the home, the nation, and the church. To such, one greater than Pharaoh's daughter says: —

"Take this child, . . . and I will give thee wages." The wages are eternal life.

Shattuck and St. Mary's Hall both have valuable collections of shells, minerals, Indian relics, and an interesting cabinet of curiosities from the Sandwich Islands, given by Queen Emma to my brother, the Rev. George B. Whipple, when a missionary in Hawaii. My friend, the late Anthony Drexel, gave a valuable library to St. Mary's Hall. Among many other precious gifts is a communion service in silver and gold, presented to St. Mary's by my dear friend, Robert B. Minturn, who also gave a reproduction of the altar piece which Michael Angelo made for the church in which he was baptized. One of our fine telescopes was given by my beloved friend William H. Aspinwall.

These things are mentioned to show how we have been blessed at every step of the way.

Shortly after our boys' school was started a convention of friends of education met in Faribault, and I was asked to give my opinion on the subject under discussion, religion in public schools. I said that under our Constitution the State has no right to teach in our public schools the doctrines of any church. The State has, however, a right to protect itself. No nation has ever survived the loss of its religion. It might have been a poor religion, full of superstition, but when all faith has been given up and the horizon of human life limited to this world with no eternal standard of righteousness, then society has perished. Voltaire said when the French Revolution was impending, "If there is no God, we must invent one, or we are lost." I hold that it is not sectarian to teach the children of the State that there is a God. It is not sectarian to teach the children of the State reverence for God's eternal law. It is not sectarian to teach the children of the State the eternal truths which lie behind all creeds and which teach the relations which bind man to man, and man to God.

At the time that Bishop Kemper was made Missionary Bishop, loving hearts planned to found Kemper College at St. Louis. The Rev. Henry Caswell and others secured the donation of valuable books from England; but Kemper College failed, and a new Church College at Palmyra became heir to these rare books. The college failed during the Civil War, and hearing that the library was to be sold, I secured it, and it was the beginning of our present Seabury Library.

Among other interesting books was one given by John Henry Newman, in which he had written, "This book was bought for me at Leipsic, by Pusey."

A valuable set of books is the copy of Tichendorf's facsimile of the New Testament discovered in the Convent on Mt. Sinai, which was the gift of the Emperor of Russia through my esteemed friend Hiram Sibley, President of the Western Union Telegraph Company. When Mr. Sibley was invited by the Emperor to visit Russia to confer about the overland telegraph, he asked me what he could bring me, and I told him of my desire to secure a copy of this valuable manuscript. He applied for it to the Minister of Public Instruction, who declined the request on the ground that he could not give the work to an American college. The following day the Emperor sent it as a personal gift to Mr. Sibley, who gave it to me.

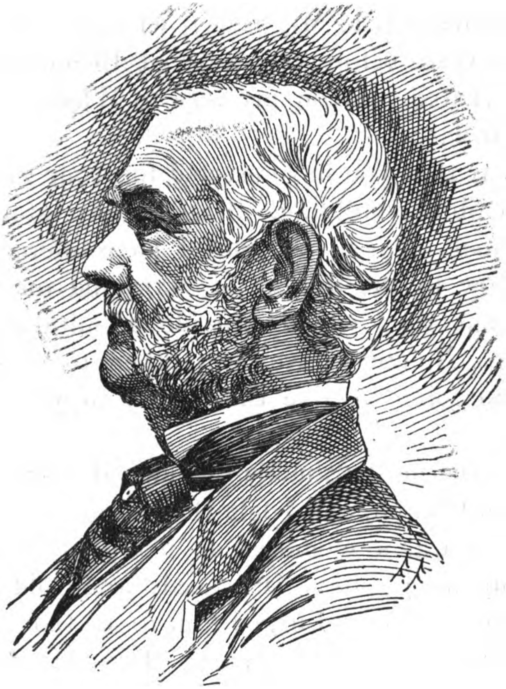
A few years before the death of Bishop Whittingham, I visited him on my way to Washington, and he said to me:—

"I hear that you have erected for your theological school a library building. I am deeply interested in your school. For many years I have offered to give my library to the diocese of Maryland on the condition that they would provide a suitable library building. No steps have been taken to secure this, and I am going to give the library to you for Seabury."

It was the most valuable theological library in the American Church, and I felt that it ought to belong to Maryland as a memorial to her great bishop. I called upon the Rev. Dr. Leeds and told him of the bishop's offer, and urged him to see that a library building was at once provided. This was done, and Maryland has the great treasure of the best diocesan library in the United States.

The Chapel of Seabury, built in memory of her brother by my friend Miss Mary Coles of Philadelphia, is beautiful and doubly dear because the gift of one of the early helpers in our missionary work. Miss Coles is the daughter of Governor Coles, who prevented Illinois from becoming a slave state.

My heart is full as I recall the friends who in times of greatest perplexity helped me,—among them Robert M. Mason, who gave me the love of his great heart. My first meeting with Mr. Mason was in Paris in 1866. Mrs. Mason was then on the borderland where the light of heaven rested on her brow; and it was my privilege to visit her often during my stay and to administer to her the Holy Communion.



MR. ROBERT M. MASON

On the death of Mrs. Mason, after Mr. Mason had returned to America, he came to Faribault to pay me a visit. He looked over all my plans and visited my schools, then in their infancy, and his words of commendation and his assistance were a tower of strength to me. I owe no deeper debt of gratitude than to the memory of this beloved friend, and to his daughters who have always given me their generous help.

1 WALNUT STREET, BOSTON, September.

My dear Bishop: My whole journey has been one of great pleasure and instruction; — it has opened a new vision to me of the great and beautiful Western country, which one must see to realize.

No instance of my travels has given me so much unmixed gratification as my visit to your charming family circle. I shall always recur to it with lively remembrances of all I saw and heard.

You may well feel encouraged about your schools, — both girls' and boys'. It is a great work to implant in young minds foundations for future advancement and usefulness — especially in the great and growing West, where population is coming in so fast, a population upon which the future of the country so much depends.

Universal education is essential to the liberties of a free country, — it is what distinguishes our nation above all others and gives it the great moral influence it possesses.

God will bless your work commenced with so much faith and prosecuted with so much energy and zeal.

I am astonished to see what you have done, — the good which is coming from it, aye, has come, is so apparent that there cannot be a doubt you are in the right path. That happy gathering of young girls, being instructed under such influence, impresses me deeply.

I only fear for you, my dear Bishop, that your labors will prove too great for your strength. That Cathedral must be finished, I want to see it done, and I will come to the consecration; it is a fine structure, correctly designed and executed.

You must try to come to see me at Newport.

Yours ever,
With warm regards,
ROBERT M. MASON.

Stuart Brown of Messrs. Brown Brothers, Bankers, sent me a thousand dollars to buy the first cattle for the Indians. Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Aldrich and the latter's venerated mother, Mrs. Wyman, never faltered in their faith in our work; and William B. Douglas and his sister Mrs. Merritt have again and again made me their almoner.

Dr. Isaac Lea of Philadelphia, his daughter Fanny, and his son Mr. Carey Lea, now in Paradise, were my helpers in all good work, while the names of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Corliss, Samuel D. Babcock, H. H. Houston, J. Pierpont Morgan, and others are written on my heart.

CHAPTER XVIII

There is no work of the Church more important than the laying of Christian foundations in a new state. The population in the West is made up of immigrants from the older states and from nearly every country in Europe. Society has not crystallized. Everything is to be done — roads opened, school-houses, court-houses, and churches to be built. Old prejudices are weakened, necessity compelling men to fraternize. There is intense energy and activity in all secular matters, and he who would mould these restless men must be one who feels the beating of their pulses, and keeps even step with the tide of immigration.

Fifty years ago the Church in the East did not realize the character of Western work. They admired the heroism of Bishop Kemper and others; but work of the kind was a marvel to be admired, not copied. The East kept its men of promise at home. When it had a man who had tried parish after parish and failed, it thought that man had a call to preach the gospel in the West. It did not realize that the West had the young blood of the nation, and that men covered with barnacles were pitiably helpless.

It was the bleating of the sheep in my ears that compelled me to enter into the blessed work of Christian education. In every fibre of my heart I loved and believed in the Church, having not one doubt of its apostolic lineage. I believed in its mission. I believed that in a day when every form of unbelief was banded together — when to many God was a name, the Bible a tradition, and heaven and hell fables — that these scoffs and denials could not be met without the witness of an historical church.

From the first I said that I would not be the head of a divinity school representing a party. Men are wanted who know what they believe, and in their love for Christ will labor to bring back unity and peace to a divided Christendom. The fact that the faith of the Church rests on impregnable ground led me to believe that within the limits which the Church allows there was no room for fear. Truth will conquer error, and oneness will come in the faith of Jesus Christ. This tolerant spirit does and will place one at a disadvantage. The charity which concedes to every brother the liberty which the Church gives will be misjudged, and he who holds it will be accused of being an apologist of error. For those who play fast and loose with eternal verities, who cast doubts on the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, I have only profound pity, and say with the apostle, "We know no such teaching, neither the Church of God."

In my first Diocesan Council I said: —

"I pray you, as you would spare the Church one of the heaviest curses which has marred its beauty, be united as brethren. If we love Christ and his Church more than we love our plans and party, there will be no room for bitterness.

"In presenting holy truths the difference must not be forgotten between the guilt of wilful schism and the inheritance of schism. There are those who love the Lord Jesus who cannot claim identity with the Primitive Church, and there are also Churches which can claim apostolic descent, which we believe have corrupted the faith. God forbid that we should fail to recognize His Faith wherever it is found.

"Again, thank God, a restored unity is not impossible. Orthodox Christians have retained the Apostles' Creed and baptism in the name of the Ever Blessed Trinity; and they are the doctrinal tests for the admission to the Church's fold.

"The questions which lie at the foundation of schism are for the most part questions of religious opinion; many of them could be held or denied without peril to the faith and are not ground for rending the visible Church."

The greatest difficulty which a theological school meets is that of finding men fitted for the sacred ministry. Too often a boy, because he is pious, has no bad habits, and is a regular attendant at church, is urged into becoming a candidate for Holy Orders. There is not a vocation which demands the best brains as well as the best heart, as strongly as does the ministry of the Church.

Few bishops have been more blessed in their clergy than I have been in those trained at Seabury. My beloved assistant, Bishop Gilbert, the Rev. Dr. Dobbin, rector of Shattuck School, the Rev. George B. Whipple, late Chaplain of St. Mary's Hall, the Rev. Edward C. Bill, late Professor of Liturgics at Seabury, several of the deans of the diocese, and over one-third of the clergy, were graduated from our Divinity School.

I owe a debt of grateful love to its faithful warden, Professor Butler, the Rev. Dr. E. S. Wilson, and to all of its professors and teachers, and to none more deeply than to my beloved brother the Rev. Dr. John Steinfort Kedney, whose love, unwearied devotion, and coöperation I have ever had in all my plans for this school of the prophets.

He is honored for his ripe scholarship and for his theological and philosophical works. There are few of my clergy who have so shared the thoughts of my heart or to whom I have more often turned for sympathy.

The Rev. George C. Tanner was the first man that I ordained to the sacred ministry. He was graduated from Brown University, and received his theological education at Seabury. He had charge of the outlying missions in Steele and Rice counties. He was a true missionary, — one of those who preach from house to house, and by his loving example win the hearts of all who come under his influence. To me, he has ever been as a right hand. After Shattuck School became so large, Dr. Tanner was placed in charge of the schoolroom as an encyclopædia for the boys, from whom he received the sobriquet "Brains."

The Rev. Dr. Dobbin was graduated from Union College, and pursued his theological education at Seabury. He was ordained to the priesthood by me, and in 1866 was elected the rector of Shattuck School. For more than thirty years he has been the loving father of the boys entrusted to his care. To him and his associates Shattuck School owes its high reputation.

Our Seabury students have been as loving sons to a father. Occasionally one has come to us who, never having recited a lesson in theology, has attempted to set bishop, professors, and fellow students aright as to Catholic teaching and usage.

In the early days of my bishop's life, I confirmed a man of high character who told me, some years after, that a friend had asked him if he were High Church or Low Church. "And, Bishop," he said, "you never told me anything about it; I did not know what to say, and so I said High Church because it sounded better. I hope I was right."

We have been greatly blessed in the work done by Seabury men, who lived by the motto: "Preach Christ and work in the Church."

It has been my custom to deliver lectures annually before the students upon the pastoral office. I have always advocated the wearing of clerical dress; it is a means of much good to be always recognized as a minister of Christ, as it gives opportunities to be helpful to perplexed souls in Christ's name.

In the beginning of the Oxford Movement, men like John Henry Newman wore the dress of laymen. When Dr. Muhlenberg visited England and saw for the first time clerical coats, he thought them most fitting and described them to his tailor, who said to his man, "I think he wants an M. B. coat." Expressing his curiosity as to what an M. B. coat might be, the good doctor was told that it was a secret; but it was finally divulged. "We call it the *Mark of the Beast*," said the tailor.

Advice has often been asked of me regarding the preparation of sermons. As a rule, young clergymen should carefully write their sermons. My own custom was to read on Monday the services, lessons, collect, epistle, and gospel, for the following Sunday. There is a lesson inwrought and underlying the service for each Sunday, Festival, and Fast day, which a prayerful consideration will bring out. Selecting my text, I have made my notes as full as if I were to preach extempore. Then destroying the notes I have reviewed the subject and made other notes, often repeating this several times. When my heart was full of my subject, after earnest prayer, I have written my sermon.

For many years I have preached unwritten sermons, but with as much preparation as if written, and always with the prayer that the words spoken might by the Holy Spirit help some poor soul to find peace.

Year by year the work of a minister of Jesus Christ grows more precious and seems freighted with graver responsibility. It is an impressive thought that to some one of the congregation it may be the last hearing of the gospel.

In my addresses to candidates for Holy Orders I have begged them never to indulge in pride, a stumbling-block to men and an offence to God. A young preacher once said to a wiser one: —

"Do you not think that I may well feel flattered that so great a crowd came to hear me preach?"

"No," was the answer, "for twice as many would have come to see you hanged."

Another of the same calibre said to Bishop Griswold:—

"My sermon is long to-day; do you think we had better omit the ante-communion?"

"Certainly," said the bishop, "if you are sure you have something better for the flock of Christ than the Commandments of God, the Epistle, and the Gospel."

Our candidates for Orders should be trained to read and speak intelligibly. Many excellent sermons are lost to the listeners by the preacher's poor delivery.

The support of Seabury Divinity School has been from the beginning a work of faith, and has been made more difficult because I have refused at all times to make it the organ of a party. At a time when I was much perplexed financially I was assured of the aid of one of our educational societies. I made an application in behalf of some worthy students. The society made as a condition of their assistance that the students should hold certain theological opinions, and sent me the pledges to be signed. I refused the aid proffered under these conditions and wrote the following letters:—

FARIBAULT, January 20th, 1880.

Dear Brother: I did not know that you required pledges of your beneficiaries. I write to you with perfect frankness as one brother should write to another brother in Christ, to tell you why I cannot ask the young men committed to my care to make the pledges which you require as a condition of rendering aid in their preparation for the ministry.

A young man who enters a theological school comes as a learner. Every pledge that he has made to hold certain opinions dwarfs his mind, precludes the possibility of broadest scholarship, tends to make him a partisan, and often, by a law of human perversity, leads him to the other extreme. I have felt it my duty to say that I will not knowingly receive candidates for Orders who come bound by pledges which will prevent them from becoming true scholars.

There are questions about which the Church allows a very great difference of opinion: *i.e.* as to whether Episcopacy is a primitive and apostolic institution, established in the earliest ages when the Church was guided by God, the Holy Ghost, and necessary to preserve the organic existence of the Church; as to the nature and extent of the Divine grace bestowed in Holy Baptism; as to the presence of Christ with the faithful members of His Body in the Holy Communion; as to the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures where Christians disagree. I might mention theories concerning the Atonement, Election, and a host of other deep mysteries about which the wisest scholars have in all ages differed.

A Catholic Church must be tolerant of opinion while firm as a rock in defence of the Faith. The moment that any opinion which does not belong to *the* faith as contained in the Catholic Creeds is demanded as a test of fellowship, the poor Ephraimite who cannot pronounce it must build his new sect.

God has wonderfully preserved our branch of the Church from this one error, and I believe she is to be the Healer of Christian divisions in the last days. She preserves as primitive and apostolic her visible polity. She celebrates Divine sacraments as ordained by Christ, but does not define what God has not defined. She rests all her teaching on Holy Scripture, but gives her children as interpreter the old Catholic Creeds for which she is a trustee.

The Church recognizes the validity of all Christian Baptism in the name of the Blessed Trinity and her condition of fellowship is faith in the Incarnate Son of God, as contained in the Creeds.

I do not question the right of your society to make the conditions you have made, and none will rejoice more than I at the good which has been done. I believe with all my heart in the position which I have occupied for years, and I think I see its influence on the Church. I cannot take a narrower one.

I think it would be a wiser policy for you to look, *not* to the opinions of the young men, but to the piety, scholarship, soundness in faith, earnestness, and charity of the teachers to whom you confide these young men, and to the spirit of the school which is to be their home. The Age demands much of the Church. It *must* have profound scholarship, great-hearted loyalty, and charity, and must not by any possibility allow her true position to be narrowed into limits which will surely create parties.

With much love,

Your friend and brother,

H. B. WHIPPLE.

Faribault, Jan. 31st, 1880.

Dear Brother: The only point which I raise is this: — that a young man who comes to the highest of all investigation must be a free man. He is not able to make intelligently a declaration of faith upon questions which have occupied the deepest thought of the wisest men, and about which they have differed. If he accepts aid as a condition of holding certain views, he compromises his own freedom, and by a law of human infirmity is liable to drift to the opposite extreme.

I have been compelled to take the position which I have, to prevent young men coming to us bound hand and foot to the views of other societies, and as I am sure I am right, I cannot alter it.

I should never place on your scholarship a man whom I supposed you could object to. I have for years tried to fight an honest battle for what I believe is the broad Catholicity of our branch of the Church of Christ.

I believe that we are on the eve of the mightiest battle the world has ever seen between truth and error. I have no fear of the issue. The name of our King is the *Truth.* But they who are to be His leaders must not be bound by pledges which have not been reached by the full and searching examination of all facts.

Your Society is welcome to examine and scrutinize our work. We mean to be faithful almoners for Jesus' sake. But we ask you to trust us, and not demand of young men pledges which cannot be made intelligently before their theological studies have begun.

With love,
Your friend and brother,
H. B. Whipple.

Another educational society named conditions which we could not accept, thus adding one more evidence of the need of Western theological institutions having their own endowments.

Faribault, Minnesota,
May 3rd, 1875.

Dear Brother: I write to you in sorrow concerning your decision that the only condition upon which you can aid us in the work of theological education is that the diocese of Minnesota shall raise one dollar for every two which you may give for this object. You have named a condition which we cannot fulfil, and one which I believe is unjust to us. It leaves me no alternative but to withdraw from your Society, and request that all contributions for Faribault shall be sent directly to us. I do not want the diocese to fail in any duty, or shirk any burden. It gives liberally. The diocese is poor and the field one of the hardest in the Church. Two-thirds of our people are foreigners. The people of a new country bear fearful burdens. They inherit no labor in the past, everything is to be done. Our rates of interest twelve to eighteen per cent. and taxes from three to five per cent. tell the story. In such a field the Church is trying to lay her foundations for our Saviour's work.

We have sent out (over and above the missionaries of the Domestic Committee) eighteen missionaries. We have assessed our people over five thousand dollars. We have no Bishop's fund, and his salary of twenty-five hundred dollars is assessed upon the parishes. Our calls for aid to build mission churches are many times greater than in the East. For two years we have suffered from the plague of locusts, and with great liberality our people have resolved to care for this suffering at home, and not apply to the East.

The West is to swarm with a population of millions. You cannot and you will not give us the clergy. We have not the means to send our young men fifteen hundred miles to be educated. Our young men are needed by the Church.

In faith Minnesota founded a divinity school. It was work for God, and we believed that He would care for it. In its scholarship, discipline, piety, soundness of faith, and breadth of Christian love it is equal to any in the land. It takes devout young men without pledges of support to train them to preach the gospel. It refuses no one because of poverty. They come to us from other dioceses because we offer them a welcome and a home. They become postulants and candidates here, because we offer them the only door by which they can study for the ministry. At this time Minnesota has twenty-two postulants and candidates for Orders, besides several boys in preparatory schools who look to the ministry. Ten of these came from other states. Over two-thirds of those who are in our Divinity

School came originally from other states, and one-half of all whom we have educated have been from outside of Minnesota.

One case will illustrate the rule. A bishop said to me last autumn: —

"I have an earnest man who desires to study for Holy Orders, but we are too poor to care for him."

I answered, "Send him to Faribault, and it will cost you nothing."

We trust God to care for this work. The conditions which you have named are simply impossible.

With much love,
Your brother in Christ,
H. B. WHIPPLE.

In the spirit of the following letter from the Hon. J. L. Motley we have founded the Breck Farm School at Wilder for the sons and daughters of farmers, which is doing a blessed work.

17 ARLINGTON STREET, LONDON,
10th Feb., '70.

Right Reverend and Dear Sir: Your letter of the 28th of Jan'y was duly received and read by me with sincere interest and sympathy.

I thank you very much for the details which you were so good as to give concerning the organization and progress of the system for higher education in the great Northwest. Such a work is the best to which men can devote themselves, for certainly it is education only, widely diffused and substantial, that makes our political institutions possible.

A highly educated and landed democracy seems to me the highest attainable human polity. An ignorant and pauper democracy is one of the most dangerous forms of tyranny. Certainly it should be the aim of all who love and believe in

America to aid in the intellectual and moral development of the great West, to which region the future of the Republic is entrusted and which is about, in coming years, to absorb so vast an amount of the superfluous populations of the old world.

I was very sorry to lose the opportunity of seeing you when you were in England, but am truly rejoiced to hear of the improvement in your health. Trusting that this may continue to a complete restoration,

I am, with high regard,
Very respectfully and faithfully,
J. L. MOTLEY.

RIGHT REVEREND, THE BISHOP OF MINNESOTA.

CHAPTER XIX

THERE has been no agency in the Church more powerful for good than that of Christian women. One of the most flourishing parishes in my diocese had for years only a handful of women to attend its services. Most of its support came from their self-denial. These faithful souls never admitted defeat nor questioned future success. The superintendent of the best Sunday School in the diocese was a woman, Mrs. E. G. Ripley, whose husband was the son of Dr. Ripley of Concord, Massachusetts.

Mr. Ripley was the chief justice in the state and a doorkeeper in the House of God. He was peculiarly fitted for the office of chief justice and was beloved and honored throughout Minnesota. After his health failed he resigned his office and removed to Concord, Massachusetts, where he resided in the Old Manse, near the battlefield of the American Revolution.

I was his guest when at the request of the citizens of Concord I delivered an address on Indian Missions. Ralph Waldo Emerson and his wife spent the afternoon with us at the Manse. Mr. Emerson was profoundly interested in my story of the Indians' wrongs and of what the gospel of Christ had done for them. After my address Mr. Emerson, on behalf of the citizens of Concord, thanked me in earnest words, expressing gratitude "that God had led me to care for the Indians, upon whom the gospel had had so marvellous an effect in leading them from their heathenism."

All over my diocese women have been and are doing noble work, for which they will be repaid in that day when "He maketh up His jewels."

In my Convention address of 1879 I said of the work of deaconesses:—

I have given much thought to the question of the associated labor of Christian women in the Church. Two plans have been tried—the one associated sisterhoods, which in their corporate life and labor may be independent of diocesan authority, the other, that of deaconesses duly ordained by the bishop and working under those who have authority, mission, and jurisdiction in the Church. Any plan which enables holy women to consecrate their lives unto Christ in His work will bring its own reward.

The Church is a divine institution which has a oneness of organized life. The Apostolic Church, acting under the guidance of God the Holy Ghost, set apart both men and women to do eleemosynary work. The individual laymen of Jerusalem could have lightened the burden of the apostles by voluntary service in caring for the poor. It pleased God that the Church should select "men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom," and bring them to the apostles to be duly ordained to the ministry. The same Apostolic Church, under Divine guidance set apart and ordained deaconesses for this work. It is with me no question of individual preference. I concede all the good which has and can be done by the associated labor of women in binding up the wounds of sin-sick and suffering humanity. But as I know of no human society which has the authority, mission, and promise of the historical Church, so no plan for the work of such Christian women commends itself as does that Divine plan which the apostles established. Every need of worship, fellowship, and government can be secured, and added thereto are the precedents and authority of the Church of the apostles.

That which was a daydream of my heart has been made a reality in the establishment of the Deaconesses' Home in St. Paul by my dear brother, the Rev. C. E. Haupt.

In some instances laymen have done noble work in my diocese. Colonel J. C. Ide of Wilton acted as lay-reader and Sunday School superintendent, and his services were attended by people reared in different communions, while his Sunday School was the nursery for many parishes.

General McLean, son of Judge McLean of the Supreme Court, was a prominent lawyer in Cincinnati at the beginning of the Civil War. He enlisted and by his heroism became a general. At the close of the war he settled in Frontenac, Minnesota, where he built Christ's Church and by his life and work was a power of untold good in the community. There were few parishes which presented classes for confirmation so well trained, and no Sunday School which showed more careful instruction in Christian truth. His name, with those of Dr. Hawley of Red

Wing and Mr. Longworth of Clear Lake and others, will remain a precious memory.

I believe that one great hindrance to the progress of the Church lies in the frequent change of pastorates, and that often some temporary discouragement leads to the resignation of the pastor at the very point where success awaited his efforts. As an illustration of this I mention the case of one of my clergy, the Rev. Daniel T. Booth. At the time of his ordination the only vacant place in my diocese was a mission where an attempt had been made to build a church; it was partly finished and one thousand dollars in debt. I offered to give Mr. Booth a letter to another bishop, but he said, "No, I shall stay with you." I sent him to this mission, giving him a stipend and a promise that for every dollar raised toward the debt I would give another dollar. He had a large family, and the outlook was forbidding. But he was in earnest and his life preached daily sermons. As a border man once said to me: —

"There are two kinds of preaching, one with the lips and one with the life; and *life-preaching* doesn't rub out."

Mr. Booth has been in this parish where there is not a wealthy person for twenty-three years. The church, enlarged to double its original size, has been paid for, there is a comfortable rectory, and there are more communicants of the Church in proportion to the population than in any village or city in Minnesota.

In the administration of my diocese I have given the clergy my confidence and love, believing that it was a bishop's duty to protect them against unjust attacks. A layman in whom I trusted once wrote me of rumors against the character of a clergyman and advised me to secure him a call elsewhere. I kept my own counsel and spent weeks in tracing the rumors. Being finally convinced that it was a case of slander, I refused to give the man a transfer, saying: "If you go, evil report will follow you; here it will be silenced. I know that the rumors are false, and a bishop's bones will stand between them and you.

Years after that layman thanked me for the ground I had taken, saying, "If you had listened to me, one of the best clergymen in your diocese would have been ruined."

In questions of ritual I have conceded to the clergy all the liberty which the Church has given. The ritual of the Church ought to be the expression of her life. Twenty-one years ago I said in an address to my Diocesan Council: —

"It has been my earnest wish to heal the unhappy divisions of Christians and to make love the bond of union of our diocese. A Catholic Church must be broad enough for all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth.

"We have no right to question the opinions of any man who holds and teaches the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds and is loyal to the Church of Christ. Loyalty is a bond of love and not a yoke of bondage. I love the Book of Common Prayer for its sincere, fervent piety, its clear declaration of the truth of the Incarnation, and because it everywhere teaches the blessed doctrine of justification alone by the merits of our

Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. I love it because it breathes a spirit of tender compassion for the erring. While its warnings are heart searching, it everywhere holds up Jesus Christ as the only hope of a lost world. There has never been a liturgy broader in its spirit, more spiritual in its teaching, or clearer in its definition of doctrine. It does not attempt to explain what God has not explained, and the doctrines over which men have bitterly contended are here stated in the very language of God's Word. I find in this my greatest comfort. I would not dare to use the words of any man to set forth the mysteries of the Kingdom of God; but I can, with an unfaltering voice, use the words which the Saviour has placed on my lips, and leave the deep spiritual meaning to Him. No other course can reunite a divided Christendom.

"There is growing up within and without the Church a deep longing for a closer union among those who love our Lord Jesus Christ. Christian men are becoming sick of the yokes of party bondage. There is much to grieve and wound, but there never has been a time when the outlook has been as hopeful as it is to-day. Never have there been so many signs of the deepening of spiritual life; never the world-wide interest in missions to heathen folk; never more willing gifts to found hospitals, schools, and works of mercy. The Lord is attuning the hearts of His children to His words in the synagogue of Nazareth:—

"'The Spirit of the Lord is upon me. He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor. He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captive, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised.'

"It is true that infidelity challenges the faith and tries to pervert science to its unholy work. Infidelity has never touched the wants of humanity; scoffs and sneers can furnish no foundations upon which men can build for time and eternity. As it has been, it shall be. The history of Christianity can be read by its triumphs and by the bones of the dead.

"The reunion of Christians will not come by truces and make-believes. It will not come by any human irenicons. It will come when the ever blessed Spirit of God shall fill all Christian hearts with His love. Then we shall love all whom He loves.

"One should be able to recognize the blessed work which Christians of different names are doing at home and in heathen lands, and to see the image of Christ wherever it is to be found.

"Of ritual I have said that I dread the strife which may come to the flock of Christ by individual alterations of the ritual of the Church. Ritual cannot regenerate the world. Unless it is the expression of a deep spiritual life hid with Christ in God, it is a worse mockery than gay garments on a corpse. Danger is not in a lack of ceremonials, but in a lack of holiness. The Church will advance in the beauty of her services as her spiritual life deepens. The ritual of the Church cannot be left to individual fancies. It must bear the Church's authority and symbolize her teaching.

"Of the blessed sacrament of the Holy Communion, our Lord's dying testament to His people, I have dwelt upon the danger of defining the mode and the manner of Christ's presence to the believer. It is deplorable when an attempt is made to lay bare Divine mysteries. In the most solemn hour of His earthly life our Blessed Lord instituted this Holy Sacrament, which has two parts—the outward and visible sign, and the inward and spiritual grace. Everything appertaining to this sacrament was ordained by One who was truly God. The substances to be set apart, the act of consecration, and the faithful reception make the Sacrament. There is not a place in the Holy Scriptures where our Blessed Lord and His apostles speak of this Sacrament that they do not enforce the faithful reception as a part of the Divine Institution. It is only when these appointments of God are fulfilled that the Sacrament is accomplished. The time at which the Sacrament becomes a Divine Mystery is when, in obedience to God's law, we have duly received it. This is the plain teaching of the Church. In the Invocation, after the Consecration, we pray:—

"'We most humbly beseech Thee, O most merciful Father, to hear us; and, of Thy Almighty goodness, vouchsafe to bless and sanctify, with *Thy Word and Holy Spirit,* these Thy gifts and creatures of bread and wine; that we, *receiving them* according to Thy Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ's holy institution, in remembrance of His death and passion, may be partakers of His most blessed Body and Blood.'

"Here, as in all her teaching, the Church honors the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, who is sent to take of the things of Christ and reveal them unto us. The prayer of Invocation sets forth the doctrine which has always been held by our branch of the Church Catholic — that the Communion of the Body and Blood of Christ is His gift to the worthy receiver of the blessed Sacrament. It is then that the Church places her children on their knees. It is a matter of devout thanksgiving that the Church of England and our own Church have taught of this sacrament, that which was taught for one thousand years after our Lord's Ascension; that it is a means of grace and not an object of adoration. The Church has always repeated to her children the words of St. Paul, 'The bread which we break, is it not the *Communion* of the Body of Christ? The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the Communion of the Blood of Christ?'

"Every believer must feel a deep reverence for this Holy Mystery, and his heart will be melted with contrition and his faith will look up with grateful love to the One Mediator who in His glorified humanity bears the mark of His suffering for us. He will gladly accept the truth that in this Sacrament 'We do show forth the Lord's death until He come,' and that the minister of Christ by the command of his Lord sets forth and consecrates the broken bread and poured-out wine, as the memorial and representation of that one sacrifice which our great High Priest perpetually presents unto the Father. He will humbly believe that when he rightly receives this Sacrament through the Holy Ghost he receives the benefits of Our Lord's Passion. The Holy Ghost is God's Vicegerent who keeps up the life current between disciples on earth and their ascended Lord.

"I love a beautiful ritual, but I love more the unity of the Church. There is great danger that young men of little experience with the world and a good deal of self, may repel men from the Church. Far better is it to follow the advice of the apostle: —

"'Take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours become an occasion of stumbling to them that are weak.' 'When ye sin so against the brethren and wound their weak conscience, ye sin against Christ.'

"If a man preaches Christ, lives for Christ, works for Christ, and his heart is full of love for the foot-sore and weary, his ritual will not provoke cavil. If, however, ritual is placed first, his mission has been strangely forgotten. The King's Daughter may indeed be clothed in raiment of needlework, but the fair linen of the Lamb's bride is the righteousness of the Saints."

In a visit to England in 1864 I was the guest of Archbishop Tait, then the Bishop of London. After a long conversation upon the American Church, its diocesan councils and work, I expressed some surprise that with his theological views he should permit the extreme ritualistic practices of the clergy in St. George's-in-the-East. He replied: —

"My dear brother, these men are doing work for lost souls, and I cannot interfere with work done for Jesus Christ."

When the cholera came Bishop and Mrs. Tait went to St. George's-in-the-East to minister to the sick and dying.

In the autumn of the same year I was the guest of my dear friend Bishop Wilberforce at Cuddeston;

and it is a sweet memory that I was permitted to see into the depths of that rare nature as never before, and afterward to better appreciate Mr. Gladstone's announcement of the bishop's death to the Queen, "Your Majesty has lost your greatest subject."

I recall a visit which I made at this time, one stormy night in November, with Mr. Robert Minturn, who was deeply interested in work for the poor, and Mr. Glynn, to a refuge filled with wretched men and women in the worst part of London. The doors were guarded by policemen to prevent noted criminals from entering. The women were in an upper hall while the men occupied a large hall on the ground floor. Each person was registered, the nationality, age, and religion recorded, and the cases were examined by district visitors. When the rooms were full, bread and coffee were distributed, after which a hymn was sung, a chapter from the gospels read, and a prayer offered. The visitors then passed from one to another with words of comfort and encouragement. I was attracted by the gentle voice of a lady dressed in mourning who seemed to have a peculiar influence upon the women, who hung upon every word that fell from her lips. I learned that she was the daughter of a prominent nobleman, and came regularly every week to minister to her wretched sisters.

As we were leaving Mr. Minturn said: —

"I suppose you do not have many Americans here?"

"No," replied Mr. Glynn, "but there is one here to-night."

Mr. Minturn asked me to see him and find out if he were a worthy object of charity. I found that the poor fellow had come from St. Louis and had an interesting history, but misfortune had followed him until his means had become exhausted. He had pawned his coat for food, and would have been a wanderer in the street had it not been for this refuge. He described people and places in St. Louis so accurately that I believed it to be a case of honest suffering. Mr. Minturn wrote to his shipping agent in London: —

> Buy A. B. a suit of clothes and send him home on the first ship. Write the New York office to give him a ticket for St. Louis.

The same evening he arranged to send two orphan children to good homes.

Mr. William H. Aspinwall, who was then in London, invited me to accompany him to Rome. We had no clergyman at that time in Rome, and during my stay I did much parish work. After a service held in the English Church outside the walls, I overheard an English woman say to another: —

"Who was the bishop who preached to-day?"

And the answer was: —

"The Bishop of Mimosa; he comes from South Africa, you know."

CHAPTER XX

In 1865 I visited Palestine, that land consecrated as the place where the Son of God tabernacled in the flesh. With all its desolation it is the dearest of all lands to the Christian. Its forests are cut down; on its barren hillsides the rocks tell us that no longer does the fig tree blossom, nor the vine bear fruit. The wandering Bedouin sweeps over the desert with his robber bands, and the Moslem makes the freedmen of Jehovah his slaves. In Judea the child of Abraham is the man of the trembling eye and wandering foot. And yet it is the same land where Abraham pitched his tent, and where Jacob fed his flocks; where Moses gazed at Pisgah, and where David and Solomon ruled. It has within its borders the pathways and abiding-places of Jesus, the only Begotten Son of God. Everywhere some memorial of the Saviour is found. Although it has been trodden under foot by the heel of Gentile armies, and its bosom scarred with the battles of contending hosts, it is the same land; and he who travels there with a thoughtful heart will see everywhere the finger of God.

There is no tramp of busy feet, no whistling car, no cry as of men who strive, no glitter and show to cheat the heart of God's lesson. Its hillsides and valleys, its crumbling cities and villages, its broken columns and spoiled fountains speak of the dim past, and hush to silence every thought save to read there transactions between God and man.

It is a strange and mysterious ordering of the Providence of God that in this restless world of change the habits and customs of Judea are unchanged. It remains a silent witness of the truth of the revelation of God. The Arab shepherd's tent is to-day as when Joseph's brethren fed their father's flocks at Dothan. The gray-haired patriarch sits in the door of the tent, as did Abraham at Mamre; while beside it are the women grinding at the mill with the upper and nether millstone. The swarthy maiden, another Rebecca, draws water at the well, and hastens to let down the pitcher from her head to give the traveller drink. The people sleep upon a simple mat which any child might take up. The household, in village or city, walk on the roofs of the dwellings. The women still wear the close veil, earrings, and bracelets; and the burnos is the same outer garment which the law of Moses returned to its owner before eventide. The simple meal is Abigail's gift to David, "a dressed kid, parched corn, clusters of raisins, and dried figs."

Not less interesting is the character of the country. The palm tree, the olive, and the sycamore are still seen; the few gardens and vineyards yield the same productions, while the mountains stand round about Jerusalem. The dreary waste of the Dead Sea and the Desert of Temptation are unchanged. To-day, as of old, Sharon is a garden of flowers, the dew falls on Hermon, and the cedars grow on Lebanon. I found the Bible of my childhood the best of guidebooks.

It is in this rich field of clustering association that Palestine offers its holiest charms. The undesigned coincidences which appear with every day's journey make the traveller feel as if he were living in the days of gospel history.

For instance, far away in the distance a sower is scattering his seed; upon reaching the place one sees in the narrow bridle-path the seed to be trodden under foot by the horses. On one side the Spina Christi hugs the earth while it pierces the heart with its blood-stained memory; on the other side the rock crops out to the surface, and scattered about are patches of rich soil. One finds one's self listening to the parable of Jesus. Yonder on the hillside are a shepherd and his sheep, not as elsewhere with a faithful dog guiding the flock, but the shepherd goes before and leadeth them out — he calleth his sheep by name, and they hear his voice and follow him whithersoever he goeth. And so the Great Shepherd of Israel is pleading with one's heart as one looks upon this pastoral scene.

The wild flowers of every tint spring up whereever there is a bit of earth — the violet, the daisy, the anemone — reminding one of home; and a hundred varieties, with a color richer than any of these dear home sisters, preach again the sermon on the mount.

The Eastern name of water, "Gift of God," tells why Jesus should have said to the poor bewildered woman of Samaria, "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked . . . living water."

It is plain that this is the land where Jesus found sermons for his untutored hearers in everything which their eyes saw. The village or ruined fortress on the hillside, which at eventide casts its light afar, the woman kneading bread in the door of the tent, the shepherd dividing his sheep from the goats, the countless sparrows of the air. For Him everything held a sermon to lead bewildered men to find fellowship with God.

It is perhaps fortunate if one enters Palestine after a sojourn in Egypt where the hoary antiquities, which for over forty centuries have defied storm and tempest, so far antedate the scenes of gospel history that it makes it a simple matter to realize events which happened only nineteen hundred years ago. To one who has familiarized his mind with the pyramids of Gizeh, the tombs of Memphis, or the temples of Thebes, marvels which challenged admiration when Abraham came into Egypt or when Joseph was sold a slave in Potiphar's house, there will be little difficulty in grasping the reality of Bethany, Jerusalem, and the Mount of Olives, with their sacred associations. I found it much harder to realize the fact that when Herodotus entered Egypt the pyramids had stood through more than two thousand years of history than I did to feel myself following the footsteps of my Master and lingering in His abiding-places.

The old port of Jaffa looks out upon the Mediterranean from the hillside on which it is perched, with its picturesque background of orange gardens and groves of mulberry and sycamore and fig trees. It has no harbor, but a ledge of rocks forms a breakwater behind which in pleasant weather the feluccas with their long lateen sails are seen.

In one of my first walks, a little Arab said to me: "Christian, you see Simon Tanner house? All English see him." I followed my dusky guide to the old ruin which bears the tradition of Simon the Tanner's house, by the seaside, and I confess that without raising any question of identity, it was like rewriting history to stand there and recall the wonderful vision of, as it were, "a great sheet let down by the four corners from heaven."

From the quay at my feet Jonah sailed for Tarshish; and yonder Hiram's ships of Tyre brought the gold, the hewn timber, and the precious stones for Solomon's Temple; while from this point those world-renowned Phœnician galleys sailed.

It has blessed memories of apostolic preaching, of miracles of healing, and a long line of martyrs of Christ.

The beauty of a distant view of the Holy City is lost by an approach from the Jaffa road; and yet I am sure that no Christian ever looked for the first time upon Jerusalem that he did not cry from the depth of his heart, "Beautiful, beautiful is Mt. Zion, the joy of the whole earth!"

On the hill which overlooks the city I was met by one of the good deaconesses of Kaiserworth and her school of Arab children who had come to welcome an American bishop with a song.

Eastward wound the rocky road leading down to Jericho, and on the right the undulating country toward Bethlehem; while at my feet lay the Valley of Hinnom and Aceldama, and beyond the Kedron beautiful Mt. Olivet.

The desolation on every side melts the heart to tenderness and blinds the eyes with tears; thoughts chase each other strangely as one remembers that he is looking on the home of Melchisedec the King of Salem, and that upon this hillside Abraham came to offer Isaac, and Solomon built a house for the Lord which was the glory of all lands; and, above all, that here Jesus had walked, teaching the people, and had watered the earth with His tears and His blood.

One sees many traditional sights of holy places, but I am not aware that any scholar has questioned that the Mosque of Omar stands on the site of the Temple on Mt. Moriah.

The Via Dolorosa, the way of sorrow which our blessed Lord trod to the cross, begins near the Mosque of Omar. Faith does not require that one should believe that the events which are commemorated at the stations along this street happened at the exact places, and yet no thoughtful person can walk through that lonely street without the deepest emotions; for somewhere near there *was* a Via Dolorosa pressed by the feet of Jesus.

To me it mattered little whether it lay fifty feet on one side, or fifty feet on the other side. I did not need the privilege of St. Thomas, to put my finger in the print of the nail. I did not go to Palestine as an engineer, with compass and level to identify every sight, but simply as a Christian to join the crowd of loving hearts who were there to know more of Jesus. No man can be envied who can find no better occupation than that of heaping doubts upon the religion of Christ.

Although I had visited the Holy Sepulchre often, and at the time of the impressive ceremonies of the fête day, I was most touched by the sight of a Russian, a Syrian, a Copt mother from Egypt, a Frenchman, and an Englishman who were waiting with devout faces for admission, showing as it did the love of divers creeds and nations for that one grave, for the light which it has shed upon all other graves.

As I sat one day on the top of Mt. Olivet, my guide, Abraham, an old Hebrew resident of Jerusalem, pointing far away beyond the Joppa Gate, said: —

"That is Aceldama."

"Abraham, what do you mean by Aceldama?" I asked.

"Surely," he replied, "the field of blood."

"But was there a field of blood?" I asked. I shall never forget the look of sadness, as he said, with deep feeling: —

"It is a tradition of my fathers that it was bought with the blood of Jesus." And then he added, "It was a mistake to crucify Jesus; he must have been a prophet of God or we should not be strangers in the land of our fathers."

The route to Bethlehem led us past Rachael's tomb, to which my faithful Abraham pointed, with the words, "It is the grave of our Mother Rachael, and the only piece of public property which we own in the land of our fathers."

In making the journey to the Dead Sea it is necessary to rest a night at Mar Saba, a convent perched like an eagle's nest in the cleft of the rock. From this anchorites' home to the Dead Sea it is a breakneck ride along the edge of the Quarranta, the desert of temptation. It is a region of desolation with no sign of a living thing. The earth is torn into vast chasms, while here and there are sandhills which the wind has pressed so closely that they look as if covered by canvas and strained to the earth.

A ride of two hours brings one to the River Jordan. The river varies in depth from three to ten feet, and is from fifty to two hundred feet in width. We missed the exciting scene of the annual bathing of the pilgrims, but I had the far greater privilege of baptizing a fellow traveller in water consecrated by the baptism of the Saviour.

While at Mar Saba the heat and the fleas had been so disturbing that sleep had been impossible, and we had spent the night in conversation. I had been asked by one of our number, a Quaker from Philadelphia, to give the views of our Church upon baptism. I said that our Saviour established a kingdom on earth of which He was the King; that He made the door of entrance Christian baptism in words the depth of which no man could fathom: —

"Verily I say unto you that except a man is born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God."

Nicodemus asked our Lord two questions. The one, as to the mystery, he did not answer, for it belonged to the Government of God; the other, as to duty, our Lord answered so plainly that it has been a law of the Christian Church for eighteen hundred years. I used the comparison of a foreigner receiving citizenship, that it was not the office, it was not the form, but it was the nation which stood behind the form, which conferred the boon of citizenship on the alien. Only in the nation's way could he receive it. So here, there must be the repentance which is turning to God, the faith which looks to Christ as the Saviour, and obedience to Christ in receiving the Sacrament of His appointment.

The little company all seemed much interested in the conversation, especially a young Harvard man who had been with me during the journey from Cairo and whose thoughtful questions on several occasions, when speaking of spiritual truths, had shown his deep interest. He said to me after we left the Dead Sea: —

"Bishop, I cannot tell you how deeply I feel in this matter; I cannot bear to go by the place where our Saviour was baptized, unbaptized. Will you baptize me?"

"If thou believest, thou mayest," I answered, and when we reached the Jordan I administered the blessed Sacrament to my friend in the presence of a company of Christian pilgrims and a crowd of Arabs.

The scene from the hills back of the ancient site of Jericho is one of the most beautiful upon which I have ever looked. The eye takes in the sweep of the Jordan at the foot of the hills of Moab, a vast amphitheatre from thirty to fifty miles in extent, while northward are the snow-capped mountains of Lebanon. Eastward, at the foot of these hills, Israel crossed the Jordan. Here Naaman was healed of his leprosy, and yonder the blind man cried, "Jesu, mercy." A babbling spring near by still bears the name of Elisha, because he healed it of its bitter waters. Behind is the dreary road from Jerusalem to Jericho, where, as in our Saviour's time, the traveller, unless guarded by Arab soldiers, would fall among thieves who would wound him, strip him of his raiment, and leave him half dead.

It was while travelling over this road, faint and burning with the beginning of Syrian fever, that I crept under the shadow of a rock, and understood as never before the meaning of the prophecy, "He shall be to His people like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Upon reaching Jerusalem Bishop Gobat took me to his home, and I owe my life, under God, to the care of his family and of the faithful deaconesses of Kaiserworth.

During that long illness, when vibrating between life and death, my good Abraham came often to my bedside, and with uplifted hands prayed:—

"May the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, bring thee safe to thy kindred."

Were these pages a chronicle of my journey through the blessed land of our Saviour, they would soon multiply into a volume, for the overwhelming thoughts and memories which fill the heart amid scenes so sacred, tempt to a detailed description of places and impressions quite out of place in a mere collection of brief incidents of a busy life.

On my way to Paris I had a relapse, and was carefully nursed by Mr. Richard Kingsland, of New York. Upon my arrival I heard of the assassination of President Lincoln. No words can describe the feeling of sorrow which pervaded all classes, as if his death were a personal bereavement.

My dear friends, Dr. Theodore Evans and his wife, took me to their home and cared for me until restored to health.

Dr. Evans was warden of the American Church in Paris. His brother, Dr. Thomas Evans, who saved the Empress Eugenie from the violence of a Parisian Commune, will be held in grateful remembrance by all who honor brave men.

Emperor Napoleon said one day to Dr. Theodore Evans, "Next Sunday there will be a fête at the palace, and we shall expect you to be present."

Dr. Evans replied, "Sire, on that day I serve another King."

"But," said the Emperor, "suppose I send for you to do some work for me?"

"Sire," was the answer, "if it is to relieve pain, I shall go; but if it is to do work which can be done as well another day, I cannot go. If not loyal to my God, I shall not be loyal to my sovereign."

Napoleon responded, "Monsieur Evans, I respect America more than ever before."

CHAPTER XXI

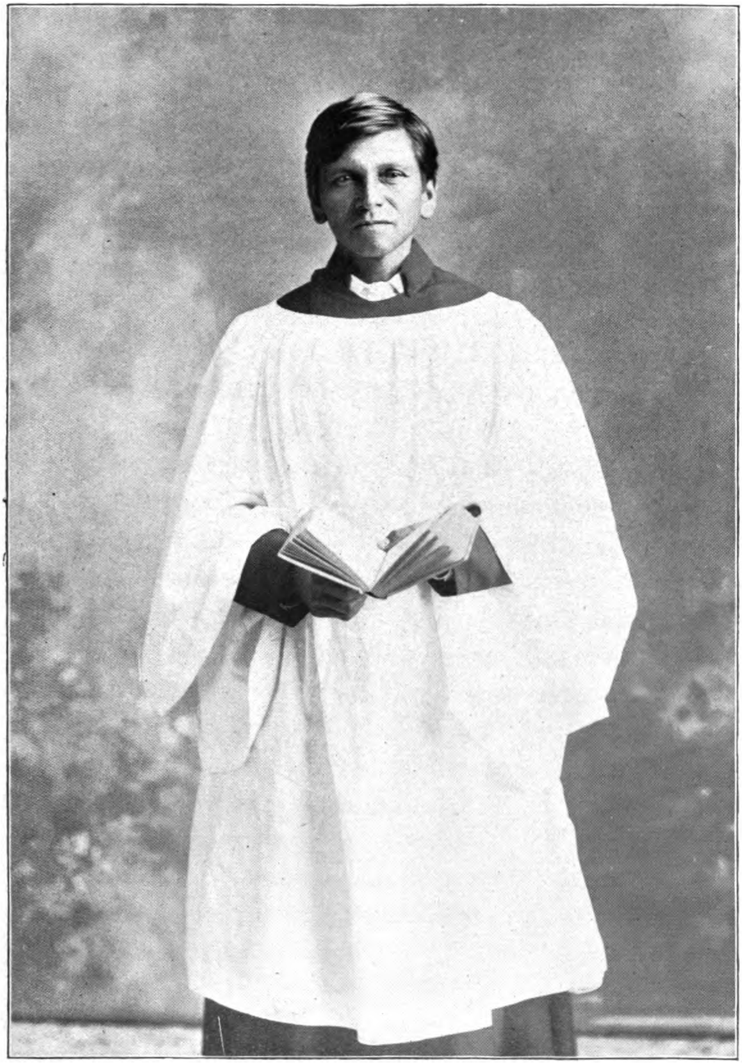
On my return to Minnesota I was deeply gratified to find that my work had been so faithfully cared for by my clergy during my illness. I wish that time would permit me to speak of each of these dear brothers and to tell the story of their labors.

The Rev. Edward Livermore, descended from generations of gifted men, came to the diocese in 1860, and was for many years the only missionary in the southwestern part of the state. Mr. Livermore, a High Churchman, and one of the most loyal men who ever gladdened a bishop's heart, received the following tribute: —

On one of my visitations to a certain parish a woman came to me, with face beaming with satisfaction, and exclaimed, "Bishop, I am so glad that you sent us that dear evangelical preacher, for if you had sent us a High Churchman it would have ruined our work."

The Rev. David Buel Knickerbacker, afterward Bishop of Indiana, was a leader in the missionary field. He was an untiring worker and a devoted parish priest, whose willing feet led him to homes of sickness and sorrow, and to seek the neglected and the stranger.

The Rev. Dr. Paterson was the devoted and scholarly rector of St. Paul's Church, St. Paul; the



NAPOLEON WABASHA,

Catechist, Son of the Hereditary Chief of the Sioux

Rev. Dr. van Ingen, the eloquent rector of Christ's Church, St. Paul; and the Rev. S. Y. McMasters, an encyclopædia of science and history.

The Rev. Edward R. Welles of Red Wing represented the Holy Herbert in the diocese; and the Rev. Charles Woodward, rather than abandon his mission, walked nine miles and back five days in the week to teach school in St. Paul.

One of the most original of my clergy was the Rev. Benjamin Evans, at one time a city missionary in New York. At one of his stations he alluded in his sermon to the miracles of our Lord. A sceptic arose and said: —

"We do not believe in miracles, and if you believe in them, will you explain that story about the quails which fell six feet thick about the camp of Israel? We think it a lie."

"My friend," said Mr. Evans, calmly, "there are people who are listening to my sermon; if I stop to talk to you they will lose it. Next Sunday I will preach a sermon on quails if you will be present."

The next Sunday the school-house was crowded with an eager congregation. Mr. Evans began his sermon by saying: —

"Do not think, my friends, that you will solve all the difficulties of the Bible by opening a commentary. I once saw in a commentary that these quail might have been locusts. Moses knew the difference between a grasshopper and a bird. The psalmist says, 'They fed on feathered fowl,' and so they did. Is the gentleman here who interrupted me last Sunday?" The man arose and Mr. Evans asked, "Can you tell me how many of the children of Israel were going from Egypt to Canaan?"

"No," was the answer.

"Can you tell me the time of the year that this happened?"

"No."

"Can you tell me the character of the country?"

"No."

"Can you tell me whether the quail is a migratory bird?"

"No."

To each of twelve questions the sceptic answered, *No*. Then sadly turning to the congregation Mr. Evans continued:—

"Brethren, here is one of your neighbors who proposes to trample the Bible under his feet in the suspicion that he has found in it a lie. You will bear me witness that he cannot answer any one of the questions necessary to understand the story of the quails. Is there any one present who has lived in New England?"

"I came from New Hampshire," replied a man.

"Did you," asked Mr. Evans, "ever see immense flocks of pigeons fly over the country against a strong wind?"

"Very often," was the answer, "and they fly so low that I have knocked them down with a club."

"True," exclaimed Mr. Evans. "Now the children of Israel had no guns, and that strong wind caused the quail to fly so low that it was a simple matter to supply the camp with food."

The doubter took his seat effectively silenced.

I once had an appointment at a border town, and being overtaken by a storm I stopped at a log house to warm myself. The owner after greeting me said: —

"Bishop, I hear you are going to preach at —— to-night. I reckon you'll have a lively time, for an infidel who has been giving lectures there says he is going to tackle you."

My sermon that night was on the love of God in Christ Jesus, and the blessedness of His service; the text, "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." At the close of the service a man came forward, and standing in front of me, said: —

"Bishop, I want to know if your Church believes in hell?"

I looked at him quietly and answered: —

"If you want to know what I believe on this subject I will tell you a story which covers my faith. A devout old negro slave had a young niece who seemed bound to go the wrong way. One evening the child came bounding into the cabin from some scoffer's gathering, and exclaimed: —

"Aunty, Ise done gwine to b'leve in hell no more. If dere done be any hell, Ise like ter know whar dey gits de brimstone fur it!"

The old Aunty turned her eyes sorrowfully upon the girl and answered, with tears running down her cheeks: —

"Oh, honey darlin', look dat yer doesn't go dere; you done find dey all takes dere own brimstone wid 'em."

Some of the dearest memories of my episcopate are connected with the Rev. George L. Chase, one of the gentlest and wisest men I have ever known. He was a student of my own theological teacher, the Rev. Dr. W. D. Wilson, and came to me from the diocese of western New York an invalid; but he was one of the earnest souls who say, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel of Christ." He was an artist, a scholar, a man of affairs, and added to all other graces he had a passionate love for men who sin and suffer. He was loyal to the Church. As he had authority to preach the gospel he believed that it was his privilege to preach it wherever men would hear. Many a missionary journey have we had together, holding wayside services under every manner of roof.

One bright winter day, before the advent of railways, we left St. Anthony's Falls for a fifty-mile drive to the Mille Lacs lumber camps. The temperature was thirty degrees below zero, but our Arctic garments defied cold. How well I remember the creaking of the sledge runners, the music of the bells, the rime on bush and forest tree and, as the sun went down, the "sun-dogs." As we drove up to the camp there was a chorus of welcomes to "Parson George," and scrutinizing glances at his bishop to see if he were a "tenderfoot" or to the manor born.

The enormous log house of the camp contained a long front room flanked by a tier of bunks on either side, filled with hay. In the centre of the room stood a huge monster in the shape of an iron stove, always kept at a red heat, and around which hung the drying wardrobes of the men. In the rear there was another large room with a kitchen at one end, presided over by the most honored man in the camp, the cook, with his assistant "cookee."

Soon after our arrival supper was called, and such a supper! Great pans of baked beans, haunches of venison, beef and pork, every variety of vegetable and the best of tea and coffee. The lumbermen in those days lived most sumptuously.

After the table was cleared and the men had seated themselves, I made a few explanations of the service, saying that it was the asking of God our Father for the things needed; that the hymns were God's praises; and that the reading of the Bible was the hearing of His message. As the hymn was given out there was a hushed stillness; the words "Jesus Lover of my Soul" seemed to awaken memories of a far-off home or some village church, for here and there could be heard and seen the trembling of a voice, and the hasty brushing away of a tear. The heart was so deeply moved after looking into the bronzed faces of those sons of Anak, that out of its own fulness, the love of Jesus Christ was poured. They were deeply moved, and after the benediction there was neither noise nor laughter as they went to their bunks.

As a rule the men were reverent in behavior. On one occasion, however, a young man tried to excite a laugh during the service, upon which the chief lumberman seized the offender by the collar with the words: "Were you brought up in a Christian land? I'll teach you how to behave to a minister!" and putting him out into the freezing night he added, "Stay there, till you can act like a Christian."

When we asked the hour for rising, one of the men answered: —

"The boss is a kind man, and is so afraid that the boys will be hungry that he gets us up in the night to feed us."

Long before daylight breakfast was ready, the horses fed, and before sunrise men and teams were far away.

I wish I could describe the four-horse teams, — a sight to make Rosa Bonheur glad, — the stalwart axemen, who with quick, deep strokes fell the giants of the forest; the shout, "Look out for the widow-makers," as the tree falls, leaving broken limbs (the widow-makers) suspended from the next tree; the rolling of the fragrant logs on the sledges, and the banking on the stream.

During the visitation we held two services on Sunday in the lumber camps and one every evening. A delegation waited on me after one of the services and said: —

"We hear you have been to the land where they say our Saviour lived. If there really is such a place, will you tell us about it?"

I promised to give them a lecture on Palestine the following Sunday, and when the evening came, the camp was packed with eager listeners, many of whom had walked over five miles in the snow to hear of the place trodden by the blessed feet of the Saviour.

One reason why men do not heed the gospel is because they do not hear the gospel preached. Men who sin and suffer care little for philosophy, but they will hang on the words of one who tells of Jesus Christ as if he were a messenger bringing pardon. I would not sit in judgment on the sermons of the clergy. I have heard many poor sermons, and I do not recall one which would not have helped me, had I treasured the grain of God's truth which it contained. But it is true that in religion, as in all other things, men will listen to one who believes implicitly in his message. You cannot make others believe until you believe yourself. I am afraid that when we preach to men who have not learned repentance and faith, about the highest Christian mysteries, we come near "casting pearls before swine." The first and deepest foundation is faith in Jesus Christ; and when men have this, all His lessons are easy. The early Church had special teaching for its catechumens.

Another of my beloved clergy was the Rev. Edward C. Bill. While a student at Annandale College he heard me deliver a missionary address and became deeply interested in missionary work. He came to Faribault and entered Seabury Divinity School. After the burning of Seabury Hall I took him to my home, and for two years he was a member of my family. He possessed a most brilliant mind, although afflicted with deafness and partial blindness. If he were given the leading arguments of an author, he would fill in the outlines as if he had made a study of the work. After some years of service in the Cathedral he became Professor of Liturgics in Seabury Divinity School, and endowed a professorship.

Time would fail me to tell of the splendid work done by men like the Rev. Timothy Wilcoxen, the Rev. J. S. Chamberlain, the Rev. George Du Bois and a host of others.

While my diocesan work had been well cared for during my absence, I found that Indian affairs had gone from bad to worse. The Rev. Enmegahbowh was residing temporarily at Mille Lacs. The legislature had demanded the removal of all Indians from Minnesota; and the authorities at Washington had prepared a treaty by which the Chippewas were to relinquish their lands and remove to a country north of Leech Lake, and a special agent was sent to negotiate the treaty. The man was without the slightest knowledge of Indian character. He came to see me and begged me to help him make the treaty. After examining the paper I said: —

"The Indians will not sign this treaty; they are not fools. This is the poorest strip of land in Minnesota, and is unfit for cultivation. You propose to take their arable land, their best hunting-ground, their rice fields, and their fisheries, and give them a country where they cannot live without the support of the Government."

The agent was angry and replied: —

"If you will not help me, I will negotiate it without your help."

"You can try it," I replied, "but you will certainly fail."

He called all the Indians together at Crow Wing, and made this speech to them: —

"My friends, your Great Father has heard how much you have been wronged, and he determined to send an honest man to treat with you. He looked in the North, the South, the East, and the West, and when he saw me he said, 'There is an honest man; I will send him to my red children.' My red brothers, the winds of fifty-five winters have blown over my head and have silvered it with gray. In all that time I have never done wrong to a single human being. As the representative of the Great Father and as your friend, I advise you to sign this treaty at once."

As quickly as a flash of lightning, old Sha-boshkung, the head chief of the Mille Lacs band, sprang to his feet, and said: —

"My father, look at me! The winds of fifty-five winters have blown over my head and have silvered it with gray. But — *they haven't blown my brains away!*"

He sat down, and all the Indians shouted, "Ho! Ho! Ho!" That ended the council.

Shaboshkung has always been noted for his wit. A party of surveyors were lost in the Mille Lacs forest, and after wandering about for two days, reached Shaboshkung's village. They asked the chief for food. Shaboshkung told his wife to prepare dinner, and when it was ready he sat down with his family, leaving the hungry surveyors standing outside. After they had finished Shaboshkung told his wife to prepare another meal, and he then invited the white men to sit down, saying: —

"Perhaps you wonder why I did not ask you to eat with me. When I was in Washington the Great Father told me that if I wanted to be happy in this world and go to the good place when I die, I must keep my eyes open and see what the white man does, and then follow his example. I did this, and saw that the rich white man never asked the poor man to eat at his table; and if of another color, he would not receive him as a guest. To-day I am the rich man; you are poor and of another color. My friends, I want to be happy in this world, and I want to go to the good place when I die, so I have followed the Great Father's advice."

I have spoken of the Indian's quickness at repartee. An Indian agent, who was a militia colonel, desired to impress the Indians with the magnitude of his dignity. He dressed himself in full uniform, with his sword by his side, and rising in the council told them that one reason why the Great Father had had so much trouble with his red children was that he had sent civilians to them.

"You are warriors," he said, "and when the Great Father saw me, he said, 'I will send this man who is a great warrior to my red children, who are warriors, and they will hear his words.'"

An old chief arose, and surveying the speaker from head to foot, said calmly: —

"Since I was a small boy I have heard that white men had great warriors. I have always wanted to see one. I have looked upon one, and now I am ready to die."

Sha-ko-pee, one of the leaders in the massacre of 1862, was a prisoner in Fort Snelling under the sentence of death. He said to Dr. Daniels, who was visiting him: —

"What will the white men do to me?"

"I think you will be hanged," the doctor answered.

With a quiet smile, Shakopee replied: "I am not afraid to die. When I go into the spirit world I will look the Great Spirit in the face and I will tell Him what the whites did to my people before we went to war. He will do right. I am not afraid."

Colonel Meacham, when talking with Captain Jack, the head chief of the Modocs, after the massacre of General Canby, spoke of the treachery of the Indians and their acts of cruelty. Captain Jack replied: —

"I have done many bad things, but not so bad as your men have done. Forty-seven Modocs were killed when we came in under a flag of truce. The wigwam of an old bedridden woman was set on fire, and the woman burned to death. There would have been no war if white men had kept their word."

A clergyman who was visiting Captain Jack in prison, after describing heaven as a place where the streets were paved with gold and the houses built of precious stone, said: —

"And if you repent of your wickedness in fighting good white men, the Great Spirit will permit you to go to this place."

Captain Jack listened politely, and then asked, "Do you think you will go to that place?"

"Yes," was the answer, "if I should die to-day, I should be there before night."

"If you will take my place," was the response, "and be hanged to-morrow, I will give you forty ponies."

The offer was not accepted.

The following extract from one of Enmegahbowh's letters shows how keenly the Indians feel their wrongs.

The first treaty my people made was the most imposing gathering I have ever witnessed. The chief of each band wore the colors of his rank. His suit of clothing was made of the best dressed skins and furs gorgeously decorated. His firm and independent step and his demeanor indicated his strength and purity. Do I say his strength and purity? I say it knowingly from my own experience. His growth was from the purest seed — an offspring which had not been contaminated by the white man's manufactured drug. He drank the purest water, he ate the purest food, he breathed the purest air, as when the first man breathed it in the new created world. He drank no devil's spittle to burn away his brains; he was a happy human being. There was a great crowd of warriors at that treaty, each wearing his eagle plumes which told of his bravery in battle and of the enemies he had slain. After the treaty, the great war chief, Hole-in-the-Day said: —

> "A fatal treaty!
> Kuh quah ne sah gah nig!
> Kuh quah ne sah gah nig!
> Woe, woe be to my people!
> Woe, woe be to my people!"

