

ing of contempt for womanhood was manifested. I have seen a big Indian with a rifle on his shoulder come marching into the encampment. He would look around until over yonder he would see his wife, perhaps chopping wood, and he would say, "Get up, you dog of a wife, and go along the trail and you will see where I have shot a deer. Bring it in quick, I want my dinner." Then he would send a club at her with such fury, that if she had not dodged it her brains would have been dashed out. Away she would go and stagger home with that great deer on her back. Then she would take her scalping-knife and go to work and skin that deer, and cut out a lot of venison and boil it and put it before her husband. He would invite half a dozen of his men friends, and they would sit down and get out their knives and go to work. The wife would go and sit with the girls, and after these fellows had gorged themselves with venison, they would take bony bits, and after they had eaten the best off the bones, would laugh to see the dogs and women struggle for the bones which they threw to them. That is paganism as we saw it first. Oh, how often I had to shut my lips tight and hold my tongue and say, "Lord, give me grace to be quiet now, and to speak the right word when the time comes!"

It was worse than that, for it was a sin, my sister, my mother, for a woman to grow old out there. I once went to a village where lives a great chief named Mookoowoosoo. Tobacco among the Indians is like salt among the Arabs, and I have often brought them to parley with me because I have given them a little tobacco and tea. I gave this old fellow a plug of tobacco, and said, "Go with me for a walk." Just outside of his village was a pile of blackened ashes, and I said, "What is that?" "Ah," he said, "that is where I burned my mother to ashes." "Of what disease did your mother die?" He said, "She died of a rope." "What do you mean?" "Why," he said, "she got so she could not snare rabbits and catch fish, and I was not going to be bothered with the old thing, and one day I put a rope around her neck and then burned her to death, so her ghost wouldn't come to haunt me." He boasted that he killed his own mother! But look at the contrast. My wife and I went among that people, and we worked for several years. We preached the blessed Gospel of the Son of God, and I went out a year ago last summer to visit all these tribes, and travelled several thousand miles, holding evangelistic services from tribe to tribe. Look into one of those Indian churches. It is made of logs, a great big roomy Indian church, with one wide aisle down the middle. Let us stand in the desk on Sunday morning as the congregation gather. Look at that man and his two brothers who took their mother out in the woods and killed her because she was getting old and feeble. Look at that old woman who murdered the two little babies of the missionary who followed us. And then look at this other woman. There is brightness on her face, but if you look deeper there is a memory of some terrible crime which she cannot wipe out. That woman