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The Late Mrs. Ella George Carithers.

"O WOMAN, GREAT IS THY FAITH: BE IT UNTO THEE EVEN AS THOU WILT."

A MEMORIAL TO MRS. ELLA GEORGE CARITHERS.

INTRODUCTION.

Not many men or women are permitted to inaugurate, develop, and in a measure complete a distinct and tangible part of Christ's great work to reclaim the world from the dominion of sin; yet that high commission was given to Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Carithers twenty-five years ago when God sent them to the Indians in Oklahoma. Young in years, with their baby girl in their arms, herself also afterward a valiant worker in the Mission, at the command of God, not unlike that once given to Abraham and Sarah, with equal faith and courage, and with little if any more knowledge of their destination, they set their faces steadfastly to follow wherever their Lord would lead. The story of their search for a suitable location, of the perils of almost every kind which were their constant companions, of the not infrequent days and nights when the young mother and her babe were necessarily alone in the tent, while God's invisible Guard kept watch, has been told and retold in Covenanter homes. But where, a quarter of a century ago, stood their lonely tepee, are now a church, a school house, workshops, homes, prosperous farms—a community of Indians, clothed and in their right mind, whose conversion is sound, whose hope is in Christ, whose faith is seen in their works. A great work has been efficiently and thoroughly done.

Mrs. Carithers' share in it—holy and heroic, tender, loving and wise—is eloquently expressed elsewhere by the Comanche Indians. The tributes to her, spoken on the night of the funeral, and in part published in these pages, are high in themselves, but words are feeble in the presence of such worth, and may not long be remembered. But that which Mrs. Carithers did is an imperishable part of the record of the triumph of Christ's redeeming love. The work in which she performed so important a part will rank with any which the Covenanter Church has ever achieved. It is a work so far-reaching in the outworking of the divine plan for the rescue of the world that only the mind of God can comprehend and measure it. The world's first purpose with the Indian was to conquer him. "The only good Indian is a dead Indian," said the world. Next the world's purpose was to commercialize him, and what wrongs were committed in his name! But the Church's purpose with the Indian has been to convert him to Christ, and Mr. and Mrs. Carithers were the church's servants; and in converting him, he has been also both conquered and commercialized, for government has no more profitable citizen, nor the Church of Jesus Christ a more faithful or loyally supporting member.

Mr. Carithers is still with us, and there is yet much for him to do. To him, the loss of such a comrade is indeed irreparable, and his desolate heart will need our sympathy and prayers. He mourns for "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still," but a memory so precious is the source of infinite strength.

THE BOX OF PRECIOUS OINTMENT BROKEN.

A Tribute to Mrs. Ella George Carithers.

"This also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her."

By Agnes McIlroy.

For the sake of her Savior she kept her light shining,

For love of a people whom Christ died to save,
For the Redman's uplifting, through God's wise designing,

Her life in its fullness and richness, she gave.

The life of a woman, its sweetness unfolding,

To some who were hungry for kindness and love,

A woman's brave spirit, no lesson withholding

That would teach them to trust in the Father above.

The heart of a woman their great need discerning,

The hand of a woman to tenderly lead,

While from the dark haunts of their sins they were turning

Their faces to Christ in the hour of their need.

No longer she answers the voice of their pleading.

To meet with her Savior her spirit has gone,
And unto the words he has spoken, is heeding:

"Come, enter with joy, for thy work is well done."

LOVING TRIBUTE OF THE COMANCHE INDIANS, PREPARED BY THEMSELVES.

"We Count Her as One of Our Own People."

Of all the good things Mrs. Carithers has done for us, is her tireless teaching of the Bible stories that help us so much.

She always urged helping others and her teaching we use to help others.

When one was sick, if she was anywhere within reach, she was always at the sick bedside with good food for the soul and body.

If it was not for Mrs. Carithers' teaching, a good many of us Indians could not have the chance to get the blessings she enjoys now in Heaven.

She was surely following the footsteps of her Master in her teaching and life.

We could not begin to tell the many, many good things she has done for us Indians. Sometimes some of us Indians doubted whether the white people were sincere in their teaching and loving us, but we never doubted Mrs. Carithers' love. She was all the time thinking of us and praying for us. When we heard she died, we all said, "Who is going to be praying for us all the time?"

We never had a truer friend than her. Not one of us has ever heard an unpleasant or angry word from Mrs. Carithers. We count her as one of our own people. Each Indian family feels as if one of their family had gone.

Signed,

COMANCHES.

Mrs. Ella M. George Carithers was born July 25, 1855, and married May 1, 1883, to the Rev. W. W. Carithers. She died September 12, 1913. Her parents were John George and Jane Slater George, of Miller's Run Congregation. Her brothers and sisters are: William M. George, Mrs. Christiana George, Robert J. George, Mrs. Martha J. Taggart, Mrs. Margaret A. Slater, and Mrs. Elizabeth G. Coleman. The other children of the family all survive her except Dr. R. J. George. Mrs. W. J. Coleman resides in Allegheny and the others at Beaver Falls, Pa.

The funeral services were in the Wilksburg, Pa., church, on Monday evening, September 16, 1913, Dr. R. J. G. McKnight, pastor, presiding. After singing the 121st Psalm, Dr. T. H. Acheson led in prayer. For the Scripture Reading, selected verses from Mrs. Carithers' private memorandum, were read by Dr. R. C. Wylie. After singing Psalm 24:3-6, addresses were made by Dr. A. J. McFarland, Dr. D. B. Willson, and Dr. R. J. G. McKnight. Dr. H. H. George led in prayer. The congregation sang Psalm 23, and Dr. D. B. Willson pronounced the benediction.