Why did he say this? Our fathers had predicted that the day would come when a great and beautiful bird would appear, and sing a most captivating song to our people; that the songs could not be resisted. I think it was at this treaty that some of our people first saw silver and gold dollars. I knew a girl who took her gold dollar to a trader and bought three yards of calico; she came home much pleased and said, "Mother, see what that little gold piece bought." "My daughter, that was a great deal, go back with my two gold dollars and get me calico."

A great crowd of mixed bloods came to the treaty. Every man, woman, and child who had a drop of Indian blood in his veins was there. They loved the Indians and were proud of their Indian blood. Their speakers said, "Grandfathers, fathers, uncles, and nephews, we are glad to come to your Council.

We ask to have a share in our payment, and we make an oath as long as you shall receive annual payments we shall never come again to the treaty ground." How many years was the solemn oath kept? Just one year; for the next payment all the mixed bloods were there. The next time that our dear mixed bloods expressed their love for us was at the payment where they asked their grandfathers, fathers, uncles, and nephews to give each mixed blood one hundred and sixty acres of land and promised solemnly that never would they or their children ask for land again. I cannot tell all, but here is one family with not only sons and daughters, but great-grandsons and great-granddaughters. In 1842 they each received one hundred and sixty acres of land, and their share of land is, in 1842, two thousand three hundred and twenty acres of land, and in 1898, five thousand one hundred and twenty acres of land. Bishop, take a long pause before you speak. Rather! Rather!! too much! Yes, I say positively, *too much!*

Yes, you have drawn us into a helpless position. You try to please us with pleasant smiles. It is not a smile; it is a grimace, and you sing the interesting song, "Hail Columbia," and all we can do is to cry, HELP! Plenty of big promises given, but alas! we cannot eat and be satisfied with promises. My old friend, Chief Pa-ka-nuh-waush said: "My friend, I am afraid to move East or West. I am standing by a precipice, to move in any direction I fall to be no more."

It would weary my readers to go on with the sad story. The picture drawn by Enmegahbowh of a payment at Sandy Lake, where he was a teacher, is almost too heartrending to be described, but it is one of the footlights. He says: —

The Indians from all the Mississippi lands, Mille Lacs, Gull Lake, Leech Lake, and Pokeguma were present. The old Sandy Point was covered with wigwams. The first day they received their beautiful well-colored flour hard with lumps, and pork heavily perfumed. The old chief brought me some of both and said, "Is this fit to eat?" I said, "No, it is not fit to eat." But the Indians were hungry and they ate it. About ten o'clock at night, the first gun was fired. You well know, Bishop, that the Indians fire a gun when a death occurs. An hour after another gun was fired, and then another and another, until it seemed death was in every home. That night twenty children died, and the next day as many more, and so for five days and five nights the deaths went on. Oh, it was dreadful! Weeping and wailing everywhere! I and my companion were dumb. All the time women were coming to ask if this disease were contagious. As the deaths increased, wigwams were deserted, and the inmates fled to the forest. They buried their dead in haste, often without clothing. The chief's prophecy was true: "A fatal treaty! Woe, woe be to my people."

Bishop, when these dear victims strewed along the pathless wilderness shall hear the great trumpet sound and shall point to those who caused their death, it will be dreadful! My friend, Chief Pakanuhwaush, has just come in. I asked him how many died at the payment of Sandy Lake. He said, over three hundred. These are tales of woe which some day shall be made known. The Great Spirit knows them all.

CHAPTER XXII

In 1866 I attended the meeting of the Board of Missions in New York. The Board had made no appropriations for Indian missions. At one of the sessions my dear friend, the Rev. George Leeds, offered a resolution "that the Board of Missions express their cordial sympathy with the Bishop of Minnesota, in his efforts to carry the gospel to the Indian race."

I had just come from the Indian country where I had witnessed its sorrows and degradation, and was ill from exposure, besides carrying heavy pecuniary burdens which I had incurred for Indian missions. But I arose in response to this resolution and said: —

"If the object of that resolution is to help the Indians, it is not worth the paper on which it is written; if it is to praise the Bishop of Minnesota, he does not want it. It is an honest fight, and if any one wants to enlist, there is room."

A resolution was then passed appointing Bishop Randall of Colorado, Bishop Clarkson of Nebraska, and myself, a committee to report to the next meeting of the Board of Missions on the condition of the North American Indians. After the Board had adjourned, the Rev. Edward A. Washburne, of blessed memory, came to me and said: —

"Bishop, I believe that you are right. Next summer I want you to take me to the Indian country, so that I can see with my own eyes that you are right; then I will enlist, and Calvary Church will see to it that you are no longer alone."

The next summer we started on our journey, travelling hundreds of miles by canoe and on foot, and visited all the bands of the Chippewas. Our party consisted of the Rev. Dr. Washburne, the Rev. Dr. Knickerbacker, Mr. Mackay, a young English barrister, Enmegahbowh, three Indians, and myself. We had two large canoes. Our route was by Gull Lake, Cass Lake, Turtle Lake, Papushkwa Lake to Red Lake, returning by Cass Lake, Lake Win-ne-be-gosh-ish, Po-ke-gu-ma Falls, Sandy Lake to Crow Wing. We held services at every village. There was much to gladden our hearts and much more to make us blush with shame at the sorrow which they had received at our hands.

The weather was inclement much of the time, and we encountered many hardships and difficulties. It is no holiday march to walk across long portages in dripping rain, or burning sun, loaded down with impedimenta.

After a delightful service at Madwaganonint's village, we camped a hundred yards outside. In the night, when we were fast asleep, a violent thunderstorm came on, accompanied by a tearing wind which carried away our tent, leaving us drenched to the skin. In the almost impenetrable darkness, the chief came to our relief and led us to his lodge, where he built a fire and dried our garments. My beautiful case of surgical instruments was ruined by the rain. At Cass Lake we had an equally severe storm, and sought refuge in an empty wigwam where we were devoured by fleas.

As we approached Pokeguma Falls, one of our Indians pointed to a tree a mile distant, and said: —

"It is twenty miles by the course of the river to that tree. If we were alone, we should cross that floating bog and avoid the long journey, but white men cannot do it."

I boldly said: "White men can do as you do. We will cross the bog."

They looked incredulous as we took off everything but our undersuits and rolled them into a bundle to carry between our shoulders. But alas! while the Indians got over safely, each one of our party made missteps and sank several times over waist-deep in the black ooze. When we at last reached Pokeguma, we discarded our underwear and had the luxury of a lake bath.

At a point below Pokeguma Falls, we saw some Indians on the bank of the river, and told them there would be a service the next day at Sandy Lake. When the time came I recognized in the congregation several of these Indians, one of whom came to me and said: —

"Kichimekadewiconaye, I had a daughter; your missionary baptized her at Leech Lake. The Great Spirit called her. Since then I have often thought that I heard some one whisper to me that I must get ready for the Great Spirit's call. What shall I do?"

I told her of the Saviour's love, and of all that it meant. She listened reverently, and was afterward baptized. This woman was the queen of her band, being the hereditary chieftainess.

After the service a council was held, at which I spoke very plainly of the evils which the fire-water had brought to them. The head chief of this band sometimes indulged in fire-water, and being a cunning orator, he arose and said: —

"You said to-day that the Great Spirit made the world and all things in the world. If He did, He made the fire-water. Surely he will not be angry with his red children for drinking a little of what He has made."

I answered: "My red brother is a wise chief; but wise men sometimes say foolish things. The Great Spirit did not make the fire-water. If my brother will show me a brook of fire-water, I will drink of it with him. The Great Spirit made the corn and the wheat, and put into them that which makes a man strong. The devil showed the white man how to change this good food of God into what will make a man crazy."

The Indians shouted "Ho! Ho! Ho!" and the chief was silenced.

In old times, when the fire-water was brought into the country, the women hid all the guns, knives, and war-clubs until the debauch was over; for the wild man is not less brutal in his drunkenness than his white brother who beats wife and children.

At our first camp below Pokeguma, while we were preparing supper, Dr. Washburne playfully wrote the following lines in my notebook, which he sang to us as we rolled ourselves in our blankets for the night:—

THE CAMP-FIRE

O! cloudless the moon filled the silvery sky,
  As we danced the bright rapids along;
The old giant pines tossed their branches on high,
  While they murmured their welcoming song:—
The blaze of the camp-fire flung merrily there
  Its deep glow on the river's pale breast:
And fragrant the greensward, and soothing the air,
  As the voyagers sank to their rest.

Then rose the gay song, and long stories were told,
  While the woodland laughed out with our glee,
Of the wonderful West, and red men of old,
  Who roved over the forest and sea—
And mingled were thoughts of the roof far away,
  'Neath which nestled our loved ones so dear;
And soft in our dreams, as the evening winds' play,
  Their sweet voices seemed whispering near.

Ah! oft in the distance, 'midst pleasures of home,
  Or the traffic and turmoil of men,
Thy woods, Minnesota! in fancy we'll roam,
  And we'll sail thy clear waters again:
Ah! oft as the footsteps of summer return,
  They shall wild, gladsome memories bring;
Again the red glow of the camp-fire shall burn,
  While yon pine trees their broad shadows fling.

July 19, 1866.—E. A. W.

My dear brother, Dr. Washburne, although unused to the hardships of the wilderness, won all hearts by his cheerful spirit, and the Indians loved him for his deep sympathy for their troubles.

Below Sandy Lake, where I held several interesting services, we encountered another fearful thunderstorm which lasted till daybreak. We did not dare to pitch camp in the forest, for every little while a tree was shattered by the lightning, so we sat in our canoes through the night, bailing water, with generous water-courses running down our backs.

At dawn we resumed our journey, and at about nine o'clock reached a camp where we found the Indians roasting a bear which they had just killed. Cold and hunger made it a tempting feast.

To decline to eat with Indians is regarded as a gross act of rudeness, and one is therefore often placed in a most embarrassing position. At councils of great importance a dog-feast was formerly held, and to refuse to participate would anger the Indians and defeat one's wishes. But if, when the plate of dog was offered, one put a dollar on the plate and passed it to one's neighbor, the latter took the dollar and ate the dog. From this custom the slang phrase of politicians, "Eat dog for another," originated. I was once asked to dine on muskrat and expressed my surprise that it should be eaten. The next day when I suggested to Enmegahbowh that we should have frogs' legs for dinner, he exclaimed, with a twinkle in his eye, "Eat frogs! Indians have never come to that!"

From the Chippewa country we visited the Indians on the north shore of Lake Superior.

It was a memorable journey from beginning to end, and I doubt not that through the efforts of my brother much was afterward done to awaken Christian love and sympathy for the red man. He was true to his promise and in his loyalty to me; for

Calvary Church came to my relief more than once, and saved the Indians from suffering and myself from heartsickness.

Some frightful scenes had taken place in Colorado; and some terrible wrongs had been committed against the Sioux and the Dakotas. I had investigated them, and as I knew that my brothers, the Bishop of Colorado and the Bishop of Nebraska, had not, I deemed it unfair to make them responsible for my statement, so I said to them, "I will write a report and present it to the Board, and state that I am responsible for its contents."[1]

I read this report at a meeting of the Board of Missions, held in the Church of the Transfiguration, New York, October, 1868. There was a large congregation present; and as I told the awful story, men and women wept. When I finished, Bishop Whittingham, who presided, came quickly to the front of the chancel and said, in tones full of emotion: —

"My brother has not told you all. I have seen him go three times every year to Washington to plead for these red men, and I have seen him going back with his poor, crushed heart." Raising his hands, he exclaimed: "I tell you here, in the presence of Almighty God, that I shall work with him and stay up his hands, that in the day of Judgment *their blood shall not be on my head.*"

On my way to New York to deliver this report I read portions of it to some gentlemen who advised me to omit the blackest charges, on the ground that it might place me in personal danger. I replied:—

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[1] This report on the moral and temporal condition of the Indian Tribes on our Western Borders, 1868, is in Appendix, pp. 521 to 548.

"*They are true, and the nation needs to know them! And so help me God, I will tell them, if I am shot the next minute!*"

At the request of Peter Cooper I read the report in the Cooper Institute to a gathering of clergy of different communions. It led to the organization of the Indian Peace Commission.

The Sioux Indians were removed to Crow Creek in Dakota in 1863, and with them many of our Christian Indians who were joined later by the Indians whom I had taken to Faribault. The Rev. Dr. Hare paid me a visit shortly after the Sioux outbreak, and showed much interest in the welfare of the Indians. He was deeply interested in missionary work, and as the Secretary of Foreign Missions won the love of the Church. I had the pleasure of nominating him to the House of Bishops as the Bishop of Niobrara, and he was consecrated in Philadelphia, January 9, 1873, upon which occasion I preached the sermon and joined in his consecration.

It has been a cause of devout gratitude to God that I was permitted to plant the first mission of our Church among the Dakotas, a mission which has been signally blessed under the wise administration of Bishop Hare.

After a visit of the Misses Biddle of Philadelphia to our Sioux Mission in 1862, Mr. William Welsh of Philadelphia, the founder of the church at Germantown, became interested in Indian missions. In the early beginning of the work in Dakota under Mr. Hinman, and afterward under Bishop Hare, Mr. Welsh contributed generous sums of money for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the Indians in Dakota, and labored for the reform of the Indian system, which interest was kept up till his death.

For many years I had believed that the Chippewas would be removed to a new reservation. I had asked them where the best lands were in the Chippewa country, and without exception they told me that they were in the tract near White Earth Lake. When the time came to make a new treaty, we were able to secure this country for them. After the treaty was made I visited the Chippewas and was met by a storm of opposition, on the ground that if they left the graves of their fathers it would be the first march toward the setting sun. Nebuneshkung (baptized Isaac Tuttle), the head soldier of Hole-in-the-day, said to them: —

"Kichimekadewiconaye has not a forked tongue. My people are looking in a grave. If we go to this new country we shall be saved. You say you will kill any man who goes to White Earth?" He drew his knife and continued, "You know me — I am going to White Earth, and I will kill any man who would murder me."

A number of Indians stepped to his side and promised to join him. Enmegahbowh went with them to White Earth, and services were held in a log house.

One day Nebuneshkung said to Enmegahbowh: —

"I know that story of the Son of the Great Spirit is true. I have blood on my hands. Can I be a Christian?"

Enmegahbowh again told him of the Saviour's love; and to test his earnestness asked if he might cut his hair. The scalp-lock is worn for the enemy, and when the hair is cut it is a sign that the war-path will never again be taken. Nebuneshkung allowed his hair to be cut, and on his way home was greeted by the wild Indians with shouts of laughter.

"Yesterday," they cried, "you were our leader; to-day you are a squaw!" He rushed to his lodge, and throwing himself on the ground, cried for the first time in his life. His wife, who was a Christian, knelt by his side and said: —

"Nebuneshkung, yesterday nobody dared call you a coward. Can't you be as brave for Him who died for you as you were to fight the Sioux?"

"I can, and I will," he answered. And his vow was kept, for I have never known a braver soldier of the cross.

Another remarkable man was the Mille Lacs chief, Minogeshik, whom we baptized Edward Washburne. He was wont to gather the Indians of his band one evening each week to counsel them. He believed his chieftainship to be a trust, and after he became a Christian, he led many of his band to follow him.

I was present at a stormy council held when the White Earth Indians heard of the sale of their pine. One chief after another spoke in bitter words of the wrong which had been committed, and finally Chief Washburne arose and said: —

"I should not be an Indian if I did not feel the wrong done unto my people; but I am a man who has started on a journey. The place I want to reach is the home the Great Spirit has made for me. If I let myself be angered by things which happen on the way, I may lose the trail. The Great Spirit is our Father. He wants us to tell him of our troubles. When I cannot see, I kneel at His feet." Then turning to me, he said, "When I kneel there, Kichimekadewiconaye, the name I never forget is your own."

There are no faces imprinted more clearly on my heart than those of Minogeshik and Nebuneshkung. It was my privilege to be with them in their last hours, and to give them the Holy Communion.

It was naturally a cause for gratification on my part when, after long years of pleading for law among my poor red men, letters like the following one from the eminent jurist, J. B. Thayer, came to me, showing that right and justice were taking form in the public mind: —

LAW SCHOOL OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY,
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS,
Dec. 31st, 1891.

Dear Sir: I have received with much pleasure your kind and interesting letter of the 17th instant, and thank you heartily for it and for your kind words about my article. I have since received from the Harpers the book which you mention and have read your burning appeal. Thank you heartily for all. I had only known in a general way about this. It is distressing to read all this now, and consider that nearly a generation has passed and yet the perfectly simple and just demands which were made in your appeals to the President are not complied with. The outbreak of last winter was as distinctly the fruit of our wretched system as that of 1862.

Your labors have accomplished much, and it seems to me that now if we could only get law established among them, the Indians' future would be mainly secure. Nothing, I think, is plainer than the necessity of law upon the reservations, as well for the Indians who are citizens as for those who are not. To expect to civilize men without the laws that tie a community together is a foolish dream.

I wish, dear Sir, that your voice might again be heard urging this measure of law upon the reservations and courts through which it can be enforced. In the present state of public opinion, it could not but help powerfully. It is intended to send our petitions to Washington. If you can help us with any suggestions, they would be very welcome.

With much respect,
I am very gratefully yours,
J. B. Thayer.

CHAPTER XXIII

At the General Convention in Baltimore in 1871, I had the pleasure of meeting that great-hearted missionary, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Selwyn, Bishop of Lichfield. I have never heard a missionary address which so moved my heart. He set the heathen before one's eyes in all their wretchedness; and drew such a picture of the infinite love of Jesus Christ, that one could almost see the outstretched arms and hear His voice saying, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." I remember with what thrilling words he spoke of the objections made to the carrying of the gospel to the brown races because they were passing away. "The more reason to cry, in the words of the nobleman who came to Jesus, 'Sir, come down ere my child die.'"

Bishop Selwyn was profoundly interested in my Indian missions, and came to Faribault to see me. At a missionary meeting in the Cathedral, he told the story of the mission to the Maoris; of the wrongs which the greed of English-speaking people had heaped upon them; of the power of the gospel to reach their hearts; of his voyages in the mission ship from island to island to gather boys for his school; and he described the life and death of some of those brown Christians in thrilling words.

He spoke of our Indians and the difficulties of our own making in alienating those who welcomed us with open arms. In alluding to my efforts he said:—

"Does not your Saviour look down from heaven and expect you to cheer and help by your prayers and sympathy? The day will come, my brothers, when your children will thank God that the first Bishop of Minnesota was an apostle to these red men."

No one can tell how these addresses strengthened my hands.

Some years later, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Thorold, Bishop of Rochester, who was a lifelong friend of our country, and whose grandfather, when a member of Parliament, had voted against the War of the American Revolution, paid me a visit. He was called the Apostle of Temperance, and he delivered several temperance lectures in Faribault and St. Paul. He cheered me with loving words in behalf of Christian education and missions, and when he accompanied me to White Earth he was received with hearty welcomes by the Indians, who were delighted with his simple, helpful sermons.

The Indian women gave him a feast spread under the forest trees. The table was covered with snow-white cloth; the food was abundant and tempting,—venison, beef, chickens, wild ducks, fish, vegetables, and the whitest of bread. The women were delighted when the bishop told them it would have done credit to any parish in England. The head of the Indian women's guild in simple words thanked the bishop, telling him of the darkness of their lives before the gospel of the Great Spirit had come into their homes.

I heard the bishop describe this visit at a dinner of the "Nobodys' Club" in London, and among other things he said:—

"The North American Indians have all the dignity of the House of Lords, with the difference that the House of Lords never listen, and the Indians always do."

I have spent many happy weeks under the hospitable roof of Bishop Thorold, whose companionship was an inspiration to me. He was an Evangelical of the old school and a most loyal Churchman. I was his guest on a visit to Alaska, our love for each other having begun at our first meeting. Few men have been as blessed as Bishop Thorold in overcoming difficulties, and in using the men of different schools of thought for the extension of the Church and the salvation of souls. He could say, as did St. Paul, "Some, indeed, preach Christ even of envy and strife, and some also of good will, . . . I therein do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice."

Upon one occasion Bishop Thorold asked me to go with him to his Cathedral at Rochester to address the district visitors and the catechists of the diocese, of whom there were seven hundred. The bishop held a confirmation in the Cathedral of five hundred persons, at which I delivered the address.

I was the guest of the Very Rev. S. Reynolds Hole, Dean of Rochester, who is a most earnest and instructive preacher, a charming conversationalist, with a fund of recollections of public men and scholars.

With the memory of the pleasant visit comes the fragrance of that marvellous rose garden of world-wide fame.

The Deanery, Rochester,
July 23rd, 1888.

My very dear Bishop: We are so glad to have a true presentment of one whom we shall always remember with affectionate regard and respect. It will be framed and placed where it will continually suggest happy recollections and bright Christian hopes.

I grieve with you in your separation from your beloved brother, tho' it is only a separation of sight, and tho' we are quite sure that there is a more precious union than ever between us and the spirits in Paradise; that they pray with us and for us, and join their praises with ours. . . .

I am sorely disappointed that I cannot be at St. Paul's, as I contemplated, on Saturday. Some hundreds of workingmen from London and elsewhere are coming here for a service and holiday.

Believe me to be,
My dear Bishop,
Yours always affectionately,
S. Reynolds Hole.

It was at Selsdon Park that I first met the Rev. A. H. K. Boyd, the late Moderator of the Church of Scotland; a man of the broadest Christian sympathies, of the most varied experiences, and whose writings have made his name a household word in many homes. Dr. Boyd has been foremost in introducing the observance of Christian festivals and liturgical services into the Church of Scotland.

This reminds me of the words of Dr. Macgregor at our last meeting in Edinburgh: "We now keep Christmas and Easter, and some of us Good Friday. The day will come when we shall begin at the manger cradle, and follow our blessed Lord to the mount of His ascension, and then we shall be one."

There are few writers in Scotland who have preserved in their works so many recollections of great scholars, statesmen, and divines, whose friendships he has shared as Dr. Boyd.

7 ABBOTSFORD CRESCENT, ST. ANDREWS, FIFE,
Wed'y, Dec. 4th, 1889.

My dear Bishop Whipple: Everything you write I read with special sympathy and pleasure. I do not know what to hope on the subject of Unity in Scotland. The fact is, that the great majority of Scotch folk do not see any harm in separation. They talk of "healthy competition," and only seem to take it that division is an evil when they find three or four ministers and places of worship in a parish where one is quite enough; the dissenters thus losing the available dividend of income.

I am quite sure you are right in saying that Unity will never come through *controversy*. All controversy speedily becomes unfair and bitter. It leaves everybody heated and ruffled. . . .

The year before last I went to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland; but I had not been there for twelve years. And now, by a curious irony, I am to be Moderator of the next Assembly, which meets in Edinburgh in May. If we both live till then, I hope you will remember me in what must be a trying time.

. . . I have told Longmans to send you my new volume, "To Meet the Day," from which you will see how heartily many of us feel the help of the "Christian Year." For many years in my sermons I have followed it as carefully as any can. I am profoundly interested in all you say as to the necessity of union. All our best men, I believe (Tullock was clear), would accept Episcopacy as a good working system, with venerable associations and great practical advantages.

Believe me, with much regard and esteem,
Yours most affectionately,
A. K. H. BOYD.

Among the dear friends from England who cheered me by their visits were the Hon. John Walter, Member of Parliament and proprietor of the *London Times*, and his wife, the niece of the Rev. Dr. Campbell of Row. Archbishop Tait had asked Mr. Walter to visit Faribault when in America and examine my schools. Upon his return to Philadelphia, he was asked by George W. Childs what had most impressed him in the West, and his answer repaid me for much anxiety, "The schools of Bishop Whipple in Faribault." I have the memory of a delightful visit at Mr. Walter's hospitable home, "Bearwood," with Mrs. Whipple and my sister, where we met many interesting people.

BEARWOOD, WOKINGHAM,
Nov. 22nd, 1889.

Dear Bishop Whipple: Many thanks for the copy of your sermons, which I have reread with great interest. I wish it had been accompanied with a few lines about yourself and your belongings, including the schools and other institutions under your charge.

I hope, in the course of a few days, to send you a book which I think will make a pleasant addition to your Theological Library. It is by my old friend, Bishop Mozley, and is called "The Word"—being an explanation of that expression as used by St. John, and by Jewish and Greek writers respectively. More than that, however, it is a series of charming essays upon a variety of subjects of a moral and social character. . . .

I see you do not take an over-sanguine view of the future; and no wonder—for the powers of darkness seem to have full swing in your country as well as elsewhere. Whether the "good time coming" is reserved for this world or for the next, we do not know; but there will be much trouble first. . . .

My wife joins with me in kind regards to yourself and your family; and I am, my dear Bishop,

Yours very truly and affectionately,

JOHN WALTER.

In Scotland, where I was often the guest of my friend now in Paradise, Mr. Edward Caird, at his beautiful home Finnart on Loch Long, I first met Dr. James Macgregor of Edinburgh, late Moderator of the Church of Scotland and Chaplain to the Queen. I have never known a more devout student of Holy Scriptures than Mr. Caird. We corresponded for many years, and I recall my first visit to him in 1864, with my friend, Robert B. Minturn. We were deeply impressed by his conversation, which revealed that intimate knowledge of Holy Scriptures which in the past has been the glory of Scotch Christians.

Mr. Caird was one of the founders of the Free Church of Scotland, and for many years he supported a mission school in Palestine. He visited me in Faribault, and to his generosity our Divinity School is indebted for many valuable books and diagrams of the tabernacle. Upon my visit to Finnart the peasants from the surrounding highlands were always gathered for the Sunday service. Mr. Caird said to me at my first visit, "Bishop, I suppose this is the first time that the English Prayer Book has been used in this valley."

His son Mr. James Caird visited me shortly after the Indian outbreak of 1862. He was much interested in my Indians and aided me in caring for them at a time when I was greatly perplexed. Like his father, his heart is full of sympathy for the poor, and his good works, which are many, will follow him.

On my first visit to Edinburgh I was the guest of Dean Ramsay, beloved and honored by all who knew him. He charmed his friends by his vivid portraitures of Scotch character, and many of the stories which he has related in his book of reminiscences I have had the pleasure of hearing from his own lips. To American Churchmen he was dear as being an honored son of the Church which gave to us the Episcopate.

The following letter shows the spirit of the sainted man: —

23 Ainslee Place, Edinburgh,
January 11th, '70.

Rt. Rev. and Honored Bishop: I have yours of Jan. 4th, and I need not say how much pleasure I received in finding you had not forgotten your visit to the Northern Capital. I can assure you we often talk of your visit with much interest, and we are always glad to have any intelligence regarding your immense work before you in your Minnesota diocese. . . . Churches are torn with division — the Church itself is torn and divided. Rome is in a ticklish state. Let us have men who will do the *work* of the Church. Give me the few and zealous laborers, not in fields of controversy and in squabbles, but in good solid plans for making some men Christians and some men better Christians than before. . . .

I crave your blessing, and am respectfully and affectionately,

Yours ever,

E. B. Ramsay.

Admiral Ramsay, brother of the dean, and the chief of the police went with Mr. Minturn and myself through the closes of Edinburgh, where we saw scenes too awful for words. Mr. Minturn's generous heart was so touched by the sad story of a poor girl and two children, that he provided the means to place the girl in a refuge and the children in a hospital.

I visited Scotland at the time of the centennial of Bishop Seabury's consecration when memorial sermons were preached by the American bishops and clergy in the principal churches. I preached in Glasgow at St. Mary's. The services in Aberdeen were deeply interesting, and the hospitality unbounded. I was the guest of General Sir Harry and Lady Lumsden. The sermon by Bishop Williams was wise and fitted as always for the occasion.

At the great meeting in Victoria Hall, where several thousand persons had assembled, addresses were made by the Bishops of Aberdeen, Winchester, Albany, and Minnesota. My address was kindly received, and in a tribute paid me by the Bishop of Moray, Dr. Kelly, this testimony to the life of missions touched me: —

"Some of us may remember the passionate lament of John Henry Newman at the close of his career in the English Church, in which he charges his spiritual mother with dry breasts. Had he but waited with more faith and patience till our own day, he would have realized that this was the last charge which could be laid against a church that has nourished and brought up such sons as these brave standard-bearers of the Christian army in Africa and India, in China and Japan, in Australia and New Zealand, in Canada and the United States, in South America and in the Islands of the Sea."

I spent a week with my friend Lord Cairns, then Lord Chancellor of England, at his home near Leith, and one of the pleasantest memories of the visit is that of a gathering of all the tenants of the estate in the great hall. A bountiful feast, old games, gifts of clothing, books, and dolls made a charming gala day, at the close of which I made a brief address and gave the benediction.

The peasants in the Highlands cannot forget the persecutions which their fathers suffered. Lord Cairns told me a story of a peasant who was reading the Book of Revelation at family prayer. He read slowly: —

"And thar ware a great red dragoon in heaven — "

"Sandy, Sandy," his wife interrupted, "thar never ware a red dragoon in heaven, leastwise not one of Claverhouse dragoons."

"Jenny," replied Sandy, "it is in the *Book!*"

"Ah well, the Book is true," responded Jenny. "Read on, Sandy."

"And the great dragoon ware cast out of heaven," continued Sandy, at which Jenny joyfully clapped her hands and cried: —

"Thank God! I knew no red dragoon could stay in heaven!"

Bishop Wilberforce was with a friend at Killiecrankie, where a good woman had been showing them the different places of interest. As the bishop turned away, some one said to the woman: —

"Do you know who that is?"

"Na," was the answer, "but he seems a gude mon." When told that he was a bishop, she exclaimed: —

"A bishop! A bishop! Mair is the pity! I doot whether he can be saved."

The first English Church Congress which I attended impressed me deeply. Men as wide apart as the antipodes met on a platform, and gave and took hard blows in the best of humor. With it all there was an underlying earnestness which told of a living, working Church. The missionary aspect of the congress was most marked, and no men were received with more enthusiastic cheers than those who were in the forefront of Christian work. The meetings for workingmen were thronged, and the speakers exhibited great tact in reaching the hearts of their hearers. Some of the bishops were especially happy in this, and there were deafening cheers when men like Bishop Wilberforce, Selwyn, Goodwin of Carlisle, and Magee spoke.

There is nothing which stimulates diocesan work as does an interest in missions. At a meeting of the Massachusetts Colonial Council a member objected to foreign missions, saying: —

"We have not religion enough at home to send any abroad."

A wiser man replied, "The more religion you send abroad, the more you will have at home."

Bishop Brooks said, "It is a shameful thing to make our lack of devotion to Jesus Christ the excuse for not carrying the gospel to the heathen."

I was asked to deliver a missionary address shortly after the Indian massacre, and a friend said to me: —

"You have a great work to do in Minnesota, and I advise you not to speak of Indian missions for they are a failure, and you cannot afford to have the Church look upon you as an enthusiast."

It stung me, and I began my address by repeating my friend's advice, and then said:—

"The best illustration which I have ever heard of the philosophy of missions is the story of an infidel master who said to his Christian slave: 'Jim, you are the biggest fool I ever knew. You are always talking about faith in God, and I suppose you think that if the Lord should tell you to jump through that stone wall your faith would take you through.' 'Massa, dat's easy 'nough,' was the answer. 'If de Lord tell Jim to jump frou dat stone wall, it's Jim's business to jump, and de Lord's business to git Jim frou.'"

I have often been touched by the offerings of our Indians for missions; for when they have no money they bring pieces of bead work, birch-bark mokuks of sugar, or some other form of handiwork, and even the little children bring small gifts.

Christian folk would care more for missions if they knew more about missions. We of the clergy need to get so near to our Master that our hearts will glow with His love; and then the stories of missionary life will touch the hearts of men who will feel that "we, too, must pray, and work, and give." When we grasp the hand of the Saviour we shall reach out the other hand to help some weary one, and when He has put into our hearts the child's cry, "Our Father," we shall remember wandering brothers and long to lead them home. It is not enough for us to claim our lineage in an Apostolic Church. The

Church of Laodicea had unquestioned orders, but was blind and naked.

At the time of my first visit to England many of the livings were the gifts of private persons, the living being made a sinecure for some dependent friend. On one occasion, while staying with friends in the country, I heard the parish incumbent say in a sermon upon the Holy Scriptures, "I think I may say, without reasonable fear of contradiction, that the Holy Scriptures promote good morals." Which was certainly a very safe assertion. Thank God that all this is changed through the influence of such men as Bishop How, Bishop Carpenter, Charles Kingsley, Frederick Robertson, and others of different schools of thought. It can now be said, "The gospel is preached unto them."

In visits to Europe I saw much of the work which Christian men are doing for those whom — God forgive us — we call the "submerged classes."

In Paris I met the Rev. Dr. McAll, a simple-hearted man of God who, after the Franco-Prussian war, went to Paris, knowing nothing of the language, and started his mission. The first French words which he learned were, "God loves you."

Services were held every evening at the Mission Halls, which were filled with congregations made up of laboring men and women, with a scattering of soldiers. I spoke to the people in many of the missions, and they listened as if the gospel were a new revelation from heaven. Many of these men and women who had been baptized were infidels who had drifted away from the Church, and the simple story of the love of Jesus Christ brought its healing message to their hearts, and nothing could be more touching than to look into their eager faces and hear their earnest ejaculations, "Merci! Merci!"

Dr. Theodore Evans asked permission of the prefect of police to establish a mission like the McAll Mission. The prefect replied, "Plant as many as you please; where there is a McAll Mission we need fewer police."

Miss de Bruen has done wonderful work at Bellevue. She had been laboring in the Mild May Park Mission and while visiting a friend in Paris she went out to Père La Chaise. It was the day after five hundred Communists had been shot, and their friends had come to visit their graves. Many had written on a slip of paper, "Revenge," which they had buried in the graves. One old woman whose husband and son had been shot was beating her breast and crying, "I have lost all! I have lost all!" Breathing a prayer that she might speak a word of comfort to the poor soul, Miss de Bruen touched the woman and said, "Mother, you think that you have lost all; but you have not lost the love of God."

The woman grasped at the thought, and the Communists gathered about Miss de Bruen while she talked to them of the pitying Saviour. When she returned to her friend she said:—

"I am going to Bellevue to live with these poor people."

Her friend exclaimed, "Live at Bellevue! It is not safe for a soldier—much less for a woman!"

"I know that they are bad," was Miss de Bruen's answer, "but no one is too bad for the love of the Saviour, and I must help them."

She had at this time a children's hospital, a school, a home for nurses, and a free dispensary. As Miss de Bruen met us at the gate, thirty or forty men and women were waiting for entrance.

"I shall give these people tickets," Miss de Bruen explained, "and to-morrow they will be admitted first. I have three hundred in the building now,— all that we can care for to-day. We ask but one thing of these patients,— that they shall attend a short service of half an hour before our physician prescribes for them. We read a few verses of scripture, sing a hymn, have a prayer, and an address of fifteen minutes."

Thirty thousand sufferers had received help from the dispensary in one year. I did not need Miss de Bruen's whisper, "When you address them, Bishop, remember that many of them are infidels," to melt my heart into a message that brought tears to many eyes.

The day of the funeral of Gambetta handbills were printed and given to the populace, "Vive Gambetta! France mourns for her son! Hear what the Lord Jesus Christ says: 'If any man believe in Me, although he were dead, yet shall he live.' Believest thou this? 'Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'" French peasants cherish words linked with a name they love, and some of these handbills were framed and hung up in their houses.

I found evidences of an awakened spiritual life in the work of evangelization among the people of Spain. I arrived on a Spanish vessel at Barcelona to find the Carlists and General Prim's soldiers fighting in the streets, and we could not land until one party or the other had conquered. It was a trial of patience to remain on the very uncomfortable vessel under a broiling sun. The passengers were furious in their denunciations, but the old captain only answered, "Remember the patience of God."

I had the pleasure of hearing Castelar and others speak in the Cortez, and was received most hospitably by the Duke of Montpensier.

Every day during Holy Week in Seville there were processions of moving tableaus representing the lives of the Patriarchs, the Garden of Gethsemane, the Arrest, the Trial, and the Crucifixion of our Saviour. For the most part it was an empty pageant, but now and then kneeling peasants could be seen whose faces showed that to them it brought the story of man's redemption. On Maundy Thursday I witnessed the washing of the disciple's feet, and on Good Friday the elevation of the cross. During this holy season I attended some services held in upper rooms, where men and women listened with profound earnestness to the story of the love of God. I believed that those services by unordained men would react on the clergy and teach them that the only cure for sinful hearts lay in preaching Christ and Him Crucified.

I met a saintly Roman priest in the library of the Escurial who asked me if I were a Roman priest, and his response to my answer has lingered in my memory.

"It is sad that they who love Jesus should differ. We will tell it to Jesus and some day we shall be one."

I spent several weeks at the Alhambra which, added to all else, has the charm of its memories of Washington Irving, whom my attentive old guide remembered. At parting from this good Benzaken I added a sovereign to my good wishes, at which, with glistening eyes, he exclaimed: —

"May the Blessed Virgin protect you. I shall always keep in my heart the memory of your kindness. I shall now be able to buy a lottery ticket."

"A lottery ticket?" I ejaculated.

"And why not?" was the answer. "Can you tell me of any other way by which I shall own my own house, drive in my own carriage? There is one great prize — quien sabe el Deus."

It was a revelation of the cause of much of the misery which is found in this fair country.

The English cemetery at Malaga is one of the dearest places I found in Spain. For many years the bodies of heretics were buried in the sand of the seashore. Those graves brought their lessons of charity. The new constitution of Spain gave foreigners the right to worship according to their accustomed forms of faith while residing in Spain.

In Madrid, at the request of the British Minister, Mr. Layard, I preached in the chapel of the Embassy. Hon. John Hay was our Secretary of Legation, and I am indebted to him for many acts of kindness and sympathy in my Indian work. The sympathy felt by Mr. Hay for my Indians may be seen from the following letter: —

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, MADRID,
June 2d, 1870.

My dear Bishop Whipple: I return you, with many thanks, your report. I read it with great interest and renewed pain, remembering that since it was written many new chapters have been added to the bloody record of our inhumanity. It is impossible to deny the truth of what you say, and yet it seems equally impossible to cure the mortal malady of avarice and cruelty which is at the bottom of the whole business. If there were more people actuated like you, by motives of Christianity and honor, the evil could be mitigated, if not abolished. But the prospect does not look hopeful. . . .

Mrs. Hooper is still here, but goes to Toledo on Saturday and thence to Valencia. I accompany the ladies to the city of the Goths and then return here for a few weeks more.

Thanks to your therapeutic skill, I am quite well again, and ready for summer work.

With sincere assurance of respectful regard, I remain,
Your obliged and faithful friend and servant,
JOHN HAY.

CHAPTER XXIV

In the year 1868 Congress, without my knowledge, appropriated forty-five thousand dollars for the Sisseton and Wahpeton Indians at Fort Wadsworth and Devil's Lake, the condition being that the money should be expended by myself. I promptly declined the trust. Congress adjourned without placing it in other hands. The Secretary of the Interior informed me that unless I accepted it the money would remain in the treasury and the Indians would suffer and perhaps die from starvation.

I conferred with Bishop Whittingham, who said, "It is your Master's cross and you must bow your shoulders to bear it."

My trusted friend Dr. Jared W. Daniels offered to aid me in its administration. The merchants H. B. Claflin of New York and Lemuel Coffin of Philadelphia purchased goods for me at cost, and I secured supplies at the lowest prices. Messrs. Burbank, Wilder, and Merriam of St. Paul transported my goods at twenty cents per hundred less than the Government paid them. We took with us a large supply of axes.

At the first council Simon Anagmani rose and said, turning to me: —

"The sky has been iron above our heads, and the ground iron beneath our feet. We look in your face and we see we are saved." He sat down overcome by tears.

We showed the Indians our goods and said to them:—

"You have paid to traders fourteen dollars for blankets, and here are better ones which will cost you four dollars and a half. We have everything that you need. We shall feed and clothe the aged and sick, but every able-bodied man must work. A white man can cut a cord and a half of wood in a day; you can cut half a cord. A white man can split one hundred and fifty rails in a day; you can split fifty. A white man can cut twenty logs for a house in a day; you can cut eight.

"On Saturday there will be a man at every tipi, and if you have worked according to our direction, you will be paid in goods and provisions. If you are idle, you must starve."

At first some of the men refused to work, and others took a day or two to decide the question, but within a week all were working like beavers.

One day two wild Indians came to Dr. Daniels, and said:—

"We are hungry."

The doctor replied, "If you will chop wood for one hour, I will give you a good dinner, but I cannot feed any one who refuses to work."

After talking the matter over for half an hour they decided to cut the wood. When they had finished their dinner the doctor said:—

"After you had chopped that wood the dinner was yours, not mine. We have come here to make men of you, not beggars."

He then showed them a piece of land, telling them that if they would build a house upon it, he would pay them for the work, and the land should be theirs. These men with many others became good farmers.

The indisposition to work on the part of the wild man does not spring from laziness. It is a severe experience for the Indian to give up his wild life. The muscles of his chest and arms are not well developed, while those of his legs are like steel. With the wife, used to the manual work about the wigwam or tipi, it is the reverse. The man has always been on the chase; he has lived in the open air and in an open wigwam. His first house consists of one or two badly ventilated rooms; he is ambitious and works hard. He has been a meat eater. His food at first is insufficient; he is poorly dressed and knows nothing of the laws of hygiene, and so takes cold easily, often dying of consumption. After he has crossed the Rubicon, and has home comforts, his naturally strong constitution keeps him healthy. Formerly, when a contagious disease appeared it decimated a tribe; but under the care of physicians this danger is avoided, and some of the tribes have increased in numbers.

Hence, it would be as sensible to expect the wild man to take kindly to manual labor as it would be to expect the man of the city, suddenly thrust into a wilderness, to supply himself with food and clothing by skilful use of bow and arrow and knife; although, in the latter case, the white man, in spite of the years of civilization behind him, usually possesses enough of the wild nature of his own barbaric forebears to lend fascination to forest life.

The next year we bought cattle and wagons, with which we paid the Indians who were employed to do the freighting. Honest work for wages is the solution of the Indian question. Almshouses make paupers, and Indian almshouses make savage paupers.

The Indians are not so unlike their white brothers that there is not a wide difference among them as to energy, thrift, and industry. Many years ago I was able to lead an Indian, who had the reputation of being an inveterate gambler, to the Saviour, naming him when baptized after a dear friend. A short time ago I paid a visit to his comfortable home, and found him a well-to-do farmer, with horses and cattle and an overflowing granary. His son's fine crop had been destroyed by hail, but it had been insured for several hundred dollars.

It is almost impossible to retain good mechanics and artisans at remote agencies for the meagre salaries which the Government offers. Many of these employees I remember with gratitude for their kind interest in the work.

One secret of the success of the early English missions was that the employees of the Hudson Bay Company were men of excellent character. The missionaries were able to hold them up as examples to the converts. The people on the frontier invariably take the side of their Indian neighbors against other tribes. The people north of St. Cloud looked upon the Sioux as incarnate devils, and the people in the south had the same opinion of the Ojibways. No one seemed to think that to leave the races without government, without the protection of law, and to permit them to wage vendetta with each other, was sure to bring bloodshed.

"*Lex talionis*," is the law of barbaric life. A man is killed,—another must die in his place. This goes on year after year, and is the first cause of war between Indian tribes. A willingness to forgive injuries is the first sign of the power of the religion of Jesus Christ.

I said to my diocesan council, the year following the appropriation made for the Indians of Fort Wadsworth and Devil's Lake:—

"Brethren, I am aware that my course in this Indian question has alienated friends as dear as my life. My motives, even, have been assailed. It has been hard to meet this opposition and hatred. I have tried to say with St. Paul, 'It is a small matter that I am judged by you, or by man's judgment. There is One that judgeth me—the Lord.' When I first looked into the faces of these perishing heathen, my heart was touched with pity, and I have been strangely led by the Providence of God. The world and the Church have forced me to be the friend of this poor race, which has cost me more anxiety and has brought me more trials than all my other work. But I do not regret it. I was repaid for all when I parted with Taopi on his death-bed. It will not be in my day, but my children's children may thank God that He gave me grace to be the friend of this helpless race. In that faith I can work and bide my time, and die."

Hearing of the attacks which had been made upon me for accepting the secular appointment of the charge of the Dakota Indians, the late Secretary of the Interior wrote me the following letter:—

QUINCY, ILLINOIS,
May 29th, 1869.

My dear Bishop: I was amazed to learn that you were blamed for your connection with the appropriation for the Wahpeton and Sisseton bands of Sioux Indians. The appropriation was placed at your control, and you designated to expend it, without the least suspicion on your part that such a thing was contemplated. When you learned what had been done, you promptly and decidedly declined the trust, urging that your ecclesiastical duties demanded the whole of your time; that you could not give that personal attention to the expenditure of the fund which was necessary, and that you did not in any event want the responsibility of disbursing public money; and it was only at my urgent solicitation, and my assurance that if you declined to act the money must remain in the treasury unexpended, and the Indians be left to suffer, that you finally consented to accept the responsible trust which Congress, without your knowledge or consent, had devolved upon you. I was anxious to have the benefit of your services, and to meet and overcome, if I could, the objection based on the want of time. I told you that you would be at liberty to employ any competent and trustworthy person to perform the actual labor, under your personal direction and supervision, and that you would not be required to visit the Indians and make the disbursements in person. After hearing and considering all the reasons and arguments which I presented, you reluctantly consented to accept the trust, which I am sure you would not have done, could the fund have been made available for the relief of the starving Indians, without your coöperation. You then mentioned to me a gentleman in whose integrity and capacity you had confidence (Dr. J. W. Daniels), as a suitable person to aid you in the discharge of the duties you had assumed. I replied that you were much better qualified to make a selection than I, and to exercise your own discretion and choose your own assistant. The manner in which you acquitted yourself of the trust met my entire approbation and I have felt under great obligations to you for sacrificing, as I am sure you did, your personal interest and wishes for the benefit of the Indians. During my entire administration of the Department of the Interior, I was indebted to you for valuable counsel and assistance in the management of Indian affairs. Your only reward has been the consciousness of doing good. I have no knowledge of any pecuniary compensation having been made, though you well deserve it.

Respectfully and truly,
Your friend,
O. H. BROWNING.

THE RIGHT REVEREND H. B. WHIPPLE,
Bishop of Minnesota.

While Mr. Browning was Secretary of the Interior, he tried most faithfully to redress the wrongs of the Indians. Other secretaries who have received much censure, I believe tried to do their duty. I know that Secretaries Schurz, Delano, Vilas, and Hoke-Smith were unjustly censured for wrongs for which they were not responsible.

As I look back, I seem to have been a man of war from the beginning. Circumstances forced me to be so. Not only have I fought many hard battles with Indian officials, but some quite as severe in their defence. Carl Schurz, as Secretary of the Interior, was denounced for his cruelty in the removal of the Poncas to the Indian Territory, and was accused of lack of sympathy with them. He was not responsible for the removal of the Poncas. At the time a proposition was made to bring the Upper Sioux down near to civilization; this would have made them neighbors to the Poncas, who were their enemies. The friends of the Indians, believing that it would be destruction to the Poncas, recommended their removal. No one considered what the effect would be of changing these men from a high northern latitude to the Indian Territory. Secretary Schurz carried out the suggestion of the Indians' friends, and I do not recall a secretary who tried more faithfully to benefit the Indians. He was the first secretary who inaugurated the system of Indian police and the employment of Indians in the transportation of supplies. At all times he gave me his confidence.

The above letter of Secretary Browning was read in my absence from the council, and, by a rising vote, the following resolution was passed.

> *Resolved,* That the Council records its grateful appreciation of Bishop Whipple's efforts to Christianize the Indians within his jurisdiction, which have proved him a faithful and true witness of the gospel of Christ, Who died for all and Who is no respecter of persons.

It is a matter of gratitude to God that my diocesan council stood by me at that anxious time. During the last months of this trust I had a severe illness brought on by exposure in a blizzard. There were no railways west of St. Cloud, and I had to drive nearly one hundred and fifty miles whenever I visited Fort Wadsworth. Upon one of these visits I was unable to cross the Pomme de Terre River, for, although ice had been formed, it was not strong enough to bear my horses. The river was very broad, and, as the

St Paul, Jany 10th 1878

My dear Bishop,

I have just read your letter of 8th inst.. I sincerely regret that your state of health requires you to seek a more genial temperature; while I appreciate how indispensable rest must be to your over-worked physique. You have my earnest prayers to the Giver of all Good, for your complete recovery.

You and I have labored hand in hand, for the benefit of the poor, Indian, would to God our efforts had been more successful! You cannot have felt more humiliated, and I may add indignant, as a citizen of a great nation, which has offended God, and outraged humanity by its perfidious, and cruel policy towards the oppressed race committed to its care than I have. Our skirts are clear of any participation in this infamous treatment of the miserable red man, and I thank God from my heart for it. That we shall be visited with some awful punishment as a people, for having crushed into the dust a noble race, which was entitled to the highest consideration at our hands, is to me as certain, as is my conviction of the existence of a just God, who will by no means clear the guilty. In what shape this penalty will be inflicted, whether in the form of international war, civil commotions, pestilence or famine, remains to be seen. Our own State is violating the commands of the Most High, every day it neglects to act with common honesty to her creditors, and will in some way or other receive her punishment. I do emphatically stated to the meeting of the joint committee at the capitol last winter, when seventy or eighty members of the legislature were present. My predictions were, of course, received with incredulity, and the fact that an adverse vote of the people upon the proposition for the settlement of the bonds was followed by splendid, and abundant crops, has been more than once cited to me as a striking commentary upon my lugubrious utterances on the occasion referred to. All the reply I can make is, "Wait and see".

I have good reason to believe that Mr. Hooper will not be confirmed as Agent for the Sissetons, and in that case, Geo. H. Spencer will probably be appointed, "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

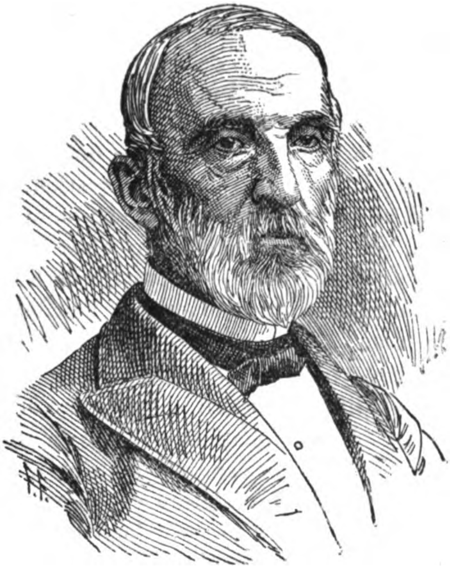
The late investigation has exposed the corruptions heretofore existing in the Indian Bureau, but neither you, nor I, will be surprised at the developements.

God bleſs you & bring you back to us in restored health & vigor.

Faithfully yours,
H. H. Sibley

Rt. Revd. H. B. Whipple
Faribault
Minn.

nearest house was twenty miles back, there was nothing for me to do but to spend the night by some haystacks. The thermometer stood below zero, and a blizzard raged in full fury till morning. It was an experience which nearly cost me my life, and I was ordered by my physician to France. My faithful friend, General Sibley, without compensation, came to my relief, and, with Dr. Daniels, completed the work.



GENERAL H. H. SIBLEY

The following letter shows the love of General Sibley's heart for the poor Indians.

ST. PAUL, January 10th, 1878.

My dear Bishop: I have just read your letter of 8th inst. I sincerely regret that your state of health requires you to seek a more genial temperature, while I appreciate how indispensable rest must be to your overworked physique. You have my earnest prayers to the Giver of all Good, for your complete recovery.

You and I have labored hand in hand for the benefit of the poor Indian. Would to God our efforts had been more successful! You cannot have felt more humiliated, and I may add indignant, as a citizen of a great nation, which has offended God, and outraged humanity by its perfidious and cruel policy toward the oppressed race committed to its care, than I have. Our skirts are clear of any participation in this infamous treatment of the miserable red man, and I thank God from my heart for it. That we shall be visited with some awful punishment as a people, for having crushed into the dust a noble race, which was entitled to the highest consideration at our hands, is, to my mind, as certain as is my conviction of the existence of a just God, who will by no means clear the guilty. In what shape this penalty will be inflicted, whether in the form of international war, civil commotions, pestilence or famine remains to be seen. Our own state is violating the commands of the Most High, every day it neglects to act with common honesty to her creditors, and will in some way or other receive her punishment. I so emphatically stated to the meeting of the Joint Committee at the capitol last winter, when seventy or eighty members of the Legislature were present. My predictions were, of course, received with incredulity, and the fact that an adverse vote of the people upon the proposition for the settlement of the bonds was followed by splendid and abundant crops, has been more than once cited to me as a striking commentary upon my lugubrious utterances on the occasion referred to. All the reply I can make is, "Wait and see."

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The late investigation has exposed the corruptions heretofore existing in the Indian Bureau, but neither you nor I will be surprised at the developments.

God bless you and bring you back to us in restored health and vigor.

Faithfully yours,

H. H. SIBLEY.

RT. REV. H. B. WHIPPLE, Faribault, Minn.

During my absence in 1870, my dear brother, the Rt. Rev. W. E. Armitage of Wisconsin, made a visitation for me and sent me the following cheering letter, which is an index to the loving heart which endeared him to all who knew him: —

Jan. 5th, 1870.

My dear Bishop: Sunning yourself away off at Mentone, I know you'll be glad to hear something of Minnesota, after my pleasant three weeks in it, specially as I have nothing to tell you to give you the least care or anxiety. Everywhere I was received with the hearty cordiality which you know so well, and was aided and accompanied by the clergy, so that the whole visitation was a sort of Convocation. I was strongly tempted to steal some of your clergy, for you have some splendid men among them, but I forebore, thinking, apart from any dishonesty there might be in it, that it would be "mean" in your absence. I began at Winona, on Advent Sunday. I wanted Riley to begin with. He is a very fine fellow and an acquisition to your Diocese in every way. He went with me to Wabasha. Seabreeze is in splendid condition, rejoicing in his parsonage. At Lake City Dr. Adams presented three candidates; there Dr. Welles met me — the finest object of plunder I think I saw in Minnesota — and took me to Red Wing, where I confirmed eight, and lectured for the Brotherhood. Here Riley turned back, and Dr. Welles became my guardian to Cannon Falls, stopping for a wedding on the road. Next morning Dunbar took me to Granville School-house where, with Burlison and Dubois we had an unusually solemn service, and I confirmed eight. Then I drove to Northfield with Burlison for the train to Minneapolis where I spent my second Sunday, being at Gethsemane in the morning, St. Mark's in the evening, and St. Anthony in the afternoon. I think I should like to steal Minneapolis if I could, for it is one of the most beautiful towns I ever saw. I stayed with the *Dean* and enjoyed the whole visit extremely.

Monday morning Dr. McMasters joining us, Knickerbacker, Bradley, Dickey, Tanner, Stewart, and I moved on to the Minnesota Valley, besieging Mankato first, where I consecrated the church. The Belleplaine church is the prettiest rural church I ever saw built of timber — I should like to order four like it immediately. I reached Faribault just in time for my lecture there. The storm next day kept me in, and I can't tell you how I enjoyed the home feeling of your study, only I missed you.

My third Sunday was spent in St. Paul, and very pleasantly. Morning at Christ Church, afternoon St. Paul's Church, and evening with his holiness, whose chapel and work are alive and promising. On Monday I was treated with the greatest attention. Understanding that I wanted to go to Hastings, the governor and a large party opened a new R. R. for me, and went with me to that place, the governor himself carrying my valise from the present terminus to the ferry. I confirmed seven for Williams, another fine fellow, and the next day he went with me into my own dominions for a service at Prescott. On Wednesday I confirmed eight at Pine Bend, and three at Rosemount for that indomitable Rollitt, and eight in the evening at Northfield for Burlison. A pleasant visit to Owatonna completed the round, and then I crossed to our St. Croix country, whose views your people are given to borrowing for "Gems of Minnesota Scenery." It was all pleasant, from beginning to end, and the weather has been more merciful than it has been to you, I am sure. By the way, you must reform when you come home and give up some of your *long* visitations — they would kill a Hercules, and wear out anybody's lungs and bronchial apparatus. School-house preaching, cold riding, and "that north room" in the farm-houses are the unscientific title as well as cause of your present illness. Don't do so much!

I have been interrupted so often in this letter that I fear it will not be of much comfort to you. I half feared to recall your thoughts to Clergy and Parishes, but I know you are dwelling on them constantly, and I just wanted to tell you that I congratulate you on your Diocese, in which I could not find a thing to cause you uneasiness, or to hinder your taking full time for your recovery. Do not think of hurrying home. It is part of your pay for previous work that they can do without you now for a while. Do not write to me, or consider this a letter to be answered.

I am ever yours,
Most affectionately,
Wm. E. Armitage.

The Right Reverend Bishop Whipple.

CHAPTER XXV

I HAVE been asked many times by presidents of the United States to serve on commissions to make treaties with the Indians. In 1876 a commission was sent to the hostile Sioux, consisting of Colonel G. W. Manypenny, Colonel A. G. Boone, General Sibley, Dr. J. W. Daniels, Attorney-General A. S. Gaylord, Newton Edmunds, Henry C. Bulis, and myself. Ill health prevented General Sibley from serving. Colonel Boone, grandson of Daniel Boone, had lived fifty-five years with the Indians. Dr. Daniels had been physician to the Sioux and the agent at the Red Cloud Agency. Colonel Manypenny was Commissioner of Indian Affairs under President Pierce.

We left the Union Pacific Railway at Cheyenne and travelled by wagon two hundred miles to Camp Robinson. The Sioux Indians had a treaty with the United States, in which it was stipulated that no white man should enter the reservation, and that it should be forever in the possession of the Sioux. Gold was discovered in the Black Hills, and there was a mad rush to this new Eldorado. The only remaining herds of buffalo were in the Sioux country, and they were being killed for their hides by white men. It is no marvel that these red men called us a people with forked tongues, — a race of liars.

In one of our first councils at this visit, an aged chief, holding in his hands some treaties, said: —

"The first white man who came here to make a treaty, promised to do certain things for us. He was a liar." He repeated the substance of each treaty, always ending with, "He lied." The accusation was true. The fault was not in the commissioners, but either in Congress failing to appropriate the means, or in the failure to execute the treaty. These treaties are too often hastily made, simply to settle hostilities, and promises are given which cannot be fulfilled.

There were many men of mark among the Sioux. Red Cloud was a born leader of men, one who had the faculty of clothing truth with a terseness which stamped it upon the memory of the listener. Having been asked for a farewell toast at a public dinner, he arose and said: —

"When men part they look forward to meeting again. I hope that one day we may meet in a land where white men are not liars."

A council was held with Red Cloud and his fellow-chiefs in Washington, the Government having been anxious to secure the relinquishment of a tract of land which the Indians wanted to retain. The Secretary of the Interior asked a clergyman to open the council with prayer, which he did, praying especially that the hearts of the Indians might be moved to do right. The secretary then said: —

"We have asked the blessing of the Great Spirit, and we are now ready to proceed to business."

Red Cloud arose and said: "I want to pray to the

Great Spirit." Lifting his hands toward heaven, he prayed, "O Great Spirit, *have pity on the red man and his children!*"

Vice-President Hendricks said, in speaking of it afterward, "They were the most eloquent words I have ever heard, and every heart was touched."

Spotted Tail was a picture of manly beauty, with piercing eyes, self-possessed, and a man who knew what he wanted to say and said it. When he met Dr. Daniels at the time of this Commission, he smiled gravely and said:—

"The white man wants another treaty. Why does not the Great Father put his red children on wheels, so that he can move them as he will?"

Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse was a noted warrior. He was always where the fight was fiercest, and whenever his spotted horse was seen approaching his foes were filled with terror.

Indian children are usually named from some event, or some phase of nature, which impresses the mother during her child's infancy. Thus a mother holding her babe in her arms sees a great cloud rolling by, and she calls the child "Ne indah"—Passing Cloud; or a sudden rift comes in the cloud, and the child is called Hole-in-the-Day. These names are often changed when the child grows to manhood and perhaps accomplishes some worthy deed. If on a hunt he were to kill four bears, he would thereafter be called Four Bears.

American Horse was a scout for General McKenzie, who had tried in vain to capture a Sioux warrior who had been the leader in several massacres. American

Horse went alone to the camp, shot the Sioux and brought the body to headquarters.

When President Grant asked me to name a man who could take care of these semi-hostile Indians, I gave that of Dr. Daniels, who was personally acquainted with all the prominent chiefs and warriors at the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies. He went to the Red Cloud Agency in the dead of winter, with the thermometer thirty degrees below zero. When I asked him a year later how he found the Indians, he replied: —

"As wild as wolves, and scores of them would have been glad to have had a dance around my scalp, but now there are as many who would die for me."

Red Dog was another noted chief and had led many war parties against the whites. He brought his sick son to Dr. Daniels, who told him that he could not cure the disease, but he could relieve the pain and prolong his life. Medicine was given him for temporary relief, but a few months after the young man died. When an Indian loses his favorite child he gives away his blanket, gun, and pony, and sitting down by the dead body, cuts deep gashes into his own flesh. It is the old story of the Bible — "the heathen cutting themselves with knives." The doctor had a coffin made and sent to Red Dog, with a blanket and a gun. He said to the messenger: —

"Tell Red Dog that his white friend sends him a coffin in which to bury his son, and some things with which to begin life again. Then sit down and wait. If the chief accepts my gifts, he will be my friend for life. If he refuses them, he will be on the war path to-morrow."

The chief received the messenger and sat for a long time in silence. He then arose and said to his soldiers: —

"The white man has made my heart like the heart of a woman. I shall bury my son beside his door, so that when I visit his grave I shall remember that it was a white man who was my friend in my sorrow."

From that day Red Dog would have given his life for the doctor.

Upon this visit we were to meet the representatives of the Sioux at a point midway between Red Cloud's and Spotted Tail's camps. General McKenzie urged us to take a guard of soldiers, but Colonel Boone, Dr. Daniels, and myself objected on the ground that it would indicate that we had no confidence in the Indians. We therefore met them unarmed. There were three hundred Indians, each with a Winchester rifle and a belt of cartridges. They formed a semicircle and we presented our message. Our confidence assured success.

At Standing Rock we found the Indians very turbulent. One of our clergy had been murdered a few days before. Two of the leading chiefs held long consultations with us and were favorable to a treaty which ceded the Black Hills. The large majority, however, were determined to prevent the treaty; if necessary, by violence. My son, Major Charles Whipple, has sent me the following letter of Captain E. C. Bowen, U. S. A., who was present.

The Indians on the Cheyenne Agency, on the Missouri River, were in a very ugly and turbulent disposition, in the fall of 1876. Most of them had been engaged in the Custer massacre, the previous summer, and in fights with Crook, of last year, notably on the Rosebud.

They were now back at the Agency, drawing supplies from the Government, with their usual promptness and regularity, employing their spare time in committing depredations of various kinds, which included killing and scalping and mutilating the Agency missionary, whose body was found on the road between the Agency and the Mission House.

Four companies of the 11th United States Infantry, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel G. P. Buell, were stationed near the Agency for its protection.

A Commission, of which Bishop Whipple of Minnesota was a member, was appointed by the President of the United States, to meet the chiefs and head men of these Indians, for the purpose of settling the trouble with them peaceably, and thereby of avoiding another Indian war. The chiefs and head men were invited to meet the Commission on the day of its arrival at the Agency.

Colonel Buell and the Commission had selected a large store-house at the Agency as a place of meeting. This building was of one story, containing a single room about one hundred feet long by forty feet wide, entered by two wide doors at the middle of each side. The Indians refused to meet at this building, but offered to do so outside the Agency at a point on the Missouri River bottom, which they designated, about half a mile distant. Colonel Buell would not allow this, particularly as rumors were rife that the Indians intended treachery, and to massacre the members of the Commission.

Parley with them was carried on for several hours, by means of interpreters and couriers, regarding the place of meeting, the Indians remaining all the time back on the hill in the rear of the Agency. The Indians continued obstinate, and would not come in.

Finally, Colonel Buell sent them word that the meeting must take place in the building at the Agency, at once, or not at all, and that if they still refused, the Commission would leave the Agency that day without seeing them.

The Indians, thereupon, very reluctantly concluded to come in, and arrived shortly at the Agency. They had been waiting on the hills in the rear of the Agency, during the negotiations regarding the place of meeting. In fact, the bluffs and river bottom, near the Agency, were thronged with armed and mounted Indians, to the number of a thousand or more, and had been, since early morning. They remained until the Council broke up.

The Commission was seated at a long table between the doors, which were left open; the Indians sat on the floor facing the Commission, near the opposite side of the table, the space between them and the end of the room in the rear being crowded with standing Indians, a hundred or more, armed, it was afterwards learned, with revolvers, knives, and clubs, hidden under their blankets.

Behind the members of the Commission, facing the Indians, a platoon of troops were standing under arms, also Colonel Buell, a number of other army officers, the Indian Agent, and several employees of the Agency. A guard of about twenty soldiers was also stationed outside each door. The remainder of the troops were under arms at their quarters, in readiness to act promptly if necessary.

The Council proceeded in the usual way, the Indians speaking in turn, stating their grievances and what they wanted the Government to do for them, etc.; replies being made for them by Bishop Whipple.

