

N. Amer.

1954

“Work Among the Indians”

Presbyterian Missions in the South
and Southwest

By

MRS. BELLA McCALLUM GIBBONS

HUGO, OKLAHOMA.



Published by the
PRESBYTERIAN COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION
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“Work Among the Indians”

The student of history will find, by tracing the story of the religious work among the Indians of the United States that it dates back to the labors of John Eliot in Massachusetts while he was pastor of the church at Roxbury from 1636 to 1690. Having been carefully educated at Cambridge, in England, he was eminently qualified to preach the gospel to his own class in his own native land, but he longed to become one of the few who would give up much that made life dear, in order that the struggling colonists in New England might also have the gospel preached to them.

Soon after becoming pastor at Roxbury he became interested in the Indians, and began studying their language. He was soon able to preach to them in their own tongue, and it is said that about thirty-five hundred Indians were converted to Christianity through his labors. Afterwards he translated the Bible into the Indian language and the “Indian Version of the Scriptures” was the first book published in New England. A man of deep piety, good temper, and simplicity of life, he was bound to have a marked influence for good on all that region of our country. Today even the school children know about John Eliot, the sainted “Apostle to the Indians,” who did so much for the cause of Christianity in those early days when life in New England was not to be compared to what it is now in any part of our country.

The first Presbyterian missionary to the American Indians was Rev. Azariah Horton. He began his work on Long Island in 1741, and was supported by “The Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge.” Then David

Brainerd gave the best years of his short life to this service, and was the second Presbyterian missionary to the Indians. Dr. Ashbel Green says: "His success here was perhaps without a parallel in heathen missions since the days of the Apostles." Influenced by the example and godly life of David Brainerd, Jonathan Edwards began preaching to the Housatonic Indians at Stockbridge, Mass., in 1751. He too was highly educated having graduated at Yale. Cultured, refined, a rigid Calvinist, he taught and preached with so much reality, earnestness and power, that his influence made and left its mark in all New England, for better and higher standards of life between man and man, and between man and his Creator.

In November, 1806, the first direct contributions to Indian Missions were made by the General Assembly, and for more than one hundred years can be traced the story of such lives as Alfred Wright, missionary and translator for the Choctaws, whose epitaph on the monument to his lonely grave at Wheelock Academy tells the story of his life. The Cherokee people still tell their children that Gideon Blackburn was truly the Indian's friend, and the Sioux Indians were more than blessed to have had the service of two such men as Doctor Riggs and Doctor Williamson who gave their talents, their lives, their all, "In His Name."

Many students of history have studied with much interest the various accounts of the great battle fought at Missionary Ridge, but not all know why the place was so named. Not all know that in 1817 the American Board of Missions, in conjunction with the Presbyterian Church, established a mission called "Brainerd" at what is now known as Missionary Ridge. It was a mission for the Cherokees, and Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury was placed in charge. A good school was soon started for the Cherokee children where they were taught not

only from text books, but also were taught how to work, and above all they were instructed in Christianity. The older Indians were gathered together on Sundays, the Bible was



Old Time Indian.

made plain enough for large numbers to understand the plan of salvation. As time went on the Mission at Brainerd grew and flourished.

A few years had passed after the establishment of Brainerd when the Choctaw Indians heard of the good work being done there for the Cherokees. No doubt some of them visited the Mission, heard and saw the training being given there to the Cherokee children. Doubtless some of them attended

the meetings held for the older Indians by Mr. Kingsbury while he explained to them that the Great Spirit they all believed in, and revered was a beautiful reality, a "loving, living, merciful Father" whose hands were outstretched to them whose ears were ever open to their cry.

The Choctaws were ever known as a simple, peace-loving, quiet and reverent tribe. They wanted a Mission like the one the Cherokees had at Brainerd. They called their chiefs together, secured an interpreter, and made application to the American Board of Missions for a school. They asked that a "Bible School" be given them where their children could be taught the true way of life. They stated in their petition that the Choctaws had always been friendly to the white people, and that never in all the previous wars had the Choctaws taken up arms against them. Their request for a "Bible School" was granted by the American Board. It was established at Eliot, and Mr. Kingsbury was transferred from Brainerd to the new location. A comfortable house of logs was soon erected and the school opened. The Choctaws were overjoyed to have their children taught by Christian teachers. It was not long before other houses were built. Needed improvements were made under the guidance of Mr. Kingsbury, and Eliot soon became a very promising Mission. Mayhew, and several other stations were opened and supervised by such pious and scholarly men as Reverends Ebenezer Hotchkin, Cyrus Byington and Alfred Wright,—men who with their wives and families gave up the comforts, the pleasures, and friends, and all that made life dear in their New England homes to teach the way of life to the Indians.