The addresses are reported in part as follows:

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

Address by Rev. A. J. McFarland, D.D.

After relating the story of Mary's anointing her Saviour's feet with the precious ointment, Dr. McFarland spoke in part as follows:

"She hath done what she could." No higher commendation than this could be pronounced on Christian consecration and fidelity. It is the Divine pronouncement that earthly Christian service has reached its highest development, and realized in the fullest measure its possibilities. It is a foretaste of the "Come ye blessed of my Father" of the Judgment Day. "She hath done what she could" to evidence her love to Christ, her desire to honor him, her belief in Him as the Divine Saviour of men. There was no reserve of ability, no partial self-surrender, no half-hearted consecration. The Lord graciously accepted Mary's lavish benefaction, gave it a meaning beyond her intent, and declared that her worthy action would have its memorial in being enshrined in the preached gospel till the end of time.

And now, brethren and friends, you have already forecast in your minds the use I would make of these words of our Lord. I would take His "She hath done what she could," and place it as a lustrous crown on the head of our departed friend, Mrs. Carithers. No one who had an intimate knowledge of her and her life-work would have any hesitation in saying "she did what she could." Every such one would be ready to say, "the Lord's high encomium on Mary's worthy life belongs as rightly to Mrs. Carithers."

Of the work of Mrs. Carithers during the five years spent here, in Wilksburg, Pa., it is safe to say that there are many here tonight who, as they recall her pronounced Christian character, her lively interest, her hearty co-operation, her fervent zeal, her wise counsel, her stimulating example, would gladly bear witness that even then it was her aim and endeavor to give her

Master the best service possible. But it is of her work in the Indian Mission that we would particularly speak. When, in the year 1887, our Central Board resolved to establish an Indian Mission, and selected the region near Anadarko, Oklahoma, as the location, and called for some minister to take charge of it, Rev. W. W. Carithers and his devoted wife, after much prayer for Divine direction, offered themselves for this work. At that time this region had all the trials, discomforts, perils, and inconveniences incident to pioneer life. The change from a pleasant and promising field of labor in Wilkinsburg, amid the comforts and enjoyments of the most advanced civilization, must have been trying in the extreme to these brethren. Their story of their early adventures and struggles as they grappled with the many adverse conditions, is deeply interesting and thrilling. And now, when the end has come to the earthly life of Mrs. Carithers and we look back over the more than twenty years of active and varied service in this Mission, we would set up a standard over this casket that holds her lifeless body, and inscribe on it "She hath done what she could."

She did what she could in helping her husband by sharing cheerfully all the trials he had to bear, and by her strong faith, her buoyant hope, her indomitable courage, and her valued counsel.

She did what she could in stimulating, by her inspiring example, all the workers in the Mission to do the utmost possible in the various departments of the work. Her burning zeal set all hearts aflame, and no one was content to do less than could be done.

She did what she could with her mind. She was ever planning and devising, modifying and changing, with a view to render the work more effective and far-reaching.

She did what she could with her time. She took few vacations. Her seasons for relaxation and recuperation were too rare, her masterful will reluctantly yielding to the urgent demands of her over-taxed body.

She did what she could with her income. Her plan of giving was not merely a handing out without much consideration the Lord's tenth, but a thoughtful, prudent use of all the Lord put into her hand after providing for what was necessary in her simple life. The bad weed of selfishness was not allowed to grow in the garden of her heart. She went about relieving the vast and growing need to the full extent of her power.

She did what she could by prayer. Her belief in prayer as a means of achievement was as settled as her belief in the being of God. To her, prayer was the enlisting of Almighty God in the carrying out of her plans for extending His kingdom. So she laid everything before Him, and she had daily assurance that He graciously heard her prayers. But she did more, she did what she could to enlist praying people throughout the Church in the work of the Mission in general, and in special matters and persons as she would suggest.

In all these ways our departed friend duplicated Mary's worthy and memorable deed as she daily broke the alabaster box, and poured over that ever widening region of which the Mission was the center, the fragrance of her godly life, the sweetness of her Christian temper, the labor of her Christian zeal, and the gifts of her Christian love, for will not the Lord say to her, "inasmuch as you did this to the converted Indians you did it unto me."

There is great sorrow in the Indian Mission tonight. A heartbroken congregation is in mourning because the one they had all learned to love as a Mother has been taken from them no more to be seen in this world. The sorrow of the In-

dians is deepened by the fact that they cannot once more look upon the face whose smile in life was a benediction to them, and cannot have the privilege of tenderly laying the lifeless body in the resting place they had marked out for it.

The work of Mrs. Carithers in the Indian Mission has not ended with her death. Being dead she yet speaks. The odor of the ointment she poured out will continue to fill all that region for many years to come. The spring she touched in the hearts of the people will not cease its vibrations while the Indian Mission lasts.

She had a long and severe struggle with a distressful bodily ailment. She lived beyond the expectation of her physicians. She seemed to live because she wanted to live, and was determined to live for the sake of the Indians, whose salvation was her heart's greatest desire. She did not want to die until she would see more of the travail of her soul.