For the most part the Indians were very defiant and ugly in their manner and talk. When they spoke, the Indians standing behind them howled and shouted their approval. But there were two chiefs who spoke for peace and counselled a compliance with the propositions of the Commission, but their views met with great disfavor from the Indians in the rear, who yelled and hooted their disapproval, and had twice rushed upon their friendly speakers, pushing them and threatening to kill them.

It was believed that the Indians standing behind the Indians of the Council had planned to attack any Indian who should speak for peace, and inaugurate thereby an attack on the Commission, troops, and people of the Agency, to be joined by the Indians outside at a given signal.

Colonel Buell cautioned the Indians, after the first rush, that it must not be repeated, and after the second that they would be fired on by the troops if it should occur again.

They defiantly made a third rush upon a friendly Chief who was speaking, yelling and shouting threats, hustling and pushing him, during which, upon direction of Colonel Buell, the officer in command of the troops gave the command, "Load," "Ready," "Aim," and was about to give the command, "Fire," when a most remarkable thing occurred.

Bishop Whipple arose from his seat, where he had been quietly sitting during all this furor and commotion, turned toward the troops and Colonel Buell, and holding out his arms to them, exclaimed, "Don't fire, Colonel, for *God's sake don't fire!*"

The bishop was perfectly cool and calm, without the slightest trace of fear, but, as all could see, in earnest. It was an anxious and awful moment, as all present realized. What was passing in the mind of Colonel Buell, of course, none but himself could know. That he distrusted his own judgment as against that of Bishop Whipple, who was held in the highest esteem and veneration by all the officers of the Army present, is very likely, for on his intimation the officer commanded, "Recover Arms," instead of "Fire," and the situation was changed, and the terrible tension of feeling upon all present was relieved.

It was at once agreed by members of the Commission that no good results could be attained by continuing the Council any further, and it was immediately broken up, the Indians leaving very hurriedly.

The writer will always believe that Bishop Whipple's conduct on this occasion averted an awful catastrophe. Had the troops fired, a fight between the troops and the Indians would have begun immediately. As the Indians outnumbered the troops by six or eight hundred and were well armed, the result to the troops would have been most serious, to say the least, and many valuable lives inevitably lost.

Captain Bowen gives me over-much praise. I only did what any one would have done who realized the situation. The real heroes that day were two young chiefs, Four Bears and Rattling Ribs.

I presented to the Indians the wishes of the Government. Four Bears arose, and said: —

"It is a fine day. The Great Spirit shines on His children. It is a good sign for you and for us. You have come to ask a question — 'Will you sell us some of your land?' To that I say yes."

Then there arose a bedlam of yells and a rush. Four Bears did not turn, but stood calm. Rattling Ribs drew his knife, and said, "You know me. I will kill the first man who does harm to the Commission."

Three times there was a tumult, and for a time it looked serious. When quiet was restored Four Bears continued his speech in a calm voice, as if there had been no interruption and without turning: —

"I say *yes*, and will tell you my reasons."

I have never seen coolness in peril equal to that of this brave man, whose courage secured the Indians' assent to the treaty.

This treaty provided that the chiefs of different bands of Sioux should visit the Indian Territory to select homes for their people. The chiefs were delighted with the country. Red Dog said when he saw it, "If any man had told me that the Great Spirit had made such a country for men to live in, I should have thought him a liar."

The people of the Southwest prevented the ratification of this treaty. If the Sioux had removed and had begun civilization, as they were ready to do, it would have saved some of our later Indian wars.

Near the close of President Grant's administration I was invited to meet the Indian Peace Commission in Washington. The Sioux were on the eve of another war. The President, the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Chandler, Mr. Cameron, the Secretary of War, General Sherman, and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs were present.

One of the Commission, a member of the Society of Friends, arose, and said: —

"Mr. President, Bishop Whipple knows the causes of the present Indian troubles, and we should like to have him give them to you."

Breathing a prayer for wisdom, I said, turning to the Secretary of the Interior: —

"You said in your report that the Sioux had, for the most part, faithfully observed the treaty; and," turning to the Secretary of War, "you said in your report that the hostile element of the Sioux was not as a drop in the bucket.

"These statements were true. In December last, an order was sent to the Indians from the Agency of the Missouri River, north of the Cannon Ball, that they must return to the Agency before the middle of February, or be regarded as hostile.

"On account of the inclemency of the weather, the scouts who carried the message were not themselves able to return before the time expired. The Indians received the message without irritation, and said, 'We cannot return in the winter, but will do so early in the spring.'

"The Indians had the right to hunt in this territory, and Congress had appropriated two hundred thousand dollars for this support while roaming.

"Troops with comfortable tents could not remain in the field during the Arctic weather. The agent at Standing Rock telegraphed the Commissioner of Indian Affairs: 'The Indians have heard that their ponies are to be taken from them. What shall I tell them?' The commissioner called upon you, Mr. President, and asked you what answer he should give. You said, 'Tell them that their ponies shall not be taken as long as they are at peace.' You told the commissioner to see General Sherman and send an answer. General Sherman and the commissioner agreed upon the telegram which was sent to the agent."

General Sherman here asked, "Bishop, do you know what was in that despatch?"

"Yes," I replied, "I have a copy of it in my pocket," and I handed it to him. In those days I was in the habit of carrying documents of the kind with me, never knowing when the occasion might come to make use of them.

This message pledged the Indians protection of their property as long as they were peaceful. The general looked at it and then said: —

"But this does not speak of ponies."

I smiled and answered, "General, you are too old and too good a soldier to have said that."

"Bishop, you are right," energetically responded the general. "*Lying* is *lying;* we had better call it what it is! It did pledge protection."

President Grant then said: "Bishop, when I sent your Commission to these Indians, Attorney-General Gaylord came to me and said, 'We shall be asked a great many questions, and we want your views.' I replied: 'Tell the Indians that as long as they remain at peace they shall be protected in their property.' General Gaylord asked if it included their ponies, and I said yes. He wrote my words in his notebook, and I do not doubt that they were repeated to the Indians."

"Yes, Mr. President," I replied, "General Gaylord read your words to us, and we made that pledge to the Indians."

The President said, "Gentlemen, a great wrong has been done, and you may rely upon my making every effort that can be made to recompense the Indians for their loss."

I know that the President asked that appropriation should be made for this purpose, but it was only a short time before he went out of office, and Congress adjourned without making the appropriation. It has since, however, been made.

General Sherman was a manly man. With him war was no play, and he carried it relentlessly to the bitter end. We had many sharp passages of arms on the Indian question. When Black Kettle was killed on the Wichita, I was asked to meet a Commission of which General Sherman was chairman. I told the story of Black Kettle's life as I had learned it from Colonel Boone who had known Black Kettle from childhood. I made an earnest plea for the Indians, which was followed by a somewhat sharp contest between the general and myself, but I have reason to know that he loved and respected me for defending my poor children. One day as I was entering a hotel in Florida, I heard the general's voice behind me, calling to his adjutant, "Here is our Indian bishop; we have the Indians between us and we will exterminate them."

"Why don't you say, General, that you thank God that there is a bishop to defend these poor red men?"

He put his hands on my shoulders, and said earnestly, "Bishop, *I do*."

When he published the history of his campaigns he sent a copy to my son with the inscription,

> To Major C. H. Whipple, U. S. A., son of my great and good friend, Bishop Whipple of Minnesota, with love and veneration for the Father, and earnest wishes for the honor and happiness of the Son.
>
> W. T. Sherman, *General.*
>
> New York, Oct. 9th, 1886.

I loved General Sherman for his singular uprightness of character and his devotion to his country. Notwithstanding our early differences on Indian questions, we became devoted friends, and he was often my helper in my efforts for the Indians and in securing instruction in military science for Shattuck School.

The following letter, written just after the death of his wife in answer to a letter of sympathy from me, reveals his sincere character.

No. 75 West N St., New York,
December 10th, 1888.

Dear Bishop Whipple: I have simply been flooded with letters of condolence and sympathy from mutual friends on the death of my wife, and have been compelled to devolve the answers to ——, but yours is exceptional. I personally recognize the full measure of your recorded words. Mrs. Sherman was a Romanist by inheritance from Mother and Grandfather, Hugh Boyle, Esq. (whom I well remember as a classical scholar), an emigrant who came to Ohio in 1790, and became the Clerk of the United States District Court, in my native town, Lancaster, Ohio. Many a time when I was late, and running barefoot to school, he would intercept me and make me construe some Greek verb. Yet that man stamped his religion on probably the best intellect in Ohio, Thomas Ewing, indifferent to religion, generally, but big in his apprehension of the grandeur of America, and her influence in the destinies of the Great Future. His daughter Ellen was my wife from 1850 to 1888, and she never for one instant wavered from her faith in that the Roman or Irish Catholic Church had and would to the end preserve the true and only faith in God and His only Begotten Son, Jesus Christ. All other creeds were to her schisms, disturbing elements in the universally desired wish for Eternal Salvation.

Of course my old Puritan blood somewhat rebelled at the doctrines of the Holy Ghost, the Communion of Saints, Transubstantiation, the Immaculate Conception, etc., none of which are necessary to an admission that Christ on earth taught the highest morality, charity, and religion thus far reached on this earth, and was consequently entitled to not only reverence but submission. Nevertheless, such is God's ordinance that progress is the law, not stagnation. Truth, of course, is eternal, but even truth presents different phases, and any church which puts down the brakes and declares here we stand, "no further," compels schisms, departures, and final rupture. The Catholic Church has gone through all these vicissitudes, and as far as I can comprehend, the Episcopal Church is keeping pace close behind.

For you, Bishop Whipple, I now declare my profound respect and love. I believe you have been through life a pure, conscientious man and Bishop. Your heart has been with the poor Indian, who sits by the ocean's beach, and knowing there is a flood-tide coming, is too lazy to change his seat. The remnants of the Indians of America will be as the gipsies of Moscow, whom I saw, and who, in my judgment, are the remnants of the Aborigines, or Indians of Austria, Russia, and Germany. Fragments of them have travelled all over the world, but have no more been able to change their skins than the leopards. We must simply do to-day what seems best, and trust to Him to bring all things into the one Harmonious Whole.

Excuse me for these crude thoughts, and all I can say is that I continue to ask the good will of Bishop Whipple.

W. T. Sherman,
General.

CHAPTER XXVI

I WAS a member of a Commission to make a treaty with the Chippewas. It was drawn so as to protect them in property and to provide for their civilization. "It is a fine treaty," said a prominent opponent, with an oath; "not a dollar for the trader!" It was not ratified by Congress, but I have received scores of letters from Indians, saying that it was the best treaty ever offered them. And so it was.

One difficulty with the solution of this Indian problem is that doctrinaires would solve all difficulties by special legislation. When I was a young man, a number of bills had been under discussion in the legislature to prevent intemperance. A quaint farmer arose and said: —

"I think I have a bill which will satisfy all parties. I ask the unanimous consent to read it. 'Be it enacted by the Senate and Assembly that intemperance be abolished.'"

The law which gives lands in severalty is an excellent provision. No man becomes civilized until he has something which he can call his own. But what if the land is on the western plains of Dakota, without water, or on the sandy waste of the pine forest? There is no prerogative of citizenship clothed with more honor than the ballot. But what if a man has no knowledge whatever of his duties and his vote is to be bought and sold? President Cleveland once asked me what I thought the effect would be of making the Indians voters. I told him that we had tried it, at which he expressed surprise.

"We had a territorial law," I explained, "that Indians wearing civilized dress might vote. At an election some one said, 'Wait till you hear from Pembina!' When they heard from Pembina they learned that a band of Indians had been put into hickory shirts and trousers between sunrise and sunset, and had become voters." The President smiled and said, "I see how it may work."

I found President Cleveland ready at all times to hear a plea for the Indians and as far as possible to redress their wrongs. During his first administration, I asked Chief Justice Waite his opinion of President Cleveland. "I believe," he answered, "that the President wants to know the truth, and when he knows it he will defend it." He then offered to go with me to the White House to introduce me, for I had come to Washington in behalf of the Chippewas at Minnesota.

I told the President, briefly, that the Indians had had their fisheries and rice fields destroyed by dams, erected by the United States Government on the Mississippi, which had overflowed ninety-one thousand acres of pine land, and that I had plead in vain for redress.

The President sent for the Secretary of the Interior and said: —

"Bishop Whipple has told me a story of a great wrong. I have asked him to put it in writing.

Will you make a memorandum of this, and send the bishop's letter to me at the opening of Congress. We will try to have justice done to these Indians."

When Congress met, the President sent my statement in a special message, and Congress promptly made the appropriation. The wrong for which I had plead for years was rectified.

It was President Cleveland's invariable course, and I owe him a debt of personal gratitude. In 1895 I was appointed by President Cleveland a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners, which office I accepted.

In my Indian work I have had the love and sympathy of the Society of Friends. The annual meeting of the Orthodox Friends was held in Baltimore at the time of our General Convention, in 1871, and I was invited to address them. There were present delegates from all parts of the United States. They removed their hats in token of respect as I came to the platform. It moved me deeply as I looked into the faces of these men and women who have had a clean record in all their dealings with the Indians. In the darkest hours they have stood by me. A few weeks later I was asked to deliver an address on the Indian question at the annual meeting of the Hicksite branch of the Friends. I was introduced by Benjamin Hallowell, the Patriarch of the Society, — a scholar, a pure patriot, and a generous philanthropist. Among the pleasant memories of those days are my visits to his home at Sandy Hill, with my friend Allen Bowie Davis. In my frequent visits to Washington I have found a quiet resting-place at Mr.

Davis's home in Brookville, Maryland, where the old traditions of Southern hospitality were kept up.

After my address to the Hicksite Friends, Lucretia Mott thanked me for the words spoken for the Indians, and said with a smile, "Thee must feel strange among so many Friends; we have no bishops."

"But when your children leave the Society of Friends," I answered, "they always come to us."

With quick wit the response came: "I am thankful that thou hast such good material among thy people. An Indian bishop can well be the bishop of the Indians' friends."

One of the warmest friends of the Indians was Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson; at her request I wrote the preface to "A Century of Dishonor," a book to which Col. Higginson pays a just tribute.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Sept. 22d, 1880.

RT. REV. DR. WHIPPLE,

Dear Sir: You are perhaps aware that Mrs. Helen Jackson, now of Cloud, has written a book on our Indian policy, called "A Century of Dishonor," and it is now passing through the press of Harper Brothers. During the absence of Mrs. Jackson in Europe, I am correcting the proofs, at her request. She is very anxious that you should write a preface to it, and I have therefore asked Messrs. Harpers to send you some sample sheets. I am not an expert on Indian questions, but I know good literary work, and can assure you that the book is admirably done; and it shows a freedom from exaggeration and over-vehemence that quite surprises me, in view of the author's generous and ardent nature. It is very thoroughly justified with facts and citations, and I am sure that you need not shrink, as far as the character of the book goes, from endorsing it.

Very respectfully,

THOS. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

Indians, like many other human beings, often return evil for evil, but they rarely forget a kindness. I was once passing down the Mississippi River near Rabbit Lake, when an Indian woman beckoned to me from the shore. It proved to be the woman to whom I had once given a cross made from her child's hair. Having heard that I was to pass Rabbit Lake, she had walked twenty-five miles to bring me mokuks of maple sugar and dried berries.

At the time of the Sioux outbreak in 1862, Hole-in-the-Day had sent a message to the Leech Lake Indians to kill the imprisoned traders. Chief Buffalo, who was their friend, said in council: —

"I am older than you. We have received a message to kill the white men. White men have wronged us and perhaps they ought to die. Hole-in-the-Day says there is war, that the Indians will drive the white men out of the country, that these men must be killed. If we go to the white man's settlements and find that there is no war, we shall be asked by the Great Father what has become of his white children. We shall look foolish when we are hanged. We can kill these men as well next week as to-day."

The Indians shouted "Ho! Ho!" and the council ended. That night Buffalo released the prisoners and sent them out of the Indian country.

One of the first Pembina Indians that I met was the chief of the Turtle Mountain band, who said to me: —

"I am a wild man. I knew that the Indians East had perished. I was sad for my children. My fathers told me that there was a Great Spirit. I have gone into the woods and have tried to talk to Him. I could not take hold of His hand. I heard the new message which you had brought into the country. I went to your spirit man, Enmegahbowh. I sat at his feet, and I have all that story in my heart."

I had many conversations with this chief, whose questions showed the deepest thought. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs told me that on a visit to Turtle Mountain with Rev. Dr. Knickerbacker they walked over on Sunday morning to the village, and as they drew near an Indian lodge, they heard a voice praying, and then an earnest exhortation. It proved to be my Pembina chief, who said to the commissioner: "I promised Kichimekadewiconaye that on every Praying day I would gather my people in my lodge, and would tell them all I know about the Great Spirit. We hope we shall some day have a missionary."

When the Indians attacked Forbes's trading-post and wounded George Spencer, Wakinyantawa rushed through the crowd of savages and carried Spencer to his tipi; and when they threatened to kill him, Wakinyantawa said quietly: "Two of you die if he dies. He is my friend." Day after day Spencer was watched over and cared for by Wakinyantawa, who afterward became a scout in the army and was killed. George Spencer remembered his defender by caring for his widow and children.

At the time that General Custer was sent to make a reconnoissance of the Black Hills, he wrote to us to send him thirty scouts, adding that he should leave Fort Abraham Lincoln on the following Wednesday, and that the scouts must reach him before that time. This letter reached Santee Sunday morning. After service Mr. Hinman told the Indians present of General Custer's request, and the thirty volunteers whom he accepted, by travelling all night, reached Sioux City in time for the morning train for St. Paul, where they connected with the Northern Pacific Railway, — which at that time was by way of the Pacific Junction near Duluth, — and reached the fort in time. When they returned in the autumn, General Custer sent the following letter: —

> I cannot permit these Indian scouts to return to you without bearing my testimony to their fidelity. I do not say, simply, that they have been good soldiers, for I doubt if any village in our country could turn out thirty more exemplary men. Among other pleasant incidents, I remember one Sunday, as I sat in my tent, I heard in the distance the familiar hymn, "Rock of Ages." Knowing that cavalry-men were not noted as hymn-singers, I followed the sound, and you may judge of my surprise when I found that the only men who were engaged in the worship of God were the sons of those who had roamed over the prairies in barbarous wildness. May the good work go on.
>
> Yours,
> CUSTER,
> *Commanding.*

It was a beautiful tribute to the Christian Indians from this brave officer, who with his entire command was killed by the hostile Sioux. I have in my possession a buffalo skin ornamented with battle-scenes by the warrior Gall, who was reputed to have killed General Custer in battle.

It is no wonder that the Indians hated the white men for the destruction of game which they say the Great Spirit provided for his red children. Forty years ago the buffalo were found on the western borders of Minnesota, large herds of elk on the prairies, and moose, deer, and bear were abundant in our Northern forests. In 1874, Dr. Daniels, while in the country of the Upper Missouri River, rode three days in sight of one herd of buffalo.

On missionary journeys our larder has been supplied by the fish so abundant in the lakes of northern Minnesota, — wall-eyed pike, pickerel, bass, croppies, perch, and, in a few lakes, white fish and salmon trout of excellent quality. The muscallonge, king of northern fish, had its home in the Mississippi. We took one weighing forty pounds.

Minnesota extends over one hundred and fifty miles northeast of Duluth. I have fished in every stream on the North Shore as far as Prince Arthur's Landing, and also in the far-famed Nipigon. From boyhood I have been a disciple of the "gentle Isaac." I once relieved the somewhat over-anxious mind of a friend who expressed surprise that I should find pleasure in fishing, by reminding him that it was apostolic, and that the man of the College of Apostles who betrayed his Master did not come from the Sea of Galilee, but from Kerioth, a trading town in the southern part of Judea.

Trout weighing over five pounds each were taken in the Nipigon by every member of our party on one occasion. There is nothing which sends such a thrill along an angler's nerves as to feel a four-pound trout on a six-ounce rod, not even the taking of a tarpon, the silver king of Southern waters. I celebrated a recent birthday by taking a tarpon which weighed one hundred and twenty-four pounds and which measured six feet and eight inches in length. He was taken on the Caloosahatchee River, below Fort Myers in Florida; a river two miles wide and about twelve feet deep. The line used was a number eighteen bass line, with large hook and wired snood, and the bait, a third of a mullet. The cast was about one hundred feet from the boat.

It is often weary waiting for this prize, but expectation fills the soul. At last the line moves; waiting until the bait is swallowed and the slack out, a quick sharp jerk is given and the monster is hooked. He makes a leap five feet out of the water, and is then off like a racehorse. The boatman takes up the anchor and rows after him. Like an eagle one watches the line, feeling the tension. If the fish slacks his speed, one reels in, and if he rushes, the line is given him. Again and again he leaps from the water. The one here mentioned was fresh from the sea; he made twelve leaps and took me over a mile. At last he gives up the battle and is at the boat gaffed and safe. One is left weary, but with a sense of triumph at having won laurels for his fisherman's brow.

A silver coin fresh from the mint is not more brilliant than the scales of a tarpon, which are coated with a silver sheen and are from one to three inches across. Lest male anglers should be overfull of pride, it must be stated that the largest tarpon ever taken was taken by a woman. It weighed two hundred and five pounds and measured eight feet and two inches in length. After Mrs. —— had played him a long time, her husband offered to take the rod, but with true pluck she exclaimed, "If you touch that rod I shall apply for a divorce."

I have caught salmon in Scotland, bluefish off Nantucket, kingfish in the Gulf, tarpon in Florida, trout in the Yellowstone Park, but for the perfection of the angler's craft, give me the clear sparkling waters of the streams which flow into Lake Superior. Many daydreams, many plans of work, many sermons have come to me as I have waded those crystal waters.

At one of my visits to the Mission of St. Columba, Enmegahbowh made an address to his people in which he pronounced the following eulogium upon myself. He had been speaking of the love which God had put into my heart for his people, and then he continued: —

"And the bishop has a library of hundreds of books which he has treasured in his heart; he is a great theologian; he is honored by his white children everywhere; and at Washington the Great Fathers always listen to his pleas for his red children. The Queen of England has listened to his story of the Ojibways;" and then he came to the top stone of a well-rounded character: "and besides all this, my friends, he has caught the largest fish ever caught in Minnesota. I know this, for I saw it with my own eyes. I have heard that he caught the largest fish ever caught in Florida. I do not know that, because I did not see it, but I believe it, because I know he could do it."

Not an Indian smiled. It seemed to them a fitting climax to all that had gone before.

After recovering from the Sioux massacre, there were a few years of great prosperity. Then followed a plague of locusts, which for several years destroyed the crops in the western part of the state. They came in clouds, obscuring the sun at midday. I have seen fields of wheat six inches high in the morning, and in the evening not a blade left. After much suffering from this desolation, Governor John Pillsbury appointed the twenty-sixth day of April, 1877, as a day of fasting and of prayer. "That it may please the Heavenly Father to remove from our borders, this plague." Infidels ridiculed the proclamation. The day was solemnly observed, places of business were closed, and all classes of men attended the public services.

The day of the 25th was bright and beautiful, and the young locusts were revelling in their work of devastation. On the following day, before the sun went down, a violent storm of sleet and snow came and every locust was destroyed.

This plague was a great calamity to the Indians who had begun farming. One old Indian woman who had a small garden upon which she depended, went out to fight the locusts with her broom, and as she fought she prayed again and again, with tears rolling down her cheeks, "O Lord Jesus, Thou knowest how much I love Thee. I am a poor Indian woman. I have only this garden. Drive off these devil's pests and save my crops." This garden was the only one saved in the village.

My beloved diocese has passed through great trials. Cyclones have brought destruction at New Ulm, Sauk Rapids, Rochester, Leroy, and in the western part of Goodhue County. No words can describe these awful visitations, — the clouds dark and lurid, shaped like an inverted cone, and the roar as of a hundred railway trains. They travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour, destroying everything in their path. At Sauk Rapids, a bell weighing eight hundred pounds was carried more than two squares away. Thin pine shingles were driven into oak trees. A horse was lifted across a field and landed, unharnessed, in the top of a tree, from which he was lowered by ropes, uninjured. A wagon wheel carried twenty-five miles across the Mississippi, was found in Wisconsin.

In 1894, a forest fire accompanied by a cyclone destroyed villages and burned to death four hundred and sixty persons.

It is not for man to interpret these providences of God. Where we cannot see we must trust and hold fast to our faith, believing that He, whom Jesus has said is our Father, cannot do wrong to his children. When we see how these sorrows break through the crust of selfishness, drawing hearts together and knitting again the ties of brotherhood — yes, even helping the sufferer to cry to God his Father — we can see light in the darkness.

After one of my returns from the Indian country, a most singular incident took place, one of the many instances of God's care for me in a time of peril. Some months before, one of my professors had recommended to me a young clergyman who desired to enter our Divinity School and to receive Orders in the Church. He presented his papers in due form, and became a candidate for Orders. A few months before the close of the school year he had shown signs of an unbalanced mind, and I was obliged to tell him that our missionary work was full of hardships, and as he was not well, I felt it would be wiser not to ordain him with his class. I offered to provide a home for him until he had regained his health, and he most amiably acquiesced in my decision.

I reached home on Saturday, and was advertised to preach in the Cathedral on Sunday morning. Late Saturday evening the Rev. Mr. Edson, who had been with my mother in her last illness, arrived in Faribault, and I invited him to preach in my place. Before the sermon, as notice was given that the bishop would preach in the evening, the student in question, whom I had not seen for some time, started from a pew near the door and came toward the chancel, as I supposed to take his seat in the choir where the divinity students sat during term time. On reaching the chancel arch, however, he stopped, and taking a revolver from his pocket, pointed it at me. I felt what was coming before the revolver appeared, and knowing that the young man was short-sighted and that he would probably wait until sure of his aim, I walked with quick, long strides through the chancel, which is very deep, grateful that I had been an athlete in younger days, and at the chancel steps made a leap, seizing the young man by the collar and turning him sharply round with my knee at his back, while I said to the congregation, "Will some one take charge of this man, — he is insane."

It all happened so quickly that no one moved till then. The poor fellow was led out and the service went on. It was found that the pistol had a hair trigger, and that all the chambers were loaded, making it a marvel that no tragedy had occurred.

Some time after, I was returning from a General Convention, when an awful disaster took place at Rio, owing to a misplaced switch. The front sleeper was crushed, and one of the passengers who attempted to pass through came back crying, "For God's sake, Bishop, come and help these people who are burning to death." Half dressed, I followed to a scene of horror. It was a cold night and the stoves were at a red heat, so that when the crash came, the live coals were scattered through the car, which was in a blaze. One poor woman, pinioned to the floor by the wreck, had only time to hold up her two children, with the words, "Take them to my husband in Winona," before the fire swept over her. Two sisters of charity, with the flames curling round them, were kneeling in prayer. In spite of every effort, twenty-five persons were burned to death, and we who were saved owed our lives to the engineer, Thomas Little, who, at the risk of his own life, stayed by the engine. In recognition of his faithfulness, I had a gold medal made at the United States mint, bearing on one side an olive wreath with the name of the hero, and on the reverse side, "For saving the lives of passengers at Rio, October 28, 1886."

"Thomas is a good man," exclaimed his wife, when I went to his home to present this medal, "and a communicant of the Church. He lives according to the lesson of the old catechism, — 'to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me.'"

CHAPTER XXVII

In the autumn of 1873 the Rt. Rev. Dr. Cummings, who was the assistant bishop of Kentucky, abandoned the ministry of the Church. December 12, 1873, the Bishop of Kentucky (Dr. Smith) withdrew all authority committed to Dr. Cummings as coadjutor bishop, and forbade his exercise of any episcopal authority. By the canons of the Church an assistant bishop can only perform such episcopal duties as are assigned to him by the bishop of the diocese.

Shortly after the inhibition, Bishop Cummings and four presbyters held a service, by which they declared that the Rev. Charles E. Cheney was consecrated a bishop. What the form or manner of this service was I do not know, but we do know that Bishop Cummings declared in his sermon that, "there was no inherent difference between the office of a presbyter and bishop; that the office of a bishop was exercised by one who was a fellow presbyter, set apart for general oversight and superintendence." He repudiated all that we believe the Catholic Church has ever taught of this holy office. The person he professed to consecrate had been deposed from the ministry.

While we believe in the indelibility of Holy Orders, there is no instance where the Church has taught that one who had been deposed could be elevated to a higher office.

I need not recount the strifes and heartburnings which led to this breach of Christian unity, and which has filled our hearts with sorrow.

The Rev. Dr. Edward Neal, a Presbyterian clergyman honored for his historical research and beloved by all who knew him, attached himself to the Reformed Episcopal Church and built a church in Minneapolis. The *Daily Press* spoke of the services as "having in the congregation representatives of all the churches except the Old Episcopal Church."

The services of the Reformed Church in Minnesota ceased with the death of Dr. Neal.

As a part of the history of the time, I append a letter to Bishop Whitehouse, giving an account of a visit which, with Bishop Lee, I made to the Rev. Mr. Cheney; also a letter of Bishop Whitehouse in reply, and a second letter of my own.

FARIBAULT, May 18th, 1871.

RT. REV. DR. H. J. WHITEHOUSE,

Right Reverend and Dear Brother: I informed you in my former letter that on my way to Blairstown I saw in the paper the result of the trial of the Rev. Mr. Cheney, and the account of a meeting between yourself, the standing committee, and the vestry of Christ Church. I have felt deeply pained at the present aspect of affairs in the Church, and have feared that party feeling would yet lead here as it has in ages past, to schism. This feeling was the more painful to me because of my deep sympathy with all who labor among the masses, so few of whom belong to our Church, and my fears that a division in the Church would make it more difficult for us to do this work.

After earnest prayer to God the thought came to me, "it may be that I can save our brother and so save a division." I telegraphed you: "If not too late for friendly offices I can come immediately. Answer here." At Cedar Rapids the rector of the parish (on whom I called to thank him for his kindness at the time of my mother's death) told me that Bishop Lee was on a visitation, and that he would pass that place at the same hour that I would in the evening. I received no answer to my telegram. I again prayed for guidance, and then resolved that I would tell Bishop Lee all that I had in my heart. If he would consent to go with me to see you in Chicago, I should feel it indicated my duty. We both had appointments for the next day — the trains were at the door. His answer was, "I will go."

On reaching Chicago we drove to your home; you were absent. I asked your son whether he thought our visit to Mr. Cheney would meet your approval.

He answered that our best course would be to see the Rev. Dr. Sullivan, the President of your Standing Committee, that he knew the entire history of the case, that he was in accord with you, and that whatever he might advise would meet with your approval.

We saw Dr. Sullivan, who said that, while not at all hopeful of the result, he thought that our visit could do no harm and might do much good.

We went to the Rev. Mr. Cheney, who received us kindly. I led in most of the conversation. I told him the train of circumstances which led to this visit. That if I knew my own heart, I came solely from love to our blessed Lord, and to avert what I feared might prove injury to the Church, and peril to the souls for whom Christ died; that I did not come from you or your diocese, but as a brother to talk with a brother, and if it were possible avert what I believed would lead to a schism. I told him that, although a stranger to him, I knew many of his flock; that his senior warden, Mr. Phillips, was my friend, and that I appreciated, as all who love Christ must do, his work in gathering precious souls from the highways and hedges into the fold of the Church. I then told him that there were no words more precious to me than those of our dear Lord when he offered himself as a sacrifice for our sins, and prayed that they all may be one, "as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me"; that divisions separated laborers for Christ, that they bewildered souls, they put scoffs on the lips of infidels, and were the greatest hindrance to the work which was to be done to prepare for the second coming of our Lord. I told him that the Catholic Church must be broad enough to include in her pale all who held the great doctrines of the faith; that for us to lose any from our fold would be an evil; we needed men of æsthetical tastes, men of conservative minds, men of burning zeal; that each under God could do his own work, all subject to, and obeying the same laws, and saying from their hearts, "Grace and peace be with all those who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth."

I then said: "Admitting all you claim for your views — that they are true, and that you are bound to teach them, I see no way where you can do so much as by remaining in the Church where, in God's providence, you are placed. If you leave the Church a schism is made, if it involves no more than yourself and your flock; the work you love is imperilled, and even if for a time it could be maintained it would die with you. If your degradation from the ministry leads to the schism of many who think with you, you have created a new sect; you alone will be responsible; you have added one more to the divisions to be healed; grievous sorrow has come to the hearts of many in the Church, and I fear the greatest peril to souls to whom infidels will say, 'See these Christians who talk about love, who believe in one Saviour, and yet are wrangling and separating about the mint and anise of human opinions.'"

Mr. Cheney replied saying that he deeply appreciated my kindness and much that I had said. That he loved the Church, and could not voluntarily leave it; that his position was different from that of Mr. Cooper; that if he went, it was because he was thrust out; that his work among the English laboring classes had first led him to believe that the words in the baptismal office were the cause of much erroneous belief, and that many regarded baptism as a charm like a heathen gree-gree; that he struggled against this conviction, and tried to quiet his conscience by the usual explanations of his Church brethren. He could not. He believed the words taught error, and he omitted them. He said that he did not desire notoriety, and even his wife did not know he had omitted the words in the baptismal office; that this explained the reason why at the trial so many of the witnesses could not testify whether he did omit the words or not. He said he could use words which spoke of admission to the Church, or of being adopted into Christ's family, but he could not with a clear conscience say, "This child has been regenerated by the Holy Spirit."

He thought the court should have been selected in part from men of moderate views; he named the Rev. Dr. Rylance, the Rev. Mr. Morrison, and some others. He said that the sentence was one which made it impossible for him to submit. Its limitation was until he exhibited contrition, which the court knew he could never feel, as he had done what he had from honest conviction of duty; he laid great stress on this.

He said the sentence was very severe and equivalent to degradation, and that it was the first trial in the history of the Church for any omission of parts of the service, while it was well known that such offences had been common. He thought your manner toward him at a confirmation showed you did not feel kindly toward him. He spoke with deep feeling, and when he alluded to his congregation and to the Church, he wept.

In reply I told him that I deeply regretted that the case was complicated by anything outside; that he must permit me to tell him frankly that I believed he had made very grave errors. The protest which he signed was wrong. If his bishop had taught false doctrine, there was a way to have him lawfully tried; that he could have brought this to the notice of bishops who agreed with him in doctrine, and if they declined to present their brother because there was no ground of action, his responsibility would have ended; that I thought the appeal to the civil court a great mistake; that the interference of the press and the public had done grievous harm to the cause of religion, and I feared had done injury to the Church. But, I said, I cannot see wherein your difficulty lies as to the use of the word "regenerate." The child is not by nature a member of the Church; it is not in the kingdom of God; it has not been placed in a covenant relation with God according to the provisions of our Saviour. It seems to me that here, as elsewhere, *the* gospel which the Church uses to teach the people is the key to understand the service. The gospel in the baptismal office tells us that mothers of old, who loved their children as mothers do now, knew how kindly our Lord had received all who came to Him; they said in their hearts, "If He can receive and bless the poor, the sinful, and the wretched He will bless our babes," and so they went to seek Jesus. His disciples thought He had come to be their temporal king, and that these babes could have no part in the kingdom. It is the only instance in which we are told He was much displeased. He took them in His arms: He laid His hands on them; He blessed them; and turning to those who were to be chief overseers, and pastors, and rulers of His kingdom, said, "Suffer them to come and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."

Now the whole question lies in this, — what is the "kingdom of God"? Here, too, He tells us plainly, — it is the net let down into the sea which gathers good and bad; it is the field where tares grow with the wheat; it is the visible Church where He bids children come and where He tells His apostles to receive them.

I called his attention to the fact that since the days of Whitfield the word "regeneration" in the common language of men had been used as synonymous with conversion. The Church uses it in all parts of her service, and in her homilies as including Baptism; and while men may differ as to the definition of "regenerate," I see no reason why any one who admits the existence of the visible Church, and that baptism is the door of entrance to the Church, could not use it with a good conscience.

To this he replied that his difficulty lay in that we thanked God that He had regenerated the child by His Holy Spirit; that he could say, "received him by adoption," but that in the ordinary use of language these words conveyed solely the idea of a spiritual change which his experience did not show had been wrought.

Bishop Lee called his attention to the Gorham decision; to the example of men like Bishop Griswold; to his right to explain the service; to the meaning of "regeneration"; to our Saviour's own words in describing the new birth, and spoke with deep feeling of his sorrow at even the possibility of a schism. I will not attempt to give his words, but they were such as come from a heart full of love for Christ, and for the Church, and full of love for our brother.

It is due to Mr. Cheney to say that he declared that he suffered deeply at the position in which he was placed; that he said he did not wish to see a division; that he was not in any sense a leader of a movement. He admitted that he might be in error; that conscience was often educated into a definite form, but that still he was bound to obey his conscientious convictions in all sincerity and honesty, and leave the end with God. He said he would rejoice at any solution of the matter, but that he could not lie before God and say he was sorry when he felt that he was doing his duty.

We were all in tears during most of the interview. We knelt together, and I prayed earnestly that God would take the cause into His own hands, and would forgive all who had sinned and give wisdom to all who had erred; that He would especially bless and guide you.

I left sad at heart. I believe on this question our brother's mind is morbid, but that he is honest in his conviction.

I can only pray God to give us wisdom and overrule all for His glory.

Your brother,
H. B. WHIPPLE.

CHICAGO, May 16th, 1871.

My dear Bishop: I returned last evening, and to-day received both your kind letters, one returned through the post-office and the longer one direct.

I thank you very heartily for the kind, though seemingly fruitless, effort. There is small hope that any change will be produced. A schismatic movement has been for two years a recognized purpose, and instead of its being precipitated by the contingents of this act of discipline, the ideal has been reduced to an ill-looking reality of individual secession, and the party largely demoralized. There will be no schism of any count, though of course the smallest tendency to such a folly is to be deprecated. If it does occur, it will stand on the page of history as the most aimless and unprincipled of all separations from the Anglican Communion. You probably heard that the secession of one of our Brethren is confidently declared in prospective connection. I shall continue to act as we have done without haste or irritation, and wait as long before pronouncing the final sentence as may avoid just imputation of fear or vacillancy. There is no alternative left in Mr. Cheney's unyielding contumacy.

I hope I may be at liberty to use your admirable letter more publicly, if occasion should occur.

May God preserve and restore your valuable health, and with renewed thanks for your clear and affectionate efforts,

I remain,
Faithfully your friend and brother,
HENRY J. WHITEHOUSE.

To RIGHT REV. DR. WHIPPLE, Minnesota.

FARIBAULT, Aug. 25th, '71.

RT. REV. H. J. WHITEHOUSE, D.D.,

My dear Brother: I enclose your letter which was sent in reply to my account of an interview between the Bishop of Iowa, the Rev. Mr. Cheney, and myself. At that time I declined to have it made public because I had sought the home of Mr. Cheney, and I had no right to narrate to the public the matter of the interview. As I went into your diocese without your knowledge, I owed it to myself and to you that

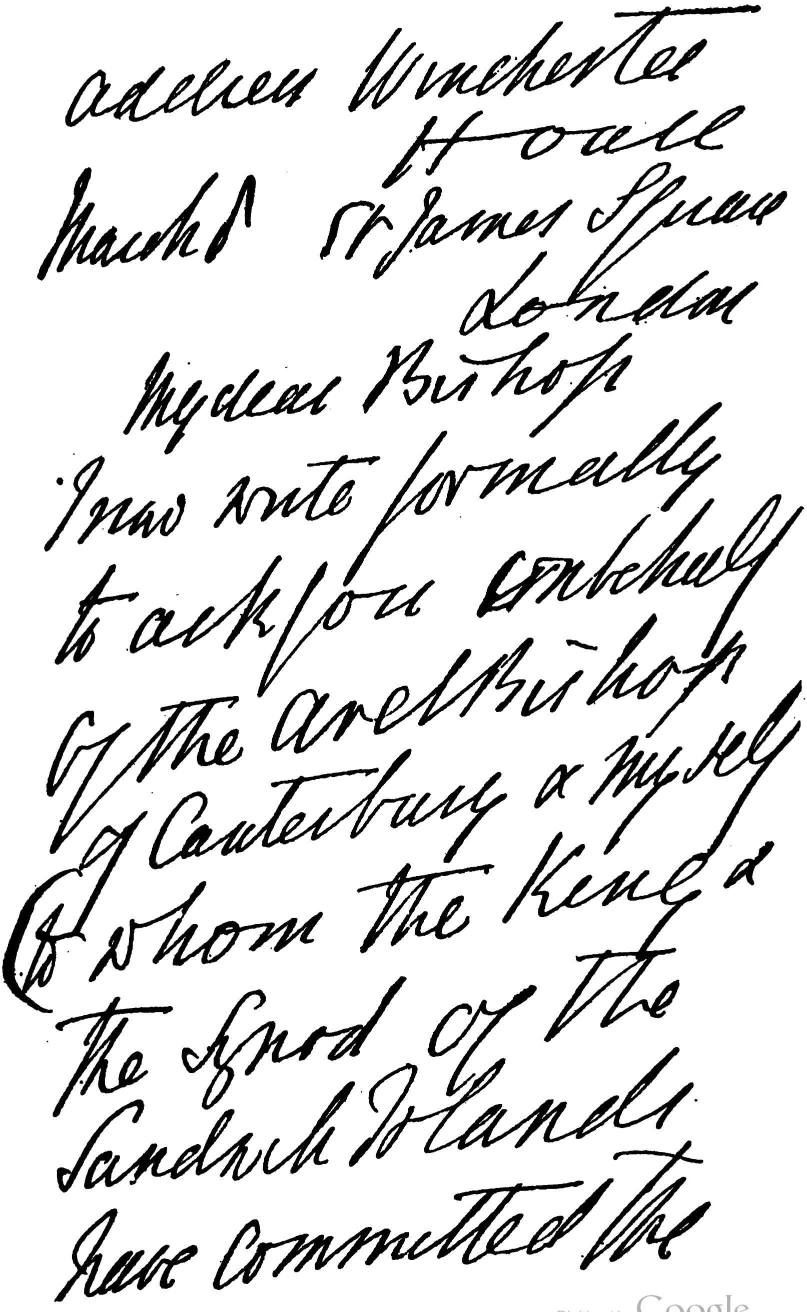
I should give you a clear statement of what occurred at that interview. I went simply as a peacemaker. It seemed to me that it was possible for Mr. Cheney to assume a position whereby you could modify or postpone the sentence. It would have been an unwarranted breach of courtesy for me to have visited Mr. Cheney to censure him, and a gross violation of every brotherly feeling to you or to your diocese for me to have censured yourself or the court to Mr. Cheney. I did neither: I plead as a brother with him to avert, at any sacrifice of personal feeling, the possibility of schism. My feeling was one of deep anguish, and I used such arguments as I thought would best allay all irritated feeling.

In going to Mr. Cheney I was aware that there was reason to believe my motives might be misinterpreted; but I should do so again on the bare hope of saving a division.

The article you have sent me does not convey my own impressions of the interview, an account of which was written the day it took place. If you deem it necessary to use my letters, you may do so. I only ask that you use the three letters with this. I prefer silence as the best healer of irritated hearts, but having visited your diocese as I did, you are entitled to all the facts.

Your brother,

H. B. Whipple.



Address Winchester House

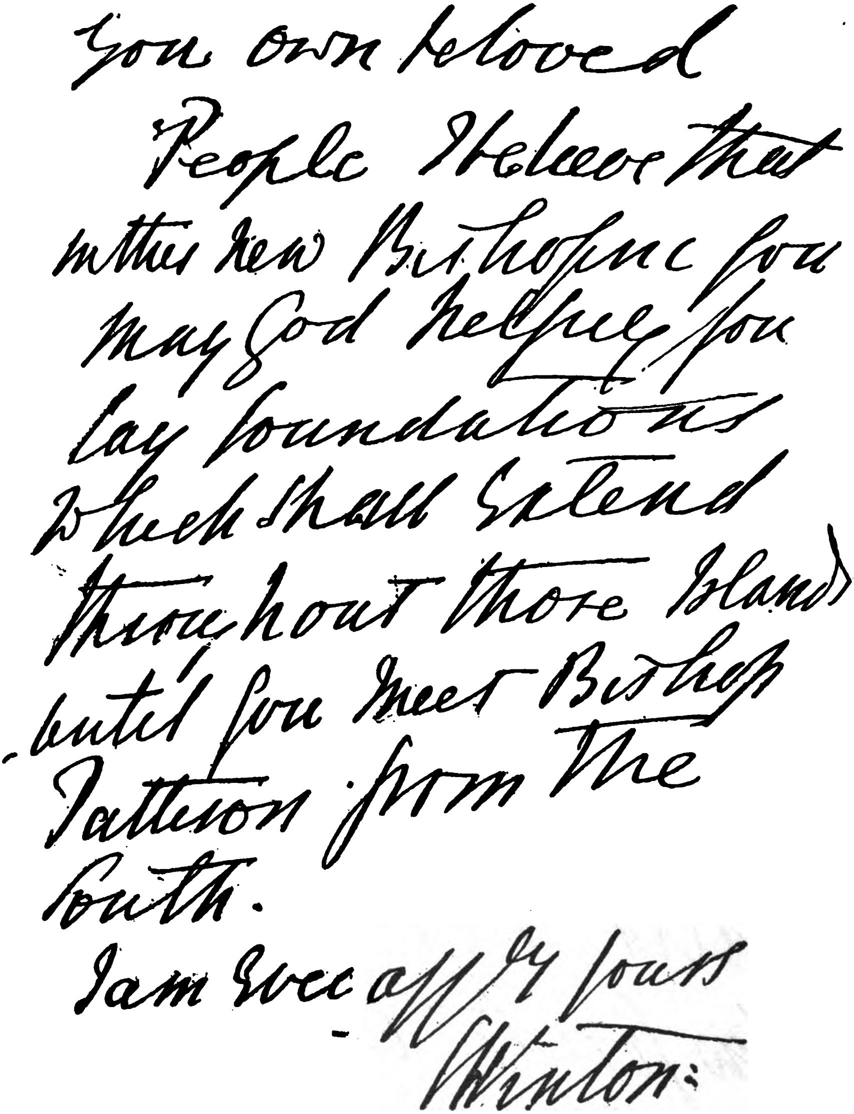
March 8 St James Square
London

My dear Bishop

I now write formally to ask you on behalf of the Archbishop of Canterbury & myself to whom the King & the Synod of the Sandwich Islands have committed the

Chose
of a Bishop to
preside over the
English Mission
there & to found
if so it please
God a native
Church there from
our Mother Church,)
Whether you will
undertake the Post.

I very earnestly trust that GOD the Holy Ghost may move your Spirit to undertake this work. For believing that your health will not allow you to continue your labours amidst


you own beloved
People I believe that
in this new Bishopric you
may God help you
lay foundations
which shall extend
throughout those Islands
until you meet Bishop
Patteson from the
South.
I am ever affly yours
S. Winton:

CHAPTER XXVIII

In the year 1871 I was honored by receiving the following letter proffering me an English bishopric.

WINCHESTER HOUSE, ST. JAMES SQUARE,
LONDON, March 8, 1871.

My dear Bishop: I now write formally to ask you on behalf of the Archbishop of Canterbury and myself (to whom the King and Synod of the Sandwich Islands have committed the choice of a bishop to preside over the English mission there, and to found, if so it please God, a Native Church there from the Mother Church), whether you will undertake the post.

I very earnestly trust that God the Holy Ghost may move your spirit to undertake this work. For believing that your health will not allow you to continue your labors amidst your own beloved people, I believe that in this new Bishopric you may, God helping you, lay the foundations which shall extend throughout those Islands until you meet Bishop Patteson from the South.

I am ever aff'ly yours,
S. WINTON.

After earnest prayer for Divine guidance I sought the advice of the bishops who knew most of Minnesota, the Sandwich Islands, and myself, and who at the same time fairly represented the theological opinions of the House of Bishops. My physician had advised me to seek a warm climate, believing that the severity of Minnesota winters demanded it.

The following letters represent the conflicting advice which I received.

NEW YORK, April 25th, 1871.

My dear Bishop: As I saw a good deal of Archdeacon Mason on his way back to his mission, I was not unprepared for your communication. Certainly the proffer of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Winchester is highly honorable to you, and an honor very well deserved.

But considering all things, without making many words about it, I incline to the opinion that you ought not to separate yourself wholly from your present charge. The nature of your work is such that I do not see how you can leave us altogether. But if the King and the Hʸ Synod, and the English People would take up for the present four or five months' presence each year in the Islands, I think you could get a good winter climate, now easily reached, and do all that is really necessary there.

I have this moment received from S. Winton the enclosed. He is anxious I should advise you to accept. I have just been writing him to ask how they would fancy what I have suggested above. There can be no harm in asking without knowing your feeling. God help us! Give us all grace and wisdom, and help me to trim my own Lamp!

Ever affectionately yours,

H. POTTER.

BISHOP OF MINNESOTA.

My dear Brother: There are so many and such grave questions connected with the offer sent by the Bishop of Winchester that I feel the greatest hesitancy in offering any opinion in the premises. Had your election been directly made by the Synod, sanctioned perhaps by the King, the matter would have been simplified. As it is, there seem to me to be many questions growing out of the reference of the election of a bishop to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Winchester. Does it indicate and will it involve suffraganship to Canterbury? To what Book will it bind the Bishop? These and many other perplexing questions rise to the surface at once.

And so my dear Brother, I know not what to say. Did you not preclude me from taking personal matters into account I should say, if no relief can be given you in Minnesota, if the islands will give you relief, it would be well to go. But I dread the going, and if you can possibly be relieved so as to retain Minnesota, I should hope and pray that such would be the course that things might take.

It does seem to me that what between King, Synod, Bishops in England, and what not, things are in such a snarl in those islands that Solomon himself would hardly hope to set them straight.

I cannot, therefore, advise, but I can assure you of my sincere hope that some relief may be devised which will keep you in the diocese which you have nobly founded and worked on, and of my earnest prayer that God would guide you by His good Spirit.

Believe me ever,
Most affectionately yours,
J. WILLIAMS.

MIDDLETOWN, April, 1871.

JERSEYVILLE, April 19th, 1871.

My dear Bishop: Your letter of the 14th was forwarded me at this place, and I have read it and thought over it with profound interest. The deep attachment of your diocese to yourself, and your fidelity to them, are beyond all question. We must meet the question simply on the basis of necessity, that change is imperative. In that aspect of the case, the opening seems to be of obvious Divine guiding; and my impression is very decided that you ought to encourage the development of it, and that we should meet the case by such expression and legislation, if needful, as may be consonant with the breadth of the occasion.

There seems to me to be no limit to the importance of the results to be attained by it, ecclesiastically and socially. Bishop Staley was not the man, perhaps, to cope with the representatives of Missionary Sectarianism in the islands. But it is certainly true that the Yankee management and bitterness were not to be praised. You can meet all these nominally, and they will intuitively admit the differences, and largely recede from avowed collision. Annexation is the manifest destiny of the Sandwich Islands, and you of all men among us can with godly wisdom fashion the social elements. The work to be done directly for Christ and His Church you can measure better than any one else, because of the intimate association of your brother with it.

As a demonstration of our Anglican fellowship, the incident will be glorious. Everything in the movement seems prolific and wonderful with far-reaching issues, and I say with my full conviction, by all means favor the project. Everything I can do in my humble place to shape or facilitate, you may rely upon me for, and I trust will use me.

I could talk to you about it for hours developing issues present at least to my imagination. I am writing, however, in a hurried moment with a call to our service in my ear.

May the Lord prosper the work which I feel He has inspired.

Ever affectionately,
Your friend & br.
HENRY J. WHITEHOUSE.

BALTIMORE, April 19th, 1871.

My own very dear Brother: It is a sad contradiction to the concluding request of your startling letter that "no personal considerations shall be allowed weight," that I am about to give an answer hinging wholly on "personal considerations." But then I am going to allow them weight not "*against* the interests of the Kingdom of Christ," but *for* those interests, as they present themselves to my judgment.

Were "personal considerations" quite out of the question, I should be sorely perplexed to decide between the momentous claims that are in the balance, there is so much to be said for either in itself, and so many reasons for regarding either as peculiarly fit to be urged upon you, as your special work for which you are Providentially adapted, and to which there are strikingly clear indications of your having a Providential call.

But it is on this last point that the personal consideration comes in, and to my mind determines the question.

My continual anxious inquiries about your health, made at every opportunity, have left but one impression, that your burning zeal and love would bear you up a little while longer, and but a little while.

Distinctly, more than once, I have looked at the question whether the Church might not find some mode of providing for the prolongation of your earthly labor, by taking you away from loads which you would never of yourself lay down, and removing you from cries for increase of toil and care to which you could never close your ear. The very position now offered you has even flitted through my mind, not, of course, as attainable, for of that I did not dream, but as a conceivable advantage to the Church, had she the power of saying to you, "Drop your present work, and go there!"

My ground for decision is, the duty of the Church to desire and aim at the prolongation of your life for work in the office to which God has called you, if such prolonged official labor can be assigned you in the kind of field for which you have proved to be peculiarly fitted. Now, I believe the Sandwich Islands Episcopate to have equal needs, and to offer equal fruit of labor with any that have hitherto been offered to your attention.

Sorely, then, as I should sorrow at putting you still farther away, clearly as I see the difficulties to be met in providing for the relinquished work, I must say, go!

Ever truly and most heartily, your loving brother,

W. R. WHITTINGHAM.

SYRACUSE, April 20th, 1871.

My dear Bishop: The question you so considerately present to your Brethren is one of great solemnity, and great interest to the Church, as I am sure we all must feel.

The trend of my own thoughts upon it is a clear conviction that the only consideration which should decide you to propose a separation from your present Episcopal Charge, even to accept the impressive invitation you have received,—is the exigency of your bodily health. . . .

But on all other grounds I have no hesitation at all in saying I believe the Church of God will be best served, and your own work for it best done, by your remaining in that place and state where a benignant and wise Providence has stationed you and permitted you to plan and water so effectually for the Kingdom of Christ.

Dear Brother in the Lord, may His blessed Spirit give you light and power! May He comfort your heart, direct your judgment, and strengthen your body, and lengthen out your dear life for many years of labor.

Ever faithfully and aff^{ly},

Yrs in Jesus Christ,

F. D. HUNTINGTON.

CINCINNATI, April 26th, 1871.

My dear Bishop: It is with the greatest diffidence of opinion that I venture to write you in answer to your communication of the 7th. More reliable judgments you will receive from others of your brethren. If I consider only the comparison of field of usefulness between your present and that to which you are invited, I do not see much difficulty. In your present, you are established in the high confidence and affections of the Diocese. All *there* is, under God, of your handiwork and to a great extent of your organization. But as to the Indians you have a door such as hardly any other could obtain. But I need not particularize.

At the Islands you would enter on other men's labors. As to the Island Diocese, I must say that while such a man as the late Bishop, with his extreme views and ritualistic aspirations, and, if I am not mistaken, a very cold shoulder toward the brethren who had preceded him and their whole work, could never conciliate them, it is very conceivable that you would do much in that way. It would probably be that looking on you, not as the introducer of the intrusion, as they must regard it, and being conciliated by your spirit and great lovingness, there would be a good measure of coöperation.

My dear brother, it would be a great bereavement to lose you from *our* Church, and I do not see the way to *that* distinctly open by any means. Nor do I think you will consider that I have given you much help toward a settlement of your question of duty. It must perplex your mind a good deal. The Lord has told us when we "lack wisdom" what to do, and none can guide but He, especially when His great work to sinners is so much involved. My dear Bishop, may He so determine your mind, that being ready to take His yoke upon you, whatever it be, you may have the sweet rest of being assured of His will.

Yours very affectionately,

CHAS. P. MCILVAINE.

The bishops were divided, and I therefore had to decide the matter for myself, which I did, believing that my duty was to care for my schools and my Indians as long as I lived; and that my Father knew when to call me home. I therefore sent the following letter: —

FARIBAULT, MINNESOTA,
May 1st, 1871.

My dear Brother: After one of the hardest trials of my life I have decided to stay in Minnesota. I submitted the call to the Episcopate of the Sandwich Islands to the godly judgment of those brethren in the Episcopate who knew most of Minnesota and myself, and at the same time fairly represented the theological opinions of our branch of the Church. Had they concurred in the opinion that I ought to go, I should have felt that it was a call from God and that at any sacrifice I was bound to obey it. They do not agree, and I am thrown back upon myself. After much reflection and prayer I have come to the conclusion that duty calls me to stay with my own beloved flock. A change might imperil our schools, our missions, our Indian work, and fetter the Church at a time when the state is developing more rapidly than at any period of its history. In case of my death all would feel that it was God's providence and no harm could come to His work; but for me voluntarily to relinquish this field would dishearten some of the bravest of our clergy whose affection for me has helped them amid great trials.

I have tried to do right after asking wisdom of Him who giveth liberally, and I now crave your prayers that if I have erred no harm may come to the Church of Christ.

Thanking you for your affectionate interest,
I am
Your friend and brother,
H. B. WHIPPLE.

In response to my letter I received the following, but my mind had become clear as to my duty.

WINCHESTER HOUSE, ST. JAMES SQUARE, S. W.
May 26th.

TO THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF MINNESOTA.

My dear Bishop and Brother: I have received your letter of May 1st, and thank you for all its love most welcome to my heart. But your not heading our mission was a grievous blow to us all. Bishop Potter of New York has suggested to me that you might be willing in another form to undertake this work, and to accept the Headship of our English mission, *retaining Minnesota,* and going to us in Hawaii from December to April. I shall ask Bishop Potter to write to you his views on the American Church side of this plan, and I send this letter open to him for the purpose.

For our side I offer you, with the entire approval of the Archbishop of Canterbury, this plan, and we have written out for the assent of the King and the Synod. You would, of course, head the Church there as preëminently an English mission, using our translated Prayer Book, etc., but in your own person knitting the two branches of England and America into a very blessed unity. It is of vital importance to our mission that we have an early reply from you.

I am Your Faithful Friend and Brother,

S. WINTON.

NEW YORK, 38-9 22 ST.,
June 7th, 1871.

Dear Bishop Whipple: S. Winton's note for you is just received, and I lose no time in forwarding it to you. In my note to him suggesting the winter arrangement, I said nothing to commit you — I may have said *that* plan struck me as *feasible* and that you *might* be able and willing to adopt it; tho' I did not believe you could adopt the first plan of separating yourself entirely from your Diocese. . . .

It seems to me easier to go to the S. I.'s than to a good resort in Europe, and that with your animating and executive powers you could do so much for the Church there, and with really no loss to your own Diocese, and, as the Bishop says, forming a blessed link between the two Churches, England and America.

God bless and guide you.

Affectionately,

H. POTTER.

BISHOP OF MINNESOTA.

After my decision it was a pleasure to receive letters like the following from my beloved brother of Maryland.

BALTIMORE, May 5th, 1871.

My very dear Friend and Brother: Although I still think that, knowing only what I know of the different interests in question, and regarding them all from my point of view, I was bound to give you the advice I gave the other day, I have no doubt you have done the right thing in rejecting it, and adopting a different course; and I think, had I been in your place, I should have done the same. May God abundantly bless your choice, and reward you with the fruits you most desire.

Certainly to me, for one, personally and officially, it is a matter of rejoicing that the closeness of our brotherhood is not to be relaxed, as it must have been by your translation to the more remote field of labor and with an altered ecclesiastical relation.

But now must come up another question. Who will take the Indians? For certainly you are not to be killed outright by longer attempt to join the two branches of your rapidly developing work in your noble Diocese of Minnesota, and the enormous labors and responsibilities of due attention to the gigantic range of the Indian territories and tribes. For one, *I* look to you for the answer to that question.

Your ever loving
Friend and brother,
W. R. Whittingham.

Rt. Rev. Dr. Whipple.

CHAPTER XXIX

Minnesota has given eight of her clergy to the Episcopate, — the Rev. E. R. Welles, elected Bishop of Milwaukee, the Rev. D. B. Knickerbacker, Bishop of Indiana, the Rev. M. N. Gilbert, the Coadjutor-Bishop of Minnesota, the Rev. E. S. Thomas, the Coadjutor-Bishop of Kansas, the Rev. A. R. Graves, Missionary Bishop of the Platte, the Rev. W. M. Barker, Bishop of Western Colorado, the Rev. J. H. White, Bishop of Indiana, the Rev. F. R. Millspaugh, Bishop of Kansas.

Three of this number have entered into rest. Bishop David Buell Knickerbacker was for twenty-five years intimately associated with me in my work; he was the foremost missionary in the diocese, and was often my companion on my visits to the Indian country. As chief shepherd of his diocese he was the same untiring servant of his Master.

Of Bishop Thomas I can say that few men have shared more deeply in my love. He came to Minnesota thirty-three years ago and was elected Professor of Exegesis in Seabury Divinity School. After faithful service for some years as teacher he again became a pastor, first of St. Mark's Church, Minneapolis, and then of St. Paul's Church, St. Paul. I never knew to what party in the Church Bishop Thomas belonged.

His theology was that learned in the school of his *alma mater* at the feet of our late primus Bishop Williams.

Bishop Welles was the Holy Herbert of my diocese.

I loved these noble men as my own brothers. They all entered into rest after brief illness; but it was not the sudden death from which in Holy Litany we cry to be delivered. They had gathered the hidden manna for the last journey.

At the time that I entered the House of Bishops party lines were sharply drawn, and it was a simple matter to prophesy the vote of individual bishops. Shortly after my first visits to the Indian country some of the clergy of an Eastern diocese wrote to me urging me to give some Indian missionary addresses in their parishes. I wrote to the bishop as a matter of courtesy, asking his permission, but the fact that I was a High Churchman in my theology developed a feeling of uneasiness in the hearts of some of my brother bishops, and in reply to my letter I received the following:—

My dear Bishop: I have just received your letter of the 28th of September. In regard to my "consent" to your holding a missionary meeting in my diocese I do not suppose that to be necessary, as it is a conceded liberty for every member of our Church, clerical or lay, to advocate everywhere and anywhere any cause in which they feel an interest. As you have been pleased, however, to say that "you would not like to come without my approval," I will be so frank as to say that, for reasons which probably you understand, and into which I need not now enter, I cannot extend to such a meeting my support and sympathy; and, therefore, would rather it should not take place.

I suppose it is not necessary to assure you that these views of mine do not interfere in the least with the personal regard and affection entertained for you by

Yours ever faithfully,

A year later I was visiting the good bishop's house and the conversation turned upon Indian missions. At the end the bishop grasped my hand and exclaimed: "My dear brother, I do wish that you would hold some missionary services in my diocese. I cannot tell you what a pleasure it will be for me to preside." I held the services, and the bishop became one of the warmest friends of my Indian work.

After my return from England in 1865 I was present with Dr. Muhlenberg, Dr. Washburne, Dr. Osgood, Dr. John Cotton Smith, and Dr. Dyer in the study of the Rev. Dr. H. C. Potter, rector of Grace Church. Out of that meeting grew the American Church Congress. Its first session was to be held a week before the opening of the General Convention.

As Bishop Horatio Potter had doubts as to whether it might not lead to strife, some of the bishops advised him to issue a pastoral on the subject, which he did; but the Congress had been extensively advertised, and it was too late to postpone it. I was one of the appointed speakers. Meeting Bishop Potter a few days after, I said: —

"My brother, from your standpoint you did a righteous and brave thing when you wrote that pastoral, and I admire and respect you for it. But from my standpoint I did just as brave a thing when I paid no attention to it and at the Church Congress had my say as a free man in a free Church." The dear bishop, who was ever ready to give all the liberty the Church gives, put his arms around me and said:—

"Minnesota, you are one of the best men in the Church, and I love you!"

A few days after this a member of Dr. Bellows' (Unitarian) congregation said to me:—

"Dr. Bellows has just told me that he believes that the Church Congress may be a great benefit, but that he hopes the old Church will leave its Prayer Book alone, for the witness of an historical Church is needed in these days when men are bewildered by human speculation."

This reminds me of one of the most distinguished Unitarian clergymen of Massachusetts of the Dr. Channing School, who said to me some years ago:—

"Unitarianism was an outgrowth and revolt from the cast-iron Calvinism of New England. It has done its work, and men will desire something better which they will find in the historical Church."

The Puritan delighted to dwell on the Sovereignty of God rather than on the Fatherhood; and when he believed that he was the chosen of God, elected from all Eternity to share in God's favor, it made him strong; but the poor soul who believed that he was not one of the elect was driven to despair. The foundation of the gospel is "God is love." The revelation of God to man is in the person of Jesus Christ, and through Him comes the only perfect knowledge of God.

The disciples were sad when the Lord told them that He was going away and knew not what He meant when He said:—

"It is for your sakes that I go to the Father."

Philip said, "Show us the Father." He did not say show us God. "We know you our Master, we do not know the Father."

Jesus said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." Blessed thought that when we are perplexed and weary we can rest on the revelation of God in Jesus Christ! Fatherhood in man and Fatherhood in God are not different, one is finite and the other infinite. This solves many questions.

It gives new light to all the sacraments and appointments of the Church of God when we see them laden with the infinite love of God. They are not hard laws which must be obeyed, but gifts which God our Father in His tender love has given to help us.

Lent, the time when our Mother the Church calls us to self-examination and self-discipline, is not a gloomy season. It is the voice of the Saviour saying to His loved ones, "Come, turn aside and rest awhile." Our Father says, "I will allure them into the wilderness and there I will speak very comfortably to them."

Most of the divisions which mar the Church and bring sorrow to our Blessed Lord have come from lack of charity. Even when no open division has come, hearts have been bruised and lives have been marred by the sad record of narrowness and prejudice.

