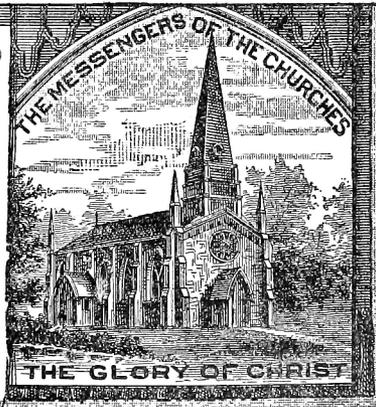




HERALD OF MISSION NEWS

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OUR VIEWS OF MISSION WORK.

LOVE—THE MOTIVE POWER IN MISSIONS.

Rev. H. H. George, D.D., Beaver Falls, Pa.

It goes without saying that a heart untouched by love can never missionate. A spark of love may exist and yet be too feeble to begin the work; even the ordinary love flame that comes in ordinary Christian hearts may not yet have reached the strength to be more than a beginner in it.

A ponderous engine stands upon the track, all equipped for running. There is water enough in the boiler to produce steam, but the fire beneath the boiler is not enough to generate the steam. It may heat the water a little, but the wheels of the locomotive do not move. Increase the fire, and the steam begins; a little more, and the wheels begin to move. Make the fire adequate, and the machine, a living thing, darts away upon the track with the speed of an arrow. Like this is the love power in the heart. Up to a certain point it has little if any power in Mission work, but there is a love that is adequate to it.

When that principle takes hold of our personal organism so that it gives a new bent to the intellect, inclining it to new ideas of life's aim and worth, to new views of duty and responsibility, to new subjects of thought and study, to new views of God and heaven and the soul's relation to them, and to new views of money and

God's design in giving it, then the fire is kindling. When it sends a new thrill through the whole realm of our sensibilities, arousing our affections, stimulating our emotions, and calling out our desires after the highest interests of our fellow humanity, then the steam is generating; and when the same love becomes a motor to the will, impelling it, swaying and wielding it into the channel of love—efforts for lost men—then the Mission force becomes a power. Only that love that takes hold of our entire being, completely reconstructs us, and makes us different from the ordinary Christian, is sufficient for it. Our Lord showed it when He came to seek and save the lost; a self-emptying, self-denying, self-sacrificing love, a love that has no selfish element in it, a love both benevolent and beneficent; such love in us as was in Him, will lead us to seek and save the lost. There is no other motive strong enough to account for what godly men and women have done in the years gone by, in Mission fields. Money won't account for it, for there is no money in it. Ambition won't and fame won't, for these have better play in other directions.

That a delicate young girl will leave her home and friends, and happy surroundings, forget her father's house and kindred dear, and go away across the ocean, and still another, and sit down amid ignorance, and superstition, and filth, and squalid poverty, spend her life in touch with such heathen

MONOGRAPHS.

CACHE CREEK MISSION.

The horrors of heathendom seem to fasten the deepest mark on the weak.

No one that has enjoyed the atmosphere of a home where Christ dwells can appreciate the degradation of the Indian man ;

sometimes at ten years of age. They are expected to do all the work, and be subject to the slightest whim of their husband, and he is ready to enforce his commands with the whip he uses on his horses, and if the wife should be stronger than the husband, other Indians come to his aid,



Alice Mullen George Tak-a-wan-a. Max Wan-ah-toy-ah. Crose Martinez.
 Jennie. Elsie Clark. Nellie Cox Becenta Martinez

but this is surpassed by that of the Indian woman. She is often sold to the man that suits her parents, with little or no regard to her own preference ; in fact, usually so early in life that she has little choice in the matter.

The girls that promise beauty are usually married before they are twelve years old—

and they teach her a lesson in obedience that she will not soon forget. No wonder, then, that their beauty fades almost before its promise is seen, and that they are old women while still young in years. In the camps we often see some very decrepit old women, that seem to have passed through awful hardship for a long time.

They often impress you with the thought that their vitality has gone years ago, and that it is the old battered husk that is in some way dried and moving around, and that they certainly cannot realize the abuse they suffer; and yet, when we think of the battered body, and pity it, we are passing by and forgetting the most precious and the worst abused part of the poor old woman.

The children in the school are bright and strong, and as playful as any white children I ever saw. They are just as ready for a romp, they cry just as readily as white children when they get hurt, and joke, and talk, and laugh, and show human nature in many ways, for they are just human, you know, and they are much like other humans.

Our school children are much the same as last year, and they are making good progress in their studies. Other Indian educators tell me what I have been convinced by observation is true, and that is that the more children a teacher has, the slower progress each child makes.

Our school last year was not large, and we now have the name on the reservation of putting children along faster than any of the other schools, and we have little trouble where the Indians were acquainted with the work we did last year.

The children stay in the school all the time, except as they get permission to go back to the camps. The L. M. S. in the various congregations have helped much in the clothing of the little ones, and the Government helps in feeding them, and we do all the work connected with caring for them and training them, and it was no little task to take them from the camps and try to tame and clothe them and get them

into a regular life and teach them anything; but now, when we have the start made, and when some of the children are getting to talk pretty well, we are able to get along much faster, and they will soon be able to help with the work and thus make the same expenditure of force cover a great deal more ground.

The girls in the picture are all in school this year. The largest, Alice Mullen, is the child of a Comanche man that was taken captive by whites when a child, and talks good English and writes a very good letter. He came back among his own people when a young man, and married a Comanche woman.

Nellie Cox is the child of a white man, (still living), and a Comanche woman, who died over a year ago.

Elsie Clark has a like parentage, both parents still living.

Jennie is an orphan, but is a full-blood Comanche.

No one can estimate what a difference education and Christianity makes on their lives here, and we think with awe of what it may mean in eternity.

W. W. CARITHERS.

Near Ft. Sill, Ind. Ter.

THE SEVERED HAND.

Rev. S. G. Shaw, Walton, N. Y.

From the coast far inland the trader
 Came up with his slave-hunting band.
 I speak of but one of the evils
 That darken poor Africa's land.
 Full-armed, and with heart all a stranger
 To promptings of pity, the foe
 Struck down the unarmed and defenseless,
 And laid their rude cottages low.