But the Master said, "It is enough, you have carried the heavy burden long enough, lay it down, come home and rest." She heard the Divine summons and said, "Thy will be done." We have just listened to the reading of the scriptures, selected by herself in the last month of her life, in which there is revealed her faith, her hope, her comfort, her assurance. They also show her willingness to give up at the Master's call. They are her tender and touching farewell to all she loved on earth. They tell us that her going was not "like the quarry slave at night, scourged to his dungeon, but sustained, and soothed by an unfaltering trust, she approached the grave like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

And now, as her grave will be among her kindred, and a suitable memorial will mark her resting place, what more fitting epitaph to inscribe on it than these words, "She hath done what she could."

BY PROFESSOR D. B. WILLSON.

On the way to Jerusalem, the mother of the sons of Zebedee asked of Jesus, that her two sons be placed, one at his right hand, the other at his left hand in his Kingdom. The ten heard with indignation what was said. Yet we all understand how natural was the mother's request for her sons. She sought their advancement. Jesus taught them all, saying, "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant; even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." The Son of Man, the incarnate Saviour, the Lord of glory, now veiled in human flesh, came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. He came to serve. The common thought of a man is to gather wealth, to have a retinue of servants, to be clothed with power. Men in public life flatter the people, to get place for themselves. Jesus came not to be served but to serve. Think of the service he rendered! He gave his life a ransom for many.

Even where outward service is given, the root of it must be in the spirit of Christ. "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." In love to God and man, in the spirit of him who gave his life for us, we are to serve.

These thoughts came into my mind in connection with the death that calls us together at this time. This one who has passed away yielded the place she occupied in this community and went out with her husband to the Indian territory, and there gave of her strength to lead the Indians near Fort Sill to Christ. In this work she labored not only in instructing them, but with her hands she ministered to their needs. She "spent

and was spent" in this service, which she did as unto Christ; and now has entered into rest, the rest that remaineth to the people of God.

BY THE REV. R. J. G. MCKNIGHT, Ph.D., WILKINSBURG, PA.

"Let thy work appear unto thy servants,
And thy glory unto their children."—Ps. 90:16.

These words find a striking illustration in the life that has closed. In order to appreciate their significance we must conceive of Moses as standing in the desert at the close of a long life that was filled with incessant labors for the salvation of his race.

His own generation was fast passing away. At the time when this psalm was composed perhaps all but two of those who were to complete the journey from Egypt to the promised land had passed away.

The Hebrew nation was still in its infancy. Moses had been working upon the foundations. He had made his contribution to the nation's greatness. His work, however, was wholly foundational. His undimmed natural eye was never to behold the glory of the established kingdom. He was never to see Israel settled in full possession of the promised land. His eyes were to be closed upon this world centuries before the first stone should be laid in the foundations of the temple which was to adorn the summit of the holy mount. One of the marks of the greatness of Moses was that he understood that it must be so. He knew that in a short time his soul would wing its way back to God from the summit of a desert mount.

This whole psalm is evidence that Moses was fully conscious of the fact that man is mortal.

He had had abundant proof of the brevity of human life. Thinking, no doubt, of the destruction of the Egyptian hosts he says:

"Thou carriest them away as with a flood."

Morning by morning for forty years he had seen the dead who, during the night, had slept into eternity, carried forth to burial—and he observes: "They are as asleep."

He had witnessed the destruction of Korah, Dathan and Abiram. He says: "We are consumed by thine anger."

There was every evidence that in some way life must come to a close. And so in full consciousness that life must end, that one generation would go and another come, he lifts his heart to God in this sublime prayer:

"Let thy work appear unto thy servants,

And thy glory unto their children."

The import of this prayer, I think, is plain.

In effect, Moses prays: "Show to us of the present generation, we beseech thee, thy work; reveal to us the plans in all their fulness so that we may labor faithfully upon the part of the work which thou hast given us to do. But if we must die, as we must, before the work is completed, let our children take the unfinished task from our lifeless hands and let them labor, generation after generation, until the structure is completed and they are permitted to behold the glory of the finished work."

The vision of our friend and fellow-worker who has fallen asleep was the vision of Moses. She, too, was a pioneer. She left a comfortable home and with her husband and little daughter went forth into the wilderness to labor for the reclamation of a race that was in the darkness of ignorance and in the shadow of death.

Through the long years she labored. Hers was a spirit that could count it all joy when trials and hardships were to be borne for the Master's sake. The tireless energy and the indomitable spirit of this devoted servant of Christ have seldom been equalled.

Her labors were not without fruits. She was

permitted to experience the supreme joy of leading painted savages to Jesus Christ. It was given to her to sit with those who had first heard of salvation from her lips at the table observing with them the memorial feast of our blessed Lord.

She had seen men and women who, until she came to them with the gospel, had been without God and without hope, close their eyes in death in the full assurance of a glorious resurrection in Christ Jesus.

And yet, like Moses, she recognized that her work was but foundational. With the eye of faith she looked through the vista of the coming years to the time when all men, the world around, shall hear of Jesus Christ and bow in humble submission to His will.

God let his work appear unto His servant—and she did it.

But the fervent prayer of those days when it was so apparent to all that the frail body could but little longer hold the strong and noble spirit, was that the glory of the finished work should be seen by the generations to come.