I can remember when Pusey was refused license to preach in Oxford; when Maurice was deposed from King's College; when Hampden was denounced as a heretic and Temple branded as an unbeliever. I have lived to see Pusey revered by all who love devoted lives hid with Christ and to see Maurice beloved by all generous hearts who believe in the brotherhood of men and the Fatherhood of God. I have lived to see the greatest scholar in England do justice to Hampden and to see all men rejoice that the Church could call the great-hearted Temple to be the Archbishop of Canterbury.

I remember when our Church was torn with strife over the ordination of the holy Arthur Carey and when the saintly Muhlenberg was deemed an impracticable enthusiast because of his teaching in relation to free churches and the reunion of all who love Christ.

Many of the most stalwart representatives of party believe that their definitions are the expression of the Catholic faith or of evangelical truth; but in the past it has been the fierce loyalty to the opinions of party which has rent the Church of Christ and deluged the earth with the blood of martyrs. Latimer, Ridley, and a host of others died as martyrs for Christ because they could not accept definitions of the Holy Communion which they believed to be idolatrous. The cruelties of our own New England were all for opinion's sake.

There have always been in the Church two classes of men, one magnifying the blessed Orders and Sacraments of the Church because they are the gifts of Christ and His channels of grace, the other magnifying the personal faith of the sinner in Jesus Christ and seeing in sacraments witness of the love of the Saviour. Both hold opposite sides of Divine truth and ought to live together in love as members of one body.

If any man has a passionate devotion to Jesus Christ, if he has a soul hunger for perishing men, if he holds the great truths of Redemption as written in the Creeds, if he preaches Jesus Christ crucified as the hope of salvation, count him as your fellow soldier.

The heaviest sorrows of my heart have come from a lack of love among brothers. When this love shall make men take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus, and compel them to say, "See how these Churchmen love one another," we may be, in God's hands, the instruments to heal these divisions which have rent the seamless robe of Christ. And when I plead for love I plead for love to all who love Christ. Shall we not claim as our kinsmen Carey the English cobbler, who went out as the first missionary to India, and who translated for them the Bible; and Morrison, the first missionary to China; and David Livingston, who died for Christ in heathen Africa; and Father Damien, who gave his life to save lepers; and the Moravians, who offered to be sold as slaves if the King of Denmark would permit them to carry the gospel to the black men? I know of nothing which our Mother the Church teaches that I do not receive with a filial heart, and I long to see every wall of separation broken down so that, according to His will, there shall be but one Fold and one Shepherd.

To a loyal heart to whom Jesus Christ is first and last, there can be no compromise in the Catholic faith; *that* we must live by and die by. This is not what causes bitterness. Bitterness and strife come of, "I am of Paul, and I of Apollo, and I of Cephas, and I of Christ," and from intensifying and magnifying as tests of Catholicity things which are but customs of human origin. Wise or unwise, they are not the essentials of faith or worship or life.

The saddest result of Christian separation is the stumbling-block which it places in the way of heathen men. An Indian chief said to Enmegahbowh: —

"You say that there is one Great Spirit, one Great Spirit's Book, one Saviour. Why do white men have so many religions?"

Enmegahbowh answered the puzzling question as well as he knew how, telling him about human weakness and individuality, and the chief said: —

"Tell me about the different kinds of religion which the white men have."

Enmegahbowh replied: "One kind has bishops, three orders of ministers, and uses a Prayer Book in worshipping the Great Spirit; another believes that all ministers are equal; another baptizes by immersion, and refuses to baptize children; and another believes that no matter how men live in this world they will all go to heaven."

The chief looked up in surprise at the last statement, and asked: —

"Doesn't the Great Father always send us agents of that kind?"

One often hears from the lips of Christian Indians words which witness to their simple acceptance of the faith. A chief once said to me:—

"I am travelling on a journey to the Home which the Son of the Great Spirit has made for me. I come to places where the clouds are thick and I cannot see. I tell it to the Great Spirit's Son, and he makes the trail plain for my feet, for he has walked in it before me."

In 1871 the coöperation of the bishops of the United States was asked by the Rt. Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, in the revision of the Holy Scriptures which had been begun by the Convocation of Canterbury. I sent the following reply: —

FARIBAULT, Feb. 20th, 1871.

Rt. Rev. and dear Brother: It is a grief to me to differ from one whom I love so deeply as I do the Bishop of Winchester. The Synod of Lambeth pledged every branch of the Anglo-Catholic Church to a closer union. I know of nothing in which all English speaking people have a deeper interest than in the common inheritance of the English Bible. If it is to be revised, the work should be done so as to command the undivided love and confidence of every branch of the Anglican Church. To many, doubt will be as fatal as positive error. That your Convocation will endeavor to do this work faithfully I do not doubt; but I do question whether its separate action can command that high degree of confidence which this work would have if it were the joint work of all Convocations of the Church of England, the Irish, the Scotch, the Colonial, and the American Churches. I sincerely pray that God may bless you in your work, and that my fears may be groundless.

With much love,
I am your brother,
H. B. WHIPPLE,
Bishop of Minnesota.

TO THE LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

In February, 1871, the Foreign Committee of the Board of Missions asked me to visit the mission in Hayti. On my arrival in New York I found that the steamer for Port au Prince had left before her advertised date of sailing, and my only hope of another was to go to Havana. On our way out the captain said to me, "Here am I making regular trips to Cuba, but if I should die there I could not have a Christian burial."

On my arrival I found that there was no vessel going to Hayti. I said to myself, God in His providence has brought me to Havana for some wise purpose. There was no Protestant worship in Cuba, and the granddaughter of Bishop White had died during the year without the ministrations of our holy religion. There was a large resident population of English, Germans, and Americans.

I called on the United States Consul and asked permission to hold service at the consulate. He did not think it advisable as relations were strained between the United States and Spain, but suggested my asking the consent of the Captain-General of Cuba. I replied:—

"Certainly not. I have been in Spain and I know that the Spanish Constitution gives permission to foreigners domiciled in Spain or its colonies to worship God according to their accustomed forms of faith. I shall act under this authority, and if any one dares to meddle with me, I think that my country will protect me."

I held service on board the United States man-of-war *Swatara*, and the following Sunday at the rooms of the British Consul-General, the Hon. John Dunlap. The Hon. Louis Wills, Consul-General of Germany, asked me to perform a marriage service at his consulate, the bride having come from Germany to meet her betrothed from South America. I said that I would perform the ceremony if I were allowed to officiate as an act of international courtesy, but that I would not receive a fee. It was a pleasant wedding; and a few days later I called upon Mr. Wills and asked permission to hold a public service at his consulate, which I did the following Sunday with a large congregation. It was a grand service, and thanks were returned for peace between Germany and France. This was the first Protestant public service held in Havana.

During my visit I administered Holy Communion to communicants of the Church who had not received it for twelve years. I baptized and confirmed a dying Confederate officer, and held several baptismal services. I met many American citizens who were longing for the services of the Church, and many members of the Roman Catholic Church expressed their desire to see the Church established in Cuba.

One of the most prominent residents said to me: —

"I am a Roman Catholic, and was educated in the United States. I honor and love the priests whom I knew there, but I will gladly contribute to the support of one of your clergy that the people here may see what a priest of the Church should be."

At this time the House of Bishops did not care to take any responsibility in the establishment of a mission in Cuba; but on the nomination of Bishop Whittingham I sent out the Rev. Edward Kenny as the first resident Protestant clergyman, having secured a subscription of several hundreds of dollars for his support, one of the subscribers being a prominent Roman Catholic. At a subsequent visit I administered Confirmation and preached in the San Carlos Hotel where Mr. Kenny was holding services.

Mr. Kenny did a faithful work for the years that he remained in Havana, but as he was not sent out by any missionary organization the work was one of faith. His health made it necessary for him to return to the United States; but I believe that the good seed sown by him has borne fruit, and has prepared the way for our future work in the island of Cuba. Cuba ought to be a paradise, but lotteries, bull fights, and cock fights have debased the morals, and a corrupt government has oppressed the people.

CHAPTER XXX

In 1873 I was elected one of the trustees of the Peabody Fund for Education in the South. George Peabody, whose lifelong personal economy and prudence in little things permitted him to be prodigal in his generosity to others, after most generous benefactions to build houses for the poor in London, and having founded an institute in Baltimore, a library in Danvers, and given a generous endowment to Yale College, left the balance of his fortune, two millions of dollars, for the establishment of public schools in the Southern states. The South was at that time desolate and was without a single public school.

The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop was made the President of the Board of Trustees. The trustees have been the Hon. Hamilton Fish, the Rt. Rev. Charles P. McIlvaine, General Grant, Admiral Farragut, Hon. William C. Rives, Hon. John H. Clifford, Hon. William Aiken, Hon. William M. Evarts, Hon. William A. Graham, Charles Macalister, George W. Riggs, Samuel Wetmore, Edward A. Bradford, George N. Eaton, George Peabody Russell, Hon. Samuel Watson, Hon. A. H. H. Stuart, General Richard Taylor, Surgeon-General J. K. Barnes, Chief Justice Waite, Rt. Rev. Henry B. Whipple, Hon. Henry R. Jackson, Colonel Theodore Lyman, Ex-President Hayes, Hon.

Thomas Manning, Anthony J. Drexel, Hon. Samuel Green, Hon. James D. Porter, J. Pierpont Morgan, Ex-President Cleveland, Hon. William A. Courtenay, Hon. Charles Devens, Hon. Randall L. Gibson, Chief Justice Fuller, Hon. William Wirt Henry, Hon. H. M. Somerville, Hon. William C. Endicott, Hon. Joseph H. Choate, George W. Childs, Hon. Charles E. Fenner, Daniel Gilman, Hon. George Peabody Wetmore, Hon. John Lowell, Hon. George F. Hoar. At the last meeting in 1898 Hon. Richard Olney was elected to the Board.

By the request of Mr. Peabody an annual dinner in his memory is given in New York, including the wives of the trustees, and perhaps no gatherings of the kind in the United States have been more brilliant.

There are now nearly three millions of pupils in the public schools of the Southern states. The work which has been so wisely done is due to the general agents, who have carefully carried out the plans of the trustees. The first general agent was the Rev. Dr. Sears, formerly President of Brown University. Public opinion in the South was not favorable to common schools, but addresses were made by Dr. Sears to the legislatures, and appeals made to the people through the press. The plan was for the Peabody Trustees to offer to defray a portion of the expense of these schools. President Sears possessed great wisdom, and patiently and lovingly met and overcame all obstacles. His mantle fell on Hon. J. L. M. Curry, one of the wisest administrators and a leader of men.

At our meeting in 1875, knowing the condition of the South, I offered the resolution:—

That the Executive Committee with the General Agent be requested to take into consideration the propriety of establishing scholarships for the education of teachers in a limited number of schools or colleges in the more destitute portions of the South.

There were grave problems to be met. Four millions of slaves had been made citizens; the people of the Southern states were poor, and most of their children would be dependent upon common schools for education. Trained teachers were greatly needed, and by establishing normal schools an honorable avocation could be offered to these children.

General Taylor seconded the resolution, which was unanimously adopted. It led to the founding of the Peabody Normal College in Nashville, Tennessee, now in charge of President Payne, under whose wise administration it has become one of the best normal schools in the country. The Winthrop Normal College in South Carolina was named in honor of President Winthrop, a graceful tribute of South Carolina to one of the foremost men in the Republic.

Many of the children of the so-called "Crackers" have found their way to these public schools and will become excellent citizens. General Taylor, son of President Zachary Taylor, was a man of remarkable experience as a civilian and a soldier. He was a brilliant conversationalist, a welcome guest in the palaces of Europe, and beloved in the South as the associate of Stonewall Jackson during the Civil War. At one of the meetings of the Peabody Trustees, I alluded to the difficulty of reaching the poor white population, and after we adjourned Mr. Evarts said: —

"General Taylor, what did you think of the bishop's description of your constituents?"

"Before you answer, General," I said, "let me draw a picture. The place is in the piney woods; there is a store at the four corners which contains dry goods, some hardware, a few groceries, and a never empty barrel of whiskey. A group of men are pitching quoits in front of the store, and some horses are tied under the trees. A negro drives up with an old mule and wagon and a bale of cotton. One of the white men asks: —

"'Sam, whose cotton is that?'

"'Mine, Massa.'

"'How much have you, Sam?'

"'Specs about two bale, Massa.'

"'Why, Sam, you're getting rich; you ought to treat.' And they all file in and take a drink of whiskey at the negro's expense; and he is the only one who has done anything to bless the body politic."

The general laughed, and answered, "That is all true, Bishop; I see that you have been there." He then added, "When our chairman nominated you as a trustee, I thought to myself, why does Mr. Winthrop want that Indian enthusiast elected trustee. How thankful I am, Bishop, that you *are* a trustee."

At the time of our meeting at the White Sulphur Springs, Mr. Winthrop said to me: —

"If you will preach to us on Sunday, Bishop, I can promise that all of our trustees will be present unless it is General Taylor, who seldom attends church."

Sunday morning, happening to meet the general alone, I said, "Officers of the army are often careless about such matters, and thinking you might have left your Prayer Book at home, I have written your name in this one." He thanked me and was present at both the morning and evening services.

The next morning he said to Mr. Winthrop, "I have been in a study as to whether the bishop did not catch me with guile yesterday; but be that as it may, I am glad that I attended church."

It is pleasant to remember that General Taylor received the Holy Communion in his last illness.

Much of the success of the Peabody Trust is due to Mr. Winthrop's intimate knowledge of the wise plans of its founder. Mr. Winthrop succeeded Henry Clay as Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Daniel Webster in the United States Senate. He was an orator whose speeches were invariably in classic form. Always in the forefront of good works, a devoted disciple of Jesus Christ, and a loving son of the Church, no American knew more intimately the lives of his country's patriots and statesmen, and no one was so often called upon to pronounce their eulogy. His speeches at the laying of the corner-stone of the Washington monument and at its completion, and his oration at the centennial of the surrender of General Cornwallis at Yorktown, are epics of history. He was one of the last surviving links between the fathers of the Republic and the present generation.

From an interesting correspondence between this beloved friend and myself, which covered many years, I publish the following letters. Unfortunately the letters which more truly reveal the loving soul of the man are of too confidential a character for publication.

Boston, 90 Marlborough Street,
21st Jan., 1883.

My dear Bishop: Your favor of the 13th was duly welcomed. I am always glad to be assured of your well-being. Your well-doing goes without saying. I often envy those who enjoy the consciousness of doing such work for Christ and humanity as you are doing. I wish I could do more in my humble sphere.

Your letter touches two points on which I am tempted to say a word. I do not think you have given the true construction to my ancestor's phrase about the Indians. He was always kind to them and sympathized with John Eliot in his missionary work. But one of his great perplexities in coming over was as to the right of the Colony to take possession of the lands which the Indians were occupying. A Providential intervention settled that question. That is all he meant to say — "The Lord hath cleared our title to what we possesse." It certainly was a very striking Providence, which he could not fail to recognize, and I do not believe that there was a particle of "self-righteousness" in his heart.

Now, 2dly, as to Herbert Spencer and the higher education. It may well be a matter of doubt whether our Government, National or State, should go beyond "Free Common Schools." A few Classical Schools and High Schools may be supported by our great cities; but I am strongly inclined to think that such luxuries should be left to those able to pay for them or to endow them. Morality is certainly the one thing needful. But Washington well said, in his Farewell Address, "Let us with caution indulge the supposition, that Morality can be maintained without Religion." And what is becoming of Religion in these days! Have you read the R. C. Bishop McQuaid's article in the Feb'y *North American,* on "The Decay of Protestantism?" It is a very suggestive paper. Its true influence should be, — not to carry us back to Romanism, but to make Protestants awake and rouse themselves to greater efforts. I do not mean controversial efforts to break down the Pope and his Church, but efforts to build up true Christianity, and to sustain Christian Institutions and promote *Christian living*. But, as you say, the subject is beyond the limits of a letter, and I desist from any further attempt to deal with it.

We have General H. B. Carrington here this winter. I observe he quotes you, in relation to some Indian Converts, in a book, "Ab-sa-ra-ka," of which he gave me a copy. He is a remarkable man. Having made a name by his "Battles of the Revolution," he is now engaged on the "Battles of the Bible," and I heard him vindicate the strategy of Gideon with great force.

Meantime our friend, Dr. George E. Ellis, has recently published an elaborate volume on the Indians which you ought to see. I trust he has sent you a copy of it.

Good-bye, dear Bishop. The world somehow seems dark to me. Yet now and then there is a hopeful gleam of light,—as in the Civil Service Reform Bill, and in the tardy justice to Fitz-John Porter.

Believe me ever
Sincerely yours,
ROBT. C. WINTHROP.

RT. REV. H. B. WHIPPLE.

P.S. We must not forget that we cannot have an educated Ministry without something more than Common Schools. This was the original idea of Harvard College, and of other institutions for higher education. But it is for the rich to establish and support such Institutions in these days. Oh, what might not be done for every good cause by some of the colossal fortunes which have been amassed of late! Luxury and Fine Arts get the lion's share.

UPLANDS, BROOKLINE, MASS.,
17th July, 1890.

Dear Bishop Whipple: The newspaper containing your Baccalaureate sermon, came a day or two since, and I read it with great admiration. The same mail brought me a letter from my old friend, of the same age with myself, the Dowager Lady Hatherton, whose husband was Sec'y for Ireland under the old Duke of Wellington. I had sent her, at Easter, your "Five Sermons." She says: "I cannot say how much I admire the sermons of Bishop Whipple. I wonder if you often see him." So I shall send her your Baccalaureate, and tell her that I do not see you often enough. She acknowledges, in the same letter, my Bible Society Report, of which, I believe, I sent you a copy, with a few introductory sentences which I thought up to my highest standard. But the heat and drought of this month have exhausted me not a little, and the terrible catastrophes by flood and fire in all parts of the country, and especially in yours, seem almost like a fulfilment of Bible prophecies. Fremont's death (four years my junior) recalls him to me as the gallant young Pathfinder of the Rocky Mountains, with so many of the Stanley characteristics; and, in 1851, as he took his seat at my side in the U. S. Senate, as the first Senator, or one of the two original Senators, of California.

I trust your friend and my friend, General Sibley, holds his own. He could not have a better holding. My love to him when you see him. . . .

Your affectionate friend,

Robt. C. Winthrop.

The Rt. Rev. H. B. Whipple.

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90 Marlborough St., Boston,
22nd Feby., 1892.

My dear Bishop: Another box of delicious oranges reached us last week, and we have enjoyed them at breakfast and dinner. A thousand thanks from us all for your repeated remembrances.

We have reached the great Secular Holiday to-day. How can we ever be grateful enough to God for giving us Washington to lead our Armies, to guide our Councils, and to furnish a model for mingled patriotism and piety for all generations! Such a model man for the example of old and young, as the figurehead of our Ship of State, is an unspeakable blessing. The character of Washington does as much for us in this 93d year since he died, as his wisdom and valour did for us in achieving our liberty and independence. We must never be tired of commemorating his services, nor allow any later men, civil or military, to supersede or equal him in our respect, admiration, and, if possible, imitation.

We have a charming sunshine to-day, after a week of snow, and cold, and fogs, and the people are rejoicing in it. . . .

Visitors are coming in upon me, and I must cease writing.

We all send love and thanks.

Yours affectionately,

ROBT. C. WINTHROP.

THE RT. REV. H. B. WHIPPLE.

UPLANDS, BROOKLINE, MASS.
10th July, 1888.

My dear Bishop: I received yesterday, by the last steamer from England, a copy of the *Cambridge Review* of June 7th, which contained your sermon at Great St. Mary's on the 3rd. I read it at once with great interest and gratification. Your allusions to Webster and George Peabody were specially impressive. I was with Webster in Congress when that double bereavement came upon him, and had occasion to witness his agony when he was called from Washington to Boston to attend those "two burials."

I observe, too, that you have received an LL.D. from the University. It is fourteen years since I had the same honor, and I vividly recall the pride with which I donned the red gown. My wife and I were guests of good Dr. Atkinson. If you happen to see him, pray present our kindest remembrances.

I congratulate you heartily on the success of your visit. I did not fail to communicate your request for prayers on the sea to Phillips Brooks, and we had them at our Brookline Church also.

I was at our Cambridge Commencement, a fortnight ago, and made a little speech for my class on the 60th anniversary of our graduation. Only ten of us are left.

Of the English Bishops whom I have known best, but four remain. Good Lord Arthur Hervey, of Bath and Wells, however, is still active, and I would gladly assure him of my affectionate regards. Harold Browne, too, now of Winchester, I knew at Ely and in London, and was always impressed by his ability.

While I was at Beverly, last week, spending the 4th of July with my only grandson, I learned that the father of his private Tutor had been the Tutor of the poor Emperor Frederick, in Germany, forty years ago. It seemed to bring the heroic figure, whose loss is so sad, nearer to me. I travelled along the road to St. Moritz with him and his family, six or seven years ago, and saw enough of him to form a high estimate of his character.

But I am writing at random, and only desire you to be assured of my remembrance and regard, and those of A—— and her mother.

Believe me, dear Bishop,
Yours affectionately,
Robert C. Winthrop.

The Rt. Rev. H. B. Whipple.

Nahant, Mass.
11th Sept., 1893, Monday.

My most dear Bishop: Your interesting letter of the 4th inst. was duly welcomed. I doubt if there be any one else this side of the equator who can boast of having a correspondent who had just finished a Consecration Sermon, and who had caught ninety trout on a single fishing excursion! I knew that you were a "fisher of men," but had not dreamed of your skill in angling. I doubt whether any of the old Apostles could have beaten you in the piscatorial line. . . .

But I turn from all jocular thoughts. Meantime, our good friend, Governor Fish, has gone. His funeral takes place today. I have known him intimately for fifty years. His wife was a noble woman, and a very dear friend of my wife. But you know all about them, and have enjoyed their hospitality in town and country as I have. His death makes a fourth vacancy in our Peabody Board. . . . So far we have had excellent and eminent associates, and everything has gone along harmoniously. Dr. Sears carried us on successfully for the first half of our term, and Dr. Curry will see us safely to its close. If I may claim to have helped in the good work, I cannot be too grateful to a kind Providence.

Your affectionate friend,

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

THE RT. REV. H. B. WHIPPLE.

I first met Mr. George Peabody, years before I became associated with the Peabody Trustees, in Ireland, where he was salmon fishing with my friend, Sir Curtis Lampson; and as a souvenir of our pleasant days of angling he gave me a beautiful Irish green-heart fishing rod.

The peculiar circumstances will be remembered under which Rutherford B. Hayes became the President of the United States. The South was bitterly opposed to him because the vote of Louisiana and Florida had made him President. It has been the custom of the Board of Peabody Trustees when a Northern member dies for Northern members to nominate a successor, and for Southern members to make the nomination when a Southern member dies. After the death of one of the Southern members, Mr. Alexander Stuart who was Secretary of the Interior in President Fillmore's administration arose and said: —

"I desire, on behalf of all the Southern trustees, to nominate as trustee, Rutherford B. Hayes, — for his pure, upright character, and his even-handed justice to the South."

It was a noble testimony to one of the purest statesmen who had graced the presidential chair.

After Mr. Hayes retired from office he devoted himself to philanthropic work. He was active in labors for prison reform and as a trustee of the Slater Fund for the elevation of the black race. In one of his letters to me about the prison contract system in many of the Southern states he says: —

TREMONT, O., 19th June, 1890.

My dear Friend: I return Dr. ——'s letter . . . The shocking system which is at fault in the matter referred to, is under fire in all the states where it is found, and must go down. Active meddling by Northern people will do harm. Men and women in the South are enlisted against the abuse. We can do something, but not a great deal. Hope and faith.

With warm regards,
Sincerely,
RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

BISHOP WHIPPLE.

Prison work is one of the channels through which Christian hearts of all communions are being stirred to lead wanderers out of darkness. The Church owes a debt of gratitude to Bishop Gillespie for his labors in the field of prison reform; and among many of my brethren who have been foremost in this blessed work the memory looms up brightly of the late Bishop Knickerbacker, who throughout his ministry in Minnesota made the city prison a weekly charge.

But I know of no place where a labor of love has been crowned with greater success than it has been at the Massachusetts State Reformatory for Women, an institution so perfectly conceived and organized that it has become a model for all institutions of this kind; it is the work of the late superintendent, Mrs. Ellen Cheney Johnson, who had been a member of the Board of Commissioners of Prisons since 1879 until her appointment as superintendent of the Women's Reformatory in 1884.

The state has suffered one of its greatest losses in the death of Mrs. Johnson. Her Christlike work cannot be measured by words, nor can an adequate idea be given of her marvellous executive ability as exhibited in her government of the prison and its industries. Her system of reform, modelled after that of her Master, was thoroughly practical, not experimental. Her management of the three or four hundred women, from the young girl to the aged woman, committed to her care was the result of the highest thought consecrated to the one idea of saving the lost and equipping them for a new beginning in life when forced to confront the old temptations.

"The study of the prisoner as an individual," said Mrs. Johnson, "will suggest her needs by revealing the defects of character and training which have made her what she has become. Discipline should aid a change of character rather than a change of behavior, otherwise we rule by repression, by fear; and if a woman does right because she is afraid to do wrong, how long will she continue to do right after she has passed beyond reach of the authority she fears and is again subjected to the temptations under which she first fell?"

After every visit of the many which I have made to this reformatory I have been more and more impressed by the realization of the Saviour's hopefulness for the outcast and the wretched. My heart has never been more deeply moved than when preaching to those poor souls who had missed the road, but who were finding it through the Christ love of this noble woman.

Mrs. Johnson's call to a higher service was a glorious ending to her great life, coming as it did shortly after she had delivered her impressive address before the International Prison Congress in London where she was the guest of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Talbot, Bishop of Rochester. In a letter from the bishop, he says: —

"I knew how much you would feel Mrs. Johnson's death from the way in which you talked to us about her. I felt it a great privilege to have seen her face to face, and I heard her last talk on earth (except what few words she may have said to Mrs. Barrows when she went upstairs). The burthen of it was the inspiration of her life: faith in the accessible point in every one. 'Didn't *I* believe that it was there in each?' I hesitated and said that it was perhaps more truly a matter of hope than of faith. 'Then you couldn't do the work,' she said."

It is a cause for thankfulness that in many of our states the necessity is recognized for providing situations for discharged prisoners where they may be free from the temptations of the criminal classes and may begin a new life. In the past we have too often felt like saying to these unfortunate ones, "It is too late, the way heavenward for you is hedged up!"

Years ago I was holding service on the frontier when suddenly I saw in the congregation a man who as a boy lived in my native town and was sentenced from there to the state prison. It was evident from the look of dread in his blanched face that he feared my recognition. After service, without waiting to disrobe, I walked down the aisle and took him by the hand. I did not call him by name, thinking that he might have changed it, but turning to the curious by-standers said, "We knew each other when we were boys, and it is a pleasant thought that we meet here to-day to tell and hear the story of Christ's love." The dread vanished from the man's eyes, and when we were left alone he said with choking voice, "I can never forget your kindness to-day. I am trying to lead a Christian life, and no one here knows that I have been in prison."

One of the hopeful signs of the times has been that of the Lambeth Conferences, which have drawn into closer union all branches of the Anglican Church and which under God may hasten the reunion of Christendom.

The first Lambeth Conference was convened under the presidency of the Most Rev. Dr. Longley, Archbishop of Canterbury, in September, 1867. The unsettled condition of our Indian affairs and the pressing claims of our schools prevented my attendance, but in reply to the archbishop's letter inviting me to be present and asking for any suggestions which might occur to me I wrote: —

The eyes of the world are upon us. This meeting will be watched with hope and followed by the prayers of many, and by the fears and hatred of others. If, which may God grant, the Ever Blessed Spirit should guide your deliberations, none can tell what under God you may do to strengthen the weak, to confirm the doubting, to rebuke heresy, and to bring unity to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ. There are questions which loom on the horizon of the future which we cannot ignore. A Church which stands dumb when the world asks for guidance will forfeit the love of others and lose her hold on her own children. It will be an unspeakable comfort if the lonely and isolated missionaries of the cross shall hear your voice ring out in unmistakable language in defence of primitive truth and apostolic order. The first grave question is to secure a closer union between all branches of the Anglican Church. We should no longer exhibit the painful spectacle of the same Church holding rival jurisdictions in heathen countries. In matters of discipline we are sadly deficient. These questions touch the sanctity of wedlock, the purity of homes, and the morality of national life. In the great misery which has come to us by the fall of the Bishop of Natal we owe it to ourselves, to the flocks of which we are overseers, that as a Church we shall place our loyalty to the revealed word of God beyond the possibility of a question.

Of questions of ritual, I said, We owe it to an office received from the Lord Jesus Christ that all changes in the Church's worship shall be by authority, and that we do not symbolize doctrines which the Church does not teach.

Of the questions moving people's hearts, I said, The great deep of Society seems broken up by the efforts of the masses who seek enfranchisement and freedom. The world to-day cares little for questions of authority. Our succession may be unmistakable, our canons may be perfect, our creed may be primitive, but we cannot vindicate our apostolicity except by apostolic work. If the signs of the Church are "the lame walk, the deaf hear, and to the poor the gospel is preached," the world will believe. Passing events show that the Spirit of God is moving the hearts of Christian folk and kindling desires for reunion. We may hasten it by brotherly love. The terms of that union, the time when, or how it shall be effected, we can leave with God.

I received from the Rt. Rev. Dr. Whittingham the following letter, in which, placing a far higher estimation of me than I deserved, he urged my attendance.

BALTIMORE, August 13th, 1867.

My dear Friend and Brother: I wish I had been able not merely to shake your decision, but to make it such as the case seems to me to require.

My thoughts have turned again and again to the subject during the interval since I wrote, and I am now, as the result, still more firm in the opinion that there are not three in the number of American bishops whom it is more important to have at the approaching meeting than you. I say this, not in the least as your friend, but as the judgment of a calm onlooker, taking into account all the ends of the meeting, and the expectations that may be reasonably entertained concerning the shares of the several persons concerned in it, in contributing to the advancement of those ends. I think this deliberate expression of my opinion ought to relieve you from all uncertainty about seeming forward and presumptuous. I take it on me, as a good deal your senior in our common cares and burdens, to express the opinion for that very end, and in full conviction that I am thereby doing my duty to the Church.

I wish that the difficulty arising from your obligations in regard to your schools were as easily to be disposed of. It is important, and of a kind which does not allow of settlement by the judgment of one ignorant of all the circumstances. You alone can settle it; only, do not let diocesan interests loom too largely in the foreground, in comparison with those of a higher and wider range.

The representation of *parties* in the Council does not trouble me a moment, nor is it in the least on that account that I am anxious for your attendance. Our Master is able to take care of His own interests and will do so. Let who will attend, certain *themes* have to come up: the duty on our part is to take care that the men whom His Providence our Lord has called to deal with those themes in their ordinary ministry, be at their posts on this extraordinary occasion to give the Church the benefit of their acquired experience.

My not going is only an additional reason why you should not be absent too. Whether I should be able to serve if there, is a matter of so much doubt as to make my going of little consequence.

Ever lovingly yours,

W. R. WHITTINGHAM.

RT. REV. H. B. WHIPPLE.

CHAPTER XXXI

In 1879 I was compelled to spend part of the winter in the South. I found in St. Augustine a few of my old parishioners, and during the winter I held an ordination and several confirmations for Bishop Young, of Florida. I also visited Maitland, which was for a time the home of my departed son, and finding it a delightful winter climate, decided to make it my home for the time of my absence from my diocese. After the death of my beloved daughter, I built a memorial church in Maitland, where the parish is made up of people from widely separated homes, and different religious antecedents, but all unite in the service, glad that there is a fold where the shibboleths which separate the kinsmen of Christ may be forgotten. To many children of the Church of England, who have found a home here, this House of God has been the Gate of Heaven.

It has been a great joy to me that when I have been obliged to leave work dearer than my life, I have had this blessed Church of the Good Shepherd, with the close ties which bind pastor to people. The bishop loves his flock, prays for it, works for it, carries it in his heart, but, dear as the bond is, there is in the rule of one who oversees the work of others, with the responsibility of guiding and advising clergy and workers, that which precludes the personal intimate element which blesses the pastor's life.

A mile from Maitland is the colored village of Eatonville, where mayor, marshal, post-master, justice of the peace, minister, and school-teacher are negroes. No whiskey is sold in the place. I often hold Sunday afternoon services in their church, which is always filled with an attentive congregation.

There is an element in the negro character which attaches itself to the person of the Saviour, and under practical teaching would be the basis for devoted lives. I remember with pleasure my labors among them forty years ago, and their simple faith has preached many a lesson to my heart.

When the orange groves were destroyed by frost, a colored woman who had lost everything said to me: —

"It's awful bad, but we mus'n't forget dat de Lord can't do wrong to His chil'ren."

Another said, "It's a wicked world, Massa Bishop, but de Lord might have sent fire and brimstone."

My old David said to me, "Dem what specs to go to heaven settin' on soft cushions is gwine to be disappointed."

No nation ever had a greater problem than that which has come from conferring citizenship on four millions of slaves, who, thirty-six years ago, became freemen, clothed with all the privileges which belong to the children of this favored country. To-day they make one-tenth of the population of the United States, a tremendous factor for good or evil in moulding the future of our land. The responsibility of negro slavery belonged to the North as well as the

South, both Northern and Southern men being engaged in the slave-trade. Slavery was fastened on the colonies by England. In fact, negroes were looked upon as beasts. Objections were often made to the religious instruction of slaves. Said a woman to a missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in 1710, "Is it possible that you think any of my slaves will go to heaven and that I shall meet them there?"

In the original draft of the Declaration of Independence, by Thomas Jefferson, it said, "The King has prostituted his negative by suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit, or restrain, the execrable commerce in human beings." This was struck out, as Mr. Jefferson said, "in complacence to South Carolina and Georgia, and their Northern brethren who owned slaves." There were many men in the South who had sad forebodings as to the effect of slavery upon the white population, and who were also convinced that it was a wrong to the slave. Edward Coles, of Virginia, whom President Monroe sent on an embassy to Russia when only twenty-four years of age, removed from Virginia to Illinois that he might free his slaves. Thomas Jefferson, writing to Mr. Coles, expressed his warm sympathy with the generous feeling which had led him to make this sacrifice, and only regretted that Virginia had lost the services of one of her most honored sons. I mention these facts to show that slavery belonged to the nation, was fostered and protected by the nation, and that all shared in its responsibility. As for the slave-trade, with all its evils, we can say as Joseph said to his brethren, "Ye meant it for evil, but God overruled it for good."

I believe that out of it will come the redemption of Africa.

The slaves in the South knew that the Civil War concerned themselves. There was not an instance on record where the Union soldier fell into their hands that he was not cared for and protected. Southern men had confidence in the love and loyalty of their slaves, and that confidence was repaid by the watchful care of the slaves over their masters' wives and children during the years of that eventful struggle.

When these four millions of slaves were made free, at the cost of a million of lives and millions of treasure, the South was desolated, its people poverty-stricken, and a gulf opened between master and slave. The master felt freed from responsibility, and the freedmen thought that liberty meant idleness if not license. Dishonest adventurers became the temporary leaders of the black race, and political corruption stalked through the land. The first gleam of light came in the administration of President Hayes, who wisely treated the citizens of the Southern states as sharing in all the privileges and responsibilities of a restored union.

Before the war masters and slaves were members of one congregation. But this was all changed, and there sprang up what was known in slave times as "plantation religion," half Christian and half fetish. Bishop Wilmer said to one of their ministers, "I think that it would be a benefit to your people if you would preach sermons on the Commandments."

"It might, sah," was the answer, "but Ise afraid, sah, it would produce a coldness in religion."

Multitudes of negroes flocked to the cities and were crowded into tenement houses and slums, — conditions no more favorable for the moral development of negro character than for that of white men. Many sad wrecks mark the pathway of this race. Immorality and crime caused darkest forebodings for the future. But, for good or ill, these people are and will be our fellow-citizens. We must take care of them, or they will take care of us. Christians are beginning to realize this, but only in the faintest degree. Never has a more hopeful field been opened to the Church of God. These people speak our language; they are by nature trustful, affectionate, and as a race religious. They have made marvellous strides within a few years. They are becoming more provident and self-respecting, and many of them have acquired property and comfortable homes. I need not speak of the work at Hampton, of my dear friend General Armstrong, the son of a missionary in the Hawaiian Islands, — a man whose heart was so full of pity for the colored people that he ventured upon what the world called an experiment, but which God made a great success. One honored leader of the race, Booker T. Washington, wrote one of the best essays upon Industrial Education that I have ever read. He is teaching hundreds of his people the way to vindicate their manhood and their right to citizenship.

The Southern people realize the importance of this problem. They have expended one hundred millions of dollars since 1870 for the education of the black race. There are one million, four hundred and sixty thousand black children in free schools in the sixteen Southern states. But these freedmen need more than education; and no race requires watchful care and Christian training more than they. Their energies lie dormant, and all that is spiritual in their natures must be developed. They have been strangely intertwined with the fortunes of the Church of God. Who can forget that it was a man from Africa who carried the Saviour's cross up the hill of Calvary? And that one of the first to be baptized into the Church was an Ethiopian eunuch? The old prophecy is being fulfilled before our eyes, "Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands to God."

The history of the Seminole Indians in Florida has been the old story of the greed of the Anglo-Saxon race. At the time of my first visit to Florida, in 1843, my friend General Worth, to whom I believe the close of the Seven Years' Florida War was due, was living in St. Augustine. After the removal of the Indians to the Indian Territory, General Worth estimated that there were about three hundred Indians left in Florida. They have lived in the Everglades, and have avoided as far as possible intercourse with the whites, but at all times have maintained their friendship. They now number about five hundred souls. The Seminoles migrated from the Creek tribe in Georgia as early as 1750. William Bertram, the celebrated botanist, who visited them in 1773, said: "They are surrounded with abundance. I do not hesitate to say that no part of the world contains so much game and so many animals suitable for the support of man. The Seminole presents a picture of perfect happiness; joy, content, and generous friendship are imprinted upon his countenance."

In 1822 Florida was ceded to the United States by Spain. The number of Indians was then about four thousand, with perhaps one thousand negroes, some of whom were slaves, and others had intermarried with the Indians. The first agent, Colonel Gad Humphreys, was said to have maintained during the eight years of his service a sincere and earnest championship for the rights of the Indians. But the Indians owned land coveted by their white neighbors.

Claims were made against the Seminoles for the value of runaway slaves. Governor Duval, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, wrote to Agent Humphreys: "If you believe the Indian has an equitable claim to the slave, you are directed not to surrender the slave except by the order of the Hon. Judge Smith of the United States Court, and you will defend the right of the Indian if you believe that he has right on his side."

The Indian Bureau at Washington directed the agent to capture and deliver two slaves, the property of a Mrs. Cook. The case was carried before the United States Judge Smith, the father of General Kirby Smith, who decided against the white claimant; and Judge Smith wrote to the agent that in no case should a negro be delivered up until proofs had been made and title established by judicial authority. Colonel Brooke of the United States Army advised the agent not to deliver negroes to any white man until their claims were clear and satisfactory. Many of these negroes had intermarried with the Seminoles, and as slavery recognized the descent from the mother, these claims struck at the foundation of all that is dear in Indian family life. It was the capture of his wife that made Osceola the bitter enemy of the white man.

The territorial legislature passed a law that any Indian found outside the limits of his reservation should be whipped thirty-nine lashes on the bare back. Collisions and difficulties grew out of the disputed ownership of cattle, all losses were charged to the Indians, and demands made for indemnity.

Colonel Sprague's "History of the Florida War," and G. R. Fairbanks' "History of Florida" (both authors of unquestioned trustworthiness as to facts of history) prove conclusively that it was the old and oft-repeated story of the white man's avarice which precipitated the Seven Years' War which cost the Government forty millions of dollars, the lives of two hundred and fifteen officers (many of whom were my personal friends), twelve hundred and fifty soldiers, besides scores of lives of border settlers, and upon both sides a terrible harvest of carnage and death. Co-a-coo-che told the truth in the last council with General Worth when he said: —

> I was once a boy; I saw the white man afar off; I hunted in these woods, first with bow and arrow and then with a rifle. I was told that the white man was my enemy. I could not shoot him as I would a wolf or a bear — yet like these he came upon me; horses, cattle, and fields he took from me. He said he was my friend; he abused our women and children and told

us to go from the land. Still he gave me his hand in friendship; I took it. While taking it he had a snake in the other; his tongue was forked; he lied and stung us. I asked but a small piece of these lands, — enough to plant and live upon, far south, a spot where I could place the ashes of my kindred, where I could lay my wife and child. This was not granted me. I was put in prison; I escaped. I have been taken again; you have brought me back; I feel the iron in my heart. I have listened to your talk. You have taken us by the hand in friendship; the Great Spirit thanks you; the heart of the poor Indian thanks you. We know but little; we have no books which tell all things. We have the Great Spirit, the moon, and the stars; — these told me last night you would be our friend. I give you my word; it is the word of a warrior, a chief, a brave; it is the word of Co-a-coo-che! I have fought like a man, so have my warriors; the whites are too strong for us. I want my band around me to go to Arkansas."

When the rest of the Indians came and surrendered to General Worth the chief said: —

Warriors, Co-a-coo-che speaks to you. The Great Spirit speaks in our Council; the rifle is hid; the white and red men are friends; I have given my word for you; let my word be true.

During this war General Jessup, General Taylor, General Gaines, General Clinch, General Call, General Armistead, and General Scott had, at different times, command of our troops, and all signally failed. General Worth was one of the noblest men in the annals of our army. He was a brave, fearless soldier, honest in purpose, just in counsel, and loyal to truth.

My friend W. C. Brackenridge spent weeks in the Everglades, with old Tallehasse as guide, and he paid the highest tribute to the chief's uniform kindness. These Indians receive no annuities from the Government, and have no title which the Government recognizes to any land in Florida. The legislature of Florida donated to them five thousand acres of land, but I am not aware that this has been located. They cultivate gardens on the patches of dry land in the Everglades and gain most of their living by hunting and fishing.

The special agent of the Government, Dr. J. E. Brecht, and his wife have been devoted friends of these Seminoles. As the Seminoles have no title to their land, unscrupulous squatters have often entered upon it and the Indian, fearing conflict with the whites has given up his home and growing crops to seek a more remote place in the Everglades. Against this iniquity Dr. Brecht has not only protested, but has sought to protect the Indians through the United States Government. For this his life has been more than once threatened, but with the courage of a true hero he has not faltered in his duty. The Government salary of only a few hundred dollars a year has not provided a support, and for his labor of love he is entitled to the gratitude of all who love justice.

An effort is being made by the friends of the Indians to secure for the Seminoles by patent a title to their lands. The Hon. A. J. Duncan has made a full report of the history of the Indians' titles to these lands, which is contained in the Annual Report of the Secretary of the Interior.

After Bishop Gray's consecration in 1892, he visited these Indians, and a mission has since been started. A few Indians come occasionally to the services, and recently the head chief invited the missionary to accompany him on a trip to different parts of the Everglades.

I recall that winter in Florida with peculiar pleasure, for it was full of blessed incidents, simple in themselves, but bearing out the wise man's saying, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." As I look back over the path of years, I see that some of the most wonderful results have come from a word spoken from a heart of love.

As I was entering the hotel at Palatka, on my way to Maitland, the wife of the physician met me with the words, "O Bishop, I am so glad you are here! The doctor has a patient in whom we are deeply interested. He has a most brilliant mind, but his lack of faith is heart-breaking, and he cannot live through the winter. He has refused to see a clergyman, but can you not do something for him?"

I said that I would do what I could. I knocked at the door of the young man's room and was met by the father, to whom I introduced myself, saying, "I have heard that your son is ill, and knowing so well the weariness of a sick-room, I hoped I might bring a little cheer to this one." The young man heard my voice and asked me to come in. I made a brief visit, speaking of secular subjects that I knew would interest the young man, and as I rose to go, I said, "I never like to leave a sick-room without asking God's blessing on the sufferer." When I rose from my knees the young man's eyes were blinded with tears, and he said, as he grasped my hand, "Bishop, do come and see me again." I went to him several times, and in the most natural way the subject of the Saviour's love was taken up, and at the end of the week he asked me to baptize him. The same evening Mr. Robert Lenox Kennedy invited me to make a trip up the Ocklawaha River on a steamer which he had chartered. When I returned a week later, I met the remains of the young man as they were carried to the steamer.

A few years ago I received a letter from a clergyman in North Carolina, saying: —

> I suppose that bishops, like other people, do not always see the fruit of seed dropped by the wayside. I have in my parish one of the best laymen that I have ever known. The other day I asked him where he had received his training and he replied: "It is a simple story. I was an officer of the United States army. Upon one occasion I was going from Fort Ripley to St. Paul and just at evening a stranger got into the coach at Anoka. We were the only passengers. Suddenly, the driver ran over a stone with such force that we were thrown against the top of the coach, at which I was so angry that I cursed him. No remark was made by my fellow-passenger for some time, but suddenly he turned to me and said earnestly, 'My dear friend, if you knew how much your Father in Heaven loves you, you could not use His name in curses.' I made no answer and nothing more was said. We reached St. Paul, where I put up at the American Hotel. Several times that night I asked myself, — Have I a Father in Heaven? In spite of myself the question kept coming to me. The next morning was Sunday, and I asked the landlord the way to the nearest church and was told that there was a small Episcopal Church hard by on Cedar Street. I went there and found my fellow-traveller in the chancel. It was the Bishop of Minnesota. He preached upon the love of Christ, and before the sermon was ended I settled the question that, God being my helper, I would live as a Christian man. After the war ended I settled in North Carolina. I called upon the bishop of the diocese and told him that it was a bishop who

had led me to the Saviour, and that I wanted him to instruct me that I might become a communicant of the Church!"

In the early days of my episcopate I often travelled by stage-coach, and my favorite seat was beside the driver. On one of these journeys, from St. Cloud to Crow Wing, the driver struck one of the wheel horses who was shirking his duty, accompanying the blow with a fearful curse. There were three passengers on top of the coach and waiting until they were absorbed in conversation, I leaned toward the driver and said: —

"Andrew, does Bob understand English?"

"What do you mean, Bishop?" was the response. "Are you chaffing me?"

"No," I answered; "I really want to know why the whip was not sufficient for Bob, or was it necessary to damn him?"

The man laughed and answered, "I don't say it's right, but we stage-drivers all swear."

"Do you know what it is to be a stage-driver?" I asked.

"I ought to know," was the reply. "I've done it all my life; it's driving four horses."

"Do you think that is all?" I asked.

"Well, it's all I have ever found in it," was the answer.

I said: "Andrew, there is a Civil War going on and men are fighting on the Potomac. There are five hundred troops at Fort Ripley, and there is no telegraph. There may be an order in this mail-bag for these troops to go to the front. If they get there before the next battle, we may win it; if not, we may lose it. When you go down to-morrow there may be a draft in the mail-bag for a merchant to pay his note in St. Paul. If the St. Paul man receives the draft, he will pay his note in Chicago, and the Chicago man in turn can pay his note in New York. But if this draft does not go through, some one may fail and cause other failures, and a panic may ensue. Andrew, you are the man whom God in His providence has put here to see that all this goes straight, and it is my opinion that you can do better than to use His name in cursing your horses."

The man said nothing for some time, and then looking earnestly into my face he said: —

"Bishop, you've given me a new idea. I never thought of the thing in that way and, God helping me, I will never use another oath."

It changed the current of the man's life, and he became an upright and respected citizen.

At the time of the building of the Northern Pacific Railway, when on my way to Oak Lake, one of the moving towns made up of tents, which the border men call "hell-on-wheels," a man said to me, "Bishop, I reckon you will find a place at last where you can't hold service."

On reaching the town I hired a new tent which had just been put up, and after a prayer to Almighty God I went out to find a congregation. Of the forty-eight tents, all but two were gambling or dance places. I entered them all, and wherever I met the sin-stained men and women, I asked them as courteously as I would ask a brother-bishop if they would come to my afternoon service.

At one place where I found a table crowded with gamblers, I said, "Gentlemen, I shall be so grateful to you if you will come over to the tent this afternoon and help me out with a good congregation." Every voice answered, as they took off their hats, "We'll be there, Bishop." And they were.

When the time came the tent was crowded. My text was, "This man receiveth sinners."

I drew a picture of the crowd which came to Jesus; the sneer of the righteous Pharisees, the answer of our Lord, the lost sheep, the Good Shepherd, and the story, so often repeated, of the prodigal who had wandered far and who, when all was gone, looked on his rags and remembered that he had a father. I tried to bring the lesson home to the wanderers, showing them that the sorrow which follows sin is not the result of an arbitrary law, as jails are made for criminals, but flows out of infinite holiness; that a violated law of God must bring sorrow; that it is not enough that the father loved the prodigal and forgave him; it was not until he came back to the father that he found peace. "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh" in the presence of such an audience. The tear-dimmed eyes were many, and God only knows whose hearts were reached. But the following day a young man, my sole fellow-passenger in the coach, said to me: —

"Bishop, God sent you to Oak Lake to save me. I am from Virginia; my widowed mother is a communicant of the Church. I came West hoping to find a good business opening, but I fell into bad company and have gone from bad to worse, until I was on the point of committing suicide. You have saved me. I am going home to my mother and, so help me God, I will begin a new life."

Simple incidents like these have taught me that "He who goeth forth bearing precious seed, and weeping, shall come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Much of the doubt and unbelief of our day is a revolt from a caricature of God, or from hard lines of extreme Calvinistic theology, and it only needs the presentation of the infinite love of our Saviour, who has revealed to us that God is Love, to answer most of the doubts that perplex men.

The tone and temper of the times reveal widespread unbelief. The press has familiarized the people with infidel literature. Many religious teachers have drifted from their moorings and have no anchorage. Science, which ought to be the handmaid of religion, has teachers who resolve faith into the unknowable. It is well to look the evil in the face, but there is no cause for alarm or for falling into a panic. The religion of Jesus Christ is not an opinion; it is a fact. Christianity has borne eighteen centuries of critical examination and has conquered on every battle-field. No assault upon theological opinions, no criticism of the Bible, can change the facts of humanity. While men sin, suffer, and die, no philosophy of men, no achievement in learning can destroy human aspirations. If Christianity were destroyed to-day, tomorrow's sun would find men testifying of their needs. Men can never be satisfied with the teaching that nature is a self-created and a self-perpetuating machine. The voice within and without testifies of God. The Incarnation is the revelation of God's love toward his suffering creatures. It reveals the Creator of the Universe as the Everlasting Father. It brings to us the Eternal Son as a Brother and Saviour. It gives us the Holy Ghost as a Guide, the Comforter and Helper of man. Sinful and suffering men not only ask to know righteousness, but they ask for help to be righteous. These great truths will always be near the heart of humanity. Men can never love a God who has merely laid down immutable laws without giving to man the help to obey these laws. It is the revelation of the Eternal Fatherhood of God, in the Infinite Love of Jesus Christ who gave Himself for us, in the vivifying and new-creating power of the Holy Ghost; that burdened hearts find help. This revelation comes home to the wants of every man. It helps amid burdens; it lightens the load of poverty; it soothes the anguish of pain; it leads out of darkness and despair. We may pledge God's revelation to that which it does not teach and was never designed to teach; we may caricature God's truth and make it the devil's lie, but the great central facts of Divine revelation will stand.

Honest doubt should not be denounced. Every sympathy of a Christian heart should be unsealed at the sincere confession "I have lost my faith; I am without a clue to the labyrinth of life." No God to love, no Christ to pity, no Holy One to save! For such a one there should be the profoundest compassion. No words can express the righteous indignation which should be aroused against the man who makes sport of the highest aspirations of the soul, or who answers with smile and sneers the hopes of men who sin and suffer.

Honest, critical Biblical scholarship is not to be feared. The Holy Scriptures were written by men who were guided by God the Holy Ghost. As its custodians were human, it is possible that in the lapse of ages errors have crept into the text, but all the research of the greatest scholars has not discovered a single error affecting in the slightest degree the revelation of God in Christ, which is the hope of the world's redemption. Suspicion should not follow earnest investigators in the domain of nature. The name of our king is "The Truth." God's truth will bear all facts. Science, since the days of Ptolemy, has been reconsidering supposed established facts. One generation has modified or overthrown the work of its predecessors. True scholars are always clearing up doubt, removing error, and seeking after truth. The great scientists like Newton, Brewster, and Agassiz have been reverent believers; they have not lingered at the threshold of God's temple, but have gone in to worship with the heart of a forgiven child. Every truth which man has gained has revealed more and more of the power and wisdom of God. Christianity has been the handmaid of civilization, and has always won its greatest triumphs in the time of the greatest intellectual activity, and the enfranchisement from the bonds of ignorance has prepared the way for that freedom wherewith God has made us free.

The only way to meet the infidelity of the times is the way in which the apostles met the heathen wisdom of their day,—with the truth of a personal Christ and Saviour. It is not enough to know the philosophy of religion. We must be able, out of the depths of our own personal experience, to show in its fulness the power of the gospel of Jesus Christ. The only way to make men believe is to believe one's self. It is not the theory of a religion or its philosophy which conquers hearts; it is the Christ life, the Christ-love which overcomes the world. Men do not care for the old watchwords of sectarian strife, nor have they an ear for the dry details of theological dogma, but they do care for the Christ-love and Christ-work for suffering souls. The world may doubt an historical Christ, and scoff at an historical church, but the *living Christ* who dwells in the hearts of his children, sending them on errands of mercy, speaking through them and healing the broken of heart, none can gainsay nor deny.

A dear friend who had passed through much sorrow asked one of the most celebrated Biblical scholars now living if he thought it wrong for a Christian to hope and pray that a time would come when all wanderers would find mercy. The answer was "The Good Shepherd sought the lost sheep until he found it. Our Saviour said, 'If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto Me.' St. Paul said that a time was coming when all should be in subjection to him, and God would be all in all. One of the most blessed truths of God's revelation is that 'Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.' The Saviour said to

St. John, 'I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, and I have the keys of death and Hades.' Do you not think," said the wise scholar, "that we had better leave it all in God's hands and do our work, help all poor souls that we can, and when we cannot know, trust?"

Men talk much of salvation without asking the simple question, *saved from what.* If sin brings sorrow, if the way of the transgressor is hard, salvation means saving from sin. If heaven and hell do not exist beyond the grave, they do exist here; sin, shame, sorrow, broken ties, alienations between brothers, and separation from God make hell. Love, peace, fellowship with brothers and rest in God make heaven.

The Church has a long roll of departed saints, but she has never inserted one name in the roll of the lost. She leaves all to God. I have stood by many graves where I could not leave the poor soul to the judgment of the holiest man on earth, but I have always with loving faith committed it to God our Father, knowing that the judge of all the world would do right.

A candidate for Holy Orders was being examined before Bishop Griswold. One of the examiners was pressing the young candidate with questions as to whether it were possible for heathen men who had never heard of Jesus Christ to be saved. The saintly bishop finally asked, "My young friend, what do the scriptures say on that subject?"

"They do not say anything, Bishop," was the answer.

"Well," said the bishop, "I would advise you to follow their example."

Those days of long journeys by coach gave golden opportunities for seed-sowing. As the railways came, stage-coaches were driven further west, and now that the iron roads have crossed and recrossed every portion of our country, there seems to be no place for the Tony Wellers of less than a century ago. The drivers of jerkeys over cross-roads are quite another race. I remember a Jehu of the English lake region who spoke of Coleridge as "a bit queerish sort of man, and oddish looking," and in speaking of the old stage-drivers said, "I think they mostly dies; the good old days is gone, and they hasn't any more work, and they dies."

The only place where one finds to-day anything like the old coach lines is in the Yellowstone National Park, where the scenery is beautiful and varied, the hotels comfortable, and the transportation by four and six-horse coaches perfect. Words fail me to describe its attractions, — now winding along the brink of a chasm hundreds of feet deep, now looking on crystal waterfalls and streams alive with trout, next the beaver dams, distant valleys and mountains at every turn; the weird sights of boiling springs, sulphurous lakes and geysers of every shape and size, with "Old Faithful" sending up a column of water one hundred and fifty feet in height every sixty-five minutes, and another playing in every twenty-four hours. One feels like following the example of the Indian who, when he sees a wonderful sight, silently covers his mouth with his hand. There are now experienced guides at the hotels, but in the early days if the unwary traveller turned his horse loose to graze he was quite likely to see him suddenly disappear through the crust, to be heard of no more. An Indian familiar with the region heard a missionary describing hell in a most realistic way, and he afterward said to him, "What you said about that place is true; I have been there."

The streams in the park are filled with fish which are free to all. Game is abundant and is protected by severe penalties of fine and imprisonment. There are herds of buffalo, elk, and deer, and it is a new experience to see bears so tame that they come to the hotels to receive food, and to find eagles' nests with young beside the road; with no one to molest, they have no fear.

The ideal place to me in the whole park is the Yellowstone Lake, seven thousand, five hundred feet above the sea, and so clear that schools of fish can be seen far beneath the surface. The Yellowstone River is the most prolific fishing ground that I have ever known, — silver trout, salmon trout, rainbow trout, and mountain trout swarm everywhere. They average about one pound in weight. My four grandchildren caught in less than a day one hundred and seventy trout which weighed one hundred and sixty pounds.

CHAPTER XXXII

In 1888, in response to an invitation from the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the nomination of our presiding Bishop Williams, I preached the opening sermon before the Lambeth Conference in the chapel at Lambeth Palace, a place hallowed by memories of the great hearts who have witnessed in life and in death for the truth.

There were present bishops from Africa, India, China, the isles of the sea, the icy regions of the North, and from the scorching suns of tropic land — men who had given up home and country for Christ's sake, and had come together to witness as men of old witnessed to the faith.

The magnitude of the occasion never so impressed me. As I said in beginning my address: —

"No assembly is so fraught with awful responsibility to God as a council of the bishops of His Church. Since the Holy Spirit presided in the first council in Jerusalem, faithful souls have looked with deep interest to the deliberations of those whom Christ has made the shepherds of His flock and to whom He gave His promise 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'

"The responsibility is greater when division has marred the beauty of the Lamb's Bride. Our words and acts will surely hasten or (which God forbid) retard the reunion of Christendom. Feeling the grave responsibility which is imposed on me to-day, my heart cries out as did the prophet's, 'I am a child and cannot speak.' Pray for me, venerable brethren, that God may help me to obey His word, 'Whatsoever I command thee, that thou shalt speak.'"

It would be a pleasure to tell the story of the trials and triumphs of the individual bishops.

Among the most marked characters in the conference were that wise executive, Archbishop Benson, who graced the chair of Augustine; Bishop Lightfoot, one of the greatest of Biblical scholars; the silver-tongued Bishop Magee of Peterborough; the Christian Socialist, Bishop Morehouse of Manchester; the exegetical scholar, Bishop Ellicott; the divinity students' friend, Bishop Harold Browne of Winchester; Bishop Maclagan, who so gracefully filled the see honored by Bishop Selwyn, and my dear friend Bishop Thorold of Rochester. It seems invidious to single out men of a company of whom one might say, "There were giants in those days."

The American bishops did honor to their Church and country. The missionary bishops were listened to as one listens to those who bring tidings of the battle.

The venerable Bishop Crowther was one of the most interesting characters present. When a boy he was rescued from a slave-ship, placed in the mission school of the Rev. Mr. Weeks, made master of an African school at Regentstown, explored the River Niger in company with the Rev. J. F. Schon, was sent to the Church Missionary College in England, and in 1843 was ordained deacon by the Bishop of London. He was missionary at Sierra Leone and Abrokuta. It was here that he met his mother after the years of separation and was permitted to lead her out of heathen darkness to Jesus Christ. His life is a marvellous record of dangers; of voyaging along deadly rivers; of weary footsore marches over deserts; of hunger, illness, imprisonment. In 1864 he was consecrated bishop. At the time of the Lambeth Conference he was four score years of age. The peace of God was seen in his face. His broken speech always rang true. In the discussion of the question of polygamy he said: "A heathen chief said to me: 'Mr. Bishop, I know Bible true. I become Christian. I have three wives.' I said: 'Mr. Chief, the Bible is God's book. The Bible is true. When God made Adam, how many wives made God for Adam? One wife, Mr. Chief, only one, — that is God's way. When men became wicked, and Noah built the ark, how many wives did Noah take into ark? Only one wife for Noah, one wife for Ham, one wife for Shem, one wife for Japhet. Mr. Chief, that ark represents the Church; the Church, the ark of Jesus Christ. How many wives Jesus Christ tell men to have? One wife. Apostle Paul said, marriage represents the union of Christ and his Church.'"

Tears were on the aged bishop's cheeks as he stood in Westminster Abbey and read on Livingstone's tomb the name of the man who gave his life for Africa. Bishop Crowther received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Durham University with the

Metropolitan of Guinea, Bishop Coxe, Bishop Potter, and myself.

The Cathedral Chapter and the heads of the University of Durham gave the bishops a dinner in the hall of the University. There is no place in England around which are clustered memories more sacred than Durham Cathedral. There were sixty bishops in the chancel at the special service, and the music by two thousand surpliced choristers suggested the song which St. John heard, as the voice of many waters. The sermon was preached by our beloved Bishop Coxe. This grand service preceded the setting apart of lay readers and lay preachers who were to go into the colliery districts.

The most memorable service was at Canterbury, where Augustine preached the gospel to Ethelbert, the Saxon king, and where may be seen the graves of Bishop Stephen Langton, who, at the head of the nobles, wrung from King John the Magna Charta which has made the English race the representative of constitutional government; of Anselm, the great scholar and doctor; of Thomas a Becket, statesman, bishop, and martyr; and a host of prelates, nobles, and kings whose names are intertwined with English history.

The words of Archbishop Benson, as he welcomed the bishops, breathed the same charity as did the instructions given to Augustine by Pope Gregory. That first service held thirteen hundred years ago was in strange contrast with this one where there were bishops from lands then unknown, speaking one language, using one service, and holding one faith. One hundred and ten years ago the Angelican Church did not have a bishop outside of England. There are now one hundred and eighty-five beyond its shores.

I was invited by the archbishop to preach the sermon at the consecration of the Croyden Church, where I saw what had not been the custom in the American Church, — the separate prayers of consecration used beside the pulpit, lectern, font, and altar, and which adds impressiveness to the solemn service.

I preached before the University of Cambridge; and Dr. Westcott, now Bishop of Durham, invited me to deliver an address on Indian missions. The Rev. Dr. Wigram, Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, was to speak in Cambridge the same night, but he kindly gave up his appointment, telling his audience that he could come again and that they must not miss the story of the North American Indians. We were, therefore, obliged to go from one hall to a larger to accommodate a second congregation.

The university paid me the honor of conferring upon me the degree of Doctor of Laws, upon which occasion the university theatre was packed with undergraduates and friends. The Rev. Dr. Taylor, celebrated for his scholarship in the Semitic tongues, was then vice-chancellor. The description of the candidates in their scarlet robes delighted my wild Ojibways, who said, "Kichimekadewiconaye heap chief."

The public orator delivered the laudatory speech, and as each candidate came forward the *Hoi polloi* of the university met him with cheers. In my own case there was no chaffing, which sometimes sounds like bedlam let loose, for I had the advantage of having delivered an Indian address, and as the boys say, "they cheered me like mad."

It was my privilege in 1889 to preach the triennial sermon in St. George's Church, New York, on the Centenary of the organization of the American branch of the Church.

In the autumn of 1890 I met a dear friend in New York who asked me where I expected to spend the winter; and upon my answer that, God willing, I should spend it in Maitland, he replied: "No, you are not well enough to go on with your work this winter. You must rest; the Church and your friends need you too much for you to run risks. You are going to Egypt." He then told me that he had engaged passage for my daughter and myself for the next month. I accepted the generous offer which, under God, was the means of my restoration to health.

On my arrival in England I found that my dear friend, the Rev. Dr. Randall Davidson, Dean of Windsor had been appointed Bishop of Rochester in the place of Bishop Thorold, who had been translated to the see of Winchester. I received the following letter from him:—

DEANERY, WINDSOR CASTLE, 8th Nov., 1890.

My Dear Lord Bishop: I have received this morning your most kind letter, and I thank you most cordially for your words of welcome and benediction to us, in a time when we are called to enter upon work and responsibilities so momentous. Above all do we thank you for the promise of your prayers.

My consecration cannot, I understand, take place before

Easter as Bishop Harold Browne has not yet resigned Winchester and Rochester will not be even vacant until February.

If it only were possible for you to be one of my consecrators, I can think of few things in connection with that solemn service which would give to me, and to all of us, more profound and thankful joy. The memories of past days would indeed in that case have a fresh significance and a sacred link with our new work.

Is it in any way practical for you to come to Windsor and stay a few days with us? We should prize it beyond words. My wife is most keenly anxious that you should come if you possibly can. . . .

You will be sharing with us all, the heartfelt sympathy which the archbishop's sorrow has evoked. It is indeed a loss (to the Church Militant) of one whose life seemed very full of promise.

I am
Ever affectionately and dutifully yours,
Randall T. Davidson.