The Missions east of the Mississippi were kept up until the migration of the several tribes to the Indian Territory began in 1832. Then one by one the mission points were closed. Some of the faithful mission workers retired from

the service, some returned to their homes in New England while a few packed up their earthly belongings and went with the Indians to their new homes in Indian Territory which was at that time a trackless forest, inhabited only by wild animals.

History tells us of the migration from the East, but only those who made the journey are capable of telling just what it meant. They alone can tell just how terribly hard it was; the deep sorrow the Indians felt at having to leave their homes; the long, toilsome journey to the land of promise, towards where the sun goes to sleep,—the Indian territory, set apart by our government to be their home “so long as grass grows and water runs.” More times than once on that long journey, they suffered from hunger, sometimes they would beg for ears of corn from farmers whose farms they were passing. Often they suffered from cold, and many died from exposure. The journey was made in the coldest part of winter. It is said that one large company made the trip with nine-tenths of the women barefooted. The most of them were obliged to walk, even though at times the ground was frozen. The swamps in Mississippi were overflowed and the sickness, suffering and death that resulted from that muddy trail was terrible. One instance is recorded where a company of Indians were surrounded by water for six days. Famishing and perishing from hunger and cold, they saw their horses, stuck in the mud, freeze and die before aid came to them at all. To many of them help came too late, for although none of the Indians froze, numbers of them died from the exposure. All along the journey graves were made, for vast numbers of them died before they reached the end of a journey which has aptly been named “The Trail of Tears.”

Yet, although the hearts of these Indians were sore because of the homes they had left; although they had turned

their backs upon the graves of their loved ones; although with moistened eyes they had watched their cherished, time-honored council fires flicker and die, knowing they would never be re-kindled in the East, notwithstanding all this, be it said to the credit of the Christian Indians, they brought their religion with them all that long, pitiful journey. Each day they held their morning and evening worship, and nothing would induce them to work on Sunday.

At last the tedious journey was over. The remnants of many once powerful tribes reached the Indian Territory, which at that time was almost a wilderness. This was to be their home forever, so the treaty made with the United States Government assured them.

From an old record which is now almost a sacred relic to Indian Presbytery, we find that at a meeting of Indian Missionaries at Bethel Church, Choctaw Nation, in 1836, there were present as active missionaries in the field, Reverends Cyrus Byington, Alfred Wright, and Ebenezer Hotchkin, all old friends of the Indians, all three having labored among them in the old home-land across the big waters. These three devoted, consecrated men were placed among the Choctaws to labor, to open mission points, to prepare the way for other laborers who were promised to follow. Some years later Rev. C. C. Copeland a scholarly, consecrated man, came to the field. Rev. Alexander Read also heard this Macedonian cry and came to the Choctaws. During these years Rev. O. P. Stark also gave the best service of his life to Indian Missions in Indian Territory. Prior to 1860 Missions had been established at Wheelock, Good Land, Pine Ridge, Mt. Pleasant, Good Water, Stockbridge, and Spencer Academy. At several of these points schools were established which brought great benefit to the younger generations of Indians. Consecrated men and women, during these years

between 1836 and 1860, left their homes in the North and East, lived, labored, and many of them died, among the Indian people. They taught their children text books, the Bible, how to do all kinds of work,—in fact giving them all the instruction they could to make them good, self-sustaining men and women, useful to themselves, and a benefit to their race. The old Record to which we have already referred tells much that is interesting about these missionary teachers. They all attended the missionary meetings during these years. It was indeed a great blessing to them that they could attend



An Indian Camp.

for in those days social as well as spiritual advantages were on a limited scale. One thing that proves their love and devotion to their cause was the amount of salary they received. Four hundred dollars a year was the highest salary paid for ministerial work. Only one minister is on record as receiving that amount. The reason for this excessive salary was that he not only had to minister to several mission points long distances apart, but at the same time he was Superin-

tendent of the largest Mission School our church then had among the Indians, consequently his responsibilities as well as his hardships were great. In those days Indian Territory had few physicians. The missionary, to a great extent, had to be his own family physician, and he also administered medicine to anyone needing it, as best he could. Their little medicine cases were always carried in their "saddle bags" with the Bible and Hymn Book. Many long journeys these three made together, and oftentimes the simple remedies administered by the faithful missionary were not only the means of alleviating pain, but lives were saved by the use of them. Not long since it was our privilege to see the medicine case of the Rev. C. C. Copeland. It is a little square, leather folding case. Some of the vials still have medicine in them, and the labels are legible. It is a valued relic, kept by a granddaughter, not for any value it possesses but because it was so closely connected with the mission work of one of the noblest men who ever gave his life to the Indian cause.