St. Paul's in London is a beautiful structure. Sir Christopher Wren was the architect who designed and built it. The dust of many of the great men of earth is safely treasured within its walls and imposing monuments mark their last resting place. The tomb of Wren is also there. But one does not find it easily. It is not conspicuous. And when one does find it, one reads upon the modest marble slab these simple but sublime words: "Si monumentum requiritis—circumspice."

The precious dust of our departed friend will lie in a quiet cemetery, far removed from the busy haunts of men. No imposing structure of carved marble will mark the spot.

If you seek her monument look about you. You will find it in multitudes of lives made better by her influence.

May God make us all "faithful unto death."

THE VICTORY THAT OVERCAME.

By the Rev. J. M. Coleman.

Lives are measured by experiences rather than by years, and therefore the time element in the life of Ella George Carithers in the period from 1889 to 1913 in the Indian country figures little in its eternal value. From the time when the tent was set up beside Mission Creek until the stern struggle to live for her Indian friends was over, it was a single campaign for Christ marked by victories of faith. The first morning on the ground, when rounding up their horses, twenty miles from any known boundary lines, they came upon the corner stones of an old survey, which enabled them to locate the Mission on its present site. Conveniently near to the building place they had chosen, they sunk a well and found a pool of water from which the Mission and the neighborhood have drawn supplies when the sand was drifting in the creek bottoms. All about the Mission, in that prairie country, anxious men have driven far into the ground to find water and nowhere have they struck the mission pool. Centuries it had been there, unknown except to the prairie dog which pushed its crooked shaft to the water, until faith found it and made it a fountain of life.

Seven buildings grew up painfully about the pool which faith had found, and faith was built into them from foundation to roof, along with the health and the strength of the builders. But far greater things were wrought in Indian life than in wood and stone. For centuries Satan and his white servants had worked their will upon the Indians until both physically and spiritually the Indian road ran in the valley of death. The

faith that could turn the gray rock of the Wichita hills into buildings and find unfailing water in arid soil needed to be increased to change the Indian into the likeness of his Elder Brother.

And it was done. Atakany, Pamichi, Yellow Fish, David, these and many more "gained a good report" through the victory that overcame, which turned these warriors of the plains into soldiers of the cross. They are fighting still, those who have not been mustered out of the ranks, and their victory is assured. Surely he that marks the fall of the sparrow would take much account of these when the victor in the fight that won them from the enemy went forward for her crown of glory. Some who had done their little stint and hurried on before would be there to join in the welcome.

Nor should the workers of the Indian Mission, more than half a hundred of them, be forgotten, who have had a measure of her victory wrought into their own lives and each can say when the fruits of victory are counted, "I too was there." Her victory of faith was not won for herself alone. Her work is done! No, it is only beginning, and in the lives she touched will go on forever.

Many reason, when hands and feet fail to do their work, that their service here is done. It was not so with her. Never did she plan more carefully, pray more intensely, never accomplish more for Christ in lifting the burden of sin than when her hands lay nerveless on her knees. To one who said "Why do not you give up the struggle to live?" she answered: "Do not tempt me. That would be the easy way." To another she said: "I have the grace to die. I am not afraid of that. But I am afraid to live. That takes more grace."

In a spot which had been prepared for her among her Indian friends, she had planned that her body should lie when she went home. Unfinished it was waiting for her among the graves of those whom her faith had helped to win, where the last level rays of the sun fall in the evening time when it slips behind the Wichitas and leaves the crimson radiance of the clouds turning into purple in the twilight. There she had wished her body to lie that with those the Master of life had given her she might rise in the morning glow.

But God planned it otherwise. Among the friends of earlier years, those who had trained her feet to walk the narrow way, she awaits the final call; and it is best because He planned it so.

Warm Summer sun shine softly here;
Cold Winter wind blow gently here.
Green sod above, lie light! lie light!
Good night, dear heart, Good night! Good night!

BY MISS LILLY J. McKNIGHT.

When the message came, Mrs. Carithers had passed away, I could not but rejoice as I thought of the joyous welcome that awaited her abundant entrance into the mansion prepared for her.

What soul satisfaction as she awakes in his likeness to receive the crown of Life, and to experience the wonderful testimony of so many Christian Indians as they were passing into the Father's House, "Oh it is glorious."

Yes, the journey is ended, Mrs. Carithers has arrived home, triumphantly, victorious, crowned.

Surely the consummation of a life so fully consecrated to the Master's service, not only rejoices in the "great reward," but leaves behind an ever-widening influence for good on all whom her life touched.

Many have gone out from the Indian Mission

to other fields of labor, with a clearer vision of what one might be and do, because of her life of unselfish devotion to the Master's service.

I count it one of the greatest privileges of my life to have been a worker with her in the Indian Mission.

As my thoughts turn back to the Mission in its bereavement, my heart goes out in sympathy to Mr. Carithers as he returns to take up the burden of the work alone, to the workers as they miss the inspiration of her presence among them, her kindly welcome as they come to take up the work; for Mrs. Carithers "mothered" us all and made us feel like a family, all working in unity for the same interests.

How we marveled at her ability to accomplish so much in one day. No wonder her tired body called for a long rest, but we do not think of the closing years of her life as inactive, for they were the crowning years of service—the highest form of service—earnest intercession for the Indian and white people for whose highest welfare she felt responsible. How much of the success of the past and of the future is due to her faithfulness in this service, cannot be reckoned.