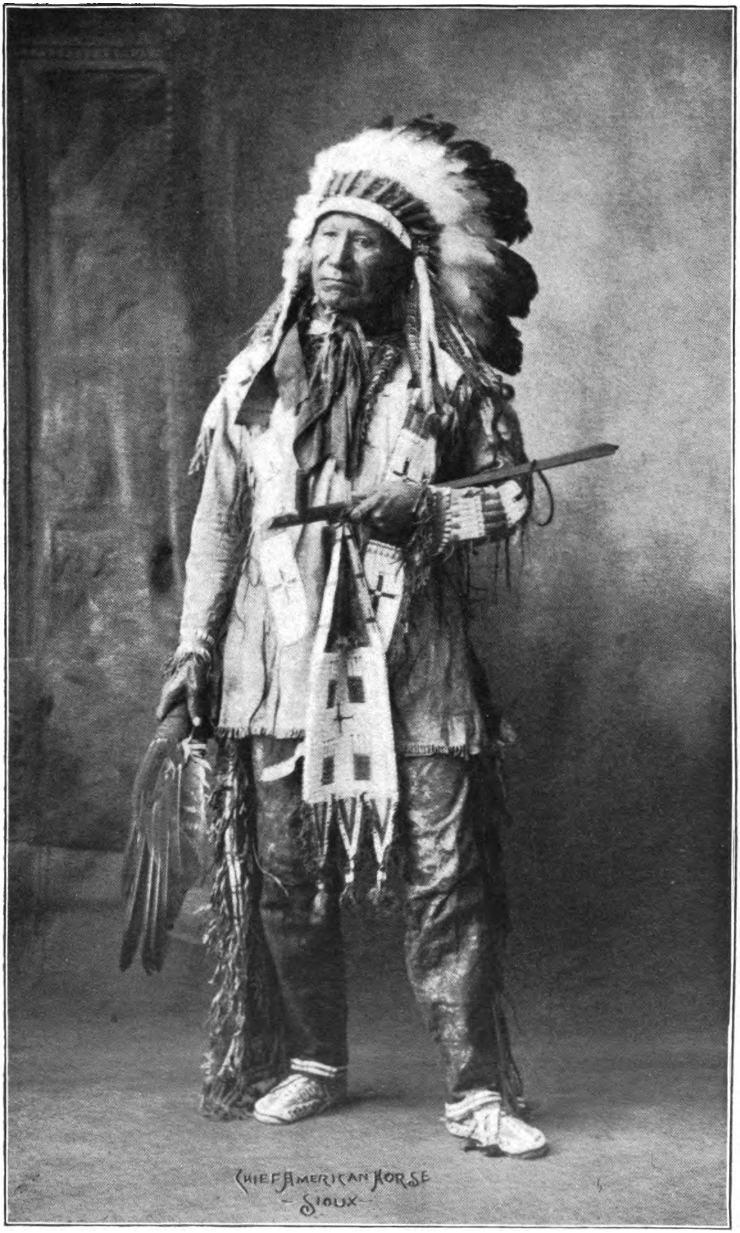
I spent Sunday with Dean Davidson at Windsor Castle, preaching in the morning in St. George's Church. I received a message that the Queen desired to see me in the afternoon. It was a pleasure to be able to tell her in connection with the story of my Indians, in which she was much interested, of the work of the English missions with which I was familiar. The following day I received from the Queen a portrait of herself, and a short time after a beautiful copy of her Journal in the Highlands.

Again I was the guest of my dear friends, Archbishop and Mrs. Benson. How often in dark days have messages of love from the former cheered me! I recall the pleasant greeting which he sent me by Bishop Thorold at the time of his visit to Minnesota, "Give my brotherly — younger brotherly — love to the Bishop of Minnesota. I wish he knew how often and how affectionately he is remembered. Tell him there is a tree which goes by his name in Addington Park, from which he stripped a fragment of birch to illustrate an Indian tale."

While in London the Most Rev. Dr. Bradley, Dean of Westminster, asked me to preach a missionary sermon, the first of a course of sermons delivered in Westminster Abbey. It happened that on the afternoon of my sermon some American ladies had asked Hon. Stanford Newell of St. Paul, United States Minister to the Hague, to accompany them to the Abbey. In speaking of it afterward Mr. Newell said: —

"As we entered the nave I heard a familiar voice saying, 'the name of the Sioux Indian is a synonym for all that is fierce and cruel. General Sibley of St. Paul, who lived among the Indians for thirty years, says that it was their boast that they had never taken the life of a white man.'"

Mr. Newell at once wrote to General Sibley, who was on his death-bed, that he knew how much his friends loved him, but that he had not expected to hear his praises sung in Westminster Abbey. A few weeks after this I read in a London paper an account of the Sioux outbreak in which Sitting Bull was killed. The cause of this was laid at the door of "General Sibley, an officer of the United States Army, who had invented the Sibley tent." I wrote to the author of the article, stating that General H. H. Sibley was not the inventor of the Sibley tent, and that he had been a lifelong friend of the Indians and was inca-


CHIEF AMERICAN HORSE
- SIOUX -

A TYPE OF WILD INDIAN

pable of doing them injustice. I paid a just tribute to his noble character. The letter was published and I am glad to say that my friend read the vindication before he was called away.

I spent Christmas with Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Evans and Mrs. Theodore Evans in Paris, and the following week left for Egypt by way of Venice. I look back with a peculiar pleasure to those weeks on the Nile and to the Sunday services when, under the shadow of those hoary monuments, we were able to bring out the undesigned coincidences which vindicated the truth of scriptural history. Little did Tiberius Cæsar realize when he was building that temple, which was afterward embellished by Nero, that there was a babe lying in the virgin mother's arms who would rule in millions of hearts in every clime and tongue when his kingdom, which then ruled the world, would have crumbled into dust. And little did Nero think that there was a prisoner in Rome, chained to one of his soldiers, who was telling the passers-by of Jesus and the Resurrection, who would be honored and beloved wherever the name of Jesus was known, when the name of Nero would be remembered by the execration of the whole world.

The morning after reaching Luxor, hearing that the son of an English lady who was staying at the hotel had just died, I offered my services for the burial, being only too glad to give up the excursion for the day for the sake of remaining with the bereaved heart to whom I was able to carry some comfort.

On one of my visits to the tombs of the kings I asked my guide if he were a Mohammedan. "No," he replied, "I became Christian in Jerusalem, and was baptized and confirmed by Bishop Gobat with whom I lived; and twenty-four years ago when you had Syrian fever I helped carry you from hotel to bishop's house on a cot and waited on you all time while ill."

I met a Coptic priest in Luxor in whom I felt a deep interest. When we remember the persecutions which these ancient churches have suffered for Christ's sake our hearts must go out to them in profound sympathy. I found this priest intelligent, and longing to see the Coptic Church quickened into new life. We had many long conversations. He told me that their services for the administration of the sacraments were in the ancient Coptic language and not understood by the people, nor by himself fully. He said that he had heard that their offices had been translated into English and asked if I could procure them for him, so that his son, who spoke English, might read them to him that he could teach them to his people. I was able to procure them in London through the kindness of my old friend Mr. Macmillan, greatly to the joy of the good priest.

While in Cairo I was invited to a Coptic wedding. The bride going forth to meet the bridegroom, the open-handed hospitality of the ruler of the feast, and other ancient customs, recalled that wedding in Cana which was blessed by the presence of our Lord. The officiating priest at the request of the bride and groom asked me to give them my blessing, which I did with a feeling of gratitude as I thought of the Providence which permitted a bishop of the Church seven thousand miles away to unite with a priest of the Coptic Church in the celebration of a marriage.

I visited the mission schools in Egypt and was rejoiced at the good work done.

The Protectorate of England over Egypt has brought hope to many downtrodden people. When I visited Egypt in 1865, if the Khedive needed men to dig canals or build railways, a requisition was made on the villages and the poor fellaheen were forced into a bondage little better than that of Israel in the days of Pharaoh. If the Khedive needed money, a forced tax was levied; and when a poor wretch could not pay it, he was beaten until his neighbors, moved by pity, paid it for him.

At that time there was no law in Egypt save the will of the royal master as administered by the sheiks of the village. Now labor is paid, taxes are equally levied, and there are courts of justice to administer law. In 1864 Egyptian cotton ruled and wealth poured into Egypt's coffers. There were signs of prosperity everywhere except in the hovels of the poor. It reminded me of a slave auction which I once witnessed in Mobile, where a buyer said to an old slave: —

"Where do you want to go, Uncle?"

"Ise done want to go to Africa."

"Africa? This is a better country than Africa!"

"It's a mighty good country for white men," the slave answered, "but dreffül bad for a nigger."

We went from Alexandria to Athens, dear for the memories of the great seekers after Truth. Did Plato learn those truths about God when he visited the schools of Heliopolis where they had lingered from the days of Moses?

To all Churchmen sweet memories cluster around the school founded by Dr. and Mrs. Hill. My first visit was to the grave of Dr. Hill, where I knelt to thank God for the good example of "all those who have departed this life in His faith and fear." I visited the school several times. Miss Muir, then in charge and since entered into rest, worked faithfully under many and great obstacles in this mission of our Church, which has borne blessed fruit. The influence of that sainted man, Dr. Hill, has helped to kindle the zeal and deepen the life of the children of a church planted and watered by apostolic men. Several ladies of title who had been educated in Dr. Hill's school told me much of its influence on all classes of society in Athens.

In 1891 the girls of this school embroidered a beautiful screen with classic designs, which was framed in native inlaid wood and the back covered with cloth woven by the Christian women of Crete, which was sent to America with the request that it should be sold and the proceeds used for my Indian missions, of which they had heard. It was sold at the General Convention in Baltimore for five hundred dollars and presented to me by the purchaser.

In company with the archimandrite, who is a regular visitor of the school, I called on the archbishop, who greeted me with a kiss, and spoke of the debt of love which he owed to Dr. Hill's work, of his interest in our branch of the Church, and of his desire for a closer union between all who love the Lord Jesus Christ. We had several pleasant interviews, and at parting he gave me a book of services of the Greek Church.

Shortly after my arrival in Constantinople, I received a letter from the British Ambassador, Hon. Mr. White, saying that as he was suffering from a severe attack of neuralgia and could not call upon me, he would esteem it a favor if I would spend an evening with him. I found that he had a deep interest in the Indians and was desirous of obtaining some reliable histories of them and their language, which I sent him upon my return home. He was a devout Roman Catholic, but in a letter, which did not reach me until after his death, thanking me for sending the Indian books, he referred to our meeting in the warmest way, expressing his joy that God had permitted me to carry the gospel to the red men, and the hope that I might long be spared to work for our Lord and Master.

While in Constantinople, a young lady called upon me and said: —

"You do not know me, but I have often heard you preach in Minnesota. I am a niece of President Northrup of the State University, and I am now teaching in the Girls' College at Scutari. I have come to ask if you will visit the school and deliver an address Sunday afternoon."

I accepted the invitation and found my Minnesota friend teaching a Bible class of Bulgarian girls in their own language. There were also Bible classes in modern Greek and in Armenian. The pupils had bright, intelligent faces, and exhibited a keen interest in their sacred studies. I needed no interpreter in addressing the school, for all spoke English. When I saw the blessed work which Christian women were doing in moulding these young hearts for Christ's service, I thanked God as I gave them my blessing and benediction.

I had a most interesting interview with the Patriarch of the Armenian Church. The English Ambassador sent his interpreter with me on my visit to this venerable man, who presented a striking picture with his long white beard and flowing robe as he advanced to meet me, greeting me with a kiss on either cheek. He showed a profound interest in the Church in the United States, and had many questions to ask about our missions, seeming much affected when speaking of the early days of Constantinople and of the Church of St. Sophia.

I recall with pleasure these visits to Christian kinsmen of other communions. But nothing was of greater interest than the visit to Cyprus and the privilege of standing by the graves of the Fathers of Nicæa. We went through that land freighted with history to Brindisi, and finally to Mentone, filled with memories of bygone days with friends now on the other shore.

In all parts of the world I have met my daughters of St. Mary's Hall. Again and again, in remote corners of foreign lands, I have suddenly heard the merry cry, "There is the bishop! There is the bishop!" and have been confronted by one of these dear daughters.

None can know the joy that comes to a bishop's heart when the lambs of his Master tell him that his words have helped them, and he can say as did St. John, "I rejoice greatly that I have found my children walking in the truth, even as we received commandment of the Father."

CHAPTER XXXIII

It has been my privilege to know more or less intimately many of the men who have had so large a share in the history of our country, within the last half century, including all of the Presidents of the United States since Andrew Jackson, and most of the distinguished statesmen of America, many of whom have been my warm personal friends. I have been fortunate in hearing many of the famous orations which have passed into history both in Europe and America, among them that of Daniel Webster at the completion of Bunker Hill Monument in 1843, and of Henry Clay at Mobile in 1844.

When Hon. John A. Dix was canvassing the state of New York in 1844, I was his companion and heard most of his addresses. Governor Dix was deeply interested in young men and found pleasure in telling them of his varied experiences as a soldier and statesman.

The second year of my rectorship in Rome my church would not accommodate my congregation, and we decided to build a new stone church. There was little wealth in the parish; and although the subscriptions were most generous, we were compelled to seek aid elsewhere. I conferred with Governor Dix, who was an influential vestryman of Trinity Church, New York, and made application to Trinity for a gift of one thousand dollars. Governor Dix was absent when the application was presented, and it was denied. In those days the affairs of Trinity Church were often brought before the legislature.

I procured a list of the vestry and obtained a letter from prominent politicians — Governor Seymour, Judge Denio, and others — to each one of them asking as a personal favor that Trinity Church would make the grant. I then sent in a new petition, and Governor Dix, who was present at the meeting, gave me a description of the deliberations. First, a vestryman arose and said, "I have received a letter from Governor ——," and read it. Another arose and said, "I have received a letter from Judge ——," and read it. This went on till five letters had been read, and then a vestryman got up with a smiling face, and said: "I suspect that we each have a letter in behalf of this application. I move that no more letters be read, but that the grant be made unanimously."

When I called upon Mr. Harrison, the venerable comptroller of Trinity, he exclaimed, "What do you mean by bringing all this political influence to bear on Trinity Church?"

I replied, "If you will read the parable of the unjust judge, you will learn the reason."

He smiled and answered, "I will forgive you if you will come and dine with me to-morrow."

This incident brought me into pleasant relations with the venerable Dr. Berrian and the assistant ministers of Trinity Church. The present beloved Rector of Trinity, the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, gave me the first money which I received for Church building in Minnesota.

One of the most eloquent preachers whom I have known was the Rev. Dr. Francis Hawks, Rector of Calvary Church, New York; his sermons were marked by a peculiar pathos which revealed his lovely spirit. On one occasion he was urged to give up his wealthy parish for one in the South, and when he objected on the ground that the salary would not be sufficient to live on, he was gently reminded of the young ravens who, having neither storehouse nor barn, were fed by their Heavenly Father.

"Yes," answered the doctor, "but nothing was said about young Hawks."

The Rev. Dr. Alexander Vinton, Rector of Trinity Church, Boston, was another rare preacher, the burden of his sermons, "the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ." When a lay delegate at a meeting of the General Convention at Philadelphia, I asked the venerable Judge Chambers, the lay patriarch of the Convention, where he had attended church the previous day.

"I went to hear Dr. Vinton," he replied, "and he told from his great heart the story of Christ's love until my soul was moved to the depths, and I was lifted to the very bosom of the Saviour."

Hon. Hugh Davy Evans, the authority in all matters of legislature, was a wise interpreter of canons, and one of the generous hearts who delight in sharing with younger men the treasures of their minds.

I have many delightful and amusing memories of the older bishops. The great-hearted apostle, the Rt. Rev. James Henry Otey, Bishop of Tennessee, was a man of noble appearance. He was once making a missionary journey through Arkansas and the Indian Territory, and on his arrival at Natchez he said to the landlord of the hotel: —

"I have been travelling for a week, night and day, in a mail wagon, and I want a good room, for I am tired."

"I am sorry," answered the landlord, "but I think there is not a vacant room in Natchez; there is a horse-race, a Methodist Conference, and a political convention in the city, and every house is crowded. The only thing I can give you is a shake-down."

Then observing the bishop's tired face, he exclaimed: —

"Bishop, the best room in my house is rented to a noted gambler who usually remains out all night, and seldom gets in before breakfast. If you will take the risk, you shall have his room, but if he should come in I can promise you there will be a row."

The bishop decided to take the risk. At about four o'clock the gambler returned, and shaking the bishop angrily, exclaimed: —

"Get out of my room, or I'll soon put you out."

The bishop, the mildest of men, raised himself on one elbow so that it brought the muscles of his arm into full relief, and said quietly: —

"My friend, before you put me out, will you have the kindness to feel this arm?"

The man put his hand on the bishop's arm, and then said respectfully: —

"Stranger, you can stay."

The saintly Bishop of Mississippi, the Rt. Rev. William Mercer Green, was one of my dearest friends, and deeply interested in my Indian work. He was a disciple of the great Bishop Ravenscroft, of whose heroic labors he told me many stories.

Bishop Eastburn, of Massachusetts, was a pronounced Evangelical, and a martinet in rubrical observance. Upon one occasion Bishop H. W. Lee asked his brethren whether a bishop had the right to omit the preface in the confirmation office, and stated that it had been omitted by one of his brethren. Bishop Eastburn sprang to his feet and said: —

"Who would dare to violate the law of the Church?"

Bishop Bedell replied: "I have omitted the preface. When I confirmed two persons, one seventy and the other eighty years of age, I did not think the words, 'when children have come to years of discretion' applicable to the confirmation."

To which Bishop Eastburn replied, "I want to ask my young evangelical brother how he can say that any man has come to years of discretion until he has come to the Lord Jesus Christ."

The Rev. Father Dunn of New Jersey told me that when he was a student in Union College, Bishop Hobart came to Schenectady, and the Church boys called upon him. Dunn asked his classmate, Alonzo Potter, to accompany them. After a pleasant evening with the bishop, Dunn said to his friend, "Alonzo, what did you think of our bishop?"

Potter replied, "When I thought of his office and of the history behind him, Dunn, I felt that I would rather be a bishop of the Episcopal Church than to be the President of the United States." He was then an unbaptized youth whose father was a member of the Society of Friends.

Bishop Joseph P. B. Wilmer I knew intimately before the Civil War. He was a Virginian whose sympathies were with his people. For a time this separated him from the love of his parishioners of St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia. He felt this keenly, and I shall never forget his face one day when I was his guest, as he put his arms around me and exclaimed, "Thank God, there are no walls of separation at our Master's feet!"

At the meeting of the General Convention of the Church in Boston, the bishop was the guest of Mrs. Tudor on Beacon Street. Returning to the house one morning by way of the Common, he saw a boy pitching pennies. He stood looking at him a moment, and then asked: —

"Are you a good boy?"

"Not so very good," was the answer. "I sometimes use cuss words."

"It is wrong to use cuss words, my boy," responded the bishop, "but it is honest for you to tell me this."

The boy replied, "It is a dirty dog who will tell lies."

The bishop studied the boy for a few moments, and then said: —

"My dear boy, I have a valuable package at the express office; the charges on it are six dollars. I do not want to walk so far, and if you will take this notice to the express company they will give you the package, which you can take to that house opposite, where I am staying. Here is the money to pay the charges, and here are fifty cents for yourself."

"All right, mister, I'll get it for you," answered the boy as he shot away.

When the bishop related this to Mrs. Tudor and her guests, they exclaimed: —

"*Bishop*, you haven't given six dollars to a street gamin to get a valuable package! Of course you will never see either again! Do get a police officer before it is too late!"

The bishop smiled, and quietly answered: "It is all quite right. He is a good boy."

While at dinner, a servant came in to say that a boy was waiting in the hall to speak to the bishop. Every one left the table to see the *rara avis*, who exclaimed as the bishop held out his hand: —

"Here is your package, mister, but you made a mistake. You did not see the fifty cents over the six dollars, in the fine print, and the clerk give me this paper to show you."

"But how did you get it? I gave you only six dollars," said the bishop.

"But you give me fifty cents for going," was the answer.

"But how did you know that you would get your fifty cents back again?" asked the bishop.

"Do you think I'm green?" came the reply. "Don't I know a man who'd trust a feller he'd never see'd afore with six dollars and a package was good for fifty cents any day?"

The bishop put his hands on the boy's head and said: —

"My dear boy, I trusted you because you had an honest face. Keep it honest. Perhaps you have no friend but your Heavenly Father. Be a true manly boy; ask Him to help you, and He will care for you. Kneel down and I will give you my blessing."

As the little fellow knelt, the tears that glistened in the bishop's eyes were not the only ones, and I'll venture to say that the boy received something that day that he never forgot.

I recall the intense interest of this dear friend as I described after my first visit to Havana the terrible moral and religious conditions existing there and the services which I was permitted to hold. Mr. Jefferson Davis was present, and both men were deeply affected when I told them of the baptism of a dying Confederate officer and of his first and only communion.

One of the last acts of the bishop's life was to write a letter to one who had spoken unkindly of him, saying: "Had you known my heart you could never have used those words; and I write to tell you that I forgive them, lest, after I am dead, you may be unhappy because you had been unjust to an old bishop."

Another tender, pure soul was Bishop Harris of Michigan. He was a soldier of the Confederate army, and at the close of the Civil War entered the legal profession in which he attained much success; he became interested in the Church and decided to take Orders. At the time of the Lambeth Conference, in 1888, he was suddenly taken ill while preaching in Winchester Cathedral. It was thought to be merely a temporary indisposition, but it was followed by a second attack, and a week after the close of the Conference he passed away. Bishop Thompson and I were with him through his last illness and remained by his bedside until the end. By the kindness of Dean Bradley, the burial service was read in Westminster Abbey. Canon Westcott, then in Residence, asked me to preach in the Abbey on the following Sunday. There were many Americans present. My text was "If a man die, shall he live again." I well remember the peculiar solemnity of the occasion and the hushed sob which came as I spoke of that dear brother who, as a soldier, a jurist, a shepherd of Christ's flock, and as a leader in the Church, won all hearts. There have been few members of the House of Bishops whose words have been listened to with greater pleasure, for his love for Christ and men was manifest in every expression of his loving soul.

What a place Paradise must be, where so many of the sainted ones are waiting for our coming! Not a confused throng of nameless spirits, but where we shall know and be known in all the beatitude of a perfect recognition!

As I write, the face of my younger brother in the episcopate, Bishop Phillips Brooks, comes before me, — one who knew those among whom he ministered and with a great love longed to win all to his Master Jesus Christ. At his request, I was one of his presenters and laid hands on him in consecration. His election to the episcopate called forth fierce opposition, and it might have been supposed from the assaults made upon him that he was one of the heretics who denied the faith. These charges did not awaken in him the slightest alienation or bitterness. For myself, I have never had the shadow of a doubt that he was preëminently fitted to be the Bishop of Massachusetts.

My old friend, Dr. George C. Shattuck, one of the founders of the Church of the Advent, and a lay member of the Cowley Brotherhood, wrote me after the election: —

> But there are subjects about which I want to talk with you, — the death of Bishop Paddock and the election of Dr. Phillips Brooks. The opposition to his confirmation seems to me very unwise. I know Massachusetts very well and I know Dr. Brooks very well, and I believe the prospect for good and successful work in this diocese was never so good as now. . . .
>
> Prayers went up diligently all over the diocese before the meeting of the convention, and before the election; and I must believe that they were answered, and must acquiesce in the election. . . .

Bishop Brooks, while one of the foremost preachers in Massachusetts, was simple as a child. At the General Convention in Baltimore, several of the bishops were speaking of the growing indifference to public worship, and Bishop Brooks said: —

"It is a mistake to think that there is a growing neglect of public worship. I have been in most of the parishes of my diocese, and have always found full congregations."

He looked surprised when we smiled.

The following letters show the love and humility of his pure heart: —

233 Clarendon Street, Boston.
May 12th, 1891.

Dear Bishop Whipple: I thank you with all my heart for your telegram and for your letter. It makes me very glad to know that you are glad that I am probably to be among the bishops. You have always been very good to me. I count upon your goodness still.

The work looks interesting and attractive, — the same in essence as that which I have tried to do for the last thirty years. It will be a delight to try to do it still in the new way, with the old strength of Our Father in whom I hope that I have learned to trust.

The new association with the bishops, I shall welcome heartily. With you, dear bishop, it will be good indeed to be more closely united.

And so I dare to hope, as I know that you have prayed, that God's blessing may be upon it all and that, at least, I may do no grievous harm.

I shall always value your most kind greeting and I am, more than ever,

Yours affectionately,

Phillips Brooks.

Bishop Whipple.

Minnequa, Penna.

Dear Bishop Whipple : Will you join with Bishop Clark in presenting me for consecration at Trinity Church, Boston, on Wednesday, the 14th of October.

Bishop Williams has already asked you, but I want to make it also my most urgent and affectionate personal request.

It will make my whole Episcopate better if you will do it, and I shall thank you always with all my heart.

I dare to hope that you will if you can, in memory of your constant kindness for these many years.

I am spending a few days here with my brother, but my address is always at Boston.

Faithfully your friend,

Phillips Brooks.

Bishop Whipple.

Of the departed, there are few whom I loved more dearly than the Rt. Rev. William H. Odenheimer, Bishop of New Jersey. We first met when he was rector of St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia, and from that hour we loved each other. He was a devout thinker, a wise pastor, and a most instructive preacher. We were consecrated the same day, he in St. Paul's Church and I in St. James's Church, Richmond. I had his full sympathy in the early trials of our Indian work. The following letter shows the beating of his great heart: —

BURLINGTON, November 23rd, 1871.

Dearest Bishop Whipple: It is far into the night, and I am weary with reading and writing; but I must tell you how sincerely I thank you, for your thoughtful and most judicious address before the Minnesota State Teachers' Association.

Your words on the subject of Christian education deserve to be written in gold; for like a stream of liquid gold they seemed to flow from a heart kindled with the fire of God's Holy Spirit.

The only truth that can sweeten the fountain head of academical culture, and give real dignity to popular or collegiate education is God's changeless truth, that which we have heard in God's Word from the beginning, that man, made, redeemed, and sanctified by God, bears upon his body, soul, and spirit the mysterious impress of the image and likeness of God; and that the end of education, in all departments, is to develop this divine prerogative, thereby fitting him for his royal position of self-control and delegated headship here, and for his ineffable glory, through the God-Man, of reigning with Christ hereafter.

With loving regards, I am,
Your affectionate brother in Christ,
W. H. ODENHEIMER.

After the General Convention of 1862, Bishop Williams invited Bishop Odenheimer and myself to visit him in Middletown. Our hearts were full, for it was in the dark days of our Civil War, and to me doubly dark owing to the Sioux massacre of that year. After dinner, as we sat in his study, dear Bishop Williams said: —

"It isn't often that we have the opportunity to have a good talk and I propose that after prayers we do not look at our watches, but make a night of it, and each tell everything that is on his heart."

Bishop Williams told the story of the Indians in New England, and Bishop Odenheimer the story of the Moravian missions, and I gave the history of our dealings with the Chippewa and Sioux, of the work to be done, of the difficulties to be encountered, and of my hopes that light would come in spite of the gloom.

It was five o'clock in the morning when we separated, — a night never to be forgotten, and one remembered by me for the love of those great hearts, for no one but God could know what such love was to me in those dark days.

I remember with pleasure some of the old clergy who witnessed a good confession in the days when the Church was spoken against.

Father Stokes, a clergyman in western New York, was one of these. Bishop de Lancey, who had visited Lockport to consecrate a church, was asked to send a clergyman to the Presbyterian Church for the same Sunday. Several who were asked declined, and finally the bishop said: —

"Father Stokes, you will have to go."

The bishop and clergy dined at the house of my uncle, Judge Ransom; but Father Stokes did not appear until dinner was over.

"I hope that you have not been preaching all this time," said the bishop.

"Yes," was the answer, "most of the time. They know very little about the Church, and so I preached on Apostolic Succession. When I had finished, an elder came up to the pulpit and said that my services would not be required in the afternoon. I told the congregation what the elder had said, and then informed them that as I could not come in the afternoon, and that as the sermon which they had just heard was one of two to be preached in sequence, I would now deliver the second one. And, Bishop, *they all stayed!*"

Dominie Johnson, as he was called, was a shepherd of the poor, and it was his custom to wait at the factory door at closing time to speak a kind word to the operatives. One day an infidel among them said: —

"Dominie, you believe in the devil; I would like to see the devil."

"Have a little patience, my friend," was the answer.

Again, a clergyman of another communion said, pointing to a picture of a drowning man to whom the sailors in a ship were throwing a rope: —

"Dominie, that man can pray without a book."

"Yes," was the reply, "but you see he is not in the ship."

They were days of conflict, but so consecrated were the lives of those great hearts that love overshadowed the differences. A venerable clergyman once said to me after some sharp strife had been going on: —

"Bishop, some of our brethren have been men of war from their youth, and when our Heavenly Father sees fit to call them to Paradise, we shall have peace."

There were few men to whom I was more attached by bonds of affection than to the Rt. Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, — a poet, a most loyal son of his country, and a champion of the Church he so dearly loved. While I was rector at Rome, a clergyman of another communion wrote an article denouncing Dr. Coxe for a lecture which he had delivered upon Charles I., and saying that his next eulogy would undoubtedly be upon Archbishop Laud or Judas Iscariot. I wrote a defence of Dr. Coxe, which led to an interesting and lifelong correspondence and friendship between my dear brother and myself.

CHAPTER XXXIV

At the meeting of the General Convention in Baltimore in 1892, San Francisco, Saratoga Springs, Denver, and Louisville were mentioned in considering the place for the next meeting of the Convention. The two Houses did not agree, and in the discussion which followed, Judge Atwater of Minnesota advocated Minneapolis. In his characteristic speech he alluded to the unity which had distinguished the diocese of Minnesota, and playfully said that he "could assure the Convention that Minnesota would satisfy all parties in the Church: that there was St. Paul for the conservative, old-fashioned Churchmen, St. Anthony for those of more advanced views, and for all there would be the open-handed hospitality of the West, with the object-lesson of a household at unity with itself." Other Minnesota delegates joined in the invitation, and Minneapolis was decided upon.

The General Convention is composed of two Houses. The House of Bishops, of which every bishop is a member, meets by itself under the presidency of the senior bishop present. It has its own chairman who is elected for three years. The House of Clerical and Lay deputies is composed of four clerical and four lay delegates from each diocese, and one clerical and one lay delegate from each missionary jurisdiction. The clergy and laity vote separately, each representing its own order, and the affirmative vote of the two orders are necessary to carry any measure. And this must be adopted by the House of Bishops before it becomes the action of the Convention.

In 1789, when the General Convention was organized, there were four bishops of the American Church, while there are now ninety.

The absence of the Rt. Rev. John Williams was regretted by all. This was the first time of the meeting of the General Convention west of the Mississippi River, and in God's providence the bishop presided in his own diocese, the scene of his labors for thirty-six years.

The committee of the clergy and laity of St. Paul and Minneapolis had been indefatigable in their preparations, and no General Convention has been received with warmer welcomes by the Churchmen of the diocese and their fellow Christians.

To quote from a letter of my brother, the Rev. H. P. Nichols of St. Mark's Church, Minneapolis: —

> The interest felt in the Convention's coming to Minnesota, and the welcome extended to its members, knew no limitation of church boundaries. The doors of our hospitable citizens were all wide open, and the crowded congregations at every service included a large proportion outside of our own Communion; and it was the general verdict that the city of Minneapolis surrendered to the Convention all its strongholds. The community gave itself up with every possible demonstration of honor, after elaborate preparations, to the entertainment of the guests of its Bishop. It was a spontaneous tribute of appreciation by every class and creed to the work which the Church under his leadership had done in the state and in the cathedral city.
>
> Our friends found, too, certain problems confronting our American Christianity and Churchmanship worked out along

wise lines in this diocese. It was a surprise to many to find the Church established to such good advantage in the smaller cities and towns of the state, strong in the esteem and affection of the inhabitants. There is little in the diocese of suspicion and hostility toward the Episcopal Church, found so largely in the rural communities in our country.

The opening service was in Gethsemane Church. The procession was led by the Rev. Dr. J. J. Faudé, rector of the parish. The surpliced choir, the white-robed priests, and the seventy bishops were in strange contrast to my first service in Minneapolis, held in a rude frame chapel. Minneapolis was then a village of five thousand inhabitants, its houses dotted over the prairie.

I celebrated the Holy Communion, with Bishop Neely and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Machray, Archbishop of Canada, as Epistoler and Gospeller. The sermon was delivered by the Rt. Rev. Dr. A. C. Coxe.

The debates of the Convention were characterized by a spirit of charity and love. The Rev. Dr. Joseph T. Smith, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, was received by the bishops at the House of Bishops, and no one who heard his address on the subject of Christian unity could forget his words, which came fresh from a heart mourning over Christian divisions.

There were many pleasant receptions given to the Convention,—among them one by Mr. and Mrs. James J. Hill of St. Paul, at which Archbishop Ireland and other distinguished clergy of the Roman Catholic Church were present.[1] A reception was given at the

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[1] Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, is devoted to the welfare of the flock committed to his care, and while a firm believer in the doctrines of the

West Hotel to Bishop Gilbert and myself at which about two thousand guests were in attendance.

Perhaps nothing was of greater interest to the Convention than the extent to which our diocese has incorporated with itself the members of the Swedish National Church. It was a revelation to many of those who thronged to the services of St. Ansgarius, to find children of this sister church under the fostering care of the American Church, even as it was in the colonial days of Delaware and Pennsylvania.

In 1857, during my rectorship in Chicago, the Rev. G. Unonius, Rector of St. Ansgarius' Church of that city, resigned his cure to return to Sweden. He asked me to take it under my charge, and therefore one of the three services which I held every Sunday was for the Swedish congregation. In my work for them I became deeply attached to the Scandinavian race for their love of home, their devotion to freedom, and their loyalty to Government and God.

Thirty-one years ago I said in a Convention address, "The position of the members of the Church of Sweden in our state has long been of deep interest to me. With a valid ministry, a reformed faith, and a liturgical service, they ought to be in communion with us. For lack of their own Episcopate as a bond of union between them, they are becoming divided, and are losing their distinctive character as members of the Church.

Roman Catholic Church, he is a patriotic American, desiring that his people may be worthy citizens of the Republic, and not believing it wise to have a little Sweden, an Ireland, or a Germany within our borders. His work in behalf of temperance among his people is worthy of grateful recognition.

"The Bishop of Illinois, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, to whom the Church owes so much for his efforts in behalf of Catholic union abroad, has received into his diocese clergy and laity of the Church of Sweden. During his late visit to Sweden he met their primate and many of their bishops, and their intercourse was most fraternal. The Archbishop of Sweden received the Holy Communion at his hands, and arrangements were made whereby the clergy should give letters of recommendation to us where they had no clergy of their own."

Minnesota has an enormous population of Swedes and Norwegians, who are among our best adopted citizens. Minneapolis alone has nearly fifty thousand Scandinavians. Often and often I have tried to devise plans whereby these children of a sister church might become fellow-heirs with us, the heart of my dear coadjutor beating with me. At one time we had a Norwegian clergyman of rare talents and a marvellous gift of oratory, who translated the Prayer Book into Norwegian; but his services left no permanent result. Sectarianism was doing its fatal work in dividing those who had been of one faith into separate communions, and often these divisions brought bitterness and strife; but where we knew no way, God made a way.

In September, 1892, the Rev. Olaf A. Toffteen, who had been ordained by the Bishop of Quincy, came to Minnesota from the diocese of Quincy, and held his first service with a congregation of not over fifteen or twenty persons, the average number up to Christmas. It was then proposed by the Rev. H. P.

Nichols that there should be a grand Christmas service in St. Mark's Church, at five o'clock in the morning. Five hundred Swedes were present, and I doubt if there were hearts which sang Christmas songs that day with more gladness than those of the Rev. Mr. Nichols and the Rev. Mr. Toffteen. The service seemed to take every Swede back to the home of his fathers, to the parish church, and the voice of the Mother was heard welcoming him to the home in the Church of the land of his adoption. Those of us who have sojourned in foreign lands can recall the thrill of joy which came to our hearts when we heard in the dear liturgy our Mother's voice; and with no people does the love of home burn more brightly than with the Scandinavians.

That Christmas service, under God, was the prophecy of success. In March, 1893, a parish was organized and named after St. Ansgarius, who carried the gospel to Scandinavia. The services were held according to the Prayer Book of the Church in Sweden, and those persons who had been confirmed in Sweden were accepted on letters dismissory; and to-day Mr. Toffteen has a congregation of eight hundred.

During the autumn and winter two other Swedish congregations were organized, the Church of St. Johannes and the Church of the Messiah. In the spring of 1893 a Swedish church was organized in Litchfield, and then one in Cokato, while the one in St. Paul has the promise of being the largest Episcopal congregation in that city.

The Swedish clergymen whom we now have are honored and beloved by their brethren, and have exhibited a self-denial and devotion worthy of the purest days of the Church.

A prominent priest of the Roman Catholic Communion wrote me: "I have carefully watched Mr. Toffteen and his work; he is truly a man of God, and I only wish we had a man of like spirit to do the same work for us among the Scandinavian population."

I believe that the Church of Sweden was our twin sister at the time when great-hearted souls were carrying the gospel to the ancient Britons. Men of like zeal and consecration were taking the glad tidings to those who sat in darkness in the northern forests of Sweden. When, by persecution, Sweden lost its pastors, men like Siegfried were sent from Britain to aid in rebuilding the waste places of the Church of Sweden.

At the Lambeth Conference of 1888, in a report which was made by a committee composed of some of the most distinguished bishops of the Anglican Communion, are these words: —

> Your Committee consider that in view of the increasing number of Swedes and other Scandinavians now living in America and in the English colonies, as well as for the furtherance of Christian unity, earnest effort should be made to establish more friendly relations between the Scandinavian and Anglican Churches.
>
> In regard to the Swedish Church your Committee are of the opinion that, as its standards of doctrine are to a great extent in accord with our own, and its continuity as a National Church has never been broken, any approach on its part should be most gladly welcomed, with a view to mutual explanation

of differences, and the ultimate establishment, if possible, of permanent inter-communion on sound principles of ecclesiastical polity.

This report was signed by fifteen bishops, among whom were men foremost in the Episcopate as theologians: the Archbishop of Dublin, Bishop Harold Browne of Winchester, the Bishop of Cashel, the Bishop of Salisbury, the Bishop of Lincoln, the Bishop of Lichfield, and the Bishops of Central Africa, Cork, Derry, Dunnedin, Gibraltar, Iowa, Albany, North Carolina, and western New York (Bishop Coxe).

The Lambeth Conference adopted the recommendations of this report; and it is in the spirit of this declaration of one hundred and fifty bishops assembled at Lambeth, that our Swedish work, which has borne the blessing of Almighty God, has been carried on. And with many of my brethren I see in it a prophecy of the reunion of Christians.

The citizens of Faribault invited the bishops and deputies to visit the Cathedral town. The committee of arrangements was composed of Churchmen, Roman Catholics, and members of other religious bodies; the following incident will show the kindly spirit of my fellow-citizens. One of the committee, a Roman Catholic, said, "There must be a four-horse carriage for *our* bishop," and when it was suggested that the bishop would think it unnecessary, he exclaimed, "The bishop shall have a four-horse carriage if I pay for it myself!" And when a Roman Catholic livery man was asked how many carriages he could furnish for the occasion, he answered, "You can have every horse and carriage in my stable without a dollar of expense." Special trains were generously furnished by Mr. Roswell Miller, president of the railway. On arriving at Faribault four hundred carriages were waiting for the guests. The streets were decorated with floral arches and flags, and bands of music sounded a welcome. The line of the procession passed the state institutions for the Blind, the Deaf and Dumb, and for Defective Children, and then on to the schools. Seabury Divinity School came first, with its gray stone buildings in a park of thirty acres, where is still preserved the small frame building first erected for the theological school. Then St. Mary's Hall with its pleasant grounds, and Shattuck School in a park of one hundred and sixty acres.

In the Shattuck armory the ladies of the town served a collation to seven hundred and fifty guests.

During the sittings of the Convention the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions convened in Christ Church, St. Paul. I delivered an address of welcome to these daughters of the Church, and on behalf of my brethren, the bishops and clergy, thanked them for their faithful labors and their offering, which amounted to over fifty-six thousand dollars.

The Woman's Auxiliary, organized in 1872, by a few faithful women of the Church, now has branches in every diocese and missionary jurisdiction of the Church, and has proved one of the most efficient instruments in the spread of the gospel.

The Church Club of Minnesota gave a dinner to the General Convention, at which fifty-seven bishops and many members of the House of Deputies were present. Judge Nelson's welcome to the guests was responded to by Bishop Potter, of New York, and others of the bishops made characteristic speeches.

On the last day of the session, my brethren of the House of Bishops presented me with a beautiful loving cup.

It was at this time that the northern counties of the state were made a separate Missionary Jurisdiction. The great increase of population in the iron mining district of Lake Superior, the lumber camps scattered throughout the vast pine forests, and the settlement of the Red River Valley, opened for the Church an amount of work which made it impossible for my coadjutor and me to care for faithfully. The following year the Rev. Dr. Morrison was elected Bishop of this Jurisdiction.

One of the wisest acts of the Convention was the election and confirmation of the Rev. Dr. T. P. Rowe as bishop for the Missionary Jurisdiction of Alaska. Fifteen years ago, when I visited Alaska and saw its heathen red men, my heart went out to them in deepest sympathy; and had I been unfettered, I would have offered myself to carry to them the gospel. During this visit I learned much of the wonderful mission of Mr. Duncan at Matakalatka.

At each subsequent General Convention I plead with my brethren that our Church should establish a missionary jurisdiction in Alaska and send out a bishop; and so my heart thrilled with joy when dear Bishop Rowe was finally elected. Subsequent events have proved the wisdom of the Church's choice. The story of his journeyings over icy fields and mountains and the blessing of God upon his labors remind one of the stories of apostolic days. When objections were made to this election on the ground of additional burdens on an impoverished missionary treasury, a generous layman of New York offered to pay the bishop's salary for three years.

CHAPTER XXXV

When in England many years ago, I was in the House of Lords, standing behind the woolsack. Not knowing the speaker, who arose just after I entered, I asked his name of a gentleman in front of me, whose face was not in view. "It is Lord Derby," was the answer, and turning, he courteously asked if I were a stranger, and proceeded to point out the different members, at the same time making brief and interesting comments upon the more important ones. I at once recognized Mr. Gladstone, whom later I came to know and admire. I was in Oxford at the time Mr. Gladstone stood for the Suffrages of the University, when political excitement ran high between his friends and enemies, the result having been that he ceased to be the representative of Oxford in Parliament. I do not remember any election in America where so much bitterness of feeling was exhibited by both parties. His opponents seemed to regard him as a man of sin, who would bring in his train every form of error and rebellion. His friends spoke of him with equal praise as one whose mission was to elevate the people of England and redress the wrongs of the laboring classes. As I listened to these discussions, Mr. Gladstone rose before me as one who had a profound love for humanity, a deep pity for the oppressed, and an unwavering faith in his Master, Jesus Christ. I had many conversations about him with Bishop Wilberforce, who was his personal friend, and although he differed with him on many questions of public polity, he regarded him as one of the greatest intellects and statesmen of England. I then thought, as I do now, that Mr. Gladstone was too great a man to be a consistent follower of any party. Men saw him sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, but always on the side which he believed to be that of human rights and loyalty to God.

I have listened to many of his remarkable speeches in Parliament, but one of the pleasantest memories is that of the eager expression of gladness on his face, as he sat before me in St. Margaret's Church listening to my story of what God had permitted me to do for the red men, and of the sympathy which he afterward expressed in the work. He presented me with a complete set of his works, which I gave to Seabury Divinity School. I count among my treasures a well-worn walking stick which Mr. Gladstone used for many years, given me at Hawarden Castle. When Mr. Gladstone died, the citizens of many nations joined with England in saying, "A great man has fallen to-day in Israel."

BUTTERSTOWN, DUNKELD, N. B.
Sept. 4, '97.

Right Rev. and dear Bishop: . . . I hope that your Lordship is now being favored with a good passage back to America, and I also hope that you carry with you satisfactory remembrances and experiences of the Lambeth Conference.

I suppose that we must not at present look for great tangible results from these conferences, but the moral effect, especially in promoting both a sense and a spirit of unity, has been great and will probably be greater yet.

For my own part, and far advanced as I now am in my declining years, as I look back to the condition of the Anglican Church in my youth and make the comparison with what it is now, I can hardly repress my astonishment at what God has wrought on our behalf. I trust that the same can be said of the Church of the United States.

The position of the Archbishop of Canterbury is now very great, and one is tempted to wish that some mode of recognizing it by further title or otherwise could be found, but I hope and fully believe precaution will always be taken against his growing into a Pope.

I remain, Right Rev. and Dear Bishop,
With profound respect,
Your most sincere and faithful
W. E. GLADSTONE.

RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF MINNESOTA.

I have often been asked my impressions of Dr. Pusey, whom I knew, and whose guest I have been at Oxford. I always felt that I was in the presence of a great intellect and a great saint. On our last meeting I remember with what profound interest he spoke of the new life awakening in the Church of England, and of his faith in the future. He asked many questions about the organization and work of the American Church, and was particularly interested in our Indian missions. He was one morning showing me some of the treasures of Bodleian Library, and our conversation turned upon the free church system.

In answer to my query as to whether the cause of free churches was making much progress in England he said no, and went on to express his belief that the history of the Church and its endowments were so

Butterstone
Dunkeld
N.B.
Septbr. 47

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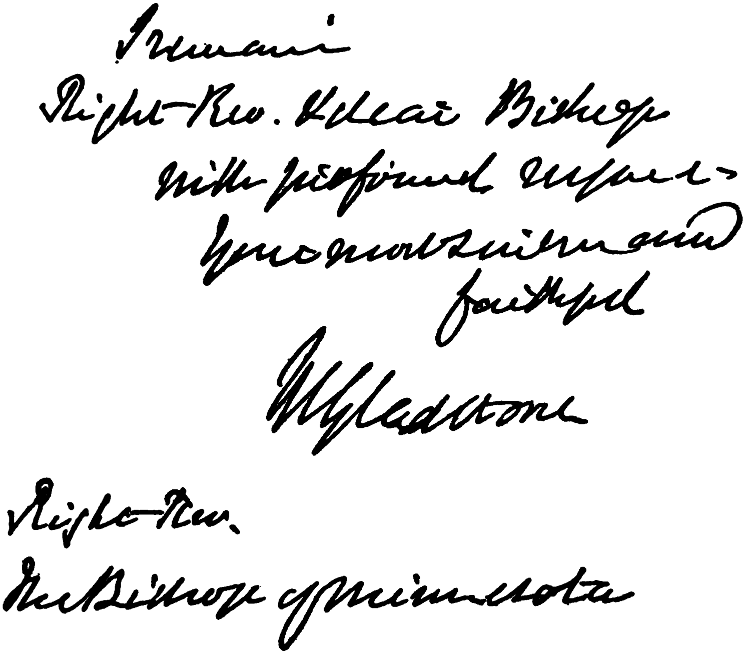

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with profound respect
Yours most sincerely and
faithfully
W E Gladstone

Right Rev.
The Bishop of Minnesota

intertwined with the State that they could not be severed without peril to both. Finding that he had misapprehended my question, he said: —

"Oh, you mean free and open seats! There can be no question about that. The Church should always give a like welcome to all."

I recall one of his letters to me in which he emphasized particularly this point. Knowing my interest in eleemosynary work, he gave me a letter to Mrs. Sellon, the founder of the Sisterhood of All Saints, Margaret Street, London, from whom I learned the lines of work done by her sisterhood, which was at that time in its comparative infancy, but which has since spread throughout the world.

I met at Dr. Pusey's Bishop Forbes of Scotland, who was afterward condemned by the Scottish bishops for his views on the Blessed Sacrament. He impressed me as a man of most devout heart.

Dean Burgon was then the preacher at St. Mary's, Oxford. I spent many delightful hours with him, and found him one of the quaintest of men.

He had a reverent love for the King James version of the Scriptures, and felt most keenly the mistakes which he believed were in the revised version.

At a meeting of the Fellows of the University at which I was present there was a discussion about a reading-room and library which had been established by the railway operatives, and which they had asked the members of the University to take under their care, with the condition that the dissenting clergy, who were pastors of some of the men interested, might use the hall for lectures. After several speeches in opposition, I was asked my opinion. I said that in America there were many places where the Church was a small minority, and that I doubted if there were a bishop in our communion who would not count it a joy to receive such a reading-room under his care, satisfied that the Church would vindicate herself and win the love of the men.

In the summer of 1897, accompanied by my dear wife, I went to England to attend the fourth Lambeth Conference. It was the loving Providence of God that first made one who is now my helper in all His work my parishioner. Her love and sympathy for the sorrowful and heavy laden, her deep interest in the brown and black races who have so long held a place in my heart drew us together. We were married in the Church of St. Bartholomew in New York by my beloved brother the Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter. In this gift my Heavenly Father has overpaid me for all the burdens which I have carried for His children.

It was a summer fraught with interest, not only to Churchmen but to all Christendom gathered to pay tribute to the Queen and woman whose Christian influence during the sixty years of her reign has kindled respect and admiration in all hearts, irrespective of country.

The first of the special sermons which I had been asked the preceding winter to preach at this time was in Salisbury Cathedral, June 3, in commemoration of the thirteen hundredth anniversary of the baptism of King Ethelbert, the first Christian Saxon king. It was a memorable service with a congregation of seven thousand persons, seven hundred robed clergy, and fourteen hundred choristers.

I well remember the first sermon I delivered in Salisbury Cathedral many years ago, when I was the guest of my dear friend Mrs. H. Sidney Lear, who has endeared herself to English and to Continental churches by her lives of the great saints and heroes of the Church. I first made her acquaintance at Mentone in 1865, where I often celebrated the Holy Communion for her in her home, and in memory of which she presented me with a beautiful gold Communion service. A glimpse of that life consecrated to the service of the Church may be caught from the following letters.

THE CLOSE, SALISBURY,
May 7th, 1873.

My dear Bishop: I cannot help fearing that I have lost a letter from you, as not long ago an envelope reached me, but *open*, and containing only the printed letter of your two professors. I fancy that it left your hands containing more, and if so, I greatly regret losing your own words. I have just sent you a book of mine — the subject is scarcely fitting for a woman's pen, you will say — "Spiritual Guidance," but I was bidden to do it; and after all, it is only another and wiser author's mind, arranged by me in a different and more modern style, and Mr. Carter's imprimature is *meant* to put me out of the question. These are days in which all strength of mind, heart, and body seem needed among those who love our Dear Lord and want to extend His Kingdom on earth. But amid all the clouds of misbelief, secular education, and what not, it *is* comforting to feel that there is a very wide and real growth of deep religious feeling among us, and that among the poorer classes; though in truth the very daylight let in, shows how gross the darkness, still impenetrated, is.

The Athanasian Creed question may be looked upon as settled among us for the present, I suppose. But no doubt the Evil One will only wait his opportunity to renew the attack. It is so evident that all dogmatic belief is the real object of his attempts in this direction.

I have been very much interested in some of the stories you kindly sent me in the winter. There is such a freshness and warmth about them that to me they are very charming. . . .

Believe me, my dear Bishop, always with sincere veneration,
Affectionately yours,
H. S. Sidney Lear.

The Close, Salisbury,
July 16th, 1888.

My dear Bishop: My house, hands, and heart have been full, but you have been much in the last.

Dear Bishop, you don't know how much work you did for God, or how deeply your words went into many hearts. There are many who have said that last Monday was a turning-point in their lives. Is it a very selfish thing to ask if you could come here again before you sail for America? I wouldn't ask it only for the exceeding gladness it would be for me to look once more into your face, but I feel as if you might do so much by speaking once more to our people gathered as they would be at the sound of your name, either on Sunday or week-day. Will you think about it, and if you say you can't, I will ask no more.

Bishop Kelly wound up Monday's long and happy day by a few touching and helpful words, referring to what you had said in the morning, and bidding us remember that if our hearts were stirred within us, such enthusiasm must take shape to be pleasing to God in one way or another of offering ourselves and our possessions to His service.

Believe me ever
Most gratefully and affectionately yours,
H. S. Sidney Lear.

It would be a great gladness to all my household to have you here again. I think you would be touched at some of the *homely* things that are said.

While the guest of Mrs. Lear I had the pleasure of calling upon the widow of Bishop Moberly, and of telling her of the great help which I had found in my early ministry in the bishop's book, "The Great Forty Days," when our Lord unfolded to His disciples the laws of the Kingdom of God on earth of which He would be King. I loved Bishop Moberly, one of those beautiful souls who in life and teaching speak always of Christ and His Church. The following letter was written at the time of his consecration: —

BRIGHTON STR. 2d NOV., 1869.

My dear Brother: Excuse my tardiness in acknowledging your most kind and welcome words of greeting which reached me in Westminster Abbey on Thursday last, — that great day to me and mine when I was consecrated to the work of God in the high and holy office of a Bishop. Surrounded as I was by a multitude of clergy and other friends, I felt a very peculiar pleasure in the sense of the sympathy of a bishop of that Sister Church, to which I have been accustomed to look with very great interest and affection, feeling sure that she has tried, and is trying, with much blessing and success, the path which ere long we in England shall be called to try.

. . . . With much sense of your kindness, beg to remain,
My dear Bishop,
Your very faithful friend and brother,
GEORGE SARUM.

THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF MINNESOTA.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, Bishop of Salisbury, whose guests we were on the occasion of my commemoration sermon has inherited the scholarly attainments of his father, the great Bishop of Lincoln, and no one has done more than he to cement the bonds of the Anglican Churches throughout the world.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Creighton, Bishop of London, one of whose consecrators I was in 1891, delivered an address in the town hall of Salisbury the evening preceding the service at the Cathedral on the character and mission of Augustine. With an heroic faith Dr. Creighton is grappling with the social problems of that great metropolis over which he is shepherd. His "History of the Papacy" is one of the most interesting productions of the time, remarkable for its diligent research and collection of facts.

On Whitsuntide I preached the Ramsden sermon before the University of Cambridge, — a sermon which was published for circulation by request of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. We were the guests of the Vice-Chancellor at Sidney Sussex Lodge. I had not been in Cambridge since 1888, when I preached before the University, and it was a pleasure to meet the many friends who have given me so warm a welcome. Among them, at the home of her son, the Rt. Rev. John Selwyn, was the widow of my dear friend, the Bishop of New Zealand and Lichfield.

Bishop John Selwyn possessed many of the traits which made his father the great missionary bishop of the Church of England. After twelve years of heroic service in New Zealand his strong constitution became so enfeebled by exposure and illness that he was compelled to resign, but he still preserved all of his missionary zeal, and kindled enthusiasm in the hearts of others by his letters and addresses. We were one day speaking of his father, and in answer to my remark that he was one of the finest specimens of physical manhood that I had ever seen, he told me a story of two charwomen who, seeing the bishop for the first time, stood gazing after him in wide-eyed astonishment.

"Who be 'e?" asked one.

"'E be the new Lord Bishop," was the answer. "But I wad na want to be a leg o' mutton afore 'e!" gasped the woman.

On the last morning of our visit in Cambridge Bishop Selwyn walked through rain and mud before breakfast to bid us good-by, and as I looked into his genial face as he told a last inimitable story, I little dreamed that within a few brief weeks he would have entered into that higher service above.

As my thoughts linger over the great-hearted father of this departed brother, who was so much to me in the early days, the memory of still another comes before me, — his successor, Bishop Coleridge Patteson, one of the gentlest souls that ever lived. Like her martyred brother, Miss Patteson has a heart aglow for missions; and an afternoon spent in her home was as the voice of the departed.

On Trinity Sunday I preached in Holy Trinity, where Shakespeare is buried, at Stratford-on-Avon, and in the afternoon addressed five hundred children at the first children's missionary meeting ever held in this church. We were guests of Dr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot at the pleasant old vicarage.

On our way from Stratford-on-Avon to Southwell we stopped in London to hear the Oratorio of the Messiah with its grand chorus of four thousand voices. But beautiful as it was, the memory would come of Jenny Lind, whom I had several times heard in that exultant outpouring, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Speaking of Jenny Lind, recalls an amusing incident connected with the Rev. Enmegahbowh. It was in the early days of our Indian missions, and Enmegahbowh had gone East with some of the chiefs to raise money for the Church of St. Columba at White Earth. He met with an enthusiastic reception, and Jenny Lind sent for him and his four chiefs and exhibited much interest in his work. To use Enmegahbowh's words in describing the interview:—

"She listened to my story and asked many questions; then she said: 'I want to give you something for your work. Tell me how much you want.'

"We sat like dumb beasts. No one dared to name a sum. We thought if we said too much, she would not give us anything; and if we said too little, she would not give us as much as was in her mind. The silence grew very long. I thought we might lose all, and I said five hundred dollars.

"'Oh,' she said, 'you have not said enough.' And when I looked at the cheque, it was one thousand dollars."

Another great event of Enmegahbowh's life was his visit to the White House to see the President, which he described with a merry twinkle in his eyes.

"That day I was big Injun and had more people around me than even the Great Father had."

While guests at the home of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Ridding, the beloved Bishop of Southwell, it was a great pleasure to meet several grand standard bearers of the cross from remote parts of the earth. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Tucker, Bishop of Uganda, whose blessed work I have long watched, stirred my heart to the depths as I listened to the story of what may well be called a miracle of missions. While in 1883 there were but five Christians in Uganda, there are now more than two hundred houses of Christian worship built by the natives; sixty thousand persons can read the gospel, while ten thousand copies of the New Testament in circulation have been *purchased* by the natives. Bishop Tucker presented Mrs. Whipple with a beautiful leopard skin which was killed and tanned by one of the Christian chiefs.

At a missionary meeting in the Southwell Minster where I delivered an address, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Awdrey, then Bishop of Osaka but since translated to South Tokyo, gave a most interesting account of work in Japan, dwelling particularly on the tenacity of the Japanese character as being both an advantage and a disadvantage in the progress of Christianity.

An interesting address was also made by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Montgomery, Bishop of Tasmania.

The Bishop of Southwell, whose heart is full of love for missions, was one whose voice was gladly heard in the conference; in listening to him I was always reminded of Bishop Hobart's motto, "Evangelical Truth and Apostolic Order."

The hospitality of Southwell Priory is a charming memory. Lady Laura Ridding, daughter of the Earl of Selbourne, late Lord Chancellor of England — a name honored in America as one of the greatest jurists of the age — is beloved and revered for her interest in all good work.

In June we returned to London to be present at the Jubilee functions, and the following Sunday thanksgiving services were held in the churches throughout England. The Very Rev. Dean Bradley was the preacher at Westminster Abbey and gave a graceful and masterly presentation of the Christian influence of Queen Victoria throughout her reign, drawing illustrations from the monuments witnessing to consecrated lives which have been placed in the Abbey during the last sixty years. Dean Bradley's sermons are marked by a peculiar terseness of expression which leaves an indelible impression upon his hearers. I had the pleasure of listening to a course of sermons delivered by him many years ago on the Book of Ecclesiastes. They were given on week days, and I was struck by the great number of educated Jews present, who listened with profound interest to the words of the preacher.

It is delightful to hear Dean Bradley's personal reminiscences of the late Dean Stanley. The following incident shows the wonderful chivalry of Dean Stanley toward men who held views antipodal to his own. At the time that the Rev. Dr. Ward, who afterward entered the Roman Church, was to be tried for his heretical views by the authorities of Oxford, Stanley met him and asked if he had prepared his defence.

"No," replied Ward, "and I do not intend to do so."

"That will never do," answered Stanley; "you *must* make one."

And Stanley wrote a defence for Ward which was accepted, an incident so strange that it would seem incredible had it not been confirmed by Ward himself.

The special thanksgiving service read by the Archbishop of Canterbury was held at the west front of St. Paul's Cathedral, the Queen remaining in her carriage at the foot of the steps. The centre was occupied by the archbishops and bishops, numbering nearly two hundred.

The scene from this point, embracing as it did the magnificent procession of native and colonial troops, army and navy, the representatives of foreign potentates, and the surging mass of human beings from every walk and condition of life, was one to stir the heart of the onlooker. Mrs. Whipple remarked that "the most obdurate subject from the Celestial kingdom must have felt a dawning sentiment that there might be a corner for women hereafter."

At the request of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Legge, the scholarly Bishop of Lichfield, I delivered an address in the Lichfield Cathedral. We were guests at the Bishop's Palace which holds for me so many pleasant associations, as it is one of the many homes which in the past have given me a gracious welcome. My last visit was when Bishop Maclagan, now Archbishop of York, was in residence, he having been the sixth Bishop of Lichfield who has held the position of Archbishop of York. Shortly before our visit the restoration of the Chapel of St. Chad's, which had been buried in rubbish for centuries, was completed,—the result, I believe, of the energy and generosity of the present Dean of Lichfield, the Very Rev. Herbert Luckock.

We spent several pleasant days at Harrow with the Rev. Dr. Weldon, its head-master, who had asked me to preach to the boys and to make them an address upon Indian missions. These schools of England with their hundreds of years of history behind them are not only nurseries of the Church, but they reveal the secret of the strength of the nation; and the hold which they have upon the hearts of England may be seen when it is remembered that they number in their long line of distinguished head-masters the four late Archbishops of Canterbury. Dr. Weldon told me among many incidents, showing how truly the spirit of religion is incorporated into school life, that when his boys won a game of cricket or succeeded in getting into the first eleven they were sure to be at the early communion the next Sunday as a Thanksgiving.

My first acquaintance with Dr. Weldon, who has recently been consecrated Metropolitan of Calcutta, was at a meeting of the British Bible Society some years ago, when I heard him make a most impressive speech in defence of the Bible in reply to assaults which had been made upon its sacred pages.

In speaking of Harrow, I am reminded of one whose face it is always a pleasure to see,—Sir John Kennaway, who brought his son down to Harrow to hear my address; for on whatever soil a boy may be reared, interest in the North American Indian seems to be ingrained. There are few laymen in England who are more deeply interested in missions, and who have a more loving sympathy in work that is being done everywhere for humanity.

The Lambeth Conference went into retreat on the 30th of June. The opening sermon was preached in Westminster Abbey on the evening of July 1, by the Most Rev. Dr. Maclagan, Archbishop of York. It was a deeply spiritual discourse on the influence of the Holy Ghost as the Guide and Helper of the shepherds of Christ in His work. It was a sermon which made one long to steal away from the busy crowd to impress its truths upon the heart.

At the beautiful service held in Canterbury Cathedral on the 3d of July, preceded by an early service in the venerable Church of St. Martin, the address of welcome by the Archbishop of Canterbury was worthy the occasion. The archbishop's generous words at the close of the conference touched all hearts: "I am afraid that there have been times when your presiding officer has shown the spirit of a schoolmaster, but I assure you as he has listened to your earnest words, you have made him feel as though he were a boy in the sixth form."

At a garden party given on this occasion by Dean Farrar, to whom I am indebted for many acts of hospitality in the past, I had the pleasure of meeting many old friends. We were guests of Dr. and Mrs. Hodgson at the old palace occupied by King's School, of which Dr. Hodgson is head-master.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Talbot, with whom we spent a delightful ten days, I first met as Warden of Keble College, — a loyal son of the Church, alive to all the responsibilities of his office, he is worthy to be the bishop of the venerable see of Rochester. It was a great pleasure to meet here Lady Frederick Cavendish, the sister of our hostess, not only because her heart and hands are in all good work, but as the widow of the late Lord Cavendish, whose memory is cherished in America as the devoted friend of her institutions, and whose untimely death in Ireland produced a shock wherever pure manhood is honored.

At the 4th of July banquet given by the American Society in London, I was asked to respond to the toast, "the Presidents of the United States." There were present Ambassador Hay, General Miles, Mr. Henry White, Ex-Vice-President Stevenson, and other distinguished Americans. It is my impression that these social meetings in London grew out of the banquets which George Peabody gave to Americans in London at the annual recurrence of the national festivals. They are patriotic reunions which deepen the affection for their native land in the hearts of those who are temporarily absent from it.

I have given no account of the *personnel* of the Lambeth Conference as I could not do so without danger of omitting many most worthy of regard. Many of the foreign missionary bishops carried in their bodies the marks of the Lord Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER XXXVI

It is known that the discussions of the Lambeth Conference are held in private. The speeches which were made upon subjects which are burning questions were worthy of a council of bishops of the Church. Some of them were marked by great eloquence and power.

A proposition was made to establish for the whole Anglican Communion a Council of Advice of which the Archbishop of Canterbury should be the head. It has been my privilege to have the love and personal friendship of the four archbishops, the Most Rev. Drs. Longley, Tait, Benson, and Temple, for whom no one could have a greater admiration than I.

I opposed the establishment of such a council because I believe that national churches are the normal law of Church extension, and that in the past centralization of authority beyond national bounds has been full of mischief and has brought sorrow to the Church. In my sermon before the Lambeth Conference of 1888 I said: —

We meet as representatives of national churches, each with its own peculiar responsibilities to God for the souls entrusted to its care, each with all the rights of a national church to adapt itself to the varying conditions of human society, and each bound to preserve the order, the faith, the sacraments, and the worship of the Catholic Church for which it is a trustee.

In these words I voiced the sentiment of our late primate, Bishop Williams, who wrote me before my departure for the Lambeth Conference, expressing the hope that in all our deliberations nothing would be done to affect the prerogatives of national churches, affirming that in the past the greatest evils which have come to the Church have come through usurpation of the rights of national churches, and that it was more important that we should maintain our primitive and apostolic position because the Church of England was allied to the State.

When the proposition was introduced into the Lambeth Conference of 1888 by some of the colonial bishops to establish a Council of Advice, after consultation with the American bishops I said that as this question alone concerned colonial bishops of the Church of England it was not our wish to participate in the discussion. In the conference of 1897 the subject came up in a more definite shape. There were some differences of views between American bishops as to the course which should be pursued, and no action was taken on our part affecting the American Church. The same proposition for the creation of a consultative body was presented to the General Convention in Washington in 1898, in a letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury, and a joint committee of both Houses made a report "recognizing the need of such a consultative body by the colonial and missionary dioceses of the

Church of England. It also declared the fact that without any formal concordat, these two great English-speaking nations were plainly drawing nearer and nearer to each other in sympathy and the sense of common duty to the world. . . . But inasmuch as the suggestion emanates from a voluntary conference of bishops only, which neither claims nor asks recognition as an organic representative of the Church, the committee thinks that no action of this General Convention should be taken in regard to it, feeling that if the bishops of this Church desire any of their number to be members of this consultative body, they will undoubtedly arrange among themselves some method of accepting the courteous invitation of the Archbishop of Canterbury."

Some weeks before the death of our beloved primate, I addressed him a letter in which I recalled the views presented by me at the Lambeth Conference of 1888 and spoke of my fears that any approach to centralization, or even the establishment of an advisory council as proposed, would fetter our work in the United States. In reply to this I received from his secretary the following letter: —

MIDDLETOWN, CONN.,
December 29th, 1898.

My Dear Bishop: The Bishop requests me to say in regard to the matter about which you wrote, in his opinion you are entirely right in the views you express; if nothing else, the fact that the Church of England is under Parliament would prevent a free Church from entering into embarrassing relations. He sends yourself and Mrs. Whipple his love and best wishes for a Happy and Blessed New Year.

Very truly yours,

E. H. YOUNG, Sec.

RIGHT REV. H. B. WHIPPLE.

The late presiding bishop recognized, as I do, that there may be a necessity for such a council for the colonial bishops of the Church of England.

Every bishop has the right to seek the fraternal advice of any other bishop, and such advice has been and will be sought from brothers whenever the exigency demands. But to establish an authoritative Council of Advice implies that they who seek such advice shall be guided by it as the interpreter of the law of the Church. More than this, each national church has its own particular difficulties growing out of the sad divisions among Christian men, and under God it alone can solve these difficulties and heal these divisions. There is danger that this work may be hindered, if not prevented, by any appearance of the intervention of a foreign church against which unjust prejudices might be aroused.

There is, thank God, a growing recognition among all English-speaking Christians that they have a common mission in evangelizing the world. But until the race of jingoes shall have perished from the earth, I believe that an intervention of one national church in the affairs of another will certainly bring sorrow. I am sure that the influence of the Lambeth Conferences has been most helpful in all Christian work, in the defence of the faith and in the promotion of Christian unity. But I question whether the Church in the United States will ever be represented in a Lambeth Conference after the creation of such an authoritative council. Certainly not unless against the protest of the laity of our branch of the Church.

It was a matter of devout thankfulness that among the subjects presented to the Lambeth Conference for discussion were practical questions which underlie the welfare and existence of human society, such as purity, temperance, socialism, and the relations of capital and labor. The deepest sympathy for men of toil was exhibited by the speakers, and the truth was emphasized that these questions which were perplexing men's minds can be and will be solved by the teaching of Jesus Christ.

No one could have listened to the discussions of the conference without feeling that the Church is awakening to her grave responsibilities and to the fact that she has been placed in the world to represent her Master and to do the work which He did. The archbishop in burning words said in his speech on Foreign Missions that "the Church was not yet awake, that her ears were deaf to the cry of millions in heathen darkness, that the Church only exists to be a missionary Church, and that when this duty is neglected, spiritual death comes."

I missed from the conference dear and familiar faces; among them the Most Rev. Dr. Benson, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, one of the ripest scholars who has graced that see and one of the gentlest and most loving brothers. At his request I wrote a sermon in behalf of the archbishops' mission to the Assyrian Christians. I know of no act of an Archbishop of Canterbury which has brought greater blessings to the Church than his decision in the trial of the Rt. Rev. Dr. King, Bishop of Lincoln. His life of Cyprian will always be one of the most valuable histories of our time.

Another missing face was that of Archbishop Magee, who sat next me in all the sittings of the Lambeth Conference of 1888. He was the foremost of preachers, using no notes and clothing his thoughts in words which always went straight to his listeners' hearts. There have been few men in the Church of England who have had a deeper realization of the problems which the Church has to solve. He was a charming conversationalist, and wise and witty sayings fell from his lips with the spontaneity of a bubbling spring.

Archbishop Thompson of York, who preached the closing sermon of the conference of 1888, was a remarkable platform speaker, ever welcome at the meetings of the Church Congress, and one of the rare men whose words always contained the germ of a great truth. On one occasion just before he rose to speak, a laboring man said to a companion: —

"Let us go now."

"Na, na," was the reply. "I waits for his Lordship; he allus tells me some 'at I can take awa wi' me."

Another vacant place was that of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham, who was perhaps the greatest Biblical scholar in England. He has silenced many of the sceptical objections to revealed religion which have been so widespread in our day. I was his guest at Auckland Castle at the time of the opening service of its beautiful chapel after the wonderful restoration which he accomplished. During a visit to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Baring, Bishop of Durham, in 1864, I officiated with him in this chapel when its walls were grim with the wear of centuries, at the marriage of Miss Anna Minturn and the Rev. Mr. Quick.

The present Bishop of Durham, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Westcott, owing to illness was absent from the conference, greatly to the sorrow of his brethren. He has been to me a much loved friend and his writings and personal letters are a priceless possession. Bishop Westcott has taken a very deep interest in the laboring and mining population of his diocese. In one of the fiercest strikes in the north of England both employers and employees accepted Bishop Westcott as an arbitrator, and the just terms of his decision were approved by both parties.

A wonderful tribute is paid to Bishop Lightfoot in the following letters from Bishop Westcott and Dr. Searle of Cambridge.

AUCKLAND CASTLE, BISHOP AUCKLAND.
August 23d.

My dear Brother: What can I say that does not altogether fall short of what I feel! . . . Even in a very humble way I feel here how those whom we do not see are chief powers in our life. In the few weeks in which I have been allowed to work I can feel how to me and to others Bishop Lightfoot is the great present power. We all recognize him, and hear his voice, and perceive his guidance, and know that now the influence is freed from every earthly admixture. The truth was forced upon me last week when it was my duty to consecrate the Church of St. Columba, a duty which he was eagerly looking forward to, so that on his last journey to Bournemouth he took with him all the literature to prepare his sermon; and it fell to me to preach as at the twin Church of St. Ignatius, not quite a year ago, when we were full of thanksgiving for his restoration. . . . You will be constantly in our thoughts, and we are glad that you know the home that is lent to us. Perhaps you may even see us in it. It is a great thing that every one must feel that the Chapel is the heart of it. Such memories are a marvellous inheritance to be used for the whole Church, and I think that they can be used. . . .

With most grateful and affectionate remembrances,

Ever yours,

B. F. Duneln.

Robin Hood's Bay, August 25, 1897.

My dear Bishop: One word only of farewell and thanks. The sermon I had read before, but I was very glad to have a copy from yourself. The All Saints address was new. I have read it with deep interest. How utterly unable we are to give form to the unseen, and how silent Scripture is when we consider the curiosity of man. I often think that the revelation which will meet our opened eyes is the reality of the ineffable fellowship "in Christ," a new type of life, in which the members consciously enjoy the life of the whole body through its Head. What visions open out from Eph. iii. 21, with the true reading R.V.

Though it is a great disappointment to us not to have the pleasure of seeing you here, I cannot wonder that you have found it impossible to fit in the visit. I am glad that I was fortunate enough to meet you at St. Paul's. Still I had hoped yet once more to hear something of your work, which seemed to bring me nearer to the unseen world than anything else that I have ever known.

May the manifold blessings which you have experienced still follow you.

Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. Duneln.

The Right Reverend, The Bishop of Minnesota.

PEMBROKE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
December 27th, 1889.

My dear Bishop: Your sermon preached before the General Convention in October of the present year I have read with great interest and profit; many of the names of the Churchmen of olden days were new to me. I thank you again my dear Bishop, for the many noble ideas your sermon contains.

But I am writing to you on a sad day, for your Church being one with ours, will call Bishop Lightfoot your own, and to-day this greatest of prelates is being laid to rest after labors for the Church which no one has equalled. He will be buried in Auckland Chapel. I naturally should have been there . . . . and this has kept me at home and given me opportunity to look over many of the dear Bishop's letters and recall my last visit to Auckland. It was in August of last year, just after the visit of the Bishops to him in which he took the intensest interest, though really very ill. In the first week of August I was there and heard about you, and recollect how proud he was of the beautiful service books which the American bishops had given to the Chapel, in which all your names were written.

You must connect his death with the Pan-Anglican gathering, as you see he himself has done in the address which he last gave in October of this year. No Bishop of our Church had a larger heart for his brethren in foreign parts, and could stir us up with equal power to our duty in regard to foreign missions. I am told that there will be published, at least so it is hoped, not only some Commentaries on the Acts and Thessalonians, but some of the sermons, charges, and addresses.

I saw him last at Easter at Bournemouth, when he was convalescent, and as you know he seemed to have really recovered; and during the last half of this year he did a very great deal of study as well as active work, too active some of us thought, in the Diocese.

There will be a service this afternoon at Trinity for those who have not been able to get away. . . .

In bringing my letter to a close I must say that I often think of you and show your photograph to my friends. . . .

Mrs. Searle joins me in every good wish for the New Year, and I remain,

With affectionate regards, yours most truly,

C. E. Searle.

My last meeting with the Rt. Rev. William Walsham How, the beloved Bishop of Wakefield, was at the People's Palace in London, where with others I had been invited by the Bishop of Stepney to deliver an address, in which I referred to a mission which I had attended years before in East London where Bishop How, then Bishop of East London, preached the sermon.

Recalling the bishop's text, "They besought him to depart out of their coasts," I described the congregation gathered from the slums who hung breathlessly upon his story of the Saviour's love. I shall never forget his face as with tears in his eyes he thanked me for my tribute of love. A few days later he had entered into rest, and I was one of thousands who sorrowed that we "shall see his face no more."

At the invitation of the Bishop of Rochester I delivered a missionary sermon in the Cathedral Church of St. Saviour, Southwalk, London, the collegiate church of William of Wyckham, Launcelot Andrews, and other great bishops of Rochester. It was a most impressive service, at which one hundred and twenty-five bishops were present.

The Church of St. Saviour is full of memories. It was in the Ladye Chapel that Bishop Gardner held court and condemned to be burned at the stake Bishop Farrar of Worcester, the Bishop of St. David's, John Rogers, and four priests. A window placed in the church in memory of John Bunyan, the nonconformist, who preached in the streets near by, is a sign of the happier times in which we are living.

We spent a pleasant week with Sir Richard Webster, the Attorney-General of England, who is one of her foremost laymen in loyalty to Church and in service to country.

Farnham Castle, the home of my dear friend the Bishop of Winchester, was another resting-place doubly dear to me as the scene of many happy days with Bishop Thorold and Bishop Harold Browne.

At Rochampton I preached in the Parish Church in which at my last visit I administered the Holy Communion to Mr. Junius S. Morgan and Mr. Alexander Duncan, two dear friends who gave me such blessed help in the early days of my schools and who are now in Paradise.

On the second day of August the closing services of the Lambeth Conference took place at St. Paul's Cathedral. The sermon was preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury and was a stirring presentation of the mission of the Church. The archbishop was assisted in the celebration of the Holy Communion by the Archbishop of York and by the Bishop of London and myself. It was a sweet and solemn service; and as we knelt to receive the Blessed Sacrament, our souls were full of gratitude to God for the spirit of love which pervaded all hearts, and which would make memorable the fourth Lambeth Conference.

In August we went into Scotland. Upon meeting my beloved friend, the Rev. James Macgregor, whose praise is in all the churches, he exclaimed, with his loving and characteristic hospitality, "You will promise to come and be my guests while you are in Edinburgh, or I will denounce you from every pulpit in Scotland." Of this dear servant of Christ whom I have known and loved for many years the Duke of Argyll said, "The mantle of Guthrie has fallen upon him." Whether in public addresses or private conversation he has a marvellous power of drawing all men to him. A few days before our arrival in Edinburgh a dinner was given in honor of the King of Siam, at which Dr. Macgregor, who was one of the guests, was asked by the king the secret of England's greatness; he replied: "You see here twenty of Scotland's most distinguished men. If you could look deep into the heart of each one you would find there a great love for Jesus Christ. You can keep all the good you can get from Buddha, but when you get the heart of Jesus Christ to put on top of it you will have found the secret of England's greatness."

The following letters reveal his loving heart: —

INVERARAY CASTLE, 9th Jan., '91.

My dear Bishop: I heard of your welfare to-day from the Duke of Argyll, who also gave me your address and so enabling me to fulfil a long-cherished intention of writing to you.

First of all I must express my deep sympathy in the great distress which I know must be caused you by this wholesale massacre of your beloved Indians when you, their Bishop, are far away from them. There will, no doubt, as in most quarrels, be faults on both sides; and there is just as little doubt that the Indians will be the sufferers. This war will, I fear, much hasten their final disappearance from the face of the earth.

What I principally have in mind in writing you is to ask you to visit Edinburgh if possible during part of the sitting of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland to which I have been nominated Moderator.

I should like you before your return to witness the meeting and parting ceremonial and to be present at some of the debates, and specially to be present at the closing address and at the Moderator's dinner, when you might give us a few words. I am in hopes that our common friend the Bishop Designate of Rochester may be able to be present.

The Assembly meets on the 20th of May and closes on Monday, 1st of June. God bless you.

Your aff. friend,

JAMES MACGREGOR.

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11 CUMIN PLACE GRANGE, EDINBURGH,
21st Feb. '91.

My dear Bishop: I was delighted to get your kind letter this morning written from beautiful Constantinople where I spent some days in 1861, and to hear the joyful news that you are coming to our Assembly. You will get a royal welcome from us all, and your visit will do us a world of good. We want to get closer to one another. When I see the frightful evils around us on every side — the rush of our best toward materialism — it breaks my heart to think that we who are all one in Christian hopes should be so far apart.

As I write I have before me in the address of the present Moderator, my dear friend D. A. H. R. Boyd, the beautiful words you wrote to him about the meeting of the ten American Presbyterian Divines and the ten Bishops and Clergy of your Church. All I can say is — *O si sic omne!*

You must give us as much of your time as possible.

God bless you and bring you safe back again.

Your aff. friend,

JAMES MACGREGOR.

CHAPTER XXXVII

We had ideal weather and a smooth sea for the beautiful trip from Oban to Iona, where we were met at the island by the Rt. Rev. J. R. A. Chinnery Haldane, Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, one of the fathers of the Cowley Mission, and a grandson of the Duke of Argyll, to whom the island belongs and to whose interest in its historical remains is due their preservation. The wild and picturesque island must be of peculiar interest to Christian hearts as having been the abode of St. Columba, the apostle of Scotland, whose mission resulted in the spread of Christianity throughout Scotland and the neighboring islands, and who died the year that Augustine landed in Kent. It was a true prophecy of St. Columba, that this island, the scene of his labors, would become the burying place of kings, and be visited by pilgrims from many lands; for here kings were interred as late as 1040 A.D., the last one, I believe, having been Duncan of Macbeth fame.

Of some three hundred or more crosses which stood on the island before the Reformation, only two or three remain. The mention of these crosses recalls the Tennyson Memorial at Freshwater, on the Isle of Wight, which was unveiled by the Dean of Westminster in August of 1897, upon which occasion I was asked to be present and to preach the sermon on the following Sunday in the parish church of the poet. The beautiful Iona cross of Cornish granite stands on the summit of the rugged downs which Tennyson loved, a beacon to sailors, and a memorial of the love of the poet's friends in England and America. After a short and impressive service by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord and Lady Tennyson gave Mrs. Whipple and me a charming welcome at Farringford, which breathes in its peaceful atmosphere the presence of that great soul who there lived and worked and, passing on, left to the world a precious heritage. Dean Bradley, who was one of the personal friends of the poet, entertained us by reminiscences of his life and sayings.

The following letter from Lord Tennyson voices the spirit of his father "who being dead speaketh": —

FARRINGFORD, FRESHWATER, I. W.
Feb. 13th, 1899.

My dear Bishop: These new evidences of friendship between England and America are indeed glorious. The Anglo-Saxon League is within the sphere of practical politics, and when that is consummated there will be in existence the greatest factor yet known toward Christianity, peace and prosperity of the world.

The Queen has just appointed me Governor of South Australia — a territory more than twice the size of France and Germany put together. Think of me sometimes there. I have accepted the office as a work of patriotism because I think I can help in Federation of Australia. It is a great wrench, and I hate leaving my father's beautiful homes — but duty clearly calls.

In kindest remembrance,
Yours ever,
TENNYSON.

We were fortunate in having the perfection of Scottish weather in the Highlands, made up of equal parts of sunshine, shower, and silver mist. While at Inveraray I had hoped to take a salmon from the laughing waters as a tonic for my autumn work. My fisherman's heart leaped at the thought of my favorite recreation when Lord George Campbell kindly gave me the privilege of the salmon fishing. But the weather was unusually cold for the season, and when I learned that for several days five rods had taken only one small grilse, I resisted the temptation, having no desire to injure my apostolic character as a fisherman.

My first acquaintance with the Duke of Argyll, who is beloved and honored by scholars everywhere, was through his daughter, Lady Mary Glyn. His "Reign of Law," interestingly alluded to in the following letter, is one of the most helpful books to bewildered men that has appeared in this century.

INVERARAY, Nov. 23rd, 1890.

Dear Bishop : My daughter, Mary Glyn, has sent me a most kind message from you, for which I desire to thank you. I was very sorry indeed not to meet you when you were in London, — all the more, as I was for a few minutes in the same room with you at the reception given by our excellent and charming friend, Mrs. Phelps, on the 4th of July. But the crowd was so great that I was unable to see you.

It is always a great gratification to me when I hear that any of my books have been of use to people in the New World, and any testimony to that effect from you is doubly valuable.

The "difficulties" which beset belief take different forms at different times in the world's history; and it was not without personal knowledge that I addressed myself to the idea of blind "Law" being the supreme agency in the universe, because I knew that this conception was firmly seated in many most highly educated and intellectual natures, to such an extent that Prayer was considered an absurdity. . . .

I have to thank you for having kindly sent to me a copy of your address dated June 22d which I have read with the greatest interest and pleasure. I wish your spirit of liberality and common sense, as well as of Christian love, reigned in all hearts and heads as it reigns in yours! . . .

We have lately lost the late Bishop of St. Albans, and a terrible loss he is to his family. I heard him speak very warmly of you when he met you in London.

I am, Dear Bishop Whipple,
Yours very sincerely,
ARGYLL.

While staying at Cromer with my friend Mrs. Locker-Lampson, the widow of Frederick Locker the poet, whom I loved, I recall a pleasant visit to Lady Catherine Buxton, the names of whose family are so intertwined with missions. Lady Buxton, who is the daughter of the great emancipator Gurney, and niece of Elizabeth Frye, with whom she spent her girlhood and whose name is cherished wherever the cause of suffering humanity is dear, has preserved the traditions of her family in her personal devotion to the brown and black races.

An interesting incident occurred at Cromer in connection with a missionary address which I made in the parish church, in which I mentioned the fact that the chaplain of Sir Martin Frobisher, Admiral in the English Navy, held the first recorded service in America in the Bay of Newfoundland. The following morning the wife and daughter of the only lineal descendant of Sir Martin Frobisher came to tell me that by chance they had found themselves in Cromer for a few days, and having been present at my morning address learned the interesting fact connected with their ancestor, for the first time. They were living on the property given to Sir Martin Frobisher by Queen Elizabeth on his return to England from the above-mentioned visit to America in 1583.

I must here pay a tribute to my old friend, Sir Curtis Lampson, who was one of the most remarkable Americans I have ever known, and who was a tower of strength in the dark days of our Civil War. He was vice-president and manager of the Hudson Bay Fur Company, and we were first drawn together from a common interest in the North American Indians. It was for his valuable service connected with the laying of the Atlantic cable that the Queen conferred a baronetcy upon him.

Two incidents will give an idea of the man's character. After the failure of the first Atlantic cable, its friends proposed a dinner at which there should be presented facts showing the feasibility of laying a new cable. A friend came to see Sir Curtis Lampson and said: —

"I met —— of the Confederate Navy to-day, and invited him to be present at our dinner."

"I am sorry," was the quiet reply, "for it deprives me of the privilege of being present."

"But," said his friend, "you are the only man that can make the financial statement. I will see —— and withdraw my invitation on the ground of the large number which have already been issued."

"No," answered Sir Curtis, "tell him the truth, that Curtis Lampson, an American citizen, has not set foot on his native soil for twenty-eight years, but he has not forgotten his love of country so far as to sit at table with a man educated by his country, who violates the oath of allegiance by entering the service of the Confederate states, and is in London to promote their interests, which means the ruin of my country."

He warned Lord John Russell, who was his friend, that if England built piratical cruisers for the South she would pay for all the damages which these cruisers inflicted on the commerce of the United States. At that period the United States had very few friends in England, and our bonds were sold at a less price than the Confederates'. An acquaintance of Sir Curtis Lampson, on his departure for India, sold a large number of United States bonds, and, investing the money in Confederate bonds, asked my friend to deposit them in his vault. On his return after the Civil War he went to Sir Curtis, and said: —

"I know, of course, that I have ruined myself by my foolish investment."

Sir Curtis left the room, and in a few minutes returned with a package which he held out, saying, "I did not mean to have you ruined, and after you sailed I took the responsibility and sold your Confederates, and bought United States bonds, which you will find here."

On an early visit to England I met Dr. Sir Henry Ackland, Fellow of the Royal Society, and Physician to the Prince of Wales. He was one of the most interesting men in Oxford, and I was under many obligations to him for his rare hospitality. The winter following our first meeting he visited me at Mentone. I remember in one of our conversations he stated some of the objections which a class of scientific men were making against revealed religion, and asked me how I would answer them. I said:—

"I am not a scientific man, but I will ask you a question. Do you not, in your investigations, frequently come to places where you are obliged to bridge a gulf by an hypothesis?"

"Certainly," he replied, "all scientific men know that."

"Then," I continued, "if the poorest charwoman in England, who believes in a personal God revealed in the gospel as our Heavenly Father, has an hypothesis which lifts her over the difficulties that beset her, why is it not the best hypothesis for the greatest scholar?"

"That is capital," he responded. "I shall develop this line of argument in a lecture."

Some months later he sent me a beautiful essay setting forth the thought that the key to all mysteries was the existence of a personal God, and that belief in Him was a necessity of thought.

NICE, January 28th, 1870.

My dear Bishop: I cannot tell you the pleasure which my visit to Mentone gave me, and the instructive words which you were so good to express to me left an impression of pleasure such as cannot be effaced. I must add your great kindness and that of Mrs. Davis quite shamed me. I think you forgave me for bringing the two boys — it was so great a treat for them, and they were (being very intelligent) so pleased to be taken and to be allowed to see you that I could not avoid it.

Mr. Lee called at my hotel yesterday, and alas! the concierge was not sharp enough to say that I was all day always *next door* with my daughter, only going to the Hotel to sleep. At midnight I got his card and went early this morning to his Hotel, but he was out. I am sorry. I leave for England in a couple of hours. My daughter was, I need not say, amazed at the splendor of her bouquet, as was I. For in our cloudy climate such a sight was never seen. She sincerely hopes you may some day be able to see her if you come to Nice. She is young, but would get much pleasure and advantage too in your conversation.

Will you, if you think of it, show her the copy of the letter of the Widow Chief.

I am, my dear Bishop, most faithfully and respectfully yrs,

H. N. ACKLAND.

The following letter shows the faith of a great mind: —

OXFORD, April 30th, 1899.

My dearest and kindest friend, Bishop of Minnesota: I have read this morning the report on the education of the negroes which you gave me. What problems of mankind are ever before you, physical, spiritual, and social! I have a feeling that these are all at their highest in the United States. I often feel that had I not been sent with the Prince of Wales in 1860 to Canada and the States, a great part of such education on "Man as he is," would not have been given me. . . .

However important all Public Health administration may be, it is certain that the Life of the Gospel is the Way and the Truth for man, wherever he be and howsoever he came.

The clever manner in which you spoke to me of the true relation of the Supreme Being as father to man, and of man to the Father and Creator of all things visible and invisible, states the whole relation, in a few words, of Science, so-called, to Spiritual truth and our Blessed Lord.

I have read and reread your address on All Saints Day. I am right glad that you have set forth the range of profound religious thought such as is in this address, and such as you touched on so impressively when you were good enough to speak to me in my room. I am most thankful that you are about to publish a record of your life-work. It will be invaluable in many ways throughout the whole Church Catholic, and at a time of such unhappy discussions and angry differences as have been carried on in the public papers by members of the Church, Clerical and Lay, during the past year.

I have sent you a parcel containing three small volumes in a certain way of more than local interest. One by my eldest brother on Knowledge, Duty, Faith.

The second, a memoir of one whom you will remember. The third, an old sketch of the organization of the Oxford Museum for Scientific Education, chiefly on account of some remarkable letters from Ruskin. But as to the Museum as it now is, I shall hope to send you by and by a remarkable fact in relation to Keble College and the Bishop of Rochester, its first warden. I am so glad that you and the Bishop of Rochester know and love each other.

O, I wish I could see you again.

May I send my most grateful respects and remembrances to Lady Ashburton for Auld Lang Syne.

With my duty and respects to Mrs. Whipple, I am;
My dear Bishop of Minnesota,
Gratefully and affectionately yours,
HENRY N. ACKLAND.

While a guest of that most charming of hosts, Sir Henry Holland, I recall a breakfast of especial interest when Lord Houghton, Ranke the historian, Lord Salisbury, George Lewes, and several other interesting men were present. It was my misfortune that some of the guests were so much interested in my work in the New West, that they would ply me with questions when I preferred to listen to the men of world-wide reputation. I was asked by Lewes what I thought of Maurice's last book. I said that Maurice's love for humanity and belief in the Fatherhood of God as revealed in Jesus Christ was worthy of the highest approval, but that I was obliged to confess that I could not follow some of his nebulous philosophy. It seemed to amuse Mr. Lewes greatly, and he exclaimed: —

"That is good. I am delighted, and I shall tell Maurice when I breakfast with him to-morrow."

It is a pleasant memory that years after this, when preaching in St. Paul's Church, Rome, upon the infinite love and hopefulness of our Heavenly Father as revealed in Jesus Christ, I noticed a man in the congregation who seemed deeply impressed, and frequently wiped the tears from his cheeks. As he looked up I recognized Lord Houghton.

The following day, at a lunch given to me by Mr. W. W. Story, I found among other distinguished guests, Lord Houghton. He told me how deeply he had been moved by my sermon, and exclaimed with emotion, "It was a sweet and blessed truth!" He followed me into the ante-room, upon my departure, and asked for my blessing, which I gave with a full heart. It was our last meeting.

Sir Henry Holland's marvellous experience and keen memory made his reminiscences a delight to his friends. He published some of them for private circulation and kindly sent me a copy. By his study fire I have listened by the hour to his rare stories, many of them of the sparkling wit of Sydney Smith, his father-in-law. He was the soul of punctuality, and when he invited his friends to a nine o'clock breakfast he would say, "*Nine means nine,*" and at the stroke of the hour he sat down to the table whether his guests had arrived or not. His conversations were a panorama of history.

As we were looking over his books he would take down one after another of the rare volumes, giving a brief statement as to how it came into his possession as: "This was Canning's Virgil; he gave it to me on his death-bed." Or, "I was consulting physician to Sir Walter Scott, and he gave me this copy of his works." And so on, until we were surrounded by old friends.

He turned to my daughter who was with me, one evening, and asked: "Nellie, are you fond of dancing? Then let me tell you of an episode which happened when I was a member of Queen Caroline's suite. A ball was given in the Queen's honor by the King of Italy, Murat. He was her partner, and I was in the adjoining set. A message was suddenly brought to the King, upon which he excused himself to the Queen, saying that it was a matter of state business. He did not return to the ball, and the next morning we learned that the message which had come to him informed him that Napoleon had escaped from Elba.

"One day," he continued, "I was dining at Holland House and an urgent message to visit a sick man miles away was brought to me. I drove as quickly as I could to a dingy part of the town, and in the third story of a very shabby house I found an emaciated Frenchman lying very ill, and kneeling by his side a beautiful woman bathed in tears. The Frenchman, Nellie, was Louis Napoleon, and the weeping woman was his mother, Queen Hortense."

Sir Henry Holland had visited almost every part of the world. He was a warm friend of America, and during the Civil War was a great assistance to the Commission which President Lincoln sent to England to show the English people the true character of the struggle for national existence.

The Rev. Henry Caswell of Filedean, at whose hospitable home I spent a delightful week, came to America and was ordained by Bishop Chase of Ohio. Mr. Caswell, feeling it a wrong to a sister Church that England did not allow any one to officiate who had been ordained by bishops of the American Church, believed that if he were to receive ordination by an American bishop that it would lead to a recognition by Parliament of American Orders. And so it proved, for on his return to England his Orders were recognized by the Government, and he received a living.

While in America he had an interview with Joseph Smith, the prophet and founder of the Mormons at Nauvoo, to whom he showed a Hebrew manuscript written on vellum, asking him if he could read it. In the presence of the elders Smith put the sacred stone which he called Urim and Thummim into a hat and after some thought proceeded to translate the manuscript, reading from left to right. Mr. Caswell remarked quietly: —

"This manuscript is read by scholars from right to left, and they say that it is written in Hebrew."

The prophet was enraged, and the excitement became so general that Mr. Caswell was advised to leave Nauvoo by the steamer then at the dock.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE General Convention of the Church in 1898 met in Washington. The opening sermon preached by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Tuttle of Missouri was a missionary sermon full of apostolic zeal and catholic spirit.

It was a gratification that the General Convention passed a canon ratifying the action of the diocese of Minnesota in permitting Swedish congregations to use the liturgy of the National Church of Sweden.

To many of the bishops it was a disappointment that a more stringent canon on divorce was not passed. It is a burning question which touches all that is sacred to home and nation. The lax laws of state legislatures in legalizing the sundering of the marriage vow contrary to the law of God has created a public conscience and has brought in its train shameless desecration of that holy ordinance which God gave in the time of man's innocency and which was hallowed by the presence of Christ at the wedding of Cana in Galilee.

The discussions in the House of Bishops and in the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies must prove of great benefit in calling attention to this crying evil, and I believe that the time will soon come when the Church will place her legislation on the immutable law of God.

Many of the evils which vex the Church of England have been avoided by the Church in America, in that the laity of the Church have their true position in all legislation, and they have been the conservative element in the history of the Church.

A beautiful service was held at the unveiling of the Peace Cross, on the site of the future Cathedral of Washington, on which occasion the President of the United States was present and delivered an address.

Four missionary bishops were elected, and the Rev. Dr. Kinsolving was elected for the infant Church of Brazil. Few missions have been more blessed than those of the American Church Missionary Society in Brazil. Multitudes of the normal adherents of the Roman Catholic Church were living in open irreligion and even denying the faith of their Church. The success of this mission, the zeal of the clergy, and the devotion of its laymen made it necessary to give them the oversight of a bishop, and we had no question that the time had arrived when loyalty to Christ demanded that we should consecrate a bishop for them.

In 1875 some of the wisest bishops of our Church gave their support at the request of the House of Bishops to the establishment of a mission in Mexico, and the Rev. Dr. Riley was elected and consecrated Bishop of Mexico. Serious difficulties arose which affected this work and the honor of the Church in the United States. In 1883 the House of Bishops appointed Bishop McLaren of Illinois, Bishop Dudley of Kentucky, and myself a commission to visit Mexico to procure some peaceful settlement of the difficulties existing in that branch of the Church. After full consultation, it was decided that it was not advisable to visit Mexico. Feeling the deep importance of the settlement of the difficulties, I wrote Bishop Riley the following fraternal letter:-

FARIBAULT, MINN.,
Dec. 17th, 1883.

My dear Brother: I had expected to leave, with the Bishop of Illinois and the Bishop of Kentucky, for Mexico, on January first, but after a full conference we have decided not to go, — into the reasons, I need not enter.

I write you as a brother who loves the Saviour, and to whom it would be a lifelong sorrow if harm were to come to the work so dear to his heart.

Circumstances have arisen which seem to make it necessary to hold in abeyance the present plan of establishing a National Church in Mexico, and to carry on the work as a mission of our own Church. The expectations of yourself and the Mexican Commission as to the adoption of a liturgy and order for the administration of sacraments have not been fulfilled. Grave dangers threaten the work, — dangers which touch upon all which we hold dear. Added to this are the lack of funds to prosecute the work in Mexico, and the decrease in all gifts for missions.

I know your loving heart, and write to ask if it will not be better for you, for the Church in Mexico, and for the future of this work for which you have done so much, to place your resignation in the hands of the bishops, and retire from the work. It will be a magnanimous act worthy of one who loves Christ and His Church more than all things else.

I have no right to dictate to you, but I felt that, without consultation with others, I might write as a brother.

May God guide you, is the prayer of

Your friend and brother,

H. B. WHIPPLE.

THE RT. REV. H. RILEY, D.D.

Bishop Riley resigned, and the mission was placed under the care of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions, and its immediate oversight committed by the Presiding Bishop to the Rev. Dr. Henry Forrester, under whose care it has been much blessed. Mexico is awakening to a new life, and there is a great work to be done for her people by the Church.

In the winter of 1898 the Church Missionary Society of England invited me to deliver an address at their Centenary, in April, 1899, as the representative of the American Church. The invitation was seconded by the managers of our Foreign and Domestic Missionary Society. It was an occasion of the deepest interest; missions from every quarter of the globe were represented; archbishops, bishops, statesmen, ex-governors of foreign colonies, and delegates from other missionary societies were present, their speeches all revealing that their hope for the children of a ruined world was in Jesus Christ, and ringing with the story of the triumphs of the Church.

The address of the Archbishop of Canterbury glowed with his passionate love for missions. He dwelt upon the necessity of convincing men that the carrying forward of the gospel message was an essential part of Christian life.

The Earl of Northbrook, Ex-Viceroy of India, gave a marvellous record of the increase of Christianity in India, stating that between the years 1851 and 1890 Christian congregations had increased from two hundred and fifty to five thousand; and individual Christians from ninety thousand to six hundred and seventy thousand.

Lord Cranborne, M.P., eldest son of the Prime Minister, made a most earnest speech in behalf of aggressive missionary work. He called forth a storm of applause by saying that whatever might be done in heathen lands in the way of founding secular colleges, unless the definite teachings of Christianity were carried with the institutions, nothing real could be accomplished.

The closing speech of the Rev. H. E. Fox, the beloved secretary of the Society, was a noble plea in which he spoke of the wrong of destroying a religion and giving no religion to fill the empty place, as in India and Africa where Western civilization is making it impossible for the natives to believe in their own religion.

My Centenary address on Christian Unity and the Extension of Missions was warmly received, and the vast audience paid a graceful tribute to the Sister Church in America by rising to receive her representative.

At a breakfast given at the Castle and Falcon Hotel, the birthplace of the Society, I had the pleasure of meeting Archdeacon MacDonald of the Yukon, whom I had not seen for thirty years and whose work has been crowned with success.

It is impossible to estimate the splendid impetus which is given to missionary workers by these meetings where facts and figures tell of God's blessing.

During the few weeks of our stay in London, where we were the guests of our beloved friend Lady Ashburton, whose home has more than once been to me a haven of rest and refreshment, I delivered many sermons and addresses. The University of Oxford conferred upon me an honorary degree. Lady Ashburton is an evangelical of the best school, always busy in noble works. She might well be called the patron saint of dockmen, for whom she has done such blessed work, among other benefactions having built them a church which she lovingly supports. Her pity for suffering humanity breathes in this letter:—

KENT HOUSE, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S. W.,
Tuesday, December, 1889.

My dear friend: I was grieved on my return home very late last night to find your precious note. Last night makes me feel England, not dazzling Egypt, ought to be my winter home. I wish you had seen the loving welcome the many hundreds of my *poor* brothers and sisters gave me on this my return from Scotland, and joined in the sweet and blessed Communion we all had in prayer and praise — it was a little thank-offering ceremony (quite unexpected by me) in which the dear people gave me a beautiful large Bible for my Victorian Dock Mission Hall (opened now four years since), and we had some lovely thoughts from friends, and sweet prayers of thankfulness. I really feel I cannot leave my poor friends if I can be of *any* help or comfort to them during the long dreary sunless winter. I shall ask God's guidance more in this matter and will write you, but I do not think anything but illness would keep me from them. I thank God I have had the dear privilege of meeting you — remember me sometimes at God's throne, that I may be guided right in all things. Thanks for your friendship which is very precious. May I send my hearty love to your daughter and a blessed sojourn in dear Egypt. I hope strength will be given me for work.

I put you into God's tender keeping.

Yours with gratitude,

L. Ashburton.

It was at Lady Ashburton's house years ago that I first met Mr. Edward Clifford, the author of the life of Father Damien. When he visited that sainted man on the leper island of Molokai he received from Archbishop Magee the parting words, "Give Father Damien my love and tell him that an English bishop always remembers him in prayer."

In May I returned to my diocese. The celebration of the fortieth year of my election to the Episcopate occurred on June 7, when the Diocesan Council met in the Cathedral at Faribault.

There was a large representation of clergy and laity. Several of the Indian clergy from the Chippewa country were present and also some of the faithful laymen of the Sioux, among whom was the venerable warden of the Birch Coulee Mission, Good Thunder.

A beautiful illuminated address expressing their loyal affection was presented me by the clergy of my diocese, which was read by the Rev. J. J. Faudé, one of the most faithful of my clergy.

In writing these reminiscences, it has been impossible to keep personality in the background. No one could be more sensible of the overmuch praise which has been given me. The success which our Heavenly Father has permitted me to see is His gift. I have tried to give Him the will, and His love has raised up friends to help in the work.

In reviewing the past, forms and faces come to me of the men and women who, through these many years, have given me their support in every venture I have made for Christ and His Church.

In dark days, when the way was overshadowed, faith and prayer always showed the silver lining to the cloud and nerved me to work and wait for the result to come in God's good time.

At a period of great financial depression, when our treasury was empty and the outlook forbidding, I was sitting in my study, weary of heart, wondering how the difficulties could be met, when my dear brother, the Rev. E. S. Thomas, came in. I saw by his face that he had come to tell me that the school work must be given up. I sprang to my feet, and grasping him by the hand said: —

"Thomas, do not tell me a word about it. Let us pray."

Side by side we knelt and poured out our hearts to God. We rose from our knees, and without speaking Thomas put his arms around my neck, kissed me, and went out. That was the nearest approach to failure which ever came to our work.

No words can describe the terror and foreboding which came to the bravest hearts, when, in the dark hours of the Sioux massacre, every hour brought some new tale of the horror of Indian warfare. And when, believing that Enmegahbowh and the other missionaries were murdered, my dear Breck said from the chancel, that Indian missions were a failure, it came to me as the last drop in the cup of anguish. I came forward and said to the people: —

"Our Indian missions *cannot* be a failure, for if our missionaries are murdered, my young diocese will have the honor of writing in its history the names of martyrs for Christ!"

I could say no more. With a heart of lead I sat in my study a few hours later when brave Manney came in to see me. With tears of agony I said: —

"Manney, it is *not* failure! We must not give up hope!"

"You are right, Bishop," came the quiet answer, "there is no failure! All we have to do is to sow the seed; you have done that, and in His own good time God will permit you to see the harvest."

There is nothing which brings more joy to my heart than the light which is dawning on the future of the Indian race. The heart of the American people has been awakened to the wrongs of the past and present, and hands are outstretched to undo the sins of the fathers.

The Indian Commissioner stated in his report for the year 1897 that there were 38,681 Indians who could read, 25,744 who lived in houses, 23,000 children in school, 23,574 communicants of churches, 348,218 acres of land cultivated by Indians. One million, seven hundred and sixteen thousand, nine hundred and eighteen bushels of grain were raised by Indians, and the value of the products sold by them was $1,033,047. There were 268 more births than deaths.

While it is true that the difference between our Indian affairs now and forty years ago is as between midnight and morning, it is but the beginning. But God's spirit is moving over the darkness, and "they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death have seen a great Light."

My readers may think me an optimist, but a Christian has no right to be anything else. This is God's world, not the devil's. It is ruled by One who is "the Lord our Righteousness," "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

In my childhood it was no disgrace for men of the highest social position to drink to intoxication. Spirits always stood on the sideboard, and the Christian minister was expected to partake of its hospitality. Human slavery was a part of Christian civilization; the most enlightened nations were engaged in the slave-trade. The North American Indian was looked upon as a miserable savage to be driven from the face of the earth. The slums of Christian cities were festering with disease and vice with no good Samaritan to bind up the wounds of the world's stricken children. Christian men too often left the poor victims to die of diseases which came from the violations of the good laws of God, and laid the cause to His Providence.

There were no Toynbee Halls, no college settlements. Prison reform had few laborers, and jails and prisons were often schools of vice, and the poor souls who had fallen by the way were hopelessly lost. Christians were arrayed in hostile camps too busy fighting one another for aggressive work against the Kingdom of the devil. The one thought in many hearts was to escape a hell and gain a heaven beyond the grave, forgetting that salvation was here in hearts filled with that love only learned from Jesus Christ which rebinds men to God, and reunites the broken ties of humanity in brotherhood in Christ. There was little interest in missions at home or abroad.

Never in the world's history has there been such enthusiasm in all humanitarian work as now. It is not a mere pity for suffering, it is a hopeful, helpful, personal work, that human touch which makes the world akin. Not even in the Primitive Church have greater victories been won in leading heathen folk to Christian civilization. It will be a world of sorrow and sin until it is a Redeemed World. But ours is not a forlorn hope. We may out of the gloom of our perplexed hearts cry, "Watchman, what of the night?" But faith answers, "The morning cometh."

APPENDIX

SIGNIFICANT NAMES OF INDIAN TRIBES

Referred to on Page 33

David Brainard and John Eliot labored among the Algonquins. Eliot used the English vowels in translating his Bible, instead of the French vowels which are used in spelling Ojibway words. The names of the tribes signify certain characteristics belonging to them. I am indebted to Archdeacon Gilfillan for the following: —

"The Ojibways," corrupted into Chippewa, means "To-roast-till-puckered-up," — probably from an incident in their history (see Warren's History). Their original home was about Lake Superior and Sault Ste. Marie, whence the Sioux name for them is "Those-who-dwell-at-the-falls." They now occupy the northern part of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan, and of North Dakota, and are found on the prairies as far west as the Saskatchewan River, and as far north as Hudson Bay. Bishop Horden had many Ojibways in his diocese.

"The Ottaways — Ottawas" means "The traders or the trading people." They were probably called so because situated midway between the French, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and the Ojibways. They passed on the goods of the French to interior tribes, or resold them. Their original home was on the Ottawa River, Canada, but they are now found in Michigan, and both north and south of the Great Lakes.

"Po-da-wa-dum-ig" (Pottawotamies), meaning "Those-who-help-the-fire." Their original home seems to have been the northern part of Illinois, about Chicago, and the eastern part of Wisconsin. About five hundred were removed to the Indian Territory, and some are still found in Wisconsin and Michigan.

"Wa-ban-a-kig," "Eastern-earth-dwellers." (The modern Abanakis, of the New England states, and, also, the Delawares.) "Waban" means the east, "aki" means earth, and the "g" represents "those." The name means "Those-who-dwell-in-the-Eastern-lands," or, more literally, "Eastern-earth-people."

"O-sag-ig," the Saukies or Sauks (Sacs). The word means "Those-who-live-at-the-entry." They were found by the French near Green Bay, Wisconsin.

"Sha-wun-og," called by us Shawnees. "Sha-wun-og" means Southerner. Their home, I believe, was in Ohio.

"Od-ish-qua-gum-ig" means "Last-water-people." They are the Mic-Macs, who inhabited Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, and Newfoundland. They were called "Last-water-people" from living at the end of all waters, the ocean.

"O-man-o-min-ig," "Wild-rice-people," from Man-o-min, wild rice. The Minominies lived, and still live, in Wisconsin.

"Odo-gam-ig," "Those-who-live-on-the-opposite-side," the Foxes, who were originally found in Wisconsin. They are, and were, closely allied with the Sauks or Sacs; hence the two are usually coupled together and called "The Sacs and Foxes."

"O-maum-ig," "People-who-live-on-the-peninsula." The Miamis or Maumees. Ohio and Indiana were their home.

"Ki-mis-ti-nog," or Crees. Their home is in the British possessions, north of Minnesota.

"O-mush-ki-gog," or "Swamp-people," from "Mush-kig," a swamp. Their home, also, is in the British possessions.

All the above speak substantially the same language, can easily understand each other, and are the same people. The Indians who met the Pilgrim Fathers in New England were a portion of this people, as witness their language, which is largely made up of Ojibway words.

The Algonquins, then, extended along the Atlantic, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence, as far south as the mouth of the St. James River, in Virginia, and, probably, into North Carolina; thence west, to the Mississippi, and, also, throughout Kentucky, Tennessee, Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Michigan, New York, and New England; and, as before stated, as far north as Hudson Bay, and as far west as North Dakota, the Saskatchewan River, and the Rocky Mountains.

In this territory were found the six nations of New York, the Winnebagoes, of Wisconsin, and the Wyandots, all of whom were radically different from the real Ojibway family. "Pow-hatt-an," the chief, father of Pocahontas, was of the Algonquin nation. His name, "Pow-a-dan," signifies, in Ojibway, a dream.

THE STORY OF ENMEGAHBOWH'S LIFE

REFERRED TO ON PAGE 178

I will not say anything of my heathenism and the Grand Medicine Lodge. It takes too much time. The custom of my father was to start out in the autumn of each year, with his family — and perhaps four or five families together — roaming from place to place. At this season, otters, fishers, martins, and beavers were plentiful, and the furs most valuable. At the time of which I now speak, our fourth encampment brought us near the village of Peterborough, and many men and women came to see us. We had often camped near this village, and my parents knew Mr. Armour, an Episcopal clergyman. Mr. Armour and his wife came to see us. They looked at me very much and talked together while doing so. I said to my mother, "The black coat and his wife look at me all the time." She said: "Well, my son, what of that? Perhaps they pity you because you are ugly."

On the third day both came again to our wigwam and brought us bread and ko-kosh, and an interpreter. Mr. Armour said to my father, "Can you not leave your son with me during the hunting?" My father said: "He is too small to leave with strangers. He would be lonely, take sick, and die." Mr. Armour said: "I have two boys of the same age. They would play and go to school together." My father was half willing, but my mother had no idea of leaving me in a stranger's hands, although she knew Mr. Armour was a good man.

After they had gone away, my father asked me what I thought of staying with Mr. Armour. I said I should like it.

On the fourth day Mr. Armour came again with his two boys, and again asked my parents to leave me with him that I could go to school with his boys. They then consented. I took my bow and arrows to begin life anew. My clothing was changed, and I was dressed like Mr. Armour's boys.

The first two days I felt homesick. I was punctual and always ready for my school hours. I soon learned letters and figures and began to understand a little English. Mr. Armour taught me the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and ten Commandments. At a certain hour of the night, a homesick fever tempted me to run away. I could not control the idea; go I must. The break of day was the appointed hour to depart. The hour came, and with my book in my bosom, and bow and arrows in hand, I travelled two days and reached the wigwam of my father. They were surprised to see me. I had been with Mr. Armour three months, had learned considerable English, and was a tolerably good reader. My foolish act even now gives me sorrow. I might have been a greatly educated man, and would have been a greater help to my people.

I now tell you what brought me to this country, far from my native land. (Enmegahbowh was an Ottawa, born in Canada.)

Mr. Evans received a letter from the Rev. Mr. Clark, the superintendent of the Methodist missions in the United States, asking for a good young man to interpret for the missionary of Sault Ste. Marie.

Mr. Evans came to my father and asked him to let me go. My father said, "No, this is our only son, you must not ask for him." Mr. Evans continued to ask, saying: "He may himself become a missionary among his heathen race. You know that the heathen of your own race, far away toward the setting sun, are dying out without God. You should pity your people and send your son to them."

This talk turned my father and mother. They asked me what I thought of going to heathen cannibals. They added, "cannibals," to frighten me.

I said, "Mother, I love you and would be sorry to leave you, but I abide by your decision. If you say, *go*, I go; if you say, *stay*, I go not."

My mother said, "Dear son, go for three weeks, and while you are away Mr. Evans may find some other young man to go." I went to Mud Lake reservation, and at the end of three weeks returned home. Mr. Evans had found no one and again asked my parents to let me go. My mother spoke out and said, "Mr. Evans, will you promise in writing that my son comes again to me in one year?" He promised. On the second day I said farewell to my dear parents for the last time. I never saw them again. My mother's weeping almost turned me back. Tears blinded my eyes as I went forth to an unknown heathen country.

The following day I arrived at Toronto; on the third day arrived at Pententuguishing on the shore of Lake Erie. Here, for the first time, I saw many heathen receiving presents from the British Government. Many of them came from the head waters of Lake Superior. They had large canoes, and soon I formed friendships, and they offered to take me to Sault Ste. Marie. From the fort at Pententuguishing there are two routes to Sault Ste. Marie; one, by the shore of the Lakes, took seven or eight days at least, but was safer. The other was to cross Lake Huron and reach the channel of the river Sault Ste. Marie, in four days, but was a dangerous route. To reach the first of a chain of islands there is a vast space twenty miles wide which is most dreaded. The man I accompanied had a splendid canoe. When we left the main shores, it was a dead calm and took all our strength to reach the vast open space of the lake. The wind began to blow at a furious rate, and wave after wave came over our canoe. When the women and children cried in terror, the man took a scarlet cloth and some tobacco and put them into the water, and sang in a loud voice one of his religious songs, in this wise: "The gods that dwell in the deep, be merciful to us and save us to reach the land." I began to think of my parents. I said: "I am here, not of my own accord. I am here through advice of those with more understanding. Lord, pity me that I may again tread the earth."

We barely reached the first island,—thankful, yes, very thankful.

On reaching Sault Ste. Marie, I was sent the first year to

La Ance, a large settlement of Canadians, where I taught school two years. I was kindly treated by the Indians and found there were no cannibals. From here I was sent on to a still larger settlement of still wilder Indians. At the end of the year the superintendent urged me to give up school-teaching and take up regular missionary work. I said that I could not stay longer, that four years had passed since I had seen my home. I said: "I am not prepared for missionary work, my education is so limited that I cannot meet heathen arguments. I know that some of them are strong, and make strong proof in favor of heathen religion, and of Grand Medicine Lodge; in the Grand Medicine Lodge are some things very perplexing and not easily understood by those who know not its teachings. For instance, when one is ready to enter the Grand Medicine Lodge, he goes to the Grand Medicine-men and tells them that he wants to be initiated. He is accepted, and a certain month a year hence is named for the event. The time of the year arrives; six days before admittance to the Lodge, the beating of drums is carried on by the head Grand Medicine-men, while the applicant is undergoing instructions. What is the meaning of the drum-beating during the six days? This is a puzzle for one who knows nothing of the Grand Medicine religion. I can answer all questions about this religion because I have been in it, and it has been a help during my missionary work when my heathen people have confronted me with questions as to why the Christian religion is better."

Mr. John Clark asked me, when I hesitated to take up missionary work because of my limited knowledge, if I would go East to school. I said, Most willingly; and in the month of June I started down to go among the pale faces to learn books. I remained East four years. Dear Bishop, if you ask me how much I learned, I answer, Heap, heap books. I completed the branches taught in the school. I was considered one of the best grammarians, and was ready to be sent to college to study dead languages. I said to Mr. Trotter, who was head master of the academy, "Dear Mr. Trotter, you would send me to college to study dead languages. You have prepared me for missionary work among the living heathen — not the dead ones. I hope you are not going to send me to the dead ones to learn their language. No, I have not much appetite to study dead languages."

I must omit many incidents which took place after I left school, before I reached the seat of heathenism. At the first Indian settlement I came to Hole-in-the-Day's big wigwam. He was most anxious that I should stay in his village, and said he would not allow me to go farther. I remained one year and taught a school with a few children.

Before coming here, to go back in my story, when I reached Fort Snelling I left my books with Mr. Reese, sutler in the fort. From Fort Snelling to the head waters of the Father of Rivers, there was no sign of white man except some French-Canadian traders married to squaws. During ten years in the heathen land I never met a man who could speak English with me, and my grammar and English at last took flight. Here was old Tanner who was taken prisoner when a young man and had married an Indian. When his friends got him home he could not speak a word of English. Another man, James McCue, went away to school among the pale faces, and in seven years could not understand his native tongue.

At the end of the year in Hole-in-the-Day's village I was very lonely.

During the year Hole-in-the-Day had been out three times to the Sioux country, and each time had brought home scalps. I did not like this proceeding, and when he took the war-path the fourth time, I left for the next settlement. I was tired of living with heathen, and I had the notion to make my escape.

About this time the Rev. Mr. Kavanagh, with his party, came to see if I were living or dead. He found me at Crossing Sky's reservation in a very sour condition. I declared that nothing should keep me longer from my people. A deep insubordination was imprinted on my heart. Dr. Kavanagh had asked me to accompany him as far as Sandy Lake, and then return. His route was across the country from Sandy Lake to Fond du Lac, the head waters of Lake Superior. It was exactly my route, and while I said nothing of my intention to leave the country, my joy was full.

Dr. Kavanagh had a large canoe, and said that I must take the command.

Before reaching the noted Pine River, we made two encampments, reaching the mouth at noon of the third day. Here was a large settlement of Indians, and the noted Grand Medicine-man, Strong Ground.

Dr. Kavanagh said, "Let us camp with these people." I said, "No, it is too early to camp. We have four or five hours yet to travel before the camping hour."

We waited, however, for Dr. Kavanagh to preach to the people, and afterward he said to me, "Did you see that beautiful maiden who set next to the old blind woman covered with silver brooches?" Mr. Fostrum, the pilot, said: "I know the family well. She belongs to the family of Hole-in-the-Day and Strong Ground; they are her uncles."

Dr. Kavanagh advised me to ask her hand. He said, "I am sure she would be a good companion." Mr. Fostrum spoke out and said: "She would make a good companion, but it is doubtful if she consents. I have known many young chiefs and warriors who have tried to make the match, but it is always, no! no!"

Dr. Kavanagh said: "You are from a far country and may succeed. Try, for I am sure she will make a good companion." At first I said I could not ask her so suddenly. It would not do. It would be better for Mr. Fostrum to speak first. Dr. Kavanagh advised me to be present at the conversation. Hence we entered the wigwam, and Mr. Fostrum said to the maiden, "I come with my young friend, Enmegahbowh, to ask if you will take his hand and live as man and wife?" A bold question, indeed! The maiden looked at me and smiled — a very good indication — but said to ask her parents. The father said: "Your friend is a stranger. We do not know him. If we should give our consent, he may stay with us awhile and then take her away to his country. It would kill us. You know this is our only child. She has never been away from us." The mother asked what I would do if they consented. I said I should remain in their country as long as both should live. With this promise, both parents finally consented. I then had a hard question to ask them, whether they would allow their child Christian baptism before the marriage took place. The father said: "We have given you our only child to protect and to make happy. If your Christian baptism would make her happy, do what would be for her good." Dr. Kavanagh said he would baptize her the next morning. I was much afraid that some of the old Grand Medicine-men would object. She belonged to the Grand Medicine Lodge. When the hour arrived, chiefs, and the Grand Medicine-men had already come to see this wonderful baptism and were seated in a circle. During the night she had been instructed as to baptism. Dr. Kavanagh, with cup in hand, asked her to come forward. Her name Charlotte was given her by the daughter of Allen Morrison, one of the best Indian traders on the frontier. Before all the Grand Medicine-men, she knelt, and answered all the questions of this holy rite. Then came the marriage, and so all the Christian religious ceremonies came to an end, to the astonishment of her people, and she was equipped to go forth to battle with her poor husband. Here the party left me, after a blessing and many kind words. After breakfast I started to cross Sandy Lake. I saw on the snow which covered the ice big tracks of an animal. I examined the tracks and found them to be those of a moose. Looking up the river, I saw the animal feeding on the bank. I started with care, under cover of the steep bank, and when near, aimed my gun and fired. The huge animal fell to the ground. An hour after my companion arrived with her mother, and when I saw their satisfaction I was overjoyed, for I knew that my mother-in-law would feel that I was fully qualified to be her son-in-law. We spent several hours in dressing the moose, and when we arrived at Sandy Lake, I hired a pony to take the animal to my new home. The word had spread that the new son-in-law had killed a moose. I then for the first time heard that there were some white missionaries scattered through the Indian country, and I was cheered to know that I was not the only praying man in the great heathen land. I built in the third year of my marriage a comfortable house. I heard that the white missionaries were discouraged and were about to leave the country. Sure enough, the beginning of my fourth year of service, I saw them passing down the Mississippi River.

It made my heart sorrowful, and made me think very seriously. I said: "If these men of learning have failed to teach these heathen, who can succeed? And what am I that I should attempt to train my people. If I remain in this country, my days and years will become a failure and a sorrow. But I promised my dear companion in the presence of noted heathen men that I would never desert her country nor make her sad so long as we both should live." But the example of the white missionaries had left a deep impression on my wicked heart. I watched and waited for the right moment to ask my companion what she would think of leaving the country to go with me to Canada. I knew, before asking her the question, that it would make her sorrowful. At last I asked her. She said nothing, but with a sad face gave me a half smile. A few days passed, and again I renewed my question. She said: "To say yes, and leave my dear parents, would kill them. I am their only child. But I made a solemn promise at our marriage to be with you as long as we both should live. I will go with you whenever you shall go."

I did not push the matter, and a few weeks later she herself introduced the subject, and asked me if I were in earnest in my question to her. I said: "Consider our position among this great heathen nation. What are we? We are poor and without resources. If the white missionaries failed, how can we expect to do anything? It is a waste of time. My little stipend from the government does not cover our needs."

After a pause she said, "Enmegahbowh, I gave you a promise at our marriage. I am ready to go with you and die with you. Go, yes, go, and I will follow you." This settled my great desire, but my wicked heart was much troubled. I could almost hear its beating. I tried to drown my conscience. I could not rest, thinking of my heathen people.

But we decided to go, and the day was appointed. I purchased a canoe. As we said farewell, tears blinded my dear companion's eyes, and my heart was like lead.

The first day we made a portage of six miles, and at last reached a large settlement of our people at the head waters of Lake Superior. They received us kindly, and gave us fish and whatever they had. We again started for La Pointe, the headquarters of the Great American Fur Company, and here, as we expected, we found a vessel anchored in the harbor to waft us onward to our destination. There was a great gathering of Indians from all parts, waiting to receive their annual payment. Beaulieu, Oaks, and Dr. Borup tried their best to discourage me from leaving their country. But my heart was not moved. Go, I must! I found the Captain, and asked him at what hour he expected to start. "The first hour that the wind is favorable," he said. "If you want to take passage, get in and bring your goods with you at once."

The Captain came to the vessel late, and, before retiring, gave orders to watch for a favorable wind. I told the Captain that I would do that, that I was too anxious to get off to sleep.

About three o'clock the wind began to blow in our favor. I waited another hour for more wind, and then called at the Captain's door in a loud voice, "Wind! wind!" The sailors came to their posts, and I shall never forget their song as they pulled up the great anchor, with regular beating time and exact precision in every movement. In less than an hour the huge vessel began to swing around to its direct course, and in two hours we had passed all the islands, and just before sunrise we were on the open sea. O, how beautiful it seemed! The Captain said, "At this rate we should land at Sault Ste. Marie on the third day." With joy I said to myself, "In a few days I shall land on the beautiful shores of Tarshish, the land of my choice." The fast sailing filled my coward soul with courage. I looked toward the south and saw only a small speck of land and to the north, no land.

Soon after this the wind began to fall, and the speed of the vessel to slacken. A few hours more and a dead calm was upon us. The great vessel moved about here and there. At about five o'clock in the afternoon the sail began to move. The Captain said: "The wind is coming from the wrong direction — a bad wind, and always furious." At six o'clock the storm broke. The lake was white with the lashing waves, the wind increasing in ferocity. The huge vessel was tossed like a small boat and could hardly make headway. The waves had mastered the sea and threatened destruction in their tremendous movement.

The Captain came to our cabin, drenched, and said: "We are in danger. The wind is maddening and determined to send us to the bottom of the sea. I have sailed this great lake from head to foot for twenty-one years, but no storm has ever impeded my sailing. I have never seen anything like it. My friend, I am afraid that something is wrong with us." He went out. His last words struck my stony heart. My dear companion saw the emotion of my face, but said nothing. In an hour the Captain came in again and told us of our increasing danger, and that it was impossible to move ahead, and that our only safety was in trying to go back to our starting-place.

Nothing could be heard on deck above the rattling and roar of sails and waves, but at last the vessel swung round to go back. With difficulty we finally reached the harbor. Before leaving the vessel, my companion talked with me thus: "I must say a few words, Enmegahbowh. I believe, as I believe in God, that we are the cause of almost perishing in the deep waters. I believe that although poor, God wanted you to do something for our dying heathen people. What you have said is true, that this is a great heathen country full of darkness and idolatry."

I said, "I fully agree with your words that I am the cause of our disaster." I had thought of this myself, but to tame down my conscience I said: "To be recognized by my Heavenly Father and impeded on my journey to the rising sun! I am too small! too poor! it is impossible!" But to her I again repeated my argument that the white missionaries with means, education, experience, had found it useless, and had deserted, and what were we that should set ourselves to do this work. My companion asked quietly, "Do you still mean to go?" I said, "Yes." "I shall follow you," was her answer.

The Captain said that he would start again by the first good wind. The next night at two o'clock we were again sailing at a fast rate, and again our heavy hearts were cheered. When we reached the place where we were before becalmed, the wind fell, the sails stilled, and the vessel stopped moving. A deadly calm was again upon us. There was not a cloud to be seen in the heavens. My companion and I were sitting on the deck. An hour later as we were looking toward the setting sun, to our astonishment and fear, we saw a small, dark speck of a cloud rising. My heart beat quicker. The cloud was growing and spreading. The Captain cried that the wind was coming and that it would be worse than the other. Two hours later the sails began to move, and then came the wind and the waves with all their threatening force. The Captain gave an order to throw overboard barrels of fish to lighten the vessel. I was no longer the same man. The heavens were of ink blackness; there was a great roaring and booming, and the lightning seemed to rend the heavens. The wind increased, and the vessel could not make headway. The Captain ran here and there, talking to his sailors. I thought that he was asking them to cast lots. He again said that he had never seen such a storm, and that something must be wrong on the ship, and that the storms had been sent by the Master of life, to show His power over the great world. The words sank deep into my wicked heart; I was sure that he would summon his mariners and say to them, "Come, let us cast lots, that we may know for whose cause this evil is upon us." If they had cast lots, it would have fallen upon guilty Enmegahbowh. If the Captain had asked his mariners to cast lots, he would have asked me also. They would have asked me who had caused the storm, and would have discovered who I was, my occupation and my country. Would I have been bold enough to tell all this? If my faith in God was real, certainly I would have said: "My friends, I have been a missionary, I believe that there is a God in Heaven. That I am the sole cause of this great wind, for I have sinned against God. I have taken the inclination of my heart and have run away from my work. The rage of these destructive elements is against *me*. God be merciful to me a sinner. I repent of my sins; save my dear companion and the vessel. My friends, take me up and cast me into the sea, so shall the great wind be calm unto you."

Again the Captain cried, "Surely, something is wrong about this vessel, and we must perish."

Here Mr. Jonah came before me and said, "Ah, my friend Enmegahbowh, I know you. You are a fugitive. You have sinned and disobeyed God. Instead of going to the city of Nineveh, where God sent you to preach His word to the people, you started to go, and then turned aside. You are now on your way to the City of Tarshish, congenial to your coward spirits. The consequences of your sin and disobedience are upon you. God is great. He knows of your every step. He governs the elements of the world, and He has sent this wind to tell you that you cannot escape without His notice. Enmegahbowh, I pity you. The only way you can find mercy is in deep repentance of your sin. Let me tell you an incident of my life which took place many thousand years ago. God spake to me and said, 'Jonah, arise, go to Nineveh that great city, and cry against it, for their wickedness is come up before me.' I arose to flee to Tarshish from the presence of the Lord. I started to go down to Joppa, and I found a ship going to Tarshish. I went on to the ship, and as she was going on her way, the Lord sent a great wind, and there was a mighty tempest in the sea so that the ship was like to be broken. My friend, it was precisely your present predicament. Your vessel shall be broken if the Lord does not interfere to save you. Your Captain is afraid. So was my Captain. Your sailors are afraid. So were my sailors. Both my Captain and sailors began crying unto their God, and cast away of their wares into the sea. And your Captain and sailors did the same. My Captain found me fast asleep and cried with a loud voice: 'What are you doing here, O thou sleeper? Arise and call upon thy God, and if so we perish not.' And when the sailors were summoned, and lots were cast to see for whose cause the evil was upon us, the lot fell upon me. And they said: 'Is it true that you are the cause of this evil? What is thy occupation, and from whence came ye?' I said: 'I am a Hebrew. I fear God who made heaven, the sea, and the dry land.' They asked, 'Why did you run away from the presence of the Lord, and from your work?'

"The Captain said unto me, 'What shall we do unto thee?' I said, 'Take me up and cast me into the sea, so shall the sea be calm. It is for my sake that the wind is upon us.'

"They were afraid to cast me into the sea, for they knew that I was a praying man, and they feared God's displeasure. But they all prayed God not to punish them for my sake, and then they cast me into the sea. And the sea ceased her raging. The Lord had prepared a great fish to come near to the ship and swallow me; and I was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights.