Several of the teachers of this period were women, refined, cultured, consecrated. Many of them gave up homes of comfort in the East because they pitied the Indians, and their hearts longed to help them as a race, to become a civilized people. From the same old records we learn much of their work of self-sacrifice and devotion to these people.

Among those who did valiant work in those early days were Mrs. Kingsbury, Mrs. Stark, Miss Burnham, Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Fulsom, Miss Colton, with many others. They taught, worked, ministered to the sick and needy, lived with them, and loved them in their ignorance of the ways of this world. They gave all their talents, their time, and oftentimes most of their salary to the cause of Christianity among the Indians of Indian Territory.

The record also tells of their salaries. The highest salary paid a woman teacher at that time was \$120 a year. This was the largest amount paid for services. The woman teacher of those days was given her board. Sometimes it was in one of the schools, sometimes in the home of the resident missionary, and sometimes in the humble home of some Christian Indian she found lodging with a warm welcome.

The following extracts from a letter recently received from Mrs. Mary Semple Hotckin will throw some light on existing conditions in this country just before and after the Civil War:

“I am sorry I can give so little of the information you desire. Dear old Wheelock is a very sad, and yet a very bright spot in my life, as the first year of my mission life was spent there in 1857 and 1858. Rev. John Edwards was the missionary at that station then. He was a very saintly man. He and a Mr. Dukes translated the Psalms, or worked on them all that year. Such working and praying I had never seen before, and as I roomed next the study in a log cabin, I had the full benefit of it. The talking to the Lord was so earnest it seemed to me there must be a third person answering all their questions. It was a great sorrow to Mr. Edwards that he could never have the translation printed, but the expense was too great.

“At that time there were forty pupils in the boarding school, and fifteen to eighteen in the day school. We taught sewing to those girls,—hand sewing, as machines were not to be had then. Some of the sewing those Indian girls did at Wheelock was beautiful. Mr. and Mrs. Wright were originally from Charleston, S. C. He was lovely in character beyond description, and was loved so much by the Indians. He had passed on to his dearly loved Master several years before I came to the Mission. Mrs. Wright was a very highly edu-

cated lady, judging from her letters. Mr. and Mrs. Wright moved with the first company of Indians that came to the Southern part of the Territory in 1830. My husband's father and mother, Rev. E. Hotchkin and wife, came in 1832, and Mr. Kingsbury came earlier to the Cherokees, but after a year or so came to the Choctaws.

"No one will ever know what those old missionaries suffered from privation of life's necessities. At one time Mr. and Mrs. Wright, living in a cabin alone, were very sick, with absolutely nothing in their house to eat but pumpkins! And neither one was able to get across the room to the other. A week passed, when a message was sent to Mr. and Mrs. Hotchkin by an Indian who found them in their pitiful condition. Mrs. Hotchkin hastened to them, found them in a critical condition, but suffering more for nourishment than anything else.

"At this time flour was \$50 a barrel, and was hauled from Little Rock, Ark. A pound of tea, a few pounds of sugar, some dried currants, these were luxuries kept only for sickness. And the mails, well it took thirty days to get a letter from Ohio. The second year of my school life was spent at Bennington, in the home of Rev. C. C. Copeland, he having settled there several years before. Mr. Copeland preached all his sermons in the Indian language. He rode horseback to all his stations or preaching places, as there were no roads for vehicles in the country.

"War made great ravages in the Indian country. It so demoralized the church work that it took long years to recover. The two Presbyterian churches held off after the war. One wrote, 'We fear to trespass on the rights of the Northern Church,' and the Northern Church also feared to trespass on the rights of the Southern Church, so for ten years we were let alone.

“But if the Presbyterian churches did let the Indian work alone during those years, others did not. The Methodists and Baptists did a noble work among them; yet the loss to our church was very great. As we had made such a good beginning, it was a great pity that things were in such a condition, but so they were. All the missionaries with the exception of Father Kingsbury’s family and ours, left after the first excitement.