I like to think of her as we met for our Saturday evening prayer-meeting. Her presence was always an inspiration to us and we always enjoyed hearing about her weekly visits among the camps, her plans for new undertakings, her helpful suggestions for the work, and when we closed our meeting with prayer, none seemed to lead us so near the throne of grace as Mrs. Carithers. Somehow she made us feel as though we wanted to do more and do it better than we ever did before.

And when the Sabbath came, how well prepared she was for her duties. It always seemed to me her work in the white Sabbath School could not be excelled. How we all enjoyed the closing review of the lesson, as one of the "choice bits" of the day. How practical and helpful the lessons were made for the white people, whom she had succeeded in getting interested in Sabbath School. Like Paul, she had them on her heart, and often visited them in their homes, not only to minister to them in times of sickness, but to plead with them to seek the higher and better things.

Yes, the white community will feel a great loss, but not so great as the Indians, for they were her people and she was theirs. They were hers to love when they were unlovely, to give the message when they were indifferent, to warn them of the dangers of the old way, to guide them into the "Jesus road," to be patient when they stray from the fold and seek to bring them back, to care for them in sickness and teach the women to care for their homes, their children, to sew, cook, and whatnot, for they demanded much, how much the Indians did not know until sickness came and laid aside their faithful helper, then they began to realize how much she had done for them and tried in many ways to show their appreciation of her loving services.

While at Colorado Springs, Mrs. Carithers received a touching message from the Indians, "they were praying for her that the train would bring her along easy." They were looking forward to her coming back to them, and when she came and was too weak to talk much, they would come to her bedside with a kindly greeting, kneel and offer an earnest prayer for her, and steal softly away. Had she not a great reward for her years of toil—if that were all. But greater a reward is hers as she rejoices with the faithful ones who have preceded her to the Father's House, and rejoice with her around the throne. "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, has the stars forever and ever."

A STORY OF THE INDIANS' FRIEND.

By Rev. Owen F. Thompson.

"—those that thou gavest me—" John 17:12.
Listen! Listen! Hear their wailing as it comes
across the prairie,
As the South wind bears it toward us like a
whisper from the mountains,
Like a low and gentle murmur, bending low
the prairie grasses,
Floating toward us on the night wind from the
children of the Red Men,
From the children of the prairie who are mourn-
ing for a loved one,
Who are wailing out their sorrow, lonely, now,
in grief and anguish.
For the one they loved has left them; she has
gone away forever.
She has left the level prairies and the children
of the South land;
Left their tents and tepees standing and the
camp fires by the tent door;
Left them all forever, lonely, standing silent on
the prairie.
For she heard her Father calling and she could
not choose but follow:
Could not stay forever with them; could not
always bear their burdens.

Like a moaning through the darkness; like the
sob of weeping children,
Pouring from the broken hearted; pouring still
but almost empty;
High and shrill, at first, the cry is, for the pain
is like an arrow,
Striking deep within the bosom, piercing to the
very spirit.
Then the cry grows weaker, weaker, like a wail-
ing in the distance,
And the heart seems almost empty as we listen
to the sighing.
Till at last a plaintive murmur steals across the
slumbering desert
And a spirit, still as silence, hovers o'er the
sleeping world.

'Tis the children of her people. They are mourn-
ing for their Mother.
They are lost upon the desert for the one they
loved is missing.
And the children stand in silence by the tent
door, watching, watching.
With their shaded eyes set eastward, they are
waiting for her coming.
Oh, the lonely little children! waiting for the
one they love.

"Come, my children, gather round me; close the
tent door from the North wind.
Stir the coals until their glowing fills the tent
with playing shadows.
Make a circle on the bear skin like a rainbow
here before me.
Let your eyes shine brightly toward me as the
fire light plays upon them;
As the sun upon the rain drops makes a circle
in the heavens;
Makes a circle bright and shining like your eyes
about me glowing.
Draw up closer, closer, children, for the gray
wolf and the coyote
Out upon the prairie howling, make us fearful
of the darkness;
Make us thankful for the fire light; bid us gath-
er close together."

So they gather close about her while they listen
to the story
Of the one whose face is missing; one whose
eyes are closed forever,
Sleeping underneath the dark earth in the East
land with her people,
Waiting for the resurrection; waiting for the

coming Savior
Who shall wake us with his trumpet to the light
of endless day.
And she tells them all the story of her wond'rous
love and beauty;
How she left her home and dear ones; left them
in the far East country;
Came to live among the Red Men; came and
called them all "her people";
Spent her strength among her children till she
heard her Father calling.
Then she left them to his keeping; left them
to the Shepherd's care.