"My friend Enmegahbowh, your position is precisely like mine. You have run away from your work to a country congenial to your cowardly spirit. The Lord has dealt with you as he dealt with me. Have you faith to say as I did, Take me up and throw me into the sea? If so, where is the big fish to swallow you? There is no whale in this lake, no fish big enough for your huge body. Hence, if they cast you in, it is the end of you. Your dear companion is watching your movements. She was persuaded that you were the cause of the evil, and warned you after the first disaster."

Again Jonah spake and said: "Just one or two words more, Enmegahbowh, you must go to the Lord and tell Him of your repentance! Only a heap contrition of heart will save you. Farewell! Farewell! May the Great Spirit pardon you and bring you to dry land." So saying, he departed out of my sight.

Dear Bishop, I know you will not understand me to say that I saw Jonah with my natural eyesight. Oh, no, I saw him with my imagination. What is your great Milton's fiery lake, what the exquisite scenes of his paradise save the products of imagination?

I am persuaded that the pale faces would say that the Indian races have no imagination. If there were time, I would give you instances of the power of imagination among the most noted chiefs, warriors, and Grand Medicine-men, personifying trees, mountains, or great rivers, of the touching farewell speech of the chief and noted warrior Tuttle as he took his last step from his native country.

But having exhausted my wicked efforts to leave my heathen people, I returned to live and die with them. I landed at Sandy Lake. It was the place of the first and oldest chief living. He was a peaceful man. When we returned the people received us kindly, giving us food and such as they had. Rabbit Lake, seventy miles below, was the home of my companion. When the head chief of Rabbit Lake heard of our arrival, he came with three other chiefs to see me, and asked me to make our permanent home with them. The Sandy Lake chief, getting wind of it, poor fellow, came to tell me that I must not desert them. I was sorry and did not know what course to pursue. My companion said nothing, one way or the other, for she was resigned not to influence me. It was my preference to make my home with Crossing Sky and his people. I had known them many months, and they were favorably inclined to give heed to the strange story of the love of the Great Spirit. In a few days, however, I was on my way to Rabbit Lake reservation.

The next morning, the heathen women built us a nice wigwam, and we were comfortably housed. Thus, dear Bishop, I returned to my heathen people like unto the city of Nineveh. The more I thought of Jonah's advice, the more I thought of God's willingness to save these people from destruction, and that I might help in the work, although, like Moses of old, I asked myself, Who am I that I should go unto the great heathen nation? I am not eloquent, neither heretofore nor since Thou hast shown me of Thy love.

Yours truly,

J. J. Enmegahbowh.

PAPERS UPON THE INDIAN QUESTION

It will be seen by the following papers, that I was compelled to appear before the public continually in behalf of the Indians; and while the wrongs remained unrighted, it was necessary to repeat facts and arguments, for when the wall seems impenetrable it requires a great many blows to break it down. My correspondence in this cause with the Presidents of the United States, public men, and the press of the country would fill volumes.

March 6, 1862.

To the President of the United States.

The sad condition of the Indians of this State, who are my heathen wards, compels me to address you on their behalf. I ask only justice for a wronged and neglected race. I write the more cheerfully because I believe that the intentions of the Government have always been kind; but they have been thwarted by dishonest servants, ill-conceived plans, and defective instructions.

Before their treaty with the United States, the Indians of Minnesota were as favorably situated as an uncivilized race could well be. Their lakes, forests, and prairies furnished abundant game, and their hunts supplied them with valuable furs for the purchase of all articles of traffic. The great argument to secure the sale of their lands is the promise of their civilization. . . . The sale is made, and after the dishonesty which accompanies it there is usually enough money left, if honestly expended, to foster the Indians' desires for civilization. Remember, the parties to this contract are a great Christian Nation and a poor heathen people.

From the day of the treaty a rapid deterioration takes place. The Indian has sold the hunting-grounds necessary for his comfort as a wild man; his tribal relations are weakened; his chief's power and influence circumscribed; and he will soon be left a helpless man without a government, a protector, or a friend, unless the solemn treaty is observed.

The Indian agents who are placed in trust of the honor and faith of the Government are generally selected without any reference to their fitness for the place. The Congressional delegation desires to award John Doe for party work, and John Doe desires the place because there is a tradition on the border that an Indian Agent with fifteen hundred dollars a year can retire upon an ample fortune in four years.

The Indian agent appoints his subordinates from the same motive, either to reward his friends' service, or to fulfil the bidding of his Congressional patron. They are often men without any fitness, sometimes a disgrace to a Christian nation; whiskey-sellers, bar-room loungers, debauchers, selected to guide an heathen people. Then follow all the evils of bad example, of inefficiency, and of dishonesty, — the school a sham, the supplies wasted, the improvement fund squandered by negligence or curtailed by fraudulent contracts. The Indian, bewildered, conscious of wrong, but helpless, has no refuge but to sink into a depth of brutishness. There have been noble instances of men who have tried to do their duty; but they have generally been powerless for lack of hearty coöperation of others, or because no man could withstand the corruption which has pervaded every department of Indian affairs.

The United States has virtually left the Indian without protection. . . . I can count up more than a dozen murders which have taken place in the Chippewa County within two years. . . . There is no law to protect the innocent or punish the guilty. The sale of whiskey, the open licentiousness, the neglect and want are fast dooming this people to death, and as sure as there is a God much of the guilt lies at the Nation's door.

The first question is, can these red men become civilized? I say, unhesitatingly, *yes*. The Indian is almost the only heathen man on earth who is not an idolater. In his wild state he is braver, more honest, and virtuous than most heathen races. He has warm home affections and strong love of kindred and country. The Government of England has, among Indians speaking the same language with our own, some marked instances of their capability of civilization. In Canada you will find there are hundreds of civilized and Christian Indians, while on this side of the line there is only degradation.

The first thing needed is *honesty*. There has been a marked deterioration in Indian affairs since the office has become one of mere political favoritism. Instructions are not worth the price of the ink with which they are written if they are to be carried out by corrupt agents. Every employee ought to be a man of purity, temperance, industry, and unquestioned integrity. Those selected to teach in any department must be men of peculiar fitness, — patient, with quick perceptions, enlarged ideas, and men who love their work. They must be something better than so many drudges fed at the public crib.

The second step is to frame instructions so that the Indian shall be the ward of the Government. They cannot live without law. We have broken up, in part, their tribal relations, and they must have something in their place.

Whenever the Indian desires to abandon his wild life, the Government ought to aid him in building a house, in opening his farm, in providing utensils and implements of labor. His home should be conveyed to him by a patent, and be inalienable. It is a bitter cause of complaint that the Government has not fulfilled its pledges in this respect. It robs the Indian of manhood and leaves him subject to the tyranny of wild Indians, who destroy his crops, burn his fences, and appropriate the rewards of his labor.

The schools should be ample to receive all children who desire to attend. As it is, with six thousand dollars appropriated for the Lower Sioux for some seven years past, I doubt whether there is a child at the lower agency who can read who has not been taught by our missionary. Our Mission School has fifty children, and the entire cost of the mission, with three faithful teachers, every dollar of which passes through my own hands, is less than seven hundred dollars a year.

In all future treaties it ought to be the object of the Government to pay the Indians in kind, supplying their wants at such times as they may require help. This valuable reform would only be a curse in the hands of a dishonest agent. If wisely and justly expended, the Indian would not be as he now is, — often on the verge of starvation.

There ought to be a concentration of the scattered bands of Chippewas upon one reservation, thus securing a more careful oversight, and also preventing the sale of fire-water and the corrupt influence of bad men. The Indian agent ought to be authorized to act as a United States Commissioner, to try all violations of Indian laws. It may be beyond my province to offer these suggestions; I have made them because my heart aches for this poor wronged people. The heads of the Department are too busy to visit the Indian country, and even if they did it would be to find the house swept and garnished for an official visitor. It seems to me that the surest plan to remedy these wrongs and to prevent them for the future, would be to appoint a commission of some three persons to examine the whole subject and to report to the Department a plan which should remedy the evils which have so long been a reproach to our nation. If such were appointed, it ought to be composed of men of inflexible integrity, of large heart, of clear head, of strong will, who fear God and love man. I should like to see it composed of men so high in character that they are above the reach of the political demagogues.

I have written to you freely with all the frankness with which a Christian bishop has the right to write to the Chief Ruler of a great Christian Nation. My design has not been to complain of individuals, nor to make accusations. Bad as I believe some of the appointments to be, they are the fault of a political system. When I came to Minnesota I was startled at the degradation at my door. I gave these men missions; God has blessed me, and I would count every trial I have had as a way of roses if I could save this people.

May God guide you and give you grace to order all things, so that the Government shall deal righteously with the Indian nations in its charge.

Your servant for Christ's sake,

H. B. WHIPPLE,
Bishop of Minnesota.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE INDIANS?

WRITTEN FOR THE PUBLIC PRESS — 1862

In a former article I called attention to some of the glaring defects in our Indian system. I expressed the conviction that it had proved pernicious and destructive to both the Indians and ourselves, and that it was a reproach to a civilized and a Christian Nation. It provided no government for people unable to govern themselves. It encouraged fraud and iniquity. It placed no seal of condemnation on savage life; and by its defects and errors constantly irritated savage passions which, whenever favorable opportunity offered, would break out in violence and blood. These views I have fully expressed in public and private. Not desiring to become a public agitator or alarmist, I have earnestly plead for reform in the only quarters where it could be secured; for I feared that we were yet to reap in anguish the harvest which we had sowed. I have been charged with indiscretion and sympathy with savage crimes, because I have taken this time to repeat these views. Had not many unexpected duties devolved upon me, I should not so long have delayed this appeal. Conscious of the rectitude of my intentions, and believing that those who know me best will never doubt my deep sympathy for our sufferers, or my condemnation of the guilty, I can wait until time shall vindicate my course.

Experience has taught us that in a republic the only time to secure a needed reform is when the people feel its necessity. If the lesson written in so much sorrow has failed to teach us this necessity, no voice can reach. The question which we have to decide is, what shall be done with these Indians? It cannot be settled by passion, but by calm thought, as becomes men who meet duties in the fear of God. History will strip off every flimsy pretext and lay bare the folly of every shallow expedient. It is due to ourselves and our children, that we who are laying the foundations of a great state shall decide this question so as to bear the approval of the whole civilized world, and bring down upon us the blessing of God.

There can be no doubt that the unanimous voice of our citizens is in favor of the removal of these Indians. It is no question of sympathy or favor. A necessity is upon us. It is well-nigh impossible that they should remain in their old homes. The hatreds already kindled on both sides would be a constant source of irritation and would lead to retaliation, revenge, and murder. There are too many embittered memories to make it safe for either party. The border settlers would for a long time live in constant fear and peril. The Indians would have nothing to gain by a longer continuance with us. The influence of bad example has taught them that blasphemy, adultery, drunkenness, and theft are no sins.

While the decision is thus unanimous for their removal, it is our bounden duty to see that such men as Other Day, Taopi, Wabasha, and Good Thunder, who have manifested their fidelity at the risk of life, shall be given homes at some point where they shall be free from the persecutions of wild Indians. At their door will be laid the death of every man who, through their influence, surrendered himself as a prisoner. They have forfeited their tribal relations by their friendship to us, and we must see that their friendship is not unprotected. If it should be their choice, or be deemed better on account of example, that they remove with other Indians, they must be made especial wards of the Government.

The future home of the Indians should be carefully selected, on account of its adaptation to their wants and its fitness to foster efforts of civilization. The plan which now seems to meet with much public favor — of concentrating all the Indian tribes in one territory — is against our whole policy and experience. It would offer facilities for extensive combinations for insurrection. It would place the peaceable where they must be overawed by the violent. It would prove under any ordinary system a greater magazine ready for the torch of some crafty and ambitious leader. The point of such location demands careful thought. I have not been able to satisfy my own mind that any plan already submitted is free from grave objections.

This removal must not be made without a radical reform of the system. It would be the meanest cowardice for us to secure our safety by sending the same elements of sorrow and death to other portions of our common country. It is not possible for us to escape the responsibility. God has knit men together by inextricable laws. The wise must care for the ignorant, and the rich for the poor. We may try to avoid it, but we cannot. If Christian men will not educate the boy in the alley, they will some day pay for his crimes. The Providence of God has placed us face to face with heathen and savage races, and we have already paid in Indian wars ten times over all that the wisest system would have cost. There was a body of Indians in Florida who never had an effort made to lead them out of heathen darkness; not a school; not an implement of husbandry; not even the name of God had they heard save in blasphemy. It cost us forty millions of dollars to drive them out of their country.

Every motive which can influence us, demands an entire reform, and it must not be entrusted to politicians who have friends to reward or enemies to punish. It demands the *best* men of the nation.

The first step of reform is to secure a strong government. Any race of men would become Ishmaelites without government and law. The government must come from us and be forced upon the Indian. The laws must be plain, simple, yet stringent; such as afford ample protection to life and property. This would soon be approved by Indians on account of a sense of security, and would give them that manliness which can only belong to a man who feels that he has something which he can call his own.

The executive officer or agent must always have at his disposal an ample force to maintain the administration of law. Heretofore the separation of the Indian and War Departments have left the agents without adequate force to keep the law. The present agent was on this account powerless to put down this outbreak when threatened. It has been one great source of past insubordination among the Indians which no watchfulness could prevent.

The next step is to place the weight of Government influence on the side of labor. History enforces the lesson which is written with the finger of God on the pages of Holy Writ. The Indian must have a home; his wandering tribal relations must be broken up; he must be furnished with seed, implements of husbandry, and taught to live by the sweat of his brow. The Government now gives him beads, paint, blankets, and scalping-knives, teaching him to idle away his time, waiting for an annuity of money which he does not know how to spend. This very autumn the Indian Bureau advertises for hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of goods, and the only implements of labor are one hundred dozen weeding hoes and fifty dozen spades.

The present vicious system of trade must be abandoned. It is a nursery of fraud. It robs a whole people of their patrimony to pay the debts of the shiftless and dishonest. I believe if men knew the secret history of the clause in every treaty which sets apart so much to pay Indian debts, it would fill them with astonishment. For a time it would be best to provide that all debts contracted by Indians should be null and void and some provision made, as in the case of post sutlers, that goods should be sold at a fair price. The Indian trader was the Indian's friend when he roamed over these vast prairies as a wild man, for their relations were founded in mutual confidence and good will. When the Indian sold his hunting-grounds, and the trader became connected with schemes of plunder, and the Indian trader was placed in competition with every petty schemer who could secure a license, or trade on the license of another, it became a vicious system, alike mischievous to the trader and the Indian. It has been ruinous to both. Its evils can all be traced to a system which failed to afford protection to either white or red man. The schools must be under the system. The teachers must be fitted to teach. . . .

The agents and employees should be men of the highest moral worth. . . .

There can be a Council of appointment made up of men who shall hold their office *ex officio*, who receive no compensation, and who would deem it a high privilege to work in the elevation of an heathen race. The agents, farmers, teachers, and craftsmen should be guided by a wise system and by the oversight of the best of counsellors. They should be selected for their rare qualities of head and heart, and hold their office during the faithful administration of their trust. As it has been, there has been no freedom of choice. The necessity of political rewards has overruled the best judgment of the appointing power.

I have never felt that the men entrusted with this responsibility were to be wholly condemned for bad appointments or for frauds, for they have freely confessed that they were robbed of all independent action by the system itself. I have only glanced at the reforms which are needed, made a thousand times harder by the load of difficulties our present system has placed in our way. They can be secured whenever the people demand them; but it will only be done by referring this whole subject to a commission of the best men in the Nation. Such men are ready to act — judges, statesmen, generals, merchants of the highest character have avowed their willingness to spend time and money in the work of reform. There is a great manly heart in the people of America, which is ready to redress wrongs, and do its duty whenever that duty is made plain.

The path of duty is one of difficulty. It is encompassed by obstacles on every side, but is the only one which offers us peace and safety. I ask, then, earnestly, the coöperation of my fellow-citizens in seeking this reform. I might have remained silent, and thus have avoided all possible misconception or blame. Three years of personal acquaintance have so indelibly stamped upon my consciousness the necessity of remodelling this system that I cannot conscientiously remain silent. I have no war with individuals, but I do ask a change in the system which has brought so much sorrow to our doors.

This letter, was to the Indian Commission, composed of many of our most prominent military officers, including Generals Sherman, Terry, and Harney.

Tremont House, Boston, Oct. 7th.

Gentlemen: I write to you freely as to a commission appointed by the Nation to examine and redress the wrongs which have been inflicted upon the Indians, who are the wards of the Government. Your Commission was appointed at the earnest request of Christian men who have vainly attempted to secure justice to the Indians. To you we all look, and of you the nation will require a strict account. I feel the more keenly this history of shame, because it casts a foul blot on the Nation's honor. The sad experience of the century ought to teach us that where robbery and wrong are the seed, blood will be the harvest. . . . We are writing history, and as true as God's words are true, if we continue the course we have followed, this curse will fall upon us and upon our children.

There is no question that our Indian system is a blunder more than a crime, because its glaring evils would have been redressed if it had ever been calmly considered. We recognize the Indians as nations, we pledge them our faith, we enter on solemn treaties, and these treaties are ratified, as with all foreign powers, by the highest authority in the Nation. You know, every man who has ever looked into our Indian affairs knows, it is a shameful lie. The treaties are often conceived in fraud, and made solely to put money into some white man's pocket. We then send them agents, knowing at the time we send them that they must steal — that they cannot and will not live on the pittance of salary. The agent and employees are appointed as a political reward for party service. Then follow fraud in contracts, pilfery in annuities, violation of solemn pledges, frequent removals; the savage is left without law to protect, with no incentive to labor, with harpies to plunder, vice and crime holding a carnival of death, until, maddened with frenzy, he wreaks his vengeance on the innocent people of the border. Then follow our vain attempts at redress. Instead of calmly looking at the causes of war and redressing the wrong, we Christian men wage a blind war, often destroying our own friends, and it has happened that we have wantonly murdered helpless women and children. We spend millions of dollars; we kill ten of our people to one Indian, and finally, settle down on the devil's own idea that our only hope is in extermination. There is one being who can exterminate, and a nation with half a million of graves over which the grass has hardly grown ought to have learned this truth.

I admit all that you can say of difficulty, but the Army can and must protect its people. It is a false protection if they repeat scenes which have taken place, and which only served to arouse into tenfold more of hate all the passions of a savage race. In many instances, if time were given, or if friendly Indians were employed, the murderers would be given up by the Indians themselves; and if not, we should only war on the guilty. The people know that it is cheaper to feed than to fight the Indians. There is a great heart in the Saxon race which, although slow to act, will redress wrongs. The Indians can be taught to labor; they can receive the Gospel. I know of no examples among our own race of fidelity greater than those of some of these Indians during the war.

I will not detain you longer. If you will allow me, I will forward to you in writing the details of the history of the Sioux war, and the operations of the Indian system in Minnesota, — which I have made verbally to date.

Permit me to assure you of the sympathy, the aid, and the prayers of many who pity the helpless, and who believe their cry ascends to God.

Yours respectfully,

H. B. Whipple,
Bishop of Minnesota.

ON THE MORAL AND TEMPORAL CONDITION OF THE INDIAN TRIBES ON OUR WESTERN BORDER. 1868.

THE REPORT REFERRED TO ON PAGE 261.

TO THE BOARD OF MISSIONS.

The Chairman of your Committee to whom was referred the condition of the Indian tribes of the United States, respectfully reports that he has examined the question as carefully as other duties would permit, and grieves to say that the history of our relations to the Indians is one to make every American blush for shame. It may be doubted whether a sadder history of blunders, frauds, and crimes can be found in any civilized country. A Christian nation has taken possession of the homes of heathen tribes without giving to them one single blessing of Christian civilization. For almost three centuries our nation has pursued the policy of extermination, carried on at the cost of untold millions of treasure and hundreds of thousands of lives; and yet the stern lessons of experience have not taught us the simple lesson that God is just, and that a nation that sows the seed of robbery will surely reap its harvest of blood. To-day forty millions of people, forgetful of the histories of the past, are clamoring for the extermination of a few thousand heathen, and are engaged in the work of blood at a cost which would purchase one of our most beautiful American homes for every man, woman, and child in the Indian country. The poor savage, deprived of every influence which could mollify and subdue savage passions, smarting under accumulated wrongs, and seeing only a choice of deaths, scores his blind vengeance on the innocent people of the border. We have reached a point where the question must be met. The two waves of civilization between the Atlantic and Pacific will soon meet. The Indian question must now be settled on principles of justice which will bear the scrutiny of Almighty God. Since the Sioux war of 1862 every Indian slain has cost us over a half million of dollars. We have sacrificed ten lives of our own people for one red man, and have already expended in this harvest of our own iniquity more money than all the Christian bodies in America have expended for missions to the heathen since America was discovered. We have reached a point when every American citizen ought to demand, for the sake of his own fair name, that this history of iniquity shall end. The people who hear the awful tales of savage violence, which almost curdle one's blood with horror, know nothing of the cause and take no steps for its cure. There is a vague idea that the Indian system is one of iniquity; that the poor Indian is the victim of robbery and violence; but who is directly responsible, few know and few care. With our usual indifference, we permit the wrongs to go on unchecked; we forget that God's eternal justice will always require that "whatever a man soweth, *that* shall he also reap." And, what is most strange, all the while that we have been reaping this harvest of death, our own race, with the same traditions, customs, and laws, in a neighboring province, have solved this problem with the same heathen people, and the result has been peace, tranquillity, loyalty, and lifelong friendship. On our own side of the line, we have not passed twenty years without a bloody Indian war; we have not one hundred miles between the Atlantic and the Pacific which have not been drenched with the blood shed by Indian massacres. We have expended more than five hundred millions of dollars in Indian wars; we have not one civilized Indian tribe; we have not one Indian tribe converted to Christianity; and to-day the press, the army, the rulers, and the people, forgetful that God is not blind, are clamoring for extermination. In our blindness, we forget that there is only One Being who can exterminate. A nation which has within its borders half a million of graves over which the grass has not grown, ought to have learned at least the lesson that God is just, and that the cry of the helpless does reach His ear. If we go on, we shall fail as we have failed, and shall surely light the fires of a savage war, of which our children's children will not see the end. If we look to Canada, we see the Indians and whites living in friendship — we find prosperous missions, schools, and churches built and supported by Christian Indians, — and a century passed without one drop of blood shed in Indian war. In Rupert's Land the English government has not one soldier. The white man may travel from Hudson's Bay to Vancouver in peace, and with as ample protection as on any portion of English soil. The Church of England has one thousand communicants in one Diocese, and among them are some as touching evidences of the power of the Gospel as are to be found in the annals of the Church.

At first sight it would seem that so wide a difference must be caused by a wise and beneficent system or by a difference of race. The English came of the same dominant, greedy, avaricious Saxon race as ourselves. They have the same love of gold, the same lust for power, the same desire for territorial possessions. The Indians are the same heathen, savage people. The difference is this: whenever their civilization comes in contact with an Indian tribe they localize them, guarantee them rights, place them under law, and give them individual rights of property. They plant among them schools and missions. They send them agents who believe there is a God, and are afraid and ashamed to steal. They appoint those agents for life and for other ends than as a reward for political service. They make their own civilization the pioneer, instead of gathering a mass of discontented savage humanity on their border.

Our system is based on a falsehood; we recognize the wandering Indian tribe as an independent nation, and make and ratify treaties as with all foreign civilized powers. We do this with the full knowledge that they are to send no representatives to us, and we none to them; that they have no power to compel us to observe a treaty, and when every possible relation which can exist makes them simply our wards. The Indian who sells us his land must become civilized or perish. If we take away the means of savage subsistence by the chase, and give him nothing in its place, the end is death. Our own sense of justice, our pity for the helpless, and our fear of God, demand that the men who go to make this treaty shall be God-fearing men. It makes one ashamed and sick at heart to think of the history of Indian treaties. The parties are a Christian nation and a heathen people. The treaty is made ostensibly to extend civilization. It is often made in order to pay certain claims of traders and others against the Indians, to secure land for speculation, and to provide a new opportunity to fill some political plunderer's pocket. Every provision of the treaty is gauged as to the amount which can be stolen, and, if possible, some loop-hole left which will make way for a new treaty, when the Indian can be used again as a key to unlock the nation's treasury. The Indian is credulous. The sad fate of other tribes has cast a gloom over the whole race. Old men talk of it in the council and wigwam, and any plan which offers a door of hope is gladly accepted by the Indian. The Indian is told that he has no houses, no oxen, no ploughs, no fire-horses, no fire-canoes, no schools, no churches. He does not know the way of the Great Spirit. These white men come as brothers, and their ruler is to be his Great Father. If he sells his land, he will live and not die. He cannot read. He believes that every word and promise is in the treaty. Often the real parties to the treaty are ignorant of each other's views, for both of their heads are on the interpreter's shoulders, and he is the bribed agent of some cunning scoundrel who has pecuniary interests to subserve. The treaty is made — then come deferred hopes. The robbery begins in the contract for removal. Even men of fair names and high honor are parties in the iniquitous ring to rob the savage of bread for himself and children. So profitable are these harvests of iniquity, that in a recent removal of Indians over twenty thousand dollars were paid to secure the contract to provide rations for them. The agent is selected as a reward for political work done for a Congressional patron. The Government sends him, knowing he will and must steal. His salary, to support a family far away in the Indian country, where all supplies cost fourfold, is fifteen hundred dollars. The other employees are selected from the same motives of reward for political service, and at half the salary good men could receive in a civilized country. What could follow but fraud in the contracts, pilfering of the annuity goods, dishonesty in every form and shape? Such a system cannot gather around an agency good men. The agency, or some settlement near it, becomes the scene of whiskey traffic; profanity, gambling, adultery, and drunkenness hold a carnival of death; strange diseases, which mark the victim as accursed of God and shunned by men, reap a terrible harvest; at last the poor savage, writhing under a sense of wrong, on the first severe provocation, will enter on a career of war, and the cry of murdered women and children is heard everywhere on the border. To these evils, which uproot all confidence, we add another not less perilous, — we leave the Indian without any protection to property, person, or life, — we made the treaty on the hypothesis that we were dealing with an independent nation, and we carry it out by leaving them without law. The popular idea is that the Indians have a patriarchal government of which the chief is the ruler and head. The chief is simply the leader of a savage tribe. He has no power to make or execute law. His influence is simply that of advice and counsel. The influence he had with his tribe is often weakened or destroyed by the treaty; for unless he becomes the pliant tool of agents and traders, he will most likely be deposed, and a more pliant tool put in his place. The civilized and Christian Indian is pitiably helpless. His crops may be destroyed, his oxen killed, his wife and children treated with violence; and his only remedy is murder. The only law we administer is to pay a premium for crime. If an individual Indian steals from a white man, we deduct the value of the theft from the annuities of the tribe, and the thief always makes a profit of his theft. We redress no wrongs that Indians suffer from each other, and never punish white men for crimes committed against them.

In sight of a mission house an Indian woman was violated by brutal white men, and then such demon-like cruelty committed on her person that she died under their hands. It was in sight of a village of white men; it was known to the agent. No one was punished and no investigation made. The Indian may be a savage, but such scenes of brutal violence cannot give him exalted ideas of the superior justice of Christian civilization. So far from wondering that so few Indians receive the Gospel, I sometimes wonder that they listen to the Gospel from the lips of a white man. I have had an Indian ask me if the Jesus I told him about was the same Jesus my white brothers talked to at the agency when they were drunk. An old chief once answered my plea against drunkenness and adultery by saying, "My father, it is your people, who you say have the Great Spirit's book, who bring us the fire-water. It is your white men who corrupt our daughters. Go teach them to do right, and then come to us and I will believe you."

In his wild state, before he has lost the virtues of his heathen life and learned the vices of civilization, the Indian is superior to any savage race on earth. He is not an idolater. He believes in a Great Spirit. He has home affections. He loves his people and will die for his tribe. In all the features of his character he is like our own Saxon race before the Cross had changed the heathen Saxon to a manly Christian. In the first intercourse with the whites the Indian has always been the white man's friend. General Sibley, of Minnesota, Senator Rice, and many others, bear testimony to the Indian's fidelity. There are not on earth more beautiful evidences of friendship than between the early traders and the Indians, and I do not know of an instance where that confidence was misplaced until our own wrong-doing had destroyed it. There are Indian names like Wabasha, Taopi, Good Thunder, Enmegahbowh, Black Kettle, which will live forever as instances of the rarest fidelity, — even while their people were suffering from untold wrongs.

In every instance the original cause which led to our recent wars was conduct which would have been regarded as ample grounds for war by any civilized country on the earth. The first outbreak was in Minnesota in 1862. These Indians had sold us a country as large as the state of New York, as beautiful as the eye ever rested upon; it had everything which the bounty of God could give for the use of wild men. Fish and wild game made it an Indian's paradise. Of the first sale I know nothing; the Indians say that after the bargain was made, their chiefs were bribed to sign a provision, which gave the larger part of the first payment to certain white men. They say they were then kept for months in a starving condition, until many of their people died; and it was this which made red men say to the Governor, "I will leave these bones of my people on the prairie, and some day the Great Spirit will look the white man in the face and ask him what has become of his red brother." For some time they were left without a reservation, and then denied the one which had been promised to them. In 1858 these Indians sold the Government eight hundred thousand acres of their reservation. The plea was they needed money for civilization. The treaty provided that no debts should be paid except such as the Indians should acknowledge in open council. No such open council was ever held. There was a provision inserted in the treaty, — of which the Indians say they were ignorant, — which provided that the Secretary of the Interior might use any of their money as he thought best for them. After four years they had received nothing except a lot of useless goods sent to the Upper Sioux. Of the entire amount going to the Lower Sioux for this immense tract of land, all was taken for claims except about eight hundred and sixty-eight dollars. They waited four years; the story of our broken faith was often the subject of angry discussion. Old Wabasha said to me: "My father, four years ago I went to Washington. Our Great Father said to us, 'If you live as white men I will help you more than I have ever done.' Four winters have passed and the fifth is nigh. It is so long a way to Washington the agents forget their Father's words, for they never do as he told us. You said you were sorry my young men had these foolish dances. I am sorry. The reason their wild life clings to them like a blanket is that their hearts are sick. The Indian's face is turned to the setting sun, and he thinks these are long journeys for himself and children. If your great Council at Washington would do as they promised, our people would believe them. The good Indian would become like his brother, and the bad Indian go away. I have heard of your words for my poor people. You have none of my blood in your veins, and I have none of yours; but you have spoken as a father speaks for his child whom he loves well. Often, when I sit alone in my tipi, your words will come back to me, and be like music to my heart."

It was not enough to take the price of their lands; a considerable part of their annuities was taken. The Indians came together for payment in June, at the time the treaty provided. They waited two months; they were starving. Maddened by hunger and the sense of wrong, and vainly dreaming that on account of the rebellion they could repossess the country, they began a massacre which desolated our border for three hundred miles, — eight hundred of our citizens lost their lives. Many a friend whose hospitality I had received, is to-day sleeping in a nameless grave. A nation which is too cowardly or too corrupt to redress such wrongs, will be too blind to punish the guilty or to protect the innocent. All Christian Indians were as true as martyrs. There are no more touching instances of fidelity in the history of the Church of Christ. Their deeds of bravery ought to live forever. Those who surrendered and the few who were captured were tried. Forty men had separate trials and were condemned to die in six hours. Three hundred were condemned to be hanged. Only thirty-eight suffered death, but of those some were innocent. The marshal of the prison told me that he went the next day after the execution to release a man who had been acquitted on the ground that he had saved a white woman's life. The Indians said, "He is not here; you hung him yesterday." The friendly Indians and the Winnebagoes, who were innocent, were taken to the Upper Missouri. Over one thousand died of disease and starvation. Soldiers tell the sad tale of women picking over the dung of their horses to find half-digested kernels of grain to save their children from death. An officer of the army told me he met a woman, whom he had known for years as a virtuous woman, who told him, with tears, that she had gone one hundred miles to degrade herself, to save her children from death. During this horrible winter a party of Indian women crossed to Faribault, several hundred miles, in the dead of winter, without a human habitation on the route, and living on roots, to tell me of their sorrows.

Who that reads this history will not tremble as he thinks of a day when the Son of God shall say, "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." It was in these dark days, when my heart sank within me at this tale of sorrow, that the Society of Friends in Philadelphia raised two thousand dollars to save this poor people from death. Taopi, who, with Wabasha and Wakinyanwas'te, planned the rescue, and saved two hundred white women and children, has a certificate which reads, "The bearer, Taopi, a wounded man, is entitled to the lasting gratitude of the

American people for having been mainly instrumental in rescuing white women and children during the Indian war." He was a civilized, Christian Indian. He had a home with every comfort, and a well-stocked farm. He lost all. At the greatest cost he saved our people. Last year I parted with about sixty of his people, whom I had cared for since the massacre. Our farewell was by the Lord's Table. One by one they came to say good-by. They kissed my wife, and, with eyes blinded with tears, said, "Mahpeya ekta wancheyaka wachin." (In Heaven we meet you, I hope.) After service Taopi came and took my hand, and said: "My father, I have no blood on my hands, and the Great Spirit knows there is none on my heart. I saved your people. I loved your Saviour. I had a home. I have no home. Taopi cannot go to his people. You hung men at Mankato whose friends will require their blood at my hands. If I go, I shall die. I never shall have a home until my grave." The Chippewa history is no whit brighter. They have been from the earliest settlement of the country our friends. They had borne outrage and wrong with unparalleled patience. In 1862 their head chief organized his band to commence a war upon the whites. Had it not been for Enmegahbowh, Bad Boy, Shaboshkung, and Buffalo, we should have had another desolated border. Enmegahbowh travelled all night in the storm, with his wife and children, to warn the garrison at Fort Ripley. Two of his children died in consequence of that night's journey. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs, the Secretary of the Interior, and a Committee of the legislature of Minnesota, pledged these friendly chiefs that for this act of fidelity they should never be removed. This pledge was incorporated in two separate treaties, and ratified by the United States Senate, and signed by the President. In violation of this solemn pledge of the nation, these men have been forced into a treaty, and will be compelled to remove.

A chief of the Red Lake Chippewas once said to me: "My father, they tell me you are a servant of the Great Spirit and never tell lies; I have heard that when Indians sell their land to their Great Father they always perish. Do you believe my people will die if I sell my country?" The same chief came to me one hundred miles in the winter. He marked out a map of his country in the ashes of a wigwam, and said: "There is my country; I am a wild man, and live by the chase; I kill the elk, the moose, and the deer, and my wife builds my lodge, and gathers the wild rice and catches fish. When your white brothers come here there will be no elk, no deer, no moose. I shall have a little reservation to die upon. I hear we are to be removed. Go tell your people I have so many warriors whose shadows rest on their graves."

After the Sioux outbreak I visited Washington and plead for a commission to go and make peace with the hostile Indians. I knew that unless it was done, the hostile Indians would go among other tribes on the plains and stir up a general Indian war. I said then the war would cost thirty millions of dollars and hundreds of lives. It has cost one hundred millions and thousands of lives. The Peace Commission, composed of General Sherman, General Harney, General Terry, General Augur, General Sanborn, Colonel Taylor, Colonel Tappan, and Senator Henderson, give the following truthful history of the Cheyenne war, — all of which is verified by sworn testimony of unimpeachable witnesses. I have preferred that men who have the confidence of the nation should tell the story of the original causes of the Cheyenne war.

THE STORY OF THE CHEYENNES

"The story of the Cheyennes dates far back, and contains many points of deep and thrilling interest. We will barely allude to some of them, and then pass on.

"In 1851, a short time after the discovery of gold in California, when a vast stream of emigration was flowing over the Western plains, which, up to that period, had been admitted by treaty and by law to be Indian territory, it was thought expedient to call together all the tribes east of the Rocky Mountains for the purpose of securing the right of peaceful transit over their lands, and, also, fixing the boundaries between the different tribes themselves. A council was convened at Fort Laramie on the 17th day of September of that year, at which the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Crows, Assiniboines, Gros-Ventres, Mandans, and Arickarees were represented. To each of these tribes boundaries were assigned. To the Cheyennes and Arapahoes were given a district of country, 'commencing at the Red Butte, or the place where the road leaves the north fork of the Platte River, thence up the north fork of the Platte River to its source, thence along the main range of the Rocky Mountains to the head-waters of the Arkansas River, thence down the Arkansas River to the crossing of the Santa Fé road, thence in a northwesterly direction to the forks of the Platte River, thence up the Platte River to the place of beginning.' It was further provided in this treaty that the rights or claims of any one of the nations should not be prejudiced by this recognition of title in the others; and 'further, that they do not surrender the privilege of hunting, fishing, or passing over any of the tracts of country hereinbefore described.' The Indians granted us the right to establish roads and military and other posts within their respective territories, in consideration of which we agreed to pay the Indians fifty thousand dollars per annum for fifty years, to be distributed to them in proportion to the population of the respective tribes. When this treaty reached the Senate, 'fifty years' was stricken out and 'ten years' substituted, with the authority of the President to continue the annuities for a period of five years longer if he saw fit.

"It will be observed that the boundaries of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe land, as fixed by this treaty, included the larger portion of the territory of Colorado and most of the western part of Kansas.

"Some years after this, gold and silver were discovered in the mountains of Colorado, and thousands of fortune-seekers who possessed nothing more than the right of transit over these lands, took possession of them for the purpose of mining, and, against the protests of the Indians, founded cities, established farms, and opened roads. Before 1861 the Cheyennes and Arapahoes had been driven from the mountain region down upon the waters of the Arkansas, and were becoming sullen and discontented because of this violation of their rights. The third article of the treaty of 1851 contained the following language, 'The United States bind themselves to protect the aforesaid Indian nations against the commission of all depredations by the people of the United States after the ratification of this treaty.' The Indians, however ignorant, did not believe that the obligations of this treaty had been complied with.

"If the lands of the white man are taken, civilization justifies him in resisting the invader. Civilization does more than this: it brands him as a coward and a slave if he submits to the wrong. Here civilization made its contract and guaranteed the rights of the weaker party. It did not stand by the guarantee. The treaty was broken, but not by the savage. If the savage resists, civilization, with the Ten Commandments in one hand and the sword in the other, demands his immediate extermination.

"We do not contest the ever ready argument that civilization must not be arrested in its progress by a handful of savages. We earnestly desire the speedy settlement of all our territories. None are more anxious than we to see their agricultural and mineral wealth developed by an industrious, thrifty, and enlightened population. And we fully recognize the fact that the Indian must not stand in the way of this result. We would only be understood as doubting the purity and genuineness of that civilization which reaches its ends by falsehood and violence, and dispenses blessings that spring from violated rights.

"These Indians saw their former homes and hunting-grounds overrun by a greedy population thirsting for gold. They saw their game driven east to the plains, and soon found themselves the objects of jealousy and hatred. They too must go. The presence of the injured is too often painful to the wrongdoer, and innocence offensive to the eyes of guilt. It now became apparent that what had been taken by force must be retained by the ravisher, and nothing was left for the Indian but to ratify a treaty consecrating the act.

"On the 18th day of February, 1861, this was done at Fort Wise, in Kansas. These tribes ceded their magnificent possessions, enough to constitute two great states of the Union, retaining only a small district for themselves, 'beginning at the mouth of the Sandy Fork of the Arkansas River, and extending westwardly along said river to the mouth of the Purgatory River; thence along up the west bank of the Purgatory River to the northern boundary of the territory of New Mexico; thence west along said boundary to a point where a line drawn due south from a point on the Arkansas River five miles east of the mouth of the Huerfano River would intersect said northern boundary of New Mexico; thence due north from that point on said boundary to the Sandy Fork, to the place of beginning.' By examining the map, it will be seen that this reservation lies on both sides of the Arkansas River, and includes the country around Fort Lyon. In consideration of this concession, the United States entered into new obligations. Not being able to protect them in the larger reservation, the nation resolved that it would protect them 'in the quiet and peaceful possession' of the smaller tract. Second, 'to pay each tribe thirty thousand dollars per annum for fifteen years; and, third, that houses should be built, lands broken up and fenced, and stock, animals, and agricultural implements furnished. In addition to this, mills were to be built, and engineers, farmers, and mechanics sent among them. These obligations, like the obligations of 1851, furnished glittering evidences of humanity to the reader of the treaty. Unfortunately, the evidence stops at that point.

"In considering this treaty, it will occur to the reader that the eleventh article demonstrates the amicable relations between the Indians and their white friends up to that time. It provides as follows: 'In consideration of the kind treatment of the Arapahoes and Cheyennes by the citizens of Denver City and the adjacent towns, they respectfully request that the proprietors of said city and adjacent towns be admitted by the United States Government to enter a sufficient quantity of land to include said city and towns at the minimum price of one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre.'

"Large and flourishing cities had been built on the Indian lands, and in open violation of our treaty. Town lots were being sold, not by the acre, but by the front foot. Rich mines had been opened in the mountains, and through the streets of these young cities poured the streams of golden wealth. This had once been Indian property. If the white man in taking it was 'kind' to the savage, this at least carried with it some honor and deserves to be remembered. By some it may be thought that a more substantial return might well have been made. By others it may be imagined that the property of the Indians and the amicable courtesies of the whites were just equivalents. But 'kind treatment' here was estimated at more than the Indians could give. It was thought to deserve something additional at the hands of the Government, and the sites of cities at one dollar and a quarter per acre was perhaps as reasonable as could be expected. If the absolute donation of cities already built would secure justice, much less kindness, to the red man, the Government could make the gift and save its millions of treasure.

"When the treaty came to the Senate the eleventh article was stricken out; but it would be unjust to suppose that this action was permitted to influence in the least future treatment by the whites. From this time until the 12th of April, 1864, these Indians were confessedly at peace. On that day a man by the name of Ripley, a ranchman, came into Camp Sanborn, on the South Platte, and stated that the Indians had taken his stock; he did not know what tribe. He asked and obtained of Captain Sanborn, the commander of the post, troops for the purpose of pursuit. Lieutenant Dunn, with forty men, was put under the guide of this man, Ripley, with instructions to disarm the Indians found in possession of Ripley's stock. Who or what Ripley was, we know not. That he owned stock, we have his own word, — the word of no one else. During the day Indians were found. Ripley claimed some of the horses. Lieutenant Dunn ordered the soldiers to stop the herd, and ordered the Indians to come forward and talk with him. Several of them rode forward, and when within six or eight feet, Dunn ordered his men to dismount and disarm the Indians. The Indians of course resisted, and a fight ensued. What Indians they were, he knew not; from bows and arrows found, he judged them to be Cheyennes. Dunn, getting the worst of the fight, returned to camp, obtained a guide and a remount, and, next morning, started again. In May following, Major Downing, of the First Colorado cavalry, went to Denver and asked Colonel Chivington to give him a force to move against the Indians, for what purpose we do not know. Chivington gave him the men, and the following are Downing's words: 'I captured an Indian and required him to go to the village, or I would kill him. This was about the middle of May. We started about eleven o'clock in the day, travelled all day and all that night; about daylight I succeeded in surprising the Cheyenne village of Cedar Bluffs, in a small cañon about sixty miles north of the South Platte River. We commenced shooting. I ordered the men to commence killing them. They lost, as I am informed, some twenty-six killed and thirty wounded. My loss was one killed and one wounded. I burnt up their lodges and everything I could get hold of. I took no prisoners. We got out of ammunition and could not pursue them.'

THE CHIVINGTON MASSACRE

"In this camp the Indians had their women and children. He captured a hundred ponies which, the officer says, 'were distributed among the boys, for the reason that they had been marching almost constantly day and night for nearly three weeks.' This was done because such conduct 'was usual,' he said, 'in New Mexico.' About the same time Lieutenant Ayres, of the Colorado troops, had a difficulty in which an Indian chief, under a flag of truce, was murdered. During the summer and fall occurrences of this character were frequent. Some time during the fall, Black Kettle and other prominent chiefs of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe nations sent word to the commander at Fort Lyon that the war had been forced upon them, and they desired peace. They were then upon their own reservation. The officer in command, Major E. W. Wynkoop, First Colorado cavalry, did not feel authorized to conclude a treaty with them, but gave them a pledge of military protection until an interview could be procured with the Governor of Colorado, who was superintendent of Indian affairs. He then proceeded to Denver with seven of the leading chiefs to see the Governor. Colonel Chivington was present at that interview. Major Wynkoop, in his sworn testimony before a previous commission, thus relates the action of the Governor, when he communicated the presence of the chiefs seeking peace: 'He (the Governor) intimated that he was sorry

I had brought them; that he considered he had nothing to do with them; that they had declared war against the United States, and he considered them in the hands of the military authorities; that he did not think it was policy anyhow to make peace with them until they were properly punished, for the reason that the United States would be acknowledging themselves whipped.' Wynkoop further states that the Governor said the third regiment of Colorado troops had been raised on his representations at Washington, to kill Indians, — and Indians they must kill. Wynkoop then ordered the Indians to move their villages nearer to the fort, and bring their women and children, — which was done. In November this officer was removed and Major Anthony, of the First Colorado cavalry, ordered to take command of the fort. He, too, assured the Indians of safety. They numbered about five hundred, — men, women, and children. It was here, under the pledge of protection, that they were slaughtered, by the Third Colorado and a battalion of the First Colorado cavalry, under command of Colonel Chivington. He marched from Denver to Fort Lyon, and, about daylight in the morning of the 29th of November, surrounded the Indian camp and commenced an indiscriminate slaughter. The particulars of this massacre are too well known to be repeated here, with all its heart-rending scenes. It is enough to say, that it scarcely has its parallel in the records of Indian barbarity. Fleeing women holding up their hands and praying for mercy were brutally shot down; infants were killed and scalped in derision; men were tortured and mutilated in a manner that would put to shame the savage ingenuity of interior Africa.

"No one will be astonished that a war ensued which cost the Government thirty million dollars and carried conflagration and death to the border settlements. During the spring and summer of 1865 no less than eight thousand troops were withdrawn from the effective force engaged in suppressing the rebellion to meet this Indian war. The result of the year's campaign satisfied all reasonable men that war with Indians was useless and expensive. Fifteen or twenty Indians had been killed at an expense of more than a million dollars apiece, while hundreds of our soldiers had lost their lives, many of our border settlers been butchered, and much property destroyed. To those who reflected on the subject, knowing the facts, the war was something more than useless and expensive: it was dishonorable to the nation, and disgraceful to those who had originated it.

"When the utter futility of *conquering* a peace was made manifest to every one, and the true cause of the war began to be developed, the country demanded that peaceful agencies should be resorted to. Generals Harney, Sanborn, and others were selected as commissioners to procure a council of the hostile tribes, and in October, 1865, they succeeded in doing so at the mouth of the Little Arkansas. At this council the Cheyennes and Arapahoes were induced to relinquish their reservation on the upper Arkansas, and accept a reservation partly in southern Kansas and partly in the Indian Territory, lying immediately south of Forts Larned and Zarah. The object was to remove them from the vicinity of Colorado."

It will be noticed that the Commission do not particularize as to specific acts of wrong done to these Indians before the war. Before the Cheyennes were aware of the commencement of hostilities, a village of squaws and old men on Cedar Cañon was attacked by a large party of soldiers, and many of the people killed. After this, the troops going from Smoky Hill to Arkansas reached the village of Lean Bear, the second chief of the Cheyennes. Lean Bear, unconscious of any cause of hostility, approached them alone, leaving his warriors behind, and was shot down in cold blood. Soon after this, Left Hand, another chief, warned the officer of Fort Larned that the Indians would attempt to steal his stock. The warning was unheeded, and the stock was stolen. The following day Left Hand came again on a friendly errand, and was shot. The details of the Sand Creek massacre by our soldiery are more brutal than any record of savage barbarity. The conduct of Black Kettle and his brothers, as related to me by a member of the Peace Commission, is one of the manliest incidents of honor in the annals of history. Three white men were his guests at the time the troops approached his village. He was unconscious of danger. The day before he had sent Indian runners one hundred and fifty miles to warn the mail-coach of danger. His brother, White Antelope, had been on a like friendly errand. Unconscious of danger, and with the courage of perfect innocence, as the troops approached he took the United States flag, and his brothers each carried a white flag. Both of his brothers were shot down in cold blood. Black Kettle went back to his tipi, and said to his white guests, "I think you are spies, but I do not know it; it never shall be said Black Kettle did harm to a man who had eaten his bread; go to your people." These men are living to-day as witnesses to the honor of a heathen. Black Kettle gathered his little band of forty warriors, and fought with such bravery that he saved three hundred of his women and children from massacre. The testimony of officers who were present reveals the details of a massacre which is without a parallel. "Women and children were scalped by white men, and unborn children taken from their mother's wombs and their brains dashed out." The scalps of infants were stretched over the pommels of their saddles, and bodies mutilated with such indecent barbarity as would disgrace devils.

Contrast the generosity of Black Kettle to his white guests with the massacre of men who were encamped under one of our own forts, with the pledge of our protection. Had our white race suffered such wrongs, the tale of horror would be told our children's children, that they might requite vengeance on the guilty.

The history of the Kiowa war is thus told by the Peace Commission:—

"On the 16th of February Captain Smith, of the nineteenth infantry, in command of Fort Arbuckle, reports to General Ord at Little Rock, which is at once forwarded to the department of the Missouri, that a negro child and some stock had been taken off by the Indians before he took command. His informant was one Jones, an interpreter. In this letter he uses the following significant language: 'I have the honor to state further, that several other tribes than the Camanches have lately been noticed on the war-path, having been seen in their progress in unusual numbers and without their squaws and children, — a fact to which much significance is attached by those conversant with Indian usages. It is thought by many white residents of the territory that some of these tribes may be acting in concert, and that plundering incursions are at least in contemplation.'

"After enumerating other reports of wrongs (coming perhaps from Jones), and drawing inferences therefrom, he closes by saying that he has deferred to the views of white persons, who, from long residence among the Indians, 'are competent to advise him,' and that his communication 'is more particularly the embodiment of their views.' As it embodied the views of others, it may not be surprising that a reënforcement of ten additional companies was asked for his post.

"Captain Asbury, at Fort Larned, also reported that a small party of Cheyennes had compelled a ranchman named Parker, near that post, to cook supper for them, and then threatened to kill him because he had no sugar. He escaped, however, to tell the tale. Finally, on the 9th of February, one F. Jones, a Kiowa interpreter, files, with Major Douglas at Fort Dodge, an affidavit that he had recently visited the Kiowa camp in company with Major Page and John E. Tappan on a trading expedition. That the Indians took from them flour, sugar, rice, and apples. That they threatened to shoot Major Page because he was a soldier, and tried to kill Tappan. That they shot at him (Jones) and missed him (which in the sequel may be regarded as a great misfortune). He stated that the Indians took their mules, and that Satanta requested him to say to Major Douglas that he demanded the troops and military posts should at once be removed from the country, and also that the railroads and mail-stages must be immediately stopped. Satanta requested him to tell Douglas that his own stock was getting poor, and hoped the government stock at the post would be well fed, as he would be over in a few days to get it. But the most startling of all the statements communicated by Jones on this occasion was, that a war party came in while he was at the camp, bringing with them two hundred horses and the scalps of seventeen negro soldiers and one white man. This important information was promptly despatched to General Hancock, at Fort Leavenworth, and a short time thereafter he commenced to organize the expedition which subsequently marched to Pawnee Fork, and burned the Cheyenne village.

"On the 11th of March following, General Hancock addressed a letter to Wynkoop, the agent of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, that 'he had about completed arrangements for moving a force to the plains.' He stated that his object was to show to the Indians that he was 'able to chastise any tribes who may molest people travelling across the plains.' Against the Cheyennes he complained, first, that they had not delivered the Indian who killed a New Mexican at Fort Zarah; and, second, he believed he had 'evidence sufficient to fix upon the different bands of that tribe, whose chiefs are known, several of the outrages committed on the Smoky Hill last summer.' He requested the agent to tell them he came 'prepared for peace or war,' and that hereafter he would 'insist upon their keeping off the main lines of travel, where their presence is calculated to bring about collisions with the whites.' This, it will be remembered, was their hunting-ground, secured by treaty. On the same day he forwarded a similar communication to J. H. Leavenworth, agent for the Kiowas and Camanches. The complaints he alleges against them are precisely the same contained in the affidavit and statement of Jones, and the letter of Captain Asbury.

"The expedition left Fort Larned on the 13th of April, and proceeded up the Pawnee Fork of the Arkansas, in the direction of a village of a thousand or fifteen hundred Cheyennes and Sioux. When he came near their camp the chiefs visited him, as they had already done at Larned, and requested him not to approach the camp with his troops, for the women and children, having the remembrance of Sand Creek, would certainly abandon the village. On the 14th he resumed his march with cavalry, infantry, and artillery, and, when about ten miles from the village he was again met by the head men, who stated that they would treat with him there or elsewhere; but they could not, as requested by him, keep their women and children in camp if he approached with soldiers. He informed them that he would march up to within a mile of the village, and treat with them that evening. As he proceeded the women fled, leaving the village with all their property. The chiefs and a part of the young men remained. To some of these, visiting the camp of General Hancock, horses were furnished to bring back the women. The horses were returned with word that the women and children could not be collected. It was then night. Orders were then given to surround the village and capture the Indians remaining. The order was obeyed, but the chiefs and warriors had departed. The only persons found were an old Sioux and an idiotic girl of eight or nine years of age. It afterwards appeared that the person of this girl had been violated, and that she soon died. The Indians were gone, and the report spread that she had been a captive among them, and they had committed the outrage before leaving. The Indians say that she was an idiotic Cheyenne girl, forgotten in the confusion of flight, and if violated it was not by them.

"The next morning General Custer, under orders, started in pursuit of the Indians with his cavalry, and performed a campaign of great labor and suffering, passing over a vast extent of country, but seeing no hostile Indians. When the fleeing Indians reached the Smoky Hill they destroyed a station and killed several men. A courier having brought this intelligence to General Hancock, he at once ordered the Indian village, of about three hundred lodges, together with the entire property of the tribes, to be burned.

"The Indian now became an outlaw, — not only the Cheyennes and Sioux, but all the tribes on the plains. The superintendent of an express company, Cottrell, issued a circular order to the agents and employees of the company in the following language: 'You will hold no communications with Indians whatever. If Indians come within shooting distance, shoot them. Show them no mercy, for they will show you none.' This was in the Indian country. He closes by saying, 'General Hancock will protect you and our property.'

"Whether war existed previous to that time seems to have been a matter of doubt, even with General Hancock himself. From that day forward no doubt on the subject was entertained by anybody. The Indians were then fully aroused, and no more determined war has ever been waged by them. The evidence taken tends to show that we have lost many soldiers, besides a large number of settlers on the frontier. The most valuable trains belonging to individuals, as well as to Government, among which was a government train of ammunition, were captured by these wild horsemen. Stations were destroyed; hundreds of horses and mules were taken, and found in their possession when we met them in council; while we are forced to believe that their entire loss since the burning of their village consists of six men killed.

"The Kiowas and Camanches, it will be seen, deny the statement of Jones in every particular. They say that no war party came in at the time stated, or at any other time, after the treaty of 1865. They deny that they killed any negro soldiers, and positively assert that no Indian was ever known to scalp a negro. In the latter statement they are corroborated by all the tribes and by persons who know their habits; and the records of the Adjutant-General's office fail to show the loss of the seventeen negro soldiers or any soldiers at all. They deny having robbed Jones, or insulted Page or Tappan. Tappan's testimony was taken, in which he brands the whole statement of Jones as false, and declares that both he and Page so informed Major Douglas within a few days after Jones made his affidavit. We took the testimony of Major Douglas, in which he admits the correctness of Tappan's statement, but, for some reason unexplained, he failed to communicate the correction to General Hancock. The threats to take the horses and attack the posts on the Arkansas were made in a vein of jocular bravado, and not understood by any one present at the time to possess the least importance. The case of the Box family has already been explained; and this completes the case against the Kiowas and Camanches, who are exculpated by the united testimony of all the tribes from any share in the late troubles.

"The Cheyennes admit that one of their young men in a private quarrel, both parties being drunk, killed a New Mexican at Fort Zarah. Such occurrences are so frequent among the whites on the plains that ignorant Indians might be pardoned for participating, if it be done merely to evidence their advance in civilization. The Indians claim that the Spaniard was in fault, and further protest that no demand was ever made for the delivery of the Indian.

"The Arapahoes admit that a party of their young men, with three young warriors of the Cheyennes, returning from an excursion against the Utes, attacked the train of Mr. Wendell, of New Mexico, during the month of March, and they were gathering up the stock when the war commenced.

"Though this recital should prove tedious, it was thought necessary to guard the future against the errors of the past. We would not blunt the vigilance of military men in the Indian country, but we would warn them against the acts of the selfish and unprincipled, who need to be watched as well as the Indian. The origin and progress of this war are repeated in nearly all Indian wars. The history of one will suffice for many.

"Nor would we be understood as conveying a censure of General Hancock for organizing this expedition. He had just come to the department, and circumstances were ingeniously woven to deceive him. His distinguished services in another field of patriotic duty had left but little time to become acquainted with the remote or immediate causes producing these troubles. If he erred, he can very well roll a part of the responsibility on others; not alone on subordinate commanders, who were themselves deceived by others, but on those who were able to guard against the error, and yet failed to do it. We have hundreds of treaties with the Indians, and military posts are situated everywhere on their reservations. Since 1837 these treaties have not been complied with, and no provision is made, when a treaty is proclaimed, to furnish it to the commanders of posts, departments, or divisions. This is the fault of Congress."

The Navajoes have been at war with the New Mexicans for a century. From time immemorial their women and children have been stolen and sold as slaves. The Navajoes were the more civilized of the two. Kit Carson testified that during the war it took three hundred of his men an entire day to destroy one cornfield, that he took twelve hundred sheep from one flock, and that he found one orchard of two thousand peach trees. After a war which cost us fifteen millions, these Navajoes were captured and placed on a reservation, where they could not live. When General Sherman told the head chief, Bæbanciti, he could go back to his country, the chief ran and threw his arms around his neck, and said, "I have called you my brother, but we shall think that a man who does such kindness to any people is like a God."

Time would fail me to write this sad history. To do it we must begin with the Puritan fathers, who delighted to speak of the Indians as the Hivites and Jebusites, who were to be driven out by the saints of the Lord, — the days when Christian men marched a whole day with the head of King Philip on a pole, and when grave divines decided that the sins of the father should be visited on his children, and therefore the son of Philip should be sold as a slave to Bermuda, — and trace the history to the sad story of ministers of Christ imprisoned in the prisons of Georgia for telling the heathen of Jesus Christ; so on, down to the sickening record of the starvation of Christian Indians on the Missouri. There is no portion of our land which sheds light on this history. Senator Nesmith, speaking of the treatment of the Indians on the Pacific coast, says: "I have examined invoices of goods purchased by the department in eastern cities when the prices were fifty to one hundred per cent. above their value. Upon examination the goods were worthless in value and deficient in quantity. Among them were steel spades made of sheet iron; steel chopping knives made of cast iron; best brogans with paper soles; blankets made of shoddy and glue, which fell to pieces when wet; many goods not of the slightest value; forty dozen elastics were sent to Indians, when there was not a stocking in the tribe." Senator Hubbard reports testimony to prove that the Christian Sioux and the Winnebagoes were fed on soup made of the entrails of cattle and meat which was tainted. Kit Carson and Colonel Bent, who have lived thirty years on the border, say that as a rule every difficulty is begun by the injustice of the whites.

The question is, What is to be done? We cannot longer conceal this iniquity. Every American who has the slightest sense of honor ought to demand that this foul blot on the country shall be done away. It will be hard to undo the past and regain the confidence of the Indians; but if we enter on the work in the fear of God and give Him the will, He will find us the way. The evils of our present system are a lack of virtue in its servants, and entire absence of all proper oversight. The present Secretary of the Interior, with the best intentions, and who has always manifested the most earnest desire to redress wrongs, cannot effect a cure. He has five important Bureaus under his care: the Land Department, Pension Bureau, the Patent Office, the Department of Agriculture, and the Indian Bureau. The loss of confidence by the Indians and our own people in the present administration, imperatively demands some decisive change. If the Indian Bureau were removed to the War Department, unless guarded most carefully, it would become, as it has been, a matter of secondary concern. Very grave evils might follow such removal unless the Bureau itself were reformed. To place the Indian Agency at our military posts would expose the Indians to untold demoralization; and the danger would be that, on any provocation, a rash or inexperienced officer might precipitate us into war. If officers of the highest character have been betrayed into acts of cruelty to the women and children of the families of hostile Indians, what may not be expected from officers of less judgment? The inexperience of officers of the army in all agricultural and mechanical pursuits renders them unfit to direct and guide the Indians to civilization. If there should be any wrong-doing or frauds committed on the Indian, the wrong-doer would feel an immunity from danger if he had the control of a body of troops. The vast interests at stake which concern the nation's honor, demand that all these dangers should be carefully guarded against. My own conviction is that the one in charge of this poor race should be a cabinet officer. Christian men must demand that he should be selected for his Christian character, his philanthropy, his wisdom, and knowledge of the intricate interests to be cared for. The agents must be men of character, appointed for life, subject to as severe discipline as court-martial, and with ample salaries. All employees must be married men, of good moral character. There must be local boards of commissioners, as provided in the bill of Senator Doolittle, in the different departments into which the Indian country may be divided, to examine into all the details of every agency, arrange plans for civilization, government, schools, and mechanical pursuits. For the present, it is the wisest course to enlarge the present Peace Commission by adding to it some of the best men in the country, and place in their hands sufficient funds to feed and clothe every Indian on the plains. This Commission is made up of soldiers and citizens of the highest character. They deserve our gratitude for what has been done; and the reason they have done so little is, that they have been hampered at every step for lack of means. If an appropriation sufficient for these purposes were made, they could require all Indians to remain on their reservation, and they might treat all as hostile who refused to come. It will cost, perhaps, five millions a year. We are now spending thirty millions in the war. When once peace is restored we can hope to give to this poor people the blessings of the Gospel and a Christian civilization. What we need is, not so much war as justice, — justice to the red man and the white man. The present immunity of Minnesota from Indian wars is due to the wise counsels of General H. H. Sibley, who refused to allow any acts of violence to be inflicted on the women and children of the hostile Indians; and also, with wise forethought, he organized a body of friendly Indians as scouts to protect the border. They not only protected us, but in every instance punished the hostile Indians who made attacks on our citizens. Had any other course been pursued, our war would not have ceased to this day.

THE MISSIONARY'S WORK

Our own Church ought to give to them a Bishop, a man of large heart, of clear head, of inflexible will; a man who dare withstand the people, and who cares less for their anger than the judgment of God. With all our halting and short-coming, our work done for His people has not been without its reward. Under trials and difficulties which would destroy any parish in the land, the Oneidas have maintained their Christian character, and number among their people many who were once heathen; but all are now sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind. The missions to the Sioux, both of our own Church and that of the Presbyterians, have been greatly blessed. The Missionary in the darkest days of the outbreak came to me, and said, "I will go with my poor people, if I go to the Rocky Mountains." Among a people where the Government spent forty-eight thousand dollars and did not teach a child to read, this Mission has taught over three hundred to read and write as well as the average of our agriculturists. Where once was only to be heard the wild cry of the scalp dance and the sound of the medicine dance, now may be heard sweet songs of praise to Jesus and the daily incense of prayer going heavenward. Many a heathen tipi has been changed to a Christian home, and to-day over three hundred of that people, whom I met as pagans, are communicants at the Lord's Table. So great a door has been opened that we can carry the Gospel to thousands beyond. If the result among the Chippewas is less hopeful, it is due to the fact that, owing to persecution and danger, the mission was abandoned by its founder. Our poor Indian clergyman has had to deal with a people too scattered for any systematic work, and where wrongs suffered at our hands have kept the Indians inflamed with anger. Yet even here are many whom I hope to meet as redeemed in the paradise of God. Our duty as a Church is plain. These heathen are at our door. Christ died for them. In their sorrow and need they look to us. We must weigh our duty as under the eye of God. We must measure it by the Cross. Once settled, let neither man nor devil hinder us. God will work with and bless us, and many who are perishing will be owned as Christ's in the day of His appearing.

I should have preferred that other and abler hands had plead for this poor race. For myself it is a grief even to be placed in antagonism to others. I love peace — not strife. But what could I do? In God's Providence He led me to these poor wounded, wretched, outcast souls. I heard their piteous plea for help. I saw the dark record of crime which we were heaping up before God. I dared not be silent. I have spoken as I believe a man who believes in God ought to speak for God's suffering creatures; and conscious of the truth of every plea that I have made, I can bide my time and wait for God to vindicate my course. It may not come in my day, but the day will come when our children's children will tell, with hushed whispers, the story of our shame, and marvel that their fathers dared so trifle with truth and righteousness, and, with such foolhardiness, trifle with God.

H. B. Whipple,
Bishop of Minnesota.

A TRUE POLICY TOWARD THE INDIAN TRIBES

A Paper read at the Church Congress — 1877

In 1841 President John Quincy Adams wrote in his diary: —

"The policy, from Washington to myself, of all the presidents of the United States, had been justice and kindness to the Indian tribes, to civilize and preserve them. With the Creeks and Cherokees it had been successful. Its success was their misfortune. The States within whose borders their settlements were, took the alarm and broke down all the treaties which had pledged the good faith of the nation. Georgia extended its jurisdiction over them, took possession of their lands, houses, cattle, furniture, and negroes, and drove them from their dwellings. Andrew Jackson, by the simultaneous operation of fraudulent treaties and brutal force, consummated the work. The Florida war is one of the fruits of this policy, the conduct of which exhibits an uninterrupted scene of the most profligate corruption. All resistance to the abomination is vain. It is one of the most heinous sins of the nation, for which God will surely bring them into judgment. I turn my eyes away from the sickening mass of putrefaction, and ask to be excused from serving upon the committee."