“One very pleasant memory of those old times is of the fall Presbytery each year. Everybody planned to go, hundreds of the Indians camped on the grounds around the log church in booths and under the trees, as few tents were to be had. The horn gave no uncertain sound for sunrise prayer meeting, and in a few minutes the paths to the church were full of pilgrims. The women silently walked along with their large handkerchiefs drawn over their faces as if in prayer, even on the way. Each day they had their female prayer meeting under some secluded tree in the woods. I said I could not pray in public, (I was then only twenty) but when I heard those dear old Indian women with their faces to the ground, pleading for their children and their homes, I found I too had something to plead for, and was ready to join them. Those were dear old times. Religion seemed to mean more then than it does now. People were more ready than now to make any sacrifice to enjoy religious meetings. Father Kingsbury was always there, so was Dr. Byington whose work as a translator of the New Testament was such a blessing to the Indians, and Mr. Alexander Read, of Spencer fame, was also a regular attendant.

“All these men were so consecrated to their Lord and Master, and to the Indian work, that a holy reverence seems to follow even their names. I rejoice in the prospect of meeting

them again in that land 'Where time does not breathe on its fadeless bloom.'"

The above extracts from the pen of one whose life for so many years has been given to the Indian work, tell their own story. Mrs. Hotchkin came to Indian Territory from Ohio in 1857, and since that time has given the better part of her life to the Indian work. Few men or women have labored harder in any field than she has in this.

Mrs. Hotchkin is still in the Indian school work, and is at present laboring with her son and daughter among the Klamath Indians in Oregon. Another son, Rev. Ebenezer Hotchkin, is at present Pastor Evangelist for Indian Presbytery in Oklahoma.

MISSION SCHOOL WORK.

After the Civil War had closed all the Mission Schools in Indian Territory were suspended. They were not reopened by our Church until 1894 when the Southern Board of Home Missions reopened and established several schools, principally among the Choctaws. The Northern Board of Home Missions had several years previous to that been doing good work through their schools among the Chickasaws.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rood Allison, a gentle, cultured, refined Christian lady, came from St. Charles, Mo., and opened a school for the Indian children living near Good Land, which has developed into Good Land School and Orphanage. She afterwards opened another at Cold Spring, and one at Lexington. Looking back over her field and her work, it is a well known fact that few people who have lived, loved and died in the Indian missions have accomplished more good than Mrs. Allison in her gentle, quiet, consecrated life of love, with these people.

Miss Anna L. Paxson had charge of another school at Chish Ok Tok, where is one of the largest Indian churches



Rayson and Ruth Anderson, Children of Rev. Watson N. Anderson, one of our Choctaw Indian Preachers. [See P. 21.] Rayson is also a Preacher.

in the Presbytery. Here for years she had charge of a boarding and day school. Through the influence of the training received at Miss Paxson's school, numbers of Indian boys

and girls have become Christians, and were fitted for lives of usefulness, and positions of trust among their own people.

Miss Paxson is a noble character. For years, before so many white people came into Indian Territory, hers was the only white face to be seen in the congregation at Chish Ok Tok. Although, for lack of a better equipment, the boarding school has been suspended, she still teaches a day school. She is devoted to her work, and is loved and revered by old and young, Indian and white. Her life of self-sacrifice for the uplift of the Red Men of the Forest will surely bring its reward in the other world,—the world of light and love to which she has taught so many of her pupils to strive to enter.

Rev. Erskine Brantley for ten years conducted another Mission School at Antlers, in Southeastern Choctaw Nation. It was well attended, and was well equipped for that day and time. Dr. Brantley's work in that place bore good results to both Indians and whites. It was a great factor in planting Presbyterianism in its best form in that part of Indian Territory. It is a pity that it too had to be discontinued.

Good Land Orphanage is the oldest of any of the present Presbyterian schools for Indians. It was founded in 1845, when Rev. O. P. Stark was in charge of the Mission. Mrs. Stark taught in a side room of the log manse. There were no saw mills in those days. It was closed during the Civil War, but was taught by some church members until 1894 when the Southern Board of Home Missions sent Mrs. Elizabeth Allison to open a school for the Indians around Good Land. The church members built a log house, gathered a number of orphaned Indian children, and divided their provisions with them. Many of them took some of them into their homes, in order that the little neglected ones might get a

Bible training. In 1902 the Government gave a small amount for boarding pupils, which now has been enlarged to eighty. The Indians donated land for the school, while good friends all over the South have helped to build two dormitories. A school building is now being started, and other long needed improvements will soon be made. This school has the half day system. The boys and girls are taught to work with their hands and instructed to do things as they should be done. Rev. Silas Bacon is Superintendent, and his very life is lived for the good of his race among these children.