"Many years ago, my children, when the Red
Men roamed the prairies;
When we camped beside the rivers and the plain
was like our play ground;
When we shot with bow and arrow or with gun
upon our shoulder;
Killing wild meat for the children or the beef the
soldiers gave us;
When the tribes lived each together and the
white men were not many;
When we watched the eagles soaring in the
heavens high above us;
When we watched the buzzards moving slowly
round transparent circles;
When we wondered who upheld them as they
journeyed unseen highways,
As they circled higher, higher, climbing up the
great air-mountain;
And we talked about the rivers dashing clear
upon the mountains,
Singing to us from the great rocks, playing hide
and seek among them,
Whirling round and leaving eddies by the ferns
and mossy places,
Whirling slowly in a circle, sinking deep to
thirsty plant roots,
Running down between the earth folds, hiding
deep for secret treasures.
And we asked our Spirit-Father who it was that
brought the water
From the plains and lower places to the moun-
tains high above them.
Do you turn the water courses, in the night time,
to run backward?
Do you gather up the waters in the rain cloud,
like a blanket,
Holding wide the fleecy edges till it drops in rain
upon us?
And we asked him of the night wind, who it is
that blows upon us;
Why his breath is hot in summer; why it brings
the snow in winter;
How it sets the dead leaves playing, how it comes
unseen and passes.
And we asked him of the wind storm coming
up across the prairie;
How it roars and shakes in anger, moves its
flashing sword above us;
How he makes the rainbow arching like a temple
for his children,
When they come to fall before him in their terror
at the wild storm.
And it drives away their terror for they see the
Spirit smiling.
And we asked him of the wild beasts, of the
fishes and the insects
And the flowers that bloom and color all the
prairie and the mountains.
Why do rocks sink in the water? Why does
smoke rise from the camp fire?
Why do parents love their children? Why do
children always follow?
Why do wise men seek the spirits? How do men
know to look upward?
These we asked and many others, for there were
so many questions.
Always seeking, never finding; always learning,

never knowing.
But we worshipped still the spirits and we
danced the mystic dances,
Feating loud upon the tom-tom, dancing to the
Spirit-Father,
In the darkness round the camp-fire when the
voices of the desert
Spoke to us of unseen spectres moving on the
darkened plain.
Thus with mysteries around us and our questions
all unanswered,
Day by day we looked and waited till at last the
answer came:

"Many years ago, my children, as our fathers sat
in counsel,
Far away on the horizon, like a speck seen in
the distance
They could see a moving object creeping slowly
o'er the prairie.
And they sat there, waiting, waiting, for the
Spirit had not answered.
And they longed for one to tell them as they
watched the moving train.

"As the sun was sinking westward and the warm
South wind was blowing
From the ford across the river came the wagon
moving toward them.
And they did not rise, but waited, though they
wondered who was coming,
For they thought the strange pale faces looked
upon them, not as traders,
But a strange new light they saw there, like the
smiling of the rainbow.
And it made their hearts beat faster for they felt
the Spirit's answer
To the longing that had filled them and the
questions they had asked him.

"By the children of the Red Men the pale faces
made their camp fire.
And they stayed there long among them; made
their home beside the mountains,
While they taught them of the Father who had
made the world so perfect,
Who had made the wings for flying; who had
made the running water;
Who had changed it into vapor floating high
up in the sunlight.
Till it fell upon the mountains, feeding springs
and streams and rivers.
And they taught them of the Father who held
all the winds together
In the hollow of his right hand, turning loose to
do his bidding,
Drawing in to keep his precepts, filling all the
world with motion.
And they told them of the thunder and the fiery
lightning-arrow
That the Father sends to tell us of his power to
fight all evil;
Of the rainbow with its promise that the Father
loves his children
And will never, through the ages, sink the world
beneath the deep flood;
Told them of the force beneath them drawing
downward rocks in water;
Told them how, like wood in water, clouds and
smoke float in the clear air;
Told them why the children follow; why the
parents seek the spirits;
Told them all unanswered questions till their
hearts grew warmer toward them.
And they gave them room to dwell there; begged
them always to stay with them
For they liked to hear their stories from the
Book they always carried;
Liked to hear of God the Father who, because
he loved his children,
Sent his Son to die and save them; gave this

Gift—His Only Son!
 Liked to hear of Christ the Savior, who, because
 he loved his people,
 Came and lived his life among them; taught and
 healed and loved his brothers;
 Called them all his friends and loved them. In
 his arms he blessed the children
 Told them that they all were children of his
 Father in the heavens
 And they all must live like brothers; always
 loving, never quarreling.
 Thus they make the Father love them; thus they
 please the one who saves them.

"So the man and wife and daughter labored long
 among the Red Men.
 Through the years they worked among them, tell-
 ing every one the story;
 Telling of the crucifixion, of the crosses on the
 hill side,
 Of the One who shed his blood to make a fount-
 ain pure for cleansing
 All the sins of all his children that we may
 be pure as he is;
 Purer than the crystal water; purer than the
 mountain snow.

"So they labored through the long years till the
 woman who had come there
 With the message of the Savior found her
 strength begin to weaken,
 And the burdens of her people to grow heavy as
 she bore them,
 Till she staggered 'neath the burden like the
 Savior with his cross.
 But she prayed for strength;—'Oh, Father! Just
 a little strength to bear them!
 For my people are so feeble; For the Tempter is
 so strong here!
 Give me strength a little longer; I would walk
 among my people;
 Show them once again the Savior; tell them once
 again the story;
 Lead them yet a little farther up along the
 'Jesus Way.'

"So she prayed and so her strength came, year
 by year a new year added,
 Till it seemed a growing wonder how she found
 such strength unfathomed.
 But beneath that frail body, Arms Eternal bore
 her upward;
 So she ran and was not weary and she walked
 and was not faint.

"Oh, the gladness of our people when we found
 she would not leave us!
 For the children who were children on the even-
 ing of her coming,
 Now were grown to men and women walking
 down the Way of Life.
 And their children all about them, hear the
 story; see her smiling;
 Feel her arms about them drawing to the Savior
 and his love.

