Born 1 mile nth of Harrisburg Ch.
~~ordained~~ ordained in Harrisburg Church
April - 1872

14 P.

D. D. PROPER
CHURCH EXTENSION SECRETARY
AMERICAN BAPTIST HOME MISSION SOCIETY

1844-1922

Pioneer and Missionary Experiences

Pre-Pioneer Days.

At the dawn of the year 1800 this great west was a darker region, so far as civilization was concerned, than Africa is now. Spain held control of the vast strip of our country west of the Mississippi river, extending to the Gulf of Mexico, and westward to the mountains. Less than ninety years ago there were no pioneer settlers in the place we now call Iowa. It was inhabited exclusively by wild Indians, some of whom bore the tribal names of Sioux, Sac and Fox, Musquakies, Illinois and Iowans. The territory took its name, Iowa, from this tribe of Indians. We are told this name signifies "Beautiful Land." In the beginning when geographical divisions were made, all this western country was called "Northwestern Territory." Afterwards it was known as Michigan territory and later it became a part of Wisconsin territory.

The land, now known as Iowa, was purchased by four different treaties with the Indians. The first was known as the "Black Hawk Purchase" in 1833. The next treaty purchase was in 1836, the third 1837 and the fourth in 1842.

The survey of the land into sections of six hundred forty acres each, and townships into six miles square, was commenced in 1836. The Indians were to move out of the eastern part of the territory on or before May, 1843, and from the rest of the state in 1845. The Indian treaty, for the removal of the Sack and Fox tribe, was made at Indian Agency, seven miles east of Ottumwa. White people were already assembled alorg the eastern border

D. D. Proper, son
of Lewis ~~[crossed out]~~ Wellington Proper (1820-1907)
and Mary Sedgwick

[OMAHA, NCD, 1917]

ready to come in, when the Indians moved out early in 1843.

Black Hawk was for many years chief of the Sack and Fox tribe, and after they were driven from Illinois, he made his home in southeastern Iowa, in Lee and Van Buren counties. He repudiated his father's sale of the lands of these Indians in Illinois and in 1830 opened the war on the whites a second time. He was defeated at Bad Ax on Wisconsin river. For this the government deposed him and made Keokuk the chief. This broke the spirit of Black Hawk and he did not go on the warpath again. He died at his home (Wick-a-up) at Iowaville, near Keosauqua. His body was stolen from the grave for exhibition purposes. One old settler of Bonaparte told me he had seen the big kettle in which the body was boiled to get the flesh off the bones. One Doc Turner was indicted for the crime, but the warrant was returned "Not Found." The skeleton was finally located near Quincy, Illinois, and taken to Burlington, the territorial capital. Afterwards it was burned in a fire which destroyed considerable state property.

There are some very pathetic, even tragic, things in American history, and one of them is the sad, and in a real sense, cruel way in which the Indians were dispossessed of their lands, forced away from their homes and country, back into the poor inhospitable desert lands, to make a place for advancing civilization.

An echo of the Black Hawk war was found in the dusty vaults of the state capitol of Iowa. It is a plea by a former chief of the Musquakies, for compensation for the seizure of the lands of this tribe. This petition is said to be the most beautiful plea ever written by an Indian.

Indian Eloquence.

"Eighty times has the oak shed its leaves since the Musquakie and the Sac owned the hunting grounds of Iowa, when a few whites crossed the father of waters to dig lead near the wigwams of the Red Men.

"Mata-waqua, the father of Poweshiek, offered shelter to the paleface in his wigwam and shared with him the deer which his arrows had killed. He gave him leave to take the ore from the mines and his warriors smoked the pipe of peace.

"But the paleface was not content with the dull ore that sends death to the heart of the warrior; he coveted the great prairies which the Great Spirit made to hide it. He called his brothers from the land of the rising sun and they flocked like locusts to the prairies of the Sioux, the Sacs and Musquakies, and the Great White Father sent his warriors to drive the red men from the hunting ground of his fathers to the sandy desert beyond the muddy river.