Girls of Oklahoma Presbyterian College on their way from Church.

Oklahoma Presbyterian College is the largest of all our church schools in Oklahoma. It was founded in 1894, having been made possible by Rev. C. J. Ralston, who gave as a memorial a sum of money that belonged to his little son Calvin, who had been drowned while Mr. Ralston was Superintendent at Armstrong Academy. It was first called Calvin Institute, later Durant Presbyterian College. When it was made a Synodical School it was named Oklahoma Presbyte-

rian College. Mrs. M. S. Hotchkin was connected with it for years. Rev. Ebenezer Hotchkin was Superintendent of it for a long time, and was largely instrumental in bringing it to its present high standard. As a college it stands in the first rank, and is doing a grand work for Christ and His Kingdom in this new State.

CHURCHES FOR THE CHOCTAWS AND CHICKASAWS.

For several years after the Civil War, Presbyterians among the Indians suffered. Not until the territory was divided between the Northern and Southern Boards of Foreign Missions, and each Board fully knew its territory, was there very much aggressive work done by Presbyterian missionaries. In fact very few remained after the beginning of hostilities.

The work of the Southern Church was among the Choctaws and Chickasaws. It is still chiefly among them, although we have a few churches and schools among some smaller tribes of Indians. Some of the missionaries who did splendid work after the work was reopened were Revs. Allen Wright, J. J. Read, Cotton, Alexander Read, W. J. B. Lloyd, Chas. E. Hotchkin, J. P. Gibbons, and C. J. Ralston. Mrs. M. S. Hotchkin taught among them and conducted Mission Schools at several places.

When Indian Presbytery was organized it was weak in numbers, yet from it have sprung Durant and Mangum Presbyteries, which, with Indian Presbytery, comprise the Synod of Oklahoma. The churches in Indian Presbytery are widely scattered. Its membership is composed of both

Indian and white people, and the minutes of each session are always written in both the English and Indian languages.

The territory covered by this Presbytery comprises all of what was once the Choctaw Nation, with the western part of the Chickasaw country. The churches, with one exception, are country churches. Many of them are situated several miles from any railroad. Some have humble, simple log structures. Yet an Indian church has no Sabbath without divine worship. If they fail to have a pastor for each Sabbath, an elder or some member,—sometimes some good Christian woman, will hold some kind of a religious service. Not many of the churches are strong in membership, for after the allotment of the lands to the different tribes many Indians moved away from their old homes.

The following congregations are under the pastorate of Rev. W. J. B. Lloyd, the oldest living missionary of our Church to the Indians:

Bennington, Matoy, and Salem. Bennington is an historic church, having been founded in the fifties by Rev. C. C. Copeland, who named it after his native town in New England. It is still one of the strongest churches in the Presbytery. Mr. Lloyd has preached there forty-three years. Although he is already in the twilight of a grand and devoted Christian life, he is still one of the most regular attendants at Presbytery, and he seldom misses an appointment at his churches. Mr. Lloyd came to Indian Territory in 1870. He has seen many changes in the work during his life of service among the Indians.

Matoy and Salem are mixed churches, the membership being both white and Indian.

Rev. J. P. Gibbons is pastor of Good Land, Spring Hill, Cold Springs and Locust Grove. Mr. Gibbons has been preaching to the Indians twenty-nine years. He stands next

to Mr. Lloyd in point of age and time of service in this field. Of his churches, Good Land is the strongest and oldest. The first mention of it in the records is as a mission station under Rev. O. P. Stark in the early forties. It was then a full



Rev. Silas Bacon and Wife

blood church, as it still is to a great extent. The school at this place makes it a place where the older Indians love to come to meeting. A Presbytery at Good Land is always well attended. Sometimes as many as seven or eight hundred

delegates and visitors attend the last two or three days of the Presbytery at this place. Through the religious instruction in the school, this church is known as the "nursery for Indian Presbytery."

Spring Hill is a promising church. The members are mostly the descendants of the historic old Good Water Church and are born and bred Presbyterians. There is a live Sunday School at this place, and it is kept up all the year.