"How they love her! How they trust her! Bring-
 ing troubles, sorrows, pleasures;
 Pouring out upon her great heart all the burdens
 of a people
 Deep in sin and in the darkness; wounded, bleed-
 ing, needing cleansing;
 Looking to her as a Savior; looking to her as a
 Helper;
 She, to bear them to the Fountain; He, to wash
 them in his blood.

"Oh, her sorrow, as she fed them from her hand
 and gently led them,
 As a shepherd leads his flocks on through green
 pastures by still waters,
 Till at last she saw them going one by one down

through the shadow,
 Holding tight her strong hand trusting in the
 Jesus she had brought them;
 Closed her eyes and prayed the Father and was
 given clearer vision;—
 Saw them there across the water; saw the Her-
 ald Angels meet them;
 Saw them born on wings all shining through the
 gates of pearl that glisten;
 Saw them walking streets all golden; saw them
 stopping by the river,
 Pure as crystal, clear as diamond; by the tree
 that grows upon it;
 Saw them meet the Friend who saved them; saw
 Him take them to the Father;
 Saw them join the Choir Eternal; heard the
 echo of the praises;
 Bowed her face and worshipped with them, wor-
 shipped at the Throne of Grace.

"Then she turned her from that glory; raised
 again on poor bruised shoulders
 Burdens that were left to carry, burdens that
 were still a pleasure.
 For she knew whene'er her spirit rising from its
 ruined temple—
 Broken body, offered freely, holy, pleasing to the
 Master—
 Found itself unshackled, lightly winging upward
 upward, upward,
 Would be taken by the Savior; fashioned for a
 service there.

"But her strength at last did weaken, not be-
 cause the Father failed her,
 But because her Father saw her worthy of a
 better mansion,
 Worthy of a home eternal, of a home not made
 with hands.
 So he called her and she heard him, but she
 plead—'A little longer!
 For my work is yet unfinished! Oh, My Father!
 Just a little!
 One more day to tell the story! One more step
 to bear the burdens!
 I would lead them; I would help them; I would
 leave them nearer heaven.
 For the way is dark before them. They are
 weak—so weak—my children!
 Oh, my Father! Oh, my Father! Save those thou
 hast giv'n to me!'

"But the Father kept on calling, gently calling,
 calling, calling,
 Till she answered: 'I am ready. I will do my
 Father's bidding.
 I will not be weak and faithless. I commend
 them to thy keeping.
 I will trust thee. Thou wilt save them. Oh, my
 Father! Save them—save them!'

"So she left the work unfinished—her part done,
 another's waiting,
 And she went back to her people, to her people
 in the East land,
 Who had waited for her coming, waited long to
 see their sister.
 They were glad to see her coming and they made
 a home among them,
 But she had not long to wait there for the Father
 beckoned, ever,
 'Come, my daughter. We are waiting. You are
 ready. Do not tarry.'
 So she looked out toward the West land where
 her people waited, waited—
 Then her spirit wafted upward and her body fell
 asleep.

"She is gone to God, my children, and you must
 not wail and mourn so,

She would hate to see you weeping; it would
 break her heart to hear you.
 She has lived her life among us. She has died in
 weakness for us.
 You should joy because you knew her and be-
 cause she brought you Jesus.
 You should laugh to think her happy, laughing
 even mid the tear drops.
 You should try to be more like her; try to walk
 in Jesus' pathway;
 Try to follow in her footsteps. She was seeking
 out his foot prints.
 She was marking out the pathway leading up-
 ward on the mountain.
 She had walked so long beside you marking out
 the rocks and pitfalls.
 Now we walk still in that pathway looking up-
 ward to the City;
 Thinking, longing, hoping, praying, for the meet-
 ing she has promised,
 For she told us she would meet us in the man-
 sions of the King."

Long the night is. Cold the North wind. And the
 children gather closer
 For the wolf and coyote slink among the hills
 with howl so dismal.
 And they draw their blankets closer; draw them
 close about their faces,
 Lest the gray wolf's eyes should see them; lest
 the North wind's hand should touch them,
 And they wait to hear the story of their dear
 one's home above them.
 Thus she tells them; thus they hear it. 'Tis the
 vision of the blessed:—

"Through the valley of the shadow she has pass-
 ed with eyes cast upward;
 For the Savior walked beside her through the
 darkness of that shadow.
 She has crossed the deep dark river; she has
 reached the other country;
 She has reached out to the Savior; he has drawn
 her from the water.
 See! Away upon the mountain! Is the City far
 above her!
 See the walls with twelve foundations! See the
 gates of solid pearl!
 They swing open! Like the sunset! Burnished
 gold the streets are shining!
 See the host of pure white figures pouring forth
 to welcome strangers.
 Thousand thousand there are coming; thousand
 times ten thousand added.
 Some with harps of gold are singing; some with
 palm are giving praises;
 Some with wings closed close about them, 'Holy,
 Holy, sing His Name!'
 See the host, unnumbered, reach them, like a
 flood of rushing waters;
 Gather them upon its bosom; carry them up
 toward the City.
 Like the Jordan flood turned backward, these
 great hosts surge up the mountain,
 Through the gates like torrents rushing, borne
 upon the waves of whiteness,
 They are carried through the City, down the
 streets of gold transparent
 To the feet of him who loved her, to the God of
 earth and heaven.

"But a glimpse we have within there e'er the
 gates are closed behind them,
 Yet we see the Lord of Glory giving light to all
 within.
 Listen! Listen! E'er it vanish—dimly now we see
 the City—
 On the stillness, o'er the water, comes a mur-
 mur of glad voices,
 (Concluded on page eleven.)

S. S. Lesson XI. Dec. 14, 1913. *thing in the midst of thee, O Israel.*** And it shall be that he that is taken with the accursed thing shall be burnt with fire."*

By the Rev. W. A. Aikin. *God's servants often bemoan the defeats of the church when their duty is to arise and cleanse the people of God from their iniquities. Sin annuls the power and influence of the Israel of God. God's power can be manifested through Israel only when they remain faithful to their covenant engagements. Israel had promised to be obedient to the commandments of God. And God had ordered them not to appropriate any of the spoils of the city of Jericho. Everything was to be destroyed except the gold and silver, and the vessels of iron and brass. These were to be consecrated to the Lord. But Achan, one of the men of Israel, had stolen a goodly Babylonish garment, two hundred shekels of silver and a wedge of gold. And being one of the members of a people in covenant with God, he brought guilt upon the whole congregation until his sin was fully punished.*

Golden Text:—Be sure your sin will find you out.—Numbers 82:23.

Psalms:—101:1-4; 78:68; 73:7-10. 88; 139:1-3, 13. L. M.

Time:—Shortly after the fall of Jericho, B. C. 1451.

Place:—Jericho, Ai and the valley of Achan.

ANALYSIS AND COMMENT.

Animated by the overwhelming victory at Jericho, Israel pressed on to capture the other cities and tribes of Canaan. They were now exceedingly bold. They could see the enemy driven out before them as chaff before the wind. The men whom Joshua sent to spy out the city of Ai reported that the city was comparatively small and insisted that only a small portion of the army go up against it. It would be unnecessary to weary the whole army with this march. So three thousand men were despatched to capture this city. But they were repulsed and driven several miles, thirty-six of their number falling by the way. And this brought out the disclosure which we have in to-day's lesson.

I. *Joshua's Lamentation.* (v. 6-9.)

*"Joshua rent his clothes *** And said, O Lord what shall I say when Israel turneth their backs before their enemies!"*

The sudden reverses in the success of Israel's warfare filled Joshua, their leader, with dismay. He was completely undone. His conduct was that of a man in the deepest mental distress. He showed the greatest grief and perplexity. He lamented this defeat and could not explain the cause. In the conduct of Joshua we see the anxiety and care which every leader in the kingdom should manifest in the day of Israel's defeat; and we may also see something of the disposition of even the most noted leaders in Israel to rather chide God for unfaithfulness in the day of Israel's defeat.

II. *God's Admonition.* (v. 10-15.)

*"And the Lord said unto Joshua, Get thee up; wherefore liest thou thus upon thy face? Israel hath sinned, and they have also transgressed my covenant which I commanded them. *** Up, sanctify the people.*** There is an accursed*

MRS. ELLA GEORGE CARITHERS.
MEMORIAL.

(Concluded from page eight.)

"Like the voice of many waters; harpers harping golden harp strings.

And they sing a song of welcome to the one just come among them;—

She has come through tribulation; she has washed her robe of whiteness

In the Fountain of the Savior; in the blood he shed to cleanse her."

She has found a place beside him. From his throne he looks upon her.

In that look is joy eternal; no more sorrow; no more weeping,

For the Lamb of God shall feed them, wiping tears from every eye."

"Now my children of the prairie, you have heard me tell the story.

You have been a bright eyed rainbow while she came again among us.

You must wipe away the tear drops; you must close your eyes in slumber;

You must waken to a new day strong and brave to fight life's battles;

Brave to fight with great temptation, like the Master; then to rest."

Let us each one go to life's service with renewed faith and hope and love, after this life's sermon; go to it humbly and reverently, seeing in that service what we had never seen before; go to it under this life's benediction;—"Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God, our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and forever. Amen."

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ACTION OF THE CENTRAL BOARD OF MISSIONS

Some years before 1889, the Synod of the Covenant Church had decided to establish a mission among the Indians. The principal reason for delay was the failure to secure a Missionary. The selection was left to the Central Board of Missions. Early in 1889, Rev. W. W. Carithers, of Wilkinsburg, was chosen. The choice was made after a season of prayer, and it was also learned that both Mr. and Mrs. Carithers had made the Mission a special object of prayer, and offered themselves to the Lord for this service. It was at once recognized as the Lord's Call, and hence no time was needed for a decision. As soon as preparations could be made, they started for the Indian Territory and reached there in February, 1889. The work in its beginning was very hard and often called for heroic action, but neither of them ever faltered. Their success has been wonderful, as the Minutes of last Synod shows a membership of 105 and a Sabbath School numbering 225. But the strength of Mrs. Carithers weakened in the way. Her zeal for her Master's work had eaten her up. After a lingering illness, she departed this life September 12, 1913. At the close of this life, the Central Board would make the following record:

1. We would testify to her excellent Christian character and work.

2. We rejoiced in the evidence of the Divine Call at the beginning of her work in the Mission, and have continued to rejoice as we have seen her faithfulness in her work, and God's blessing on it, and now as He has called her to her reward, we are submissive to his will.

3. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved husband and daughter, and friends.

4. We desire and pray that the influence of her example may yet bear fruit both in the Mission and the Covenant Church, that she may be, like Abel, dead, but speaking to us, calling us to a life of service for the Master.