This was the outcry of a noble heart which, in utter helplessness, turned away from God's suffering children whom he could not relieve. Since then the prairies of Minnesota, the plains of Colorado, the dales of New Mexico and Arizona, the lands of Dakota and the Pacific Slope, have all been desolated by wars, — the fruit of our broken faith. Our last Indian war with the Nez Percés is the crowning act of our injustice. The Nez Percés have been the friends of the white man for three-quarters of a century, and have an untarnished record of fidelity and friendship.

Lewis and Clark, who visited them in 1804, say that they are the most friendly and the noblest of red men. Governor Stevens, who made the first reconnoissance of the Northern Pacific Railway, paid them a like tribute of praise. They served as scouts during our Oregon wars. They furnished our cavalry with five thousand dollars' worth of ponies, for which they were not paid. During the war with the Snake and Shoshone Indians our troops, under Colonel Steptoe, were without ammunition and hard pressed by their savage foes. The army was saved from destruction by the Nez Percés, who came voluntarily to their relief. For a quarter of a century the reports of the Commissioners of Indian Affairs describe them as a long-suffering people. Seven thousand white men flocked to their country to dig for gold. Villages and cities were built on their unceded lands. White men located scrip upon their reservation. The Indian superintendent claimed a large tract of their country by purchase from a solitary Indian. Their people were murdered in cold blood; their women suffered brutal violence. Neither violated treaties nor trespass, not even violence, robbery, and murder could lead these people to revenge.

In 1863 a treaty was made with a portion of the Nez Percés. This treaty was not recognized by one-half of the tribe. The non-treaty Indians had their home in the beautiful Wallowa Valley. They said they had not sold it; they refused to leave the graves of their fathers. The Government recognized their claim, and so late as 1871 set apart the Wallowa Valley as a reservation for these Indians. Last autumn we sent a commission to notify these Indians that the treaty of 1863 would be enforced, and that they must leave their home. The Indians refused. Chief Joseph said to the Commissioners: —

"I have suffered wrong rather than to do wrong. One of my people was murdered this last summer; I did not avenge his death, but my brother's blood sanctifies the ground, and if it is necessary to protect us, it will call the dead out of their graves to protest against the wrong."

We say that the Nez Percés were sullen and defiant. History will say that they were brave souls who counted it sweet to die for their country. For a time the press teemed with denunciations of our Indian foes; but we are beginning to learn that the Nez Percés waged no war upon women and children. They did not mutilate the dead.

In this last battle Chief Joseph saw upon the field a young soldier who was mortally wounded. He went to him and, kneeling down, said, "Poor boy! It is too bad for you to die in such a war." He then went to his tipi and brought his own blanket to cover the dying soldier.

There are no words of righteous indignation that are strong enough to denounce the folly and the wickedness of such a war.

I need not repeat the story of other wars. . . .

The Navajoes, who had flocks and herds, orchards and well-tilled fields, fought with us to avenge the theft of their daughters, who were doomed to a fate worse than death. The Modocs, whose name is a synonym for cruelty and treachery, had bitter memories of their own fathers murdered under the white man's flag. No chief could tell a darker story of violated faith than the fierce Cochisi of the Apaches. The records of savage cruelty do not show any story blacker than the Sand Hill massacre of Mo-ka-ta-va's band. Our late Sioux war was the direct result of the violation of a treaty made by the highest officers of the Army. . . .

The Bishop of Rupert's Land said: —

"I fear that your people have not learned that it is not the amount which they give to the Indians, so much as that they strictly fulfil the pledges which they make to the Indians."

Lord Dufferin told the whole story when he called the Indians "our fellow-subjects."

Our Government has recently sent a commission to induce Sitting Bull to return to our paternal care. He may have heard the story of two Minnesota chiefs, Shak-o-pee and Medicine Bottle, who also went to Canada after the Minnesota massacre. A party of whites visited them; they were made drunk, seized, brought across the line, tried by court-martial, and hanged.

There is no page of our dealing with the Indians upon which we can look with pleasure. You may begin far back . . . when King Philip's son was sold as a slave to Bermuda, and follow on to the martyrdom of the Delawares, who were burned to death on the Lord's Day in the Moravian church, and on to the time when the brave Wooster was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for preaching Jesus Christ to the Cherokees. . . .

We dare not interpret God's providences, but we may be sure that when a people copy the oppressions of Egypt they will suffer from the locusts of Egypt. . . .

The fatal defect in our Indian policy is that it recognizes the heathen tribes within our territory as independent nations who owe us no allegiance, who are not subject to, or protected by our laws, and who have no personal title in the soil. This strange anomaly grew out of the position of the first settlers in America. The Pilgrim Fathers of Massachusetts and the cavaliers of Virginia could not treat as wards people who outnumbered them a thousand to one.

The only possible plea against the Indians' claim of title is to the robber's plea that "might makes right."

In 1871 the heart of the people was touched; they demanded a wiser Indian policy. Congress then made a solemn declaration that hereafter no Indian tribe or nation within the territory of the United States should be acknowledged as an independent tribe or power with whom the United States may contract a treaty. This was valueless, for Congress itself violated its own resolution.

Much has been said of the "Peace Policy." It has been unduly praised by its friends and unjustly condemned by its enemies. We have no Peace Policy. In every essential feature our Indian system has been unchanged for fifty years; it is based upon the intercourse law of 1832. President Grant — all honor to him for it — declared that "the office of an Indian agent shall no longer be a reward for party services." He gave the nomination of Indian agents to the different religious bodies who are willing to engage in Indian missionary work. Wherever churches entered heartily into this work, it was a success. Where they used their position to provide places for friends, it was a pitiable failure. Congress appointed a board of commissioners to examine the goods and supplies for the Indians, and inspectors to visit the Indian agencies. Despite all the evils and conflicts of an unreformed Indian policy, more has been done for the civilization of the red man than in any period of our history. The Board of Indian Commissioners in their last report say that within the last ten years 47,241 houses have been built for the Indians, and 233 schools have been opened. In 1876 there were 437 teachers and 11,328 Indian scholars. There are to-day 171 Indian churches and 27,215 church members.

The first requisite in reform is to keep our faith, to believe that lying is lying whether with white or red man. They who have the Indians in charge must be men who believe in God and who are afraid and ashamed to steal. The Indian Bureau must be placed in an independent position. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs can do little more than hear complaints without the possibility of redressing wrongs. It will not secure reform to transfer the Indian Bureau to the War Department; it changes nothing, but simply puts a bad system into other hands.

The War Department had the sole charge of the Indians for more than fifty years. The Hon. James Barbour, the Secretary of War under John Quincy Adams, deplored the management of Indian affairs as unworthy of the nation. A committee of Congress reported that "our Indian administration under the War Department exhibited a total want of method and punctuality; that accounts of millions of expenditure have been so loosely kept as scarcely to furnish a trace or explanation of large sums; and that no entries have been made for a period of years, and that, where entries have been made, even the very clerks who kept the books could not state an account from them." We pay all honor to men who have grown gray in the service of the country, but we are not prepared to admit that our only hope of civil service reform lies in the Army.

Officers of high rank will not become Indian agents; and we fear the removal of the Indian Bureau to the War Department will be made the pretext to force a large number of political appointments upon the Army, and so degrade a service which has always been honorable.

The testimony of Generals Sherman, Augur, and Terry is conclusive. After spending months in the examination of the causes of Indian wars they say, —

"If we intend to have war with the Indians, the Bureau should go to the Secretary of War. If we intend to have peace, it should go to the Civil Department. In our opinion, such wars are wholly unnecessary. Hoping the country and the Government will agree with us, we cannot advise the change."

I can only outline a few needed reforms, —

First, the Indian Department must be in an independent position with a responsible head.

Second, the Indians must be located in a country where civilization is possible. Hitherto neither our sense of justice nor our fear of God has preserved for the Indians any country which white men covet. The Indian Territory was solemnly set apart to atone for one of the darkest crimes in our history. Its possession is guaranteed by everything which is sacred in a nation's honor. We fear that plans are already made to repeat in darker shades the story of Ahab and Naboth's vineyard.

Third, the individual Indian must have a title to his land, and that title be made inalienable. The certificates of occupancy which are now given are not worth, as titles, the paper upon which they are printed. The best incentive to labor is the guarantee of the rewards of labor.

Fourth, the influence of the Government must be on the side of civilization. A Christian nation must cease to send paint and scalping-knives and implements of death to Indians. All government bounty should be a premium for industry. No rations should be issued — those for the sick and aged excepted — unless in payment for work.

Fifth, there must be government to protect persons, property, and life. The laws must be few and simple. The agent must be a man fitted for his trust. Such a man may be made United States Commissioner, with authority to try civil cases and petty crimes. Felony and murder may be tried by the nearest United States judge.

Sixth, all traders, employees, and agents must be lawfully married, and the law must provide that an Indian woman living with a white man as his wife is legally married, and that the children of such marriage are legitimate.

The means to be used to advance civilization are government, personal rights of property, and education; these and the Gospel of Christ will give homes and freedom to these heathen people. . . .

Fifteen years have passed away, — years marked by the murders of the wives and babes of white and red men, by the desolation of hundreds of American and Indian homes, by the death of brave Mokatava and his band, by the massacre of the gallant Custer and his heroic soldiers. Is it not time to say with the aged Sioux chief: "The land is dark with blood. The Great Spirit is angry with his children. There will be no peace until we rub out these lies."

We are not dealing simply with a perishing race; we are dealing with Almighty God. We cannot afford to trifle with justice. . . . Unless we solve the Indian problem with a wise and beneficent policy it will soon be to the Indian a choice of deaths, and we shall hear such a wail of agony as has never been heard in the land. We have it in our power to atone for the past by kindness and justice to the scattered remnant of the Indian nations in our charge. If we will not heed the voice of humanity, of conscience, and of God, we shall reap a harvest of sorrow. . . .

At about the time of this address, September, 1877, I published an article containing the following official facts concerning the Montana war, — . . .

The present Indian war in Montana furnishes another proof of the way in which long-continued wrongs can change our loyal, faithful friends to the most relentless foes.

Governor Stevens of Oregon says, in his report of 1856, during Indian hostilities, —

"The Nez Percés are, as they were last year, satisfied and determined to maintain their friendship for the whites."

In 1858 Superintendent Nesmith says, —

"In relation to the Indians located on these reservations, the Government must speedily choose between feeding and fighting them. If it is determined to abandon the reservation system, and thereby force the Indians to war by withholding their promised supplies of food, it is better that it should be done at once."

The same year Captain John Mullan writes, —

"I point you, commencing with Lewis and Clark, in 1804, to the present day, to the accounts of all travellers across the continent; and with one accord they point to the Nez Percés and Flathead Indians as two bright and shining points in a long weary pilgrimage."

In 1859 their agent recounts their services, under Colonel Wright, against hostile Indians, and speaks of their saving the lives of Governor Stevens and party in 1855. He speaks of them as a most powerful tribe on the Pacific coast, and calls attention to the importance of good faith with them.

In 1861 Superintendent Miller speaks of the invasion of from five to seven thousand whites into their country to search for gold; but, nevertheless, thinks that with just treatment peace can be preserved.

In 1863 the treaty spoken of in my preceding address was made. In 1865 their agent, J. O'Neil, gave these causes of complaint, —

"First, no annuities had been paid since 1862–63.

"Second, the failure to pay them $4655 in gold, as provided by treaty of 1863, for horses which they had furnished United States volunteers during the Oregon war.

"Third, failure to pay individual Indians who had served as scouts and soldiers.

"Fourth, failure to pay for work done for them on a church built by the order of Superintendent Caleb Lyon, $1185.50.

"Fifth, failure to pay employees, chiefs, and Indians when due, and requiring them to sacrifice from twenty-five to fifty per cent. of their pay."

In 1866 the Commissioner of Indian Affairs says: "The Nez Percés may be called a long-suffering people. Their reservation has been crowded upon by miners."

During all these years officials and citizens speak of the high character of these Indians, of their friendship, and of the shameless violation of the stipulations of our treaties. In 1867 Senator Nesmith pays the Nez Percés a high meed of praise, and recounts the provisions of the treaty with them. He says, —

"None of these excellent provisions have been performed. . . . They are brave, warlike, and of good habits. . . . I am surprised that they have exercised so much forbearance under the wrongs and injustice which they have suffered."

He devotes page after page to the sickening details of our dishonesty. Among these acts is the negotiation of the superintendent with *one* Indian for the purchase of a part of the reserve.

In the report of Agent O'Neil for 1867 he expresses fears lest the friendly Indians of this tribe shall be forced into hostilities. He recapitulates promises and treaty stipulations, and says, "These Indians will not be put off with promises any longer."

In 1869 the superintendent says, —

"I regard this tribe as one of the very best in the country for demonstrating that the Indians can be made self-supporting by cultivating the soil."

The agent complains of the sale of whiskey to the Indians, and also that the reservation has not been surveyed so as to show exactly were the whites are trespassers.

In 1870 the reports speak of dissatisfaction among the non-treaty Indians. They pay a high tribute to the progress of those on the reservations in civilization. In 1871 the same complaints are made of the sale of whiskey, and the agent says, —

"There are many white people living along the line of the reservation who are continually annoying the Indians and making trouble, . . . still there are no serious outbreaks."

In 1872 we have the same story repeated of the irritation growing out of the delay in settling the rights of the non-treaty Indians. In 1873 the same story is repeated of the importance of requiring the non-treaty Indians to come on to the reservation. In 1874 the same story is again repeated, with an earnest plea that the Indians who do not come on to the reservation shall be protected by law.

It appears that this year a very considerable annoyance was caused by a citizen claiming the title to the agency buildings, the mill, etc., under a grant of land made to the missionaries.

The report of 1875 marks a continued progress among the treaty Indians, notwithstanding some irritation growing out of the above claim, and fresh trouble among the non-treaty Indians by the opening of the Wallowa Valley to white settlers. There is the same urgent plea to have the non-treaty Indians placed on the reserve, and the fears lest the long-continued irritation shall lead to an outbreak.

In 1876 the treaty Indians were reported to be unusually quiet and making progress. The non-treaty Indians make fresh claims to the Wallowa Valley.

An Indian was killed by a white man in July last in this valley. After long years of delay, and of hatreds which grew out of such delay, the Government sent out a Commission, composed of D. H. Jerome, Major C. H. Wood, William Stickney, A. C. Barstow, and General Howard, to examine the claims of the non-treaty Indians, and to provide for their removal to the reservation. Like most of our efforts it came too late. The non-treaty Indians, who had so long brooded over their wrongs, had come wholly under the influence of their medicine-men, sometimes called dreamers, or prophets. They believed that they could resist and conquer. The usual results have followed, — the massacre of helpless men, women, and children, the death of some of the bravest of our soldiers, and the expenditure of, it may be, millions of dollars in war; while our own laboring population vainly seek for bread.

It is easy to denounce the Peace Policy, to hurl anathemas at officials at Washington who are powerless unless Congress gives to them the means to do justice. Is it not nearly time for a whole people to demand for the Indian tribes government and law, and for the pioneers protection? One wearies of the sickening story of the Minnesota massacre, the Modoc, the Sioux, the Chippewa, the Apache, the Idaho wars, — and all in less than fifteen years.

May God incline the whole nation to deal righteously. We have tried wrong-doing and have reaped the harvest of sorrow.

H. B. Whipple,
Bishop of Minnesota.

WASHINGTON, D.C., July 31.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY, THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

You are aware of my deep interest in the welfare of the Indians, and I am sure you will pardon this letter.

We have entered upon another Indian war, which I fear will be one of the most memorable in our history.

I will yield to no man in my sympathy for the brave men of the border who are always the first victims of savage hate. Every generous feeling of my heart goes out for the brave soldiers who, without one thought of self, go to die; and yet I can but feel that, for every life lost in such a war the nation is guilty, which for one hundred years has persisted in a policy which always ends in massacre and war.

Every friend of the Indian owes you a deep debt of gratitude for honestly trying to give us a better policy. The so-called Peace Policy was commenced when we were at war. The Indian tribes were either hostile or sullen and turbulent. The new policy was a marvellous success. I honestly believe that it has done more for the civilization of the Indian than all which the Government has done before. Its only weakness was that the system was not reformed; the new work was fettered by all the faults and traditions of the old policy. The nation left three hundred thousand men living within our borders without a vestige of government, without personal rights of property, without the slightest protection of person, property, or life. We persisted in telling these heathen tribes that they were independent nations. We sent out the bravest and best of our officers, some who had grown gray in the service of the country, — men whose slightest word was as good as their bond. We sent them because the Indians would not doubt a *Soldier's Honor.*

They made a treaty and they pledged the nation's faith that no white man should enter that territory. I do not discuss its wisdom. The Executive and the Senate ratified it. By the Constitution of the United States these treaties are the supreme law of the land, and are binding upon the individuals and states who compose the nation. The Constitution vests the power of making treaties in the Senate and the Executive. This treaty was so made, and it was, in all of its provisions, the supreme law of the land.

It was a question for the Senate and the Executive to decide whether they should or should not make such a treaty; but once made it was a solemn compact, to the fulfilment of which the nation, by its own organic law, was pledged.

A violation of its plain provisions was an act of deliberate perjury. In the words of General Sherman (see report) "civilization made its own compact with the weaker party; it was violated, but not by the savage." It was done by a civilized nation. The treaty was approved by the whole nation; the people and the press approved it because it ended a shameful Indian war, which had cost us three million dollars and the lives of ten white men for every Indian slain. The whole world knew that we violated that treaty; and the reason of the failure of the negotiations last year was that our own commissioners did not have authority from Congress to offer the Indians more than one-third of the sum they were already receiving under the old treaty.

The Peace Policy has *never been understood* by the people. They suppose it was some vague plan to give immunity to savages who commit crimes; when the first thing which the friends of the Indians ask is law to punish crime. You did all that you had the power to do, and that was to provide for honest men to fill the agencies. You said to all the religious bodies of the country who had executive committees to manage their missionary and charitable works, "If you will nominate to me a man for this agency, and your church will be responsible for his fidelity, I will appoint him." You provided for the honest purchase of Indian supplies. There have been mistakes. In a few instances dishonest and incapable men have been appointed; but not one where there was a score under the old system.

You look in vain for the shameless robberies which were common when an Indian agent was appointed as a reward for political service.

I have feared to have the Indian Bureau changed to the War Department because it would be a condemnation of the peace policy. It was a makeshift; nothing was reformed. It was the old system in another office.

My own conviction is that the Indian Bureau ought to be an independent department of civilization with one of the best men in the nation at its head. If this were done and we then gave to the Indians the protection of the law, personal rights of property, a place where they can live by the cultivation of the soil if required to labor; if provided with necessary aid in the work of civilization; if Christian schools and missions were protected, and plighted faith kept sacred, we should solve the Indian problem. . . .

Will you pardon me if I suggest a plan which may obviate some of the evils until Congress provides a remedy? I doubt whether Congress will adopt any new system or appoint a commission to devise one. The end may be reached by a simple method.

First, concentrate the Indian tribes, viz.: place all the Indians in Minnesota on the White Earth Reservation; the Indians of New Mexico, Colorado, and the Sioux in the Indian Territory; the Indians of the Pacific Coast upon two reserves. The Sioux cannot be removed at once, but probably twenty bands would consent to go; and their prosperity in their new homes would draw others. If the Government adopts the plan, the end can be reached.

Second, whenever an Indian in good faith gives up his wild life and begins to live by labor, give him an honest title by patent of one hundred and sixty acres of land and make it inalienable. So long as the reserve is held by a tribe, it offers a premium to the greed of white men. . . .

Third, provide government for every Indian tribe placed on a reservation. Congress might authorize the President to appoint any Indian agent *ex officio* a United States commissioner with full powers to administer law on the reservation.

The United States Marshal in whose district this reservation is, might be authorized to appoint the requisite number of civilized Indians or men of mixed blood to act as a constabulary force. The United States Judge might be required to hold one session of his court on the reserve each year. It requires no new machinery, no great expense. There are forty reservations where the plan could be inaugurated at once. . . .

Pardon this long letter. You have often aided us in this work, and if you can help us in this simple remedy I shall be deeply grateful. I do believe that a just and humane policy worthy of a great Christian nation will save our poor Indian wards and will bring upon us the blessing of God. Assuring you of my kind regard, I am,

Your obedient servant,

H. B. Whipple,
Bishop of Minnesota.

Faribault, Minnesota,
Dec. 4, 1882.

Honorable and dear Sir: May I respectfully call your attention to the sad condition of the Turtle Mountain Indians. Their country has been taken from them without treaty or purchase; they have been left a homeless people. I ask your attention to these facts:—

First, the treaty with the Sisseton and Wahpeton Sioux only includes territory up to Goose River.

Second, the treaty with the Red Lake Chippewas only includes territory west to Salt Creek.

Third, the map of the Indian office describes this country as unceded Indian territory.

Fourth, they have occupied the country as long as I have lived in Minnesota, twenty-three years.

Fifth, Norman W. Kittson, Esq., and Clement H. Beaulieu, Esq., old Indian traders and men of high character who have known the country over forty years, say it belongs to the Turtle Mountain Indians. General H. H. Sibley concurs in this.

Sixth, in Tanner's thirty years narrative of captivity among the Indians at the beginning of this century, he describes this Turtle Mountain country as the place of rendezvous for the Chippewas when going to war with the Sioux.

I do not raise the question as to the nature of the Indian title recognized by all Christian governments, nor do I claim that a handful of Indians can withstand the progress of civilization. I do not ask for them any approximate value of their land; I do respectfully urge that these friendly Indians have a just claim and that Congress shall apply and liberally provide for them homes and means to become a civilized people. It is a small price for a country worth millions of dollars. A nation which has been so wonderfully blessed of Almighty God cannot afford to be unjust to the poorest of His children in their care.

I am with high respect,
Yours faithfully,
H. B. Whipple.

Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

A powerful factor in the protection of the rights of the Indians, is the Indian Conference which meets annually at Lake Mohonk, when its members, numbering several hundred, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Albert K. Smiley, whose hospitality knows no limit.

The Board of Commissioners who serve without remuneration, have been of the greatest value, both to the Government and to the Indians, in securing the faithful expenditure in the purchase of Indian supplies and the fulfilment of treaty obligations.

The Board is indebted to its faithful Secretary, General E. Whittlesey for his long and helpful service.

INDEX

Abbott, Lieutenant, 196.
Abraham, baptized Indian, 31.
Abraham, Hebrew guide, 235, 238.
Ackland, Dr. Sir Henry, Physician to Prince of Wales, 477; conversation, 478; letters, 478–480.
Adams, John Quincy, 548.
Ah-yah-be-tung, 69.
Aiken, William, 71.
Aldrich, Mr. and Mrs. H. D., 202.
Alexander Coppersmith, 36.
Alport, Dr. W. W., teaches Bishop W. to pull teeth, 83.
American Church Congress, 351.
American horse, 300.
A-nag-ma-ni, Simon, 110, 285.
Anderson, Bishop, 58, 153.
Andrews Hall, 62, 161.
Arbuthnot, Dr. and Mrs., 451.
Argyll, Duke of, 470, 474.
Armistead, General, 387.
Armitage, Rt. Rev. W. E., 295.
Armstrong, General, 383.
Ase-ne-wub, 143.
Ashburton, Lady, 489.
Aspinwall, William H., 197, 228.
Associate Mission of Minnesota, first, 56.
Atwater, Judge Isaac, 27, 147, 431.
Audrey, Rt. Rev. Dr., 453.
Augur, General, 530, 552.
Avery, Professor, 4.

Babcock, Samuel D., 202.
Bad boy, 529.
Bæbanciti, 543.
Barbour, Hon. James, 552.
Baring, Rt. Rev. Dr., 465.
Barker, Rev. W. M. 349.
Barstow, S. C., 557.
Bashaw, 88, 89, 90.
Beardsley, Judge, 12.
Beaulieu, Clement H., 561.
Bedell, Bishop, 420.
Bellows, Dr., quotation from, 352.
Benson, Archbishop, 402, 404, 407, 459, 463.
Bent, Colonel, 544.
Berrian, Dr., 417.
Bertram, William, 384.
Biddle, The Misses, visit Sioux Mission, 262.
Bill, Rev. Edward C., 205, 247.
Bishop, Rev. Hiram, 24.
Black Kettle, 309, 526, 537, 538.
Bompas, Bishop, 156.
Bonga, George, telegram from, 45; history of, 46.
Boone, Colonel A. G., 298, 302.
Booth, Rev. Daniel T., 220.
Bouck, Governor William L., 5.
Bowen, Captain E. C., U. S. A., letter describing Council between U. S. Commission and Indians. 302.
Bowman, Rt. Rev. Samuel, D.D., 28.
Boyd, Rev. Dr., 4.
Boyd, Rev. A. H. K., moderator of the Church of Scotland, 270, 271.
Brackenridge, W. C., 387.
Bradley, Most Rev. Dr., 408, 424, 454, 473.
Brainard, David, 495.
Brecht, Dr. J. E., 388.
Breck Farm School, 215.
Breck, Rev. James Lloyd, 26; accompanies Bishop W. to Gull Lake, 30; establishes Divinity School at Faribault, 54; charac-

ter, 56; singing, 58, 82, 148; cottage in Faribault, 188; opinion of Indian missions, 492.
Brooke, Colonel, 385.
Brooks, Bishop Phillips, on foreign missions, 277; Bishop W. one of his presenters, 424; characteristics, 425; letters, 426.
Brown, Major Joseph, 130.
Brown, Stuart, 202.
Browne, Bishop Harold, 402.
Browning, O. H., letter from, 291.
Brunot, Mr. Felix, 192.
Bryan, Thomas B., 24.
Buffalo, 317, 529.
Bulis, Henry C., 298.
Burbank, Wilder, and Merriam, Messrs., 285.
Burgess, Rt. Rev. George, D.D., delivers sermon at consecration of Bishop W., 28.
Burgon, Dean, 445.
Burnside, General, 20.
Butler, Professor, 206.
Buxton, Lady Catherine, 475.

Caird, Mr. Edward, 273.
Caird, Mr. James, 273.
Cairns, Lord, Lord Chancellor of England, 276.
Call, General, 387.
Cambridge University gives degree to Bishop W., 405.
Cameron, Mr., Secretary of War, 307.
Campbell, Lord George, 474.
Canon, Dr., nickname of students for Dr. Manney, 56.
Carpenter, Bishop, 279.
Carson, Kit, 543, 544.
Carter, Miss Sibyl, 174.
Castelar, 282.
Caswell, Rev. Henry, 198, 483.
Cathedral Church of Our Merciful Saviour, 187.
Cavendish, Lady Frederick, 458.
Chamberlain, Rev. J. S., 248.
Chambers, Judge, 418.
Chandler, Mr., Secretary of the Interior, 307.
Chase, Rev. George L., 244.
Cheney, Rev. Charles E., 328.
Cheyennes, Story of, 530.
Childs, George W., 272.
Chivington Massacre, 535.
Claflin, H. B., 285.
Clark, Rev. John W., 24, 27.
Clark, Rt. Rev. Thomas March, D.D., 28.
Clarkson, Rev. Dr., afterward Bishop of Nebraska, lends three members of his congregation, 18; High Churchman, 24; announces election to Bishop W., 26; anecdote, 91; serves on committee for Board of Missions, 255.
Clay, Henry, 416.
Cleveland, President, tribute to, 314.
Clifford, Mr. Edward, 490.
Clinch, General, 387.
Co-a-coo-che, 386.
Cobbs, Rt. Rev. Nicholas Hamner, D.D., 28.
Cochisi, 550.
Coffin, Lemuel, 285.
Coles, Edward, 381.
Coles, Miss Mary, 199.
Congress, appropriation for Sioux, 285.
Cook, Rev. Charles, 180; letter on death of Mrs. W., 181.
Cook, Mrs., slave-owner, 385.
Coolidge, Captain, 162.
Coolidge, Rev. Sherman, 162.
Cooper, Peter, requests Bishop W. to read report, 262.
Corliss, Mr. and Mrs. George W., 202.
Corse, Major-General, 5.
Cortez, Spanish, 282.
Covert, Rev. John, 4.
Coxe, Rt. Rev. Arthur Cleveland, names Cathedral Church of Bishop W., 187; preaches at Durham Cathedral, 404; de-

nounced for lecture and defended by Bishop W., 430; delivers sermon at General Convention in Minneapolis,
Crackers, The, 16, 363.
Cranborne, Lord, 488.
Creighton, Rt. Rev. Dr., 450.
Crooks, General, 166.
Croswell, Edwin, 5.
Crowther, Bishop, 402.
Cummings, Rt. Rev. Dr., 328.
Curry, Hon. J. L. M., 362.
Cushman, Charlotte, 23, 24.
Custer, General, 318; letter, 319, 554.
Cyclones, 324.

Dames, Lieutenant, 196.
Daniels, Dr. Asa W., 122.
Daniels, Dr. Jared W., 130, 250, 285, 286, 293, 298, 300, 301, 302, 320.
Darlington, Miss Sarah P., 189.
Davidson, Rev. Randall, D.D., 406.
Davis, Allen Bowie, 315.
Davis, Mr. Jefferson, 423.
Deaconesses' Home in St. Paul, 219.
Dearborn, Luther, 187.
de Bruen, Miss, mission work, 280.
de Lancy, Bishop, encourages Bishop W. to prepare for Holy Orders, 6; approves decision on communion, 10; offers to supply parish, 13; objects to move to Chicago, 18; advises to accept bishopric, 26; one of the presenters of Bishop W., 28; advice to the new bishop, 29; gives letters of introduction, 190, 428.
Delano, Secretary, 46, 291.
Denio, Judge, 417.
Derby, Lord, 442.
Dix, General John A., 5, 6, 416, 417.
Dix, Rev. Morgan, D.D., 417.
Dobbin, Rev. Dr., 205, 206.
Doolittle, Senator, 545.
Douglas, Governor, 159.
Douglas, William B., 202.
Douglas, Senator, opinion of Abraham Lincoln and his nomination for President, 20.
Drexel, Anthony, 197.
Du Bois, Rev. George, 248.
Dudley, Bishop, 485.
Dufferin, Lord, 550.
Duncan, Mr. Alexander, 469.
Duncan, Hon. A. J., 388.
Duncan, Mr., 156, 440.
Dunlap, George, 20.
Dunlap, Hon. John, 359.
Dunn, Rev. Father, 420.
Dupont plantation, 14.
Durham University gives degree D.D. to Bishop W., 403–404.
Duval, Governor, 385.
Dyer, Dr., 351.

Eastburn, Bishop, 420.
Edmunds, Newton, 298.
Edson, Rev. Mr., 325.
Edwards, The Misses, 57.
Eells, Miss Caroline W., 190.
Eliot, John, 495.
Ellicott, Bishop, 402.
Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 217.
Emma, Queen of Sandwich Islands, 197.
English Church Congress, 277.
Enmegahbowh (John Johnson), in charge of Gull Lake Mission, 31; tells stories of visits with Indians, 39, 40; rector-emeritus, 44; travels with Bishop W., 69, 70, 81, 86; sends messenger to Mille Lacs, 110; opinion of Hiawatha, 149; in charge of Gull Lake Mission, 177–179; in Mille Lacs, 248; extracts from letters, 251–254; travels with Bishop W., 256; witty reply, 260; goes to White Earth, 263; talk with chief of Pembina Indians, 318; address at St. Columba, 322; conversation with Indian chief, 356; visits Jenny Lind, 452;

story of life written by himself, 497-510, 526, 529.
Evans, Rev. Benjamin, experience at Corlear's Hook, 21, 241.
Evans, Hon. Hugh Davy, 418.
Evans, Dr. Theodore, 238, 260, 409.
Evans, Dr. Thomas, 239, 409.
Evarts, Mr., 364.
Everett, Rev. Edward, sends pages of Eliot's Bible, 33.

Fairbanks, Hon. George R., 13.
Faribault, Alexander, 122, 134.
Farrar, Dean, 457.
Faudé, Rev. J. J., D.D., 433, 490.
Feast, Maiden's, 151.
Finney, Rev. Charles, 4.
Flandreau, Judge, 166.
Flatmouth, 46.
Forbes, Bishop, of Scotland, 445.
Forest fire, 324.
Forrester, Rev. Henry, 487.
Forsythe, Senator, 101.
Four Bears, 306.
Fox, Mr., interpreter, 34.
Fox, Rev. H. E., 488.
Friends, Society of, 315.
Frobisher, Sir Martin, 475.

Gaines, General, 387.
Galbraith, Major, 108.
Gall, warrior who killed General Custer, 319.
Gaylord, Attorney-General A. S., 298, 309.
Gear, Rev. E. G., 26, 28, 57, 58.
Gilbert, Bishop, 205, 349, 434.
Gilfillan, Rev. M., translates pages from Eliot's Bible, 34; quotation from, 44; travels with Bishop W., 85; assists in naming Mission of St. Antipas, 145; anecdotes, 169-171, 179; names of Indian tribes, 495.
Gillespie, Bishop, prison reform, 372.
Gladstone, Mr., announcement of Bishop Wilberforce's death to Queen, 227, 442; letter, 443.
Glyn, Lady Mary, 474.
Glynn, Mr., 227.
Gobat, Bishop, 238, 410.
Good Thunder, Andrew, baptismal name for Wa-kin-yan-was-te, 61; brings only child to be educated, 62; baptized, 64; heroism, 110; written statement of Sioux outbreak, 114; patriarch at Birch Coulee, 175, 177; anecdotes of, 181-183; present in Faribault at celebration of fortieth year of election of Bishop W., 490, 515, 526, 528.
Good Thunder, Charles Whipple, 183.
Good Thunder, wife of, saves Bible from burning Mission, 122.
Goodwin, Bishop of Carlisle, 277.
Grand Medicine, 35.
Grant, General, sends gift to Washakee, 164; gratitude of Bishop W. to, 196; asks name for commissioner, 301; sits in Indian Peace Commission, 307; remarks in Commission, 309.
Graves, Rev. A. R., 349.
Gray, Bishop, 388.
Green, Rt. Rev. William Mercer, 419.
Griswold, Bishop, 209, 398.

Haldane, Rt. Rev. J. R. A. Chinnery, 472.
Hall, Rev. Charles H., D.D., 66, 67.
Halleck, General, cousin of Bishop W., receives him as guest, 66; education and character, 100-102; letter, 103; baptized by Bishop W., 103; goes with Bishop W. to see President Lincoln, 136; in conversation with Secretary Stanton, 144.
Hallowell, Benjamin, 315.
Hare, Bishop, 180, 262, 263.
Harney, General, 169, 519, 530.
Harris, Bishop, 423.
Harrison, Mr., comptroller of Trinity Church, New York, 417.

Hart, Mark, 179, 180.
Harvey, Rev. Lord Charles, 183.
Haupt, Rev. C. E., 219.
Hawks, Rev. Francis, D.D., 418.
Hawley, Dr., 219.
Hay, Hon. John, sympathy in Indian work, 283; letter, 284; at banquet of American Society in London, 458.
Hayes, Rutherford B., 371; letter, 372, 382.
Henderson, Senator, 530.
Hendricks, Vice-President, 300.
Hesse, Landgrave of, 123.
Higginson, Colonel Thomas Wentworth, letter to Bishop W., 316.
High Church, differences with Low Church in Chicago, 24.
Hill, Dr. and Mrs., 412.
Hill, Mr. and Mrs. James J., 433.
Hinman, Samuel D., ordained deacon, at Mission of St. John, 61–62, 89; in Sioux outbreak, 107–109; life at Fort Snelling, 133; begins translating Prayer Book into Dakota, 134; burial place, 181, 263; tells Indians of General Custer's letter, 319.
Hobart, Bishop, 10, 420, 453.
Hodgson, Dr. and Mrs., 457.
Hoffman, Rev. Mr., gives first money for Indian missions, 33.
Hoke-Smith, Secretary, 291.
Hole-in-the-Day, 107, 110, 263, 317.
Hole, Very Rev. S. Reynolds, Dean of Rochester, 269; letter from, 270.
Holland, Sir Henry, 480, 481–483.
Hooper, Mrs. Samuel, 99.
Horden, Rev. John, afterward Bishop of Moosonee, 153.
Houghton, Lord, 480, 481.
Houston, H. H., 202.
How, Rt. Rev. William Walsham, 279, 468.
Howard, General, 557.
Hubbard, Senator, 544.
Humphreys, Colonel Gad, first Indian agent in Florida, 385.
Huntington, Rt. Rev., D.D., 343.

Ide, Colonel J. C., 219.
Indian, tribes in Minnesota in 1850, 33; sign language, 34; religion, 34; Grand Medicine, 35; burial, 37; traits and customs, 39–41; wigwams, 41; hospitality, 43; standards, 43; profanity, 44; marriages, 44; courtesy, 45; traits, 119; effect of fire-water on, 171; reverence for law, 172; loyalty, 173; industries for women, 173; laziness, 287; names, 300; gratitude, 317; enjoyment of story of Cambridge ceremonial, 405.
Ireland, Archbishop, 433.

Jack, Captain, 251.
Jackson, Mrs. Helen Hunt, 316.
Jefferson, Thomas, 381.
Jerome, D. H., 557.
Jessup, General, 387.
Johnson, Dominie, 429.
Johnson, Mrs. Ellen Cheney, 372.
Johnson, Rev. George, 179.
Johnson, John, baptismal name of Enmegahbowh, 31.
Johnson, Sir William, 165.
Jones, Sergeant, 130.
Joseph, chief of the Nez Percés, 166, 549, 550.

Kaiserworth, deaconess of, 233, 238.
Ke-chi-gan-i-queb, 69.
Kedney, Rev. John Steinfort, D.D., 206.
Kelly, Dr., Bishop of Moray, 275.
Kelly, Dr., physician in Chicago, 21.
Kemper, Rt. Rev. Jackson, writes letter advising Bishop W. to accept bishopric, 26; presides at consecration of Bishop W., 27; Enmegahbowh ordained deacon, 31; advice to Bishop W., 33;

consecrates cathedral in Faribault, 188, 198.
Kennaway, Sir John, 456.
Kennedy, Robert Lenox, 390.
Kenny, Rev. Edward, first resident Protestant clergyman in Cuba, 360.
Kent, Chancellor, 3.
Kerfoot, Alice, first graduate of St. Mary's Hall, 24.
Kerfoot, S. H., 24.
King, Rt. Rev. Dr., 464.
Kingsland, Mr. Richard, 239.
Kingsley, Charles, 279.
Kinsolving, Rev. Dr., elected Bishop of Brazil, 485.
Kiowa War, 538.
Kitche-manido, 34.
Kittson, Norman W., 142, 561.
Knickerbacker, Rev. Dr. D. B., 26, 132, 133, 178; tribute to, 240, 256, 318, 349; work in prison reform, 372.

Lace-schools, 175.
Lambeth Conferences, 375.
Lampson, Sir Curtis, 371, 476.
Lancaster, Captain, 196.
Lawrence, Lorenzo, 110; written statement of Sioux outbreak, 114.
Layard, Mr., 283.
Lea, Mr. Carey, 202.
Lea, Fanny, 202.
Lea, Dr. Isaac, 202.
Lean Bear, 537.
Lear, Mrs. H. Sidney, 447–448.
Lee, Rt. Rev. Henry Washington, 28, 329, 420.
Leech Lake, trouble with Indians. 45–48.
Leeds, Rev. George, D.D., 12, 199, 255.
Legends, 149.
Legge, Rt. Rev. Dr., 455.
Lewes, George, 480.
Lightfoot, Rt. Rev. Dr., 402, 464, 465.
Lincoln, President, 136.
Lind, Jenny, gift of communion service to Swedish Church, 25; interview with Rev. Enmegahbowh, 452.
Little, Thomas, heroic engineer, 326.
Little Crow, 38, 107, 109.
Livermore, Rev. Edward, 240.
Locker-Lampson, Mrs., 475.
Locusts, plague in 1877, 323.
Longley, Most Rev. Dr., Archbishop of Canterbury, 190, 375, 459.
Longworth, Mr., 220.
Luckock, Very Rev. Herbert, 456.
Lumsden, General Sir Harry and Lady, 275.
Lyon, Caleb, 555.

McAll, Rev. Dr., his mission in Paris, 279.
McAlpine, William, advice from, 19; conversation with Senator Douglas, 20; offers to act as witness at baptism of an actress, 23.
McClellan, General George B., 20, 97, 98.
McCutcheon, Dr., 171.
McDonald, Rev. Mr., 165.
McIlvaine, Bishop, 344.
McKaskie, Captain, 46.
McKenzie, General, 302.
McLaren, Bishop, 485.
McLean, General, 219.
McLean, Rt. Rev. John, Saskatchewan Jack, 154.
McMasters, Rev. Dr., 178, 241.
MacDonald, Archdeacon, 489.
Macgregor, Rev. Dr. James, 270, 273, 470–471.
Machray, Rt. Rev. Dr., 165, 433.
Mackay, Mr., 256.
Maclagan, Bishop, 402, 455, 457.
Macmillan, Mr., 410.
Ma-dwa-ga-no-nint, speech against treaty in council, 74; interview with Bishop W., 75; description of and conversations with Bishop W., 142–143; friendship for Bishop W., 145; baptized and

confirmed, 145; stories showing character, 146–148; hospitality, 256.
Magee, Archbishop, 277, 402, 464, 490.
Maiden's Feast, 151.
Maitland, memorial church to daughter of Bishop W., 379.
Makatava, 554.
Manidos, 34.
Manitowaub, 31, 69, 70.
Manney, Rev. Solon W., in Divinity School at Faribault, character, last illness and death, 54–56; preaches in school-house, 58; cottage in Faribault, 188; encourages Bishop W. in Indian mission work, 492.
Manney, Mrs., 188.
Manypenny, Colonel G. W., 298.
Marcy, Governor, 5.
Marshall, General, 131.
Mason, Robert M., 200.
Massachusetts Colonial Council, 277.
Massachusetts State Reformatory for Women, 372.
Massacre, Chivington, 535.
Maza-kute, Paul, 110.
Meacham, Colonel, 251.
Meade, General, 99, 103.
Medicine Boute, 550.
Merrick, Rev. Austin, 56.
Merritt, Mrs., 202.
Metropolitan of Guinea, 404.
Miles, General, 166, 458.
Miller, Mr. Roswell, 439.
Miller, Superintendent, 555.
Mills, Rev. Dr. Leonard J., 189.
Millspaugh, Rev. F. R., 349.
Minogeshik (baptized Edward Washburne), 264.
Minogeshik, wife of, 31.
Minturn, Miss Anna, 465.
Minturn, Robert B., invites Bishop W. to visit England, 190; gives communion service to St. Mary's Hall, 197; visits refuge in London, 227–228; visits Dr. Macgregor in Edinburgh, 273; goes through the closes of Edinburgh, 274.
Moberly, Bishop, 449.
Modoco, 550.
Mokatava, 550.
Montgomery, Rt. Rev. Dr., 453.
Montpensier, Duke of, 282.
Morehouse, Bishop, 402.
Morgan, George, 179.
Morgan, J. Pierpont, 202.
Morgan, Mr. Junius S., 469.
Morris, Colonel, 101.
Morrison, Rev. Dr., 440.
Morse, Mr., sends message by electric telegraph, 4.
Motley, J. L., letter on value of public education, 215.
Mott, Lucretia, 316.
Motto on seal of diocese, 60.
Muhlenberg, Dr., 207, 351.
Muir, Miss, 412.
Mullan, Captain John, 554.

Nabicum, Samuel, 145, 180.
Names of Indian Tribes, 495.
Napoleon, Emperor, 239.
Navajoes, 543, 550.
Neal, Rev. Edward, D.D., 329.
Ne-bun-esh-kung (baptized Isaac Tuttle), 263.
Neely, Albert E., 18.
Neely, Bishop, 433.
Nelles, Rev. Mr., Canadian missionary, 165.
Nelson, Judge R. B., 172, 440.
Nesmith, Senator, 544, 554, 555.
Newell, John, 20.
Newell, Hon. Stanford, 408.
Newman, John Henry, 198.
New Mexicans, 543.
Nez Percés, 166, 548, 549, 554, 555.
Nichols, Rev. H. P., 432, 436.
Northbrook, Earl of, 488.
Northrup, niece of Mr., President of Minnesota State University, 413.

Odenheimer, Rt. Rev. William H., 427, 428.
Old David, 14, 380.

O'Neel, J., 555, 556.
Osceola, 386.
Osgood, Dr., 351.
Otey, Rt. Rev. James Henry, 418.
Other Day, John, 110; written statements of Sioux outbreak, 119, 515.
Oxford University gives degree to Bishop W., 489.

Paterson, Rev. A. B., D.D., 26, 27, 28, 240.
Patteson, Bishop Coleridge, 451.
Patteson, Miss, 451.
Payne, President Peabody Normal College, Nashville, Tenn., 363.
Pay-Pay, 106, 134.
Peabody Fund, list of trustees, 361.
Peabody, George, 361, 371, 458.
Peabody Normal College, Nashville, Tenn., 363.
Peake, Rev. E. Steele, in charge of Gull Lake Mission, 30; resides at Crow Wing, 31; helps organize associate mission, 54; in charge of missionary work, 56; travels to Red Lake with Bishop W., 68–69; visits Mille Lacs Indians with Bishop W., 86; brings letter from Little Crow, 107; chaplain in army, 177.
Percival, Mr., cousin of Earl of Egmont, 85, 86.
Phillips, E. B., 20.
Pillsbury, Governor John, 323.
Pinkham, Rev. W. C., D.D., Bishop of Saskatchewan, 154.
Potter, Bishop Alonzo, 15, 138, 420.
Potter, Eliphalet, President of Hobart College, 164.
Potter, Rt. Rev. Henry C., 351, 446.
Potter, Bishop Horatio, 26; letters, 340, 347.
Potter, Bishop, 404.
Potter, Bishop of New York, 440.
Pratt, Captain R. A., 34, 168.
Prescott, Mr., 109.
Prim, General, 282.
Pusey, Dr., 444.

Quick, Rev. Mr., 465.

Ramsay, Admiral, goes with Bishop W. through the closes of Edinburgh, 274.
Ramsay, Dean, 274.
Ramson, Judge, 429.
Randall, Bishop, 255.
Ranke, 480.
Rattling Ribs, 306.
Ravenscroft, Bishop, 420.
Red Cloud, 299, 302.
Red Dog, 301, 306.
Red Owl, 64.
Rice, Hon. H. M., 105, 145, 526.
Ridding, Rt. Rev. Dr., 453.
Riggs, Rev. Dr., 60, 61, 131.
Riley, General, 101.
Riley, Rev. Dr., 485, 486–487.
Ripley, E. G., 217.
Ripley, Mrs. E. G., 217.
Robert, Louis, 87.
Robertson, Frederick, 279.
Robertson, Thomas, 65, 110.
Rowe, Rev. Dr. T. P., 440.
Roy, Susannah, 31.
Rubrics, Dr., nickname of students for Dr. Breck, 56.
Rutherford, Mr., 69.
Rutledge, Bishop, 13, 16.

St. Clair, George Whipple, 176.
St. Clair, Henry Whipple, 176.
St. Mary's Hall, 189, 197, 414.
St. Saviour's Church, 468.
Salisbury, Lord, 480.
Salisbury, Miss, 175.
Sanborn, General, 166, 530.
Sanford, General, 96.
Sarah, baptized Indian, 31.
Saskatchewan Jack, 154.
Sass, J. K., 57, 66.
Schenck, Rev. Noah, 24.
Schon, Rev. J. F., 402.
Schurz, Secretary, 291.
Scott, General, 387.

Scott, Colonel Robert N., 159, 196.
Scott, Rt. Rev. Thomas Fielding, D.D., 28.
Seabury, Bishop, 275.
Seabury,
  Chapel, 199.
  Divinity Hall, 187.
  Divinity School, 443.
  Library, 198–199.
  Mission, 188.
  Students, 207.
Seal for diocese, 60.
Searle, Dr. C. E., 467.
Sears, Rev. Dr., 362.
Sellon, Mrs., 445.
Selwyn, Rt. Rev. Dr., Bishop of Lichfield, 267, 277.
Selwyn, Rt. Rev. John, son of Bishop Selwyn, 450.
Seminole Indians in Florida, 384.
Seymour, Governor, 6, 417.
Sha-bosh-kung, 249, 529.
Shadayence, medicine-man, 35, 161.
Shadayence, son of, 161.
Shaganash, 70, 79.
Sha-ko-pee, 250, 550.
Shattuck, Dr. George C., gives land for school, 191; opinion of Bishop Brooks, 425.
Shattuck School, 191, 195, 197.
Shehan, Colonel, 130.
Sherman, General, at burial of General Meade, 103; quotation from report of Indian Commission, 167; gratitude to, 196; Indian Peace Commission in Washington, 307–308; character, 309; letter, 310, 519, 530, 543, 552, 559.
Shubway, Mr., 72, 73, 74, 77.
Shumway, Augusta, Mrs., 194.
Sibley, General H. H., on Sioux characteristics, 105, 122; letter, 131; conversation with Bishop W., 133; letter, 134, 172; signs paper to clear Good Thunder, 182; helps Bishop W. when ill, 293; ill health, 298; Bishop W. mentions name in Westminster Abbey and corrects mistake of London newspaper, 408, 526, 546, 561.
Sibley, Hiram, 198.
Sign language, understood by all tribes, 34.
Significant names of Indian tribes, 495.
Sigourney, Lydia, Indian girl baptized, her illness and death, 62, 63.
Sioux, outbreak of, 105.
Sitting Bull, 408, 550.
Smiley, Mr. and Mrs. Albert K., 562.
Smith, Dr., Bishop of Kentucky, 328.
Smith, Rev. E. P., 49.
Smith, Rev. Frederick, 44, 145, 176, 180.
Smith, Rev. George, 176, 180.
Smith, Hoke, 291.
Smith, Dr. John Cotton, 351.
Smith, Joseph, Mormon prophet, 483.
Smith, Rev. Joseph T., D.D., 433.
Smith, Judge, 385.
Spanish Cortez, 282.
Spencer, George, 318.
Spencer, William, 68, 69.
Spendlove, Rev. Mr., 154.
Spotted Tail, 300, 302.
Stage-coaches and drivers, 399.
Stanley, Dean, 454.
Stanton, Mr., 66, 144.
Stepney, Bishop of, 468.
Steptoe, Colonel, 549.
Stevens, Governor, 549, 554, 555.
Stevenson, Ex-Vice-President, 458
Stickney, William, 557.
Stokes, Father, 428.
Story, Mr. W. W., 481.
Strieby, Rev. Dr., 148.
Stuart, Alexander, 371.
Sumner, Mrs. Charles, 99.
Sun-ka-ska, 109.
Superior, William, 31, 69, 79.

Sutherland, Mr., 69.
Swan, Aunt, lesson learned from, 7.
Swedish Church, 434–438; report of Lambeth Conference committee and list of signers, 438.
Sykes, M. L., 20.

Tait, Rt. Rev. Dr., Bishop of London, 190, 226, 459.
Talbot, Rt. Rev. Dr., 374, 458.
Tallehasse, 387.
Tanner, Rev. George C., 206.
Taopi, 61, 110; written statement giving account of Sioux outbreak, 111, 134, 135, 515, 526, 528.
Tappan, Colonel, 530.
Taylor, General, 363, 364, 365; letters, 366–371, 387, 530.
Taylor, Rev. Dr., 405.
Taylor, John, 12.
Te-me-za, 177.
Temple, Most Rev. Dr., 459
Tennyson, Lord, 473.
Tennyson Memorial, 472.
Terry, General, 46, 169, 510, 530, 552.
Thayer, J. B., letter of sympathy from, 265.
Thomas, Rev. E. S., 349, 491.
Thompson, Bishop, 424, 464.
Thorold, Rt. Rev. Dr., 154, 156, 268, 269, 402.
Toffteen, Rev. Olaf A., 435, 437.
Tompkins, Daniel D., 3.
Townsend, General, 100.
Tracy, John, 20.
Tucker, James.
Tucker, Rev. John Ireland, D.D., 26, 27, 453.
Tudor, Mrs., 421.
Tuttle, Rt. Rev. Dr., 484.
Tuttle, Isaac, baptismal name of Ne-bun-esh-kung, 263.

Unonius, Rev. Gustaf, 24, 434.

Van Buren, Martin, 3.
Van Ingen, Rev. I. V., D.D., 28, 241.
Van Rensselaer, Patroon, 3.
Vilas, Secretary, 291.
Vinton, Rev. Alexander, D.D., 418.

Wabasha, 61, 65, 110, 177, 515, 526, 527, 528.
Wa-con-ta, 106.
Wagoner, Mr., 109.
Wa-ha-cam-ka-ma-za, 110, 177.
Wah-bon-a-quot, 179, 184.
Wah-con-di-ga, 134.
Waite, Chief Justice, opinion of President Cleveland, 314.
Wa-kin-yan-ta-wa, 110, 318.
Wa-kin-yan-was-te, see Good Thunder.
Walter, Hon. John, 272.
Ward, Rev. Dr., 454.
Warren, General, 167.
Washakee receives gift from General Grant, 164.
Washburne, Rev. Edward A., becomes interested in Indian missions, 255; visits Chippewas with Bishop W., 256; poem 258-259; present at beginning of American Church Congress, 351.
Washington, Booker T., 383.
Wa-won-je-gwun, 75.
Webster, Daniel, 12, 416.
Webster, Sir Richard, 469.
Weed, Thurlow, 5.
Weeks, Rev. Mr., 402.
Weldon, Rev. Dr., 456.
Wells, Rev. Dr. E. R., 26; at mission of Wabasha, 29; examiner for Enmegahbowh, 178; the Holy Herbert of diocese, 241; elected Bishop of Milwaukee, 349, 350.
Wells, H. T., 27.
Welsh, Mr. William, 262.
West, Miss, 109.
Westcott, Rt. Rev. Dr., 405, 424, 465.
Wetherspoon, Captain, testimony to good character of Indians, 168.
Whipple, Benjamin, grandfather of Bishop W., 1.

Whipple, Major Charles, son of Bishop W., 302.

Whipple, Rev. George B., brother of Bishop W., 197, 205.

Whipple, Mrs. George, niece of Daniel Webster, 12.

Whipple, Rev. George, uncle of Bishop W., 4.

Whipple, Rt. Rev. Henry Benjamin, ancestry, 1; childhood, 2; church training, 2; story of experiment with electric telegraph, 3; goes to boarding school and college, 4; enters business with his father, 4; interest in politics, 5; appointed Division Inspector with the rank of colonel, 5; decides to prepare for Holy Orders, 6; ordained deacon and priest, 6; called to Zion Church, Rome, N. Y., 6; married, 6; stories of first parish 7–12; illness of Mrs. Whipple, 13; goes south and accepts temporary cure of Trinity Church, St. Augustine, 13; missionary services and journey through Florida, 13; first service at Palatka, 15; visits Charleston for missionary aid, 16; returns to Rome, 18; called to other churches, 18; goes to Chicago, helps to organize and is called to Free Church of the Holy Communion, 18; work in Chicago parish, 19, 24; asked to take charge of Swedish church of St. Ansgarius, 25; insists on payment of assessment for support of bishop, 25; elected Bishop of Minnesota, 26; consecrated, 27; first confirmation, 29; first service in diocese, 29; visits Indian mission of St. Columba, 29; first Indian communion, 31; settles trouble with Indians at Leech Lake, 45–48; argument against pine sale, 48; defends Rev. E. P. Smith, 49; letter to President Buchanan, 50; death of father, 54; visits diocese, 54; first service in Faribault, 59; reasons for choosing Faribault for a residence, 59; seal for diocese, 60; family comes to Faribault 60; visits Lower Agency of Sioux Indians, 60; returns to Faribault and ordains Samuel D. Hinman, 61; visits mission of St. John, 62, takes charge of daughter of Wa-kin-yan-was′-te, 62; baptizes Good Thunder, 64; goes to Washington to plead for red men, 66; diary of first visit to Red Lake, 68–84; stories of expeditions through Indian country, 85–95; preaches to First Regiment of U. S. Volunteers from Minnesota, 96, 97; holds a service for General McClellan, 97; letter to General McClellan from hospital, 98; goes to Washington, 99; visits General Meade's camp, 100; conversation with General Halleck, 100; address at burial of General Meade, 103; in Sioux country, 106; visits Chippewa Mission at Crow Wing, 107; goes to St. Cloud, 108; gets news of Sioux outbreak at St. Paul and goes to Faribault and St. Peter, 122; article on The Duty of Citizens Concerning the Indian Massacre, 123–130; services at Fort Snelling, 133; brings friendly Indians to Faribault, 134; visits Washington and President Lincoln, 136; attends General Convention in New York, 138; address to President Lincoln, 138; meets Indian chief Madwaganonint, 142; visit to Washington, 144; obtains treaty and sends two Indian clergymen to Red Lake, 145; assists in consecration of Bishop of Saskatchewan, 154; address to Y. M. C. A. in London, 155; visits Alaska, 156; asks Board of Missions for a bishop for Alaska, 156; letter concerning Mr. Duncan, 156; stories of Colonel Scott, 159; anecdotes, 159–161; takes son of Shadayence to educate, 161; letter from Shadayence, 161; stories of Rev. Sherman Coolidge, 162–164; consecrates St. John's Church, White Bear Lake, 165; visits Washington in behalf of Santee Sioux, 167; lays corner stone of Bishop's Church at Faribault and of Seabury Divinity Hall, 187; opens St. Mary's Hall, 189; goes to England, 190; builds boys' school, 191; obtains detail of army officers as instructors, 195; opinion on religion in public schools, 197; buys first books for Seabury Library, 198; on clerical dress, 207; on preparation of sermons, 208; training of candidates in reading and speaking, 209; letters on toleration, 209–213; letter on conditions of aid, 213; delivers address in Concord, Mass., 217; quotation from Convention address of 1879 on deaconesses, 218; on change of pastorate, 220; quotation from address to diocesan council on ritual, 221–226; visits in London, 226; goes to Rome, 228; travels in Palestine, 229–239; baptizes fellow traveller in the Jordan, 236–237; has Syrian fever, 238; in Paris, 239; return to Minnesota, 240; service in Mille Lacs lumber camps, 244; attends meeting of Board of Missions in New York, 255; visits Chippewa bands with Dr. Washburne and others, 256; goes to north shore of Lake Superior, 260; reads report to Board of Missions in New York, 1868, 261; reads same in Cooper Institute, 262; assists in consecrating Bishop Hare, 262; meets Dr. Selwyn at General Convention in Baltimore, 1871, 267; guest of Bishop Thorold on a visit to Alaska, 269; makes an address in the Cathedral, Rochester, England, 269; anecdotes — of personal meetings with Dean Hole, 269, Rev. A. H. K. Boyd, 270, Hon. John Walter, 272, Mr. Caird, 273, Dean Ramsay, 274, Admiral Ramsay, 274, of preaching in Glasgow, Sir Harry and Lady Lennsden, and preaching in Victoria Hall, 275, Lord Cairns, 276, English Church Congress, 277, Massachusetts Colonial Council, 277, Bishop Brooks, 277, Dr. McAll, 279, Dr. Theodore Evans, 280, Miss de Bruen, 280, of journey through Spain, 282, Mr. Layard, 283, John Hay, 283; declines to take charge of distribution of appropriation for Sioux, and later accepts the trust, 285; speech to Diocesan Council in 1869, 289; defends Secretary Schurz, 291; resolution of Diocesan Council, commending efforts of Bishop W., 292; illness, and kindness of General Sibley, 292; Commission to the Sioux, 298–306; meets Indian Peace Commission in Washington, 307; Commission to the Chippewas, 313; interviews with President Cleveland, 314; address to annual meeting of Orthodox Friends in Baltimore, 1871, 315; address to Hicksite Friends, 315; preface to "A Century of Dishonor," 316; on fishing, 320–322; public calamities, 323–324; escape from lunatic, 324; railroad accident, 326; correspondence with Bishop Whitehouse on visit to Dr. Cheney, 329–338; offered an English bishopric, 339; letters on subject of accepting bishopric of Sandwich Islands, 340–348; beginning of American Church Congress, 351; plea for love and unity, 352–357; letter to Bishop Wilberforce, 357; visit to Havana, 358–360; elected one of the trustees of the Peabody Fund, 361; meeting with George Peabody, 371; on prison reform, 374–373; letter to Archbishop of Canterbury, 1867, 375; in Florida, winter of 1879, 379; on slavery and the negroes, 380–384; on Seminole Indians in Florida, 384–389; stories of chance meetings and results, 389–394; on love and faith, 394–399; the Yellowstone Park, 399; opens Lambeth Conference in 1888, 401; degree of Doctor of Divinity from Durham University, 404; dinner and service at Durham, 404; service at Canterbury, 404; preaches at consecration of Croyden church, 405; preaches before University of Cambridge, 405; Cambridge gives degree of Doctor of Laws, 405; preaches triennial in St. George's, New York, in 1889, 406; invited to spend the winter in Egypt, 406; visits Dean Davidson at Windsor and is summoned by the Queen, 407; visits Archbishop Benson, 407; preaches in Westminster Abbey, 408; spends Christmas in Paris, 409; in Egypt, 409–411; in Greece, 411–413; in Constantinople, 413; in Cyprus, Brindisi, Mentone, 414; anecdotes of personal friends, 416–430; meeting of General Convention in Minneapolis, 431–441; anecdotes, 442–446; attends fourth Lambeth Conference, 446; marriage, 446; preaches in Salisbury Cathedral, 446; preaches in Cambridge, 450; preaches in Stratford-on-Avon, and addresses children, 451; address at missionary meeting in Southwell Minster, 453; in London for the Jubilee, 454; address in Lichfield Cathedral, 455; address at Hanover, 456; at opening of Lambeth Conference, 457; garden party given by Dean Farrar, 457; responds to toast at banquet of American Society in London, 458; extract from sermon before Lambeth Conference, 1888, 459; Conference of 1897, 463–469; goes to Scotland, 469; trip from Oban to Iona, 472; takes part in services at Tennyson Memorial, Isle of Wight, 472; visits and anecdotes, 472–483; General Convention of 1898 in Washington, 484; letter to Bishop Riley, 486; address to Church Missionary Society of England in 1899, 487; University of Oxford confers degree, 489; returns to diocese, 490; celebrates fortieth year of election to Episcopate, 490; on Indian missions and general mission work, 491–494; Papers on Indian questions, letter to President Lincoln, 510; what shall we do with the Indians, 514; letter to Indian Commission, 519; on moral and temporal condition of Indian tribes, 521; a True Policy toward the Indian Tribes, 1877, 548; letter to President of the United States, 558; letter to Hon. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 561.

Whipple, Captain John, 130.

Whipple, John H., father of Bishop W., 1, 3, 54.

Whipple, Miss Mary, 175.

White, Fisher, wife of, 81.

White, Hon. Mr., 413.

White, Mr. Henry, 458.

White, Rev. J. H., 349.

White Antelope, 538.

Whitehouse, Bishop, conversation on confirmation of an actress, 23, 25; advises Bishop W. to accept episcopate, 26; one of the presenters of Bishop W., 28; preaches at dedication of Bishop's Cathedral in Faribault, 188; correspondence with Bishop W., 329–338, 341; interest in Swedish church, 435.

Whittingham, Bishop, officiates at burial of "Old David," 15; offers library to Seabury, 199; speech from chancel, 261; decides Bishop W. to accept trust of appropriation of Congress for Indians, 285; letters, 342, 347; makes nomination for first resident Protestant clergyman in Cuba, 360; letter, 377.

Whittlesey, General E., 562.

Wigram, Rev. Dr., 405.

Wilberforce, Bishop, 226, 277, 443.

Wilcoxson, Rev. Timothy, 56, 248.

Wilder, Judge E. T., 27, 147, 194.

Wilkins, Captain, 136.

Williams, Rev. John, of Omaha, 58.

Williams, Rt. Rev. John, quotation from, 32; letter, 340; teacher of Bishop Thomas, 350; nominates Bishop W. to preach opening sermon before Lambeth Conference, 401; entertains Bishop Odenheimer and Bishop W., 428; absent from General Convention, 432; opinion on Council of Advice headed by Archbishop of Canterbury, 460; letter written by secretary, 461.

Williamson, Rev. Dr., tribute to character, 61.

Wills, Hon. Louis, 359.

Wilmer, Bishop Joseph, P.B., 382, 421.

Wilson, Rev. Dr. E. S., 206.

Wilson, Rev. W. D., D.D., 28, 244.

Winthrop, Hon. Robert C., Pres. of Trustees of Peabody Fund, 361; name given to Normal College, S. C., 363; invites Bishop W. to preach at White Sulphur Springs, 364; tribute to, 365; letters, 366–371.

Winthrop Normal College, S. C., 363.

Winton, S., letter offering bishopric of Sandwich Islands, 339, 346.

Woman's Auxiliary to Board of Missions, 439.

Wood, Major C. H., 557.

Wooster, 551.

Wordsworth, Rt. Rev. Dr., 449.

Worth, General, 169, 384, 386.

Wright, Colonel, 555.

Wright, Rev. Benjamin, 13.

Wright, Rev. Charles, 179.

Wyman, Mrs., 202.

Yellowstone National Park, 399.

Young, Bishop, 379.

Young, E. H., 461.

Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse, 300.

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