"Black Hawk, the chief of the tribe, put on his war paint and sent Swift Fox to the Poweshiek, the chief of the Musquakies, and White Bear to Keokuk, the chief of the Sacs, to speak thus: 'Lo: the Musquakies and Sacs have fondled a snake. They gave their ore to the pale faces and he has taken their prairies. Black Hawk is on the warpath to gather the scalps of the enemies of the red men, and he asks his kin to help him to rescue the hunting grounds of their fathers. But Keokuk and Poweshiek would not put on the war paint, and their words chilled the heart of Black Hawk like a winter blast from the far off head of the big muddy river. Yet he met the warriors of the Great White Father in many battles, and scalps hung from their girdles when they left the hunting grounds of their fathers. When the Sioux were driven into the land of the Setting Sun, the Great Father sent one of his warriors to Poweshiek to speak thus: 'The white man is a friend of the Musquakie. The white man has wampum and the red brother has land. If the Musquakie will remain the friend of the white man and his warriors and give up to them all the prairies between the Father of Waters and the Muddy river, the Great White Father will pay the Musquakies and their children, which will buy their food and clothing. This money will be paid as often as the flowers bloom and the leaves fall and as long as the grass grows and the water flows.'

"The Musquakie had faith in the words of the Great

Father and gave the land for the pledges. They have kept the covenant. But the Great White Father has not kept faith with the red brother. He pays the Musquakie less money than he promised. He does not pay him as often as the flowers bloom and the leaves fall, but only when the howling winds whirl the white flakes around the wigwam of the Musquakies.

"Po-si-do-nake has spoken."

We cannot now return to these Indians the rich lands which we took from them for almost nothing, but we can make some measure of restitution by sending the missionaries of the cross to preach the gospel to them and their children.

The first white settlement in Iowa was at Dubuque. Iowa was organized as a territory by an act of congress June 12th, 1838, and it took effect July 4th, following. At that time there were only sixteen counties, and twenty-two thousand, eight hundred and sixty white people. On that July 4th, there was a great celebration of this event, held at Fort Madison, to which Black Hawk was an invited guest. This was his last public appearance.

In October, 1844, the first convention was assembled for statehood and adopted a state constitution, which was not approved by congress. There was strong opposition to the organization of Iowa Territory into a state by the pro-slavery men, led by Calhoun and others. Thus the state was not organized until 1846.

Preamble to Statehood.

"We, the people of the territory of Iowa, grateful to the Supreme Being for the blessings hitherto enjoyed, and feeling our dependence on Him for a continuation of those blessings, do ordain and establish a free and independent government by the name of the State of Iowa."

Iowa was the first free state organized out of the Louisiana Purchase. This preamble showed that there was a devout spirit of dependence on God by those first settlers.

Pioneers on the Frontier.

At the time of statehood there were about seventy-five thousand people scattered over the eastern part of the state.

Lieutenant Zebulon Pike, a young military officer, a number of years before this, reported that in his "opinion the Iowa prairies should be left to the wandering savages, as incapable of cultivation."

Making a Home in Iowa.

My father and mother soon after marriage in Tompkins county, New York, moved to Iowa Territory in the fall of 1843, and settled in Van Buren county, about five miles north of Bonaparte. The Indians had just moved out, as they came to the Territory.

For the winter they stopped with my father's sister, and the house being small my parents had to live in a small building put up for a smoke house. It was the best that could be done for them at that time. I was born there that winter, January 31st, 1844.

From there we moved into another very poor log house on a piece of land which father purchased for making a home. I have a dim recollection of the fireplace, with the old-fashioned bake-oven and the pots hanging on the crane over the fire. The floor was made of split parts of logs, hewed smooth on one side, and the roof was made of clap-boards, for lumber and shingles were not on the market yet.

When I was six years old a new log house was built on another part of the farm. It was a one-room house with a loft, or up-stairs chamber. We were more comfortable in this new home, and had the luxury of a cooking stove. With the increase in the number of the family, the hired help and visitors, it was rather crowded, especially at night. However, the old-time, out of sight (in daytime) "trundle bed" helped to provide for the children.

My First School.

