

great water and wigwam. They were tired in many moons and their moccasins wore out. My people sent me to get the white man's Book of Heaven. You took me where you allow your women to dance, as we do not ours, and the Book was not there. You took me where they worship the Great Spirit with candles, and the Book was not there. You showed me images of the good spirits and pictures of the good land beyond, but the Book was not among them to tell us the way. I am going back the long, sad trail, to my people of the dark land. You make my feet heavy with gifts and my moccasins will grow old in carrying them, yet the Book is not among them. When I tell my poor, blind people after one more snow in the big Council, that I did not bring the Book, no word will be spoken by our old men or by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness, and they will go on the long path to other hunting grounds. No white man will go with them and no white man's Book to make the way plain. I have no more words."

A young man was so impressed with the address that he wrote to friends in the East some account of this strange visit and of the pathetic plea of the Indians for a Bible. The letter was published in *The Christian Advocate* in March, 1833. When President Fisk, of Wilbraham, read the thrilling story, it was like fire shut up in his bones. He issued through *The Advocate* a trumpet-blast, entitling it, "Hear! Hear! Who will respond to the call from beyond the Rocky Mountains?" The church was aroused. Contributions began to flow in. President Fisk at once wrote Rev. Jason Lee, who had been at the Academy in 1828, and was then waiting to engage in mission work among the Indians of Canada. Jason Lee was six feet two inches high, physically strong, intellectually clear, and morally without a blemish. He is pronounced by the *Cyclopedia of Methodism* "the peer of any man who adorns the role of modern workers in the Church of Christ." Jason Lee selected his nephew, Rev. Daniel Lee, now living at Caldwell, Kansas, to accompany him. Three laymen, Cyrus Sheppard, T. S. Edwards and P. L. Edwards, volunteered to share the danger and the labor with the ministers. These five men, under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Board, joined Captain N. J. Wyeth of Cambridge, Mass., who had been West as a fur-trader, had built Fort Hall in south-eastern Idaho, and was returning West. After a journey of many months the party reached Oregon, and Jason Lee preached the first Protestant sermon on the Pacific coast at Vancouver, September 28, 1834.

Meanwhile, what had become of the two remaining Indians, and where was the tribe from which they came? After leaving St. Louis for the West in the spring of '33 the two Flatheads fell in with George Catlin, the famous Indian artist. They traveled with him for days. But with Indian reserve and stoicism they did not mention the object of their visit or their desire for the white man's Book. Upon Mr. Catlin's return to Pittsburg months afterward he saw the letter written from St. Louis, and said it must be false. He wrote to General