

BISHOP WHIPPLE.

THE accompanying picture represents Bishop Whipple, the well known missionary bishop of Minnesota in his earlier days. He is now sixty six years of age and, of course, with declining years has changed somewhat in appearance. There are few bishops that have become more prominent than he, chiefly through his work among the Indians of his great missionary diocese.

In early life Henry Benjamin Whipple engaged in mercantile business in his native place, Adams, Jefferson County, New York, but feeling within him a call to the sacred ministry he studied theology under Rev. Dr. Wilson, now a Professor in Cornell University, and was ordained deacon in 1849 at the age of twenty-seven, and priest the following year. Ten years afterwards at the age of thirty-seven he was appointed missionary bishop of Minnesota, where he has labored with great steadiness and energy ever since. Some idea of the work the bishop has had to do and of the position he has been obliged to take with reference to the political as well as religious aspect of Indian affairs may be gathered from the following account given by himself regarding the terrible Sioux outbreak of 1862. Speaking of this outbreak, the bishop says:—

"It came like a thunder storm in a clear sky. I had feared it, and in many of our parishes, in public and in private, I had told the people that it was not possible for a nation to engage in such

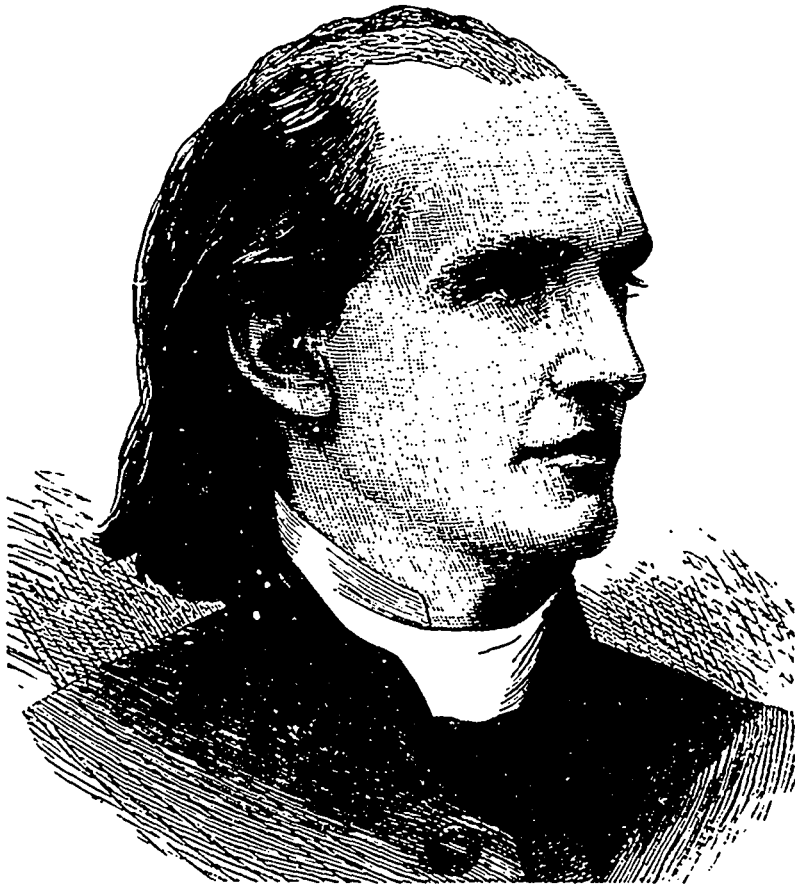
robbery and not reap what they had sown. The outbreak awakened the deepest indignation and hatred throughout the State, and a mad cry arose for the extermination of the Indians. All seemed to forget, as I told an officer of the Indian bureau, that 'God alone could exterminate, and that a people who had more than a hundred thousand new-made graves of those slain in civil war ought to awake to the truth that God was not blind.' Some dear friends begged me not to speak or write one word in defence of the Indians or the causes of the massacre. In some cases clergy begged me

not to speak about Indian affairs in their parishes. . .

As I look back on those dark days I wonder that I had the courage to defend the right. I am not naturally brave, but I felt then a power above my weak will which compelled me to stand by the cause of justice and humanity. Sometimes people chaffed me. Said a member of Congress, 'How much do you expect to gain out of your hopeless fight for the Indians?' I said, 'As much as a

man who preached forty years and never gained a convert, but saved his own soul.'

Another said, 'You are insane, the people are against you.' 'Yes,' said I, 'but then God is on my side and that makes a majority.' At this time we had living in Faribault a retired sea captain with the bluff ways of his class. He was out on the frontier and heard some border men say, 'We would like to go down to Faribault and clean out that Bishop.' Said Captain Wilkins, 'Gentlemen, do you know the Bishop? I will tell you what will happen



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