It was while living in this house, when I was seven

years of age, that I attended my first school, having to walk one and a quarter miles to the school-house. It was also a log building. I can never forget those long benches used for seats. They were made by taking long slabs, putting the sawed side up, and boring two holes near each end on the under side, in which two legs were placed. There were no backs to lean against, no matter how tired you were. These log houses had the old-fashioned fire-place for heating the room in winter. This is the way we got started in those days to learn "reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic."

Our home life was very simple, and the food was of the plainest character. For breakfast we had fried pork and pancakes as the principal diet. For the noon meal we had corn bread, "hog and hominy," and whatever vegetables might be secured. For supper, it was the proverbial "mush and milk" as the principal course.

In those days hog meat was very cheap, sometimes bringing from a dollar and a quarter to two dollars per hundred pounds, dressed. Money was scarce and wages were very low. I have heard my father say that sometimes in those early days he worked for fifty cents a day. In those days it cost twenty-five cents postage to get a letter, and the receiver, instead of sender, paid it. I have a vivid remembrance of driving an ox-team all day on the farm for the neighbors for twenty-five cents a day.

A Lost Child.

The country was so sparsely settled and there were so few roads that sometimes children were lost. I remember a man came to our home one day to get father to join with others and hunt for Lucy Beach, a little girl who had strayed away from home and was lost in the Cedar Creek woods. Men came from all over the country and hunted nearly two days before they found the lost child. There was great rejoicing when the signal sounded and all gathered at the home.

California Gold Fever.

In 1852 my father, with others, crossed the plains

with the ox teams and covered wagons, in the lure for gold. It was a sorrowful experience for my mother. Before leaving, father moved us to the home of mother's sister and for the first time we lived in a frame house. After about two years father returned to his home, without much gold, but with an extended experience.

First Church Service.

My first attendance at church services was at the Mt. Zion Baptist church, a little more than three miles from our home, toward Bonaparte. The building was made of logs, and for those days it was a comfortable, commodious house of worship. The church was organized October 2nd, 1842, by Rev. D Jewett, with twelve members. Rev. Wm. Sperry was the pastor for five years. Among the pioneer preachers of that day were Revs. D. Jewett, N. O. Towne, Obed Sperry, W. H. Turton, Morgan Edwards, E Gunn, Wm. Elliott and Milton Sutton.

The American Baptist Home Mission Society began to send out missionaries very soon after it was organized in 1832. The first Baptist church organiz d in the state was the "Long Creek" church near Burlington, now known as the Danville church, on October 19th, 1834. Hezekiah Johnson, at Burlington, and Ezra Fisher, at Davenport, were two of these missionaries sent out previous to 1840. It was well that they were sent early, for the servants of Satan came early and began their evil work.

In that day there were two types of immigrants coming from the eastern and southern states to settle the Des Moines Valley. They were the moral and religious, and the immoral and the irreligious, and they soon began to contend for the mastery.

Abner Kneeland, of Boston, an infidel, came west and settled first at Montrose, and afterward near Croton, Iowa. He secured the circulation of twelve copies of the Boston Investigator, a pantheistic paper. He had been imprisoned in Boston for blasphemy. Released in 1838, he came to Iowa and wrote back to his friends in Boston that he had found a country to suit him, where there was

"no Bible, no priest, no heaven, no hell, no God, and no devil." The place where he lived was noted for drinking and swearing, fighting and Sabbath desecration. This was in 1844.

Rev. G. C. Beaman, a Presbyterian missionary, in 1846, came to Montrose, Iowa, preaching mostly at Montrose and Croton, for nearly thirty years. He persistently tried to undo and overcome the work of Kneeland. Baptist Missionaries Gunn, Turton and others helped to overcome the evil influence of this and other false teachers.

These pioneer Baptists in that early day set apart the first Monday in each year as a day of fasting and prayer. The minutes of Associations show that, in their annual meetings they devoted considerable time to prayer and the consideration of missions, and usually took an offering for the general work. Only the final reckoning on high can ever fully reveal the beneficent work of these godly pioneer missionaries.

Some First Things.