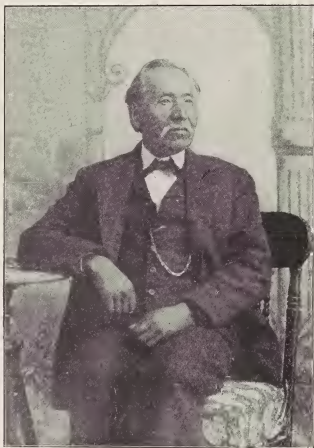
Cold Spring is a part of the original Cold Spring Indian Church, which was at first a mission of the Good Land Church. The membership is not strong, but good results are promised, as the seed is being sown both from the pulpit and the Sabbath School.

Locust Grove is a young church, only a few years old. It, too, was founded by some of the old Good Water descendants. Already the little band of faithful members are planning to build a church.

Rev. Silas Bacon preaches at Good Land, Cold Spring Chish Ok Tok. As superintendent of the school at Good Land his duties are such that he cannot give much of his time to ministerial work, except during the summer months. Mr. Bacon is one of the most faithful and conscientious Indian ministers in the Presbytery. He never misses an opportunity to preach the "Story of the Cross" to his people. He preaches in both English and Choctaw. His advantages for education were limited, but while at Spencer Academy, then under the supervision of Rev. J. J. Read, of sainted memory Mr. Bacon was converted, and is to-day a living monument to the instruction he received from Mr. Read.

Rev. Watson Anderson, native missionary, has charge of Buffalo Creek and Oskachito, both full-blood churches. Buf-

falo Creek is the stronger of the two. Both churches are situated twelve miles from the railroad, in rather isolated places, in a mountainous section. Mr. Anderson is a strong character. He loves his church and his people, and his greatest desire is to lead them in right ways.



Rev. James Dyer, an Indian Preacher.

Rev. A. W. Cravatt, a Chickasaw Indian, preaches at Sandy Creek and Good Springs. The membership of both these churches is mostly Indians of full blood. They are promising churches, with a working spirit among their members. Mr. Cravatt is an energetic pastor.

Rev. James Dyer, the oldest Indian preacher in Indian Presbytery, has only one church, Beach Tree. It is a large, full-blood church. Judging from the Sunday School, Church and Missionary Society reports, it is doing well along all lines. Mr. Dyer, although he has passed man's allotted time in this world, is still a very interesting man. He was educated in the early Mission Schools. He was taught the Bible and Catechism by Mrs. Kingsbury, and he says that it was this teaching that determined his life work. All the church people who have known Mr. Dyer for many years say that his work among his people has been a grand one. He is dearly loved by all, young and old, Indian, Negro and White.

Rev. Abel Foster, Choctaw, has charge of Pine Spring church. This is another Indian stronghold, a veritable full-blood church. The church is in good condition; has a live membership. It was here that Rev. Eastman Cole, one of the very best Indians that the Presbytery ever ordained, lived, worked and died for the Christ who had become so dear to him during his short life. Mr. Foster is doing a good work at Pine Springs, and the church is in a splendid condition.

Rev. R. M. Firebaugh, a new recruit in the forces of Indian Presbytery, is a graduate from Union Theological Seminary, at Richmond, of the class of 1912. He preaches at New Bennington, Chish Ok Tok, Good Spring and Impson. New Bennington is a young church and a very promising one. Both Mr. and Mrs. Firebaugh have quite won the hearts of their people there. Chish Ok Tok is a very strong Indian church and has a good Sunday School and a live Missionary Society. Here Miss Anna L. Paxson for fifteen years has taught the younger Indians the Bible and

Catechism, and has shown them by precept and example what it means to be a child of God.

Rev. John Holden, Choctaw missionary, preaches at Cold Spring and Sandy Creek. Sandy Creek is a strong church, while Cold Spring, though not so strong, is progressing more in the last few years. Mr. Holden is known as a "good Indian." His face reveals this and his life proves it. He lives his religion every day, and in his mild, quiet, unobtrusive way he has done much good for his people.

Rev. Thompson Taylor has charge of Duncan, and has preached at several other mission points. Mr. Taylor was Sunday School Evangelist for Indian Presbytery for some time.

Rev. Ebenezer Hotchkin is pastor evangelist for Indian Presbytery. Mr. Hotchkin is a grandson of Rev. Ebenezer Hotchkin, who moved with the Indians to Indian Territory, and a son of Mrs. M. S. Hotchkin. His work covers a large field, but he is a tireless worker and is doing a noble work for the Indians.

Rev. C. J. Ralston is not actively engaged in the ministry now. His work for many years, both as a teacher and missionary to the Indians, has been a grand one.

Rev. W. T. Matthews was for ten years superintendent of Home Missions in Oklahoma. During that time he gave much of his attention to the Indian people. Dr. Matthews' work among the Indians was one of love—the kind of love that begets love. He touched their hearts as Livingstone did those among whom he labored, and his work with and for the Indians was a good and lasting work.

These, with the exception of Dr. Matthews, are the men who belong to Indian Presbytery. They are the ones who are on the firing line in this part of Oklahoma. They are

the ones living to-day. But we feel it a duty, before this chapter is closed, to pay a tribute of love to some who have labored here, some who have safely crossed the bridge of death and are now at home in "The Glory Land," resting from their labors, while their "works do follow them."

Rev. Allen Wright was, for years before he died, one of the most intellectual and spiritual missionaries among the Indians. Carefully educated in New England, he gave the best of his gifts for the betterment of his own people. As



Freshman Class, Oklahoma Presbyterian College.

a minister, his work was a grand one; as a translator, it was a work that has stood the test of time. Few men enjoyed more of the love and respect of all races than Mr. Wright. He was a born leader, and was at one time Chief of the Choctaws, the highest gift his tribe could bestow upon him. He reared a large family and several children survive him, among them Rev. Frank Wright, Indian evangelist, who is well known all over our Church as the sweet gospel singer.

Rev. John Turnbull was also one of those who labored faithfully for Christ's Kingdom among his Indian people.

Mr. Turnbull had a fair English education and was highly esteemed by those among whom he labored. For years he lived and preached at Good Land, and was known as one of the most conscientious men of his time. Once, while preaching to his people at Good Land it is said that his conclusion to an earnest sermon was in these words: "I tell you, people, there is no joke about this religion. There is not one atom of foolishness connected with it. Religion is a business. It is a business every man, woman and child had best attend to before death closes the transaction."

Rev. C. E. Hotchkin, son of Rev. Ebenezer Hotchkin, for twenty-five years before his death, preached as few white ministers were able to preach to Indians, for he was master of the Indian language. One of the most earnest men who have ever worked among them, Mr. Hotchkin gave his time, his talent, and his treasure to his work. Prompt to the minute with his appointments, he demanded it of his church members. His was a full life and a hurried one, because he wanted to do so much, and saw so much more to be done than he had either the time or strength to accomplish. He lived all his life, with the exception of the last few years, among the full-bloods. He was stated clerk of their Presbytery. Few men have done more, have worked harder, have been more loved in life and more mourned in death than Mr. Hotchkin.

Rev. J. J. Read was another noble life spent among these people. Mr. Read was not only one of the best ministers in the Indian country; he was also a noble Christian teacher. It is hard to tell whether his best work was done in the pulpit or at the teacher's desk, because both his preaching and teaching led the same way and had the same end in view—the salvation of souls. Mr. Read came to Indian Territory

from Texas, from a city church, to give his life to Christ's cause in the Indian Territory.

Rev. J. Y. Collins, another who taught as well as preached, has within the last two years been translated. He literally wore himself out preaching, visiting and teaching. Mr. Collins was a scholarly man. He was devoted to his work, and his work was excellent. It was the kind that will endure for ever.

PRESENT CONDITIONS.

When we look back over the work the Presbyterian Church has accomplished for the Indian people, there is so much to rejoice over, so much to encourage our Church to go forward. Yet there have always been things in the Indian work that do not bring joy and gladness to the heart of the Christian worker who is conscientiously trying to lead these people to a higher life.

The Indians are fast becoming civilized, but their surroundings for becoming Christianized are in a more deplorable condition to-day than they were fifty years ago. Then the missionary had only to fight the traditions, the superstitions and customs of the Indians. Now the greatest battle the missionary has is to keep the Indians from falling into the vices with which our own race is fast surrounding him. Sabbath-breaking, drunkenness, divorce, immoral living, grafting, cheating, are vices that have crept into their country. Some, to all appearances have come to stay. Indians are by nature a reverent people. Christian Indians reverence the Sabbath, yet Sunday baseball has been the means of leading hundreds of Indian boys away from home, away from all church influences, away from religion, away from God. Oklahoma is by its Constitution a temperance State,

yet unscrupulous persons by the hundreds manage to evade the law and sell intoxicating liquors. And the worst thing about it is that it is whiskey of the vilest sort, oftentimes made from chemicals of a poisonous nature. They sell it to Indians by the quart, by the gallon, and by the case. Any one who knows anything about Indians knows how whiskey maddens them; too much of it makes them act like maniacs.

The divorce evil, another custom our civilization has given



Home of Rev. C. W. Chambers, Klam, Texas.

them, is also becoming very common. It is no unusual thing now for Indians to get divorces through our courts. Still, let it be said to their credit, it is not yet so common with them as it is with us, and it is almost unknown among the older full-bloods.

As for "grafting," the full-bloods have not yet become adepts, but the younger ones, mostly half-breeds, who know both Indian and English many of this class often interpret for the professional grafter. Not long since the writer attended an Indian funeral, a member of our church. His land was valuable bottom land, very rich, not much of it improved. The man had no children, and the laws of Ok-

lahoma gave his widow his allotment. Before that widow left the cemetery there were grafters around her, each striving to get her to sign away her right to her husband's land, and one of the succeeding, by out-talking the others.

Last year an old Indian died near here. Some grafters went into camp near where the sick woman was being kept. The papers were all made out ready to be signed, and five minutes after the breath left the poor old Indian woman, her son, the heir, had signed a deed to her allotment, and was ready to go to town to receive a sum nothing like the value of the allotment he had sold.

The full-blood churches among the Indians are well attended. Most of them have good Sunday Schools, and in nearly every church there is a missionary society. The Indian women who are Christians are noble workers. In their quiet, unobtrusive way, they have accomplished much for the cause of religion. Indian Presbytery has a Presbyterial Union, which is always well attended, and promises to do more in the future. The last meeting at Good Land was a good one. No disputing, no wrangling; all peace and harmony. Still it was pitiful. They are anxious to do all they can for the Master's cause, but so much more could be accomplished if they only knew how to do things!

Before we close this little booklet we would like to mention how needy this field is for strong Christian workers! How many people there are living in this country without church or Sunday School advantages, because so few ministers feel called to the Indian work!

Rev. R. M. Firebaugh, a graduate of Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va., and his bride, heard this call two years ago, and are doing valiant service in Indian Presbytery.

One more thought: This has been penned by one who came as a missionary to the Indians years ago; one who pitied them then; one whose greatest pleasure lies in loving and serving them now.



HIS PRAYER.

O thou great God on high, we pray to thee. Our fathers knew thee not, they died in darkness, but we have heard of thee: now we see thee a little. Truly we are wretched. Our hearts are blind—dark as night—our ears closed. Our hearts are bad, full of evil, nothing good. Truly we pray now to thee. O, make us good. Put away our bad hearts. Give us thy Holy Spirit to make our hearts soft. O make our hearts good—all good—always good. Now we desire thee. O come into all our hearts—now come. Jesus Christ, thy Son, died for us. O Jesus, wash our hearts. Behold and bless.—*From Winning the Oregon County, by John T. Faris.*

A farmer missionary or a missionary farmer is to my mind just what the Indians need. The home and life of the red man in other reservations would have been better had this been the plan from the beginning. If an Indian becomes a Christian and does not work, he then is following in the steps of the medicine man and becomes no good to his fellows or to himself. John Smith, the first missionary and superintendent on this reservation, said to the Indians "The Bible and the plow were the only civiliziers for the red man."

LITTLE LIGHT MOCCASIN.

Little Light Moccasin swings in her basket,
Woven of willow and sinew of deer;
Rocked by the breezes, and nursed by the pine tree,
Wonderful things are to see and to hear.

Wide is the sky from the top of the mountain,
Sheltered the canon from glare of the sun;
Ere she is wearied of watching their changes,
Little Light Moccasin finds she can run.

Brown is her skin as the bark of the birches,
Light are her feet as the feet of a fawn;
She little daughter of mesa and mountain,
Little Light Moccasin wakes with the dawn.

All the rare treasures of summer time canons,
These are the playthings the little maid knows:
Berry time, blossom time, bird calls, and butterflies,
Columbine trumpets, and sweetbrier rose.

When on the mesa the meadow lark, stooping,
Folds her brown wings on the safe hidden nest,
Hearing the hoot of the owlets at twilight,
Little Light Moccasin goes to her rest.

Counting the stars through the chinks of the wigwam,
Watching the flames of the camp fire leap,
Hearing the song of the wind in the pine trees,
Little Light Moccasin falls fast asleep.

—*Indian Advance.*



Little "Light M occasin."

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