

picion of evil, as well as for many higher and nobler reasons, it was absolutely necessary for the missionaries to go out married. They were all young people—the men just a year out of the seminary—and all leaving the refinements of civilization for a desolate country, where they would first have to build a house with their own hands before they would have where to lay their heads. The ordination service of these two devoted young men was impressive beyond description. Their names are worthy of record: The Rev. William H. Weinland and his wife, Caroline Yost; the Rev. John H. Kilbuck and his wife, Edith Romig. The former had been on the exploratory tour. The latter is a full-blooded Delaware Indian, the son of a chieftain. He had received a full course collegiate and theological education. He is probably the first Indian ordained by the Moravian Church. Now he, as a representative of the Church which had reclaimed his people from heathenism, in turn went forth as an apostle to a much more forsaken and degraded people. There is a true apostolical succession! He had served one year among his own people in Canada in the absence of the regular missionary upon the exploratory tour mentioned before. His wife is an American, who married him in the genuine old-time Moravian spirit, being filled with an unquenchable zeal to serve the Lord in this forsaken corner of the earth. One lay brother, Hans Torgessen, leaving his family behind, accompanied them, in order to help them in building a house.

June 19, 1885, the little band reached the Kuskokwim. Battling their way up the river in a violent storm, Hans Torgessen fell overboard and was lost! A year must elapse before help could reach them, yet strong in the strength of Christ these young men, fresh from college though they were, girded themselves to erect a house, and with their young wives prepared to face the unknown horrors of an Arctic winter, ill provided, on account of the loss of time caused by this accident, both in provisions and in shelter, for its hardships. The Church at home waited the outcome in dread suspense—a year. Then came the heroic message: We are, thank God, alive; and we will remain. Send us help and we will start a *second station*! The history of that and succeeding winters was full of thrilling incidents—lack of space alone forbids their narration. There was no wood at hand, the woodland beginning far inland, and laborious journeys up the river had to be undertaken to gain fuel as well as logs for building purposes.

In 1887 a second station was begun at Nushagak, and in 1888 an assistant sent to the Kuskokwim, but the two stations afforded little companionship to each other, as nearly 200 miles of almost impassable country lie between them. That on the Kuskokwim has been christened Bethel; that near Nushagak, Carmel.

In spite of tremendous obstacles missionary work was at once be-