I saw my first steamboat when ten years old in 1854, when it came up the Des Moines river from Keokuk to Bonaparte. Some boats went further up the river. This helped out the transportation of produce, as there were no railroads. I had my first view of a railroad train at Bonaparte on the 4th of July, 1857. There was a great celebration of this event on that day, the people coming from far and near. I remember running with other boys to get near to the engine when it came into town; and I remember when the whistle blew I thought the top of my head was coming off. This was a great event for those early settlers. I remember the first McCormick reaper and mower, which came to displace the old method of cutting hay with a scythe, and grain with a cradle. As a boy my part of the harvesting was to follow father with his cradle and rake the swath of grain into bunches to be bound into sheaves for shocking and stacking. Our first threshing machine was the old-fashioned flail. This was made out of two sticks, one about

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four feet long, and the other nearly two feet long, tied together. The sheaves were placed on the prepared ground and with the flail the grains of wheat were pounded out of the heads. This was much like the way Gideon did in olden times. When this was done the fanning mill was used to separate the wheat from the chaff. This was before the time of the threshing machine. The first grist mill to grind wheat in all southeastern Iowa, was built on the Des Moines river at Bonaparte. People came with their wagon loads of wheat to be made into flour from fifty to seventy-five miles, the round trip making several days' journey.

The Mormon Exodus

The Mormons in removing from Nauvoo, Illinois, to Utah, traveled near my father's home. They began emigrating in 1846. About the year 1855 a large emigrant train stopped for the night near our home, and father took the family to see the camp. They formed this camp by placing their wagons in a circle with people on the inside. It was at this camp where I first saw the inflation of an air bed.

Some of the Baptist Pioneer Preachers.

Iowa had them—good and noble men—as loyal and self-sacrificing as ever lived, but what tongue or pen can do them justice! They have gone, but their names are yet fragrant, and they still live in the indelible impressions made upon many communities, in the memory of their successors, and in their noble sons and daughters. They were missionary heroes, and their faithful wives were heroines, enduring untold privations to establish the Baptist cause in this new territory and state.

Among them were a goodly number of educated and thoroughly informed men who appreciated the value of missionary and educational institutions, and men who could have made their mark in the East. They appreciated the early occupancy of this new country and the

opportunity of laying good broad foundations for the Kingdom of God, and the coming Baptist constituency. They were faithful to their trust, loyal to the denomination and the most of them were the appointees of the Baptist Home Mission Society.

The Roll of Honor.

They began coming in 1835 to 1840, we find the following names: Revs. John Logan, near Danville; Alexander Evans, Burlington; Hezakiah Johnson, itinerant missionary; Calvin Greenleaf, and Ezra Fisher, Davenport.

From 1840 to 1850, Revs. Wm. Elliott, C. E. Brown, Dexter P. Smith, Daniel Jewett, Farmington; M. F. Post, Fairfield; J. N. Seeley, G. J. Johnson, Burlington; Ira Blanchard, Cascade; B. J. Brabrook, B. Carpenter, Dubuque; Obed Sperry, Elihu Gunn, Keokuk; S. Pickard and probably two or three more.

From 1850 to 1860 Revs. John Bates, Cascade; W. H. Turton, Farmington; E. O. Towne, Bonaparte; H. Burnett, Mt. Pleasant; E. M. Miles, Davenport; Milton Sutten, Bonaparte; James Scofield, Rossville; Geo. Scott, West Union; J. F. Childs, Oskaloosa; Morgan Edwards, John A. Nash, R. King, I. M. Seay, J. Y. Aitchison, S. H. Mitchell and a few others.

Personal Mention.

The space allowed to this article will not allow a personal reference to many whom the writer would delight to honor in this way. Being a native of Iowa the writer could speak from personal knowledge of most of them, from boyhood recollections and fellowship of service in later years. I was converted under the preaching of one of these pioneers, baptized and married by another and another was moderator of my ordination council.

Rev. Wm. Elliott.

In the organization of the Iowa Territorial Baptist

Convention in 1842, this brother was a licentiate and to use his own words, "Was a bashful boy afraid of his own shadow, away from home, in the land of strangers, glad to be let alone." During the fall of that year he was ordained and it is recorded as the first ordination of a Baptist minister in Iowa. He was a man of strong physique and spent 41 years in the hardest kind of service, traveling "over the trackless prairies by night and day, swimming swollen streams and preaching the gospel continually." During that time he is said to have organized forty churches and baptized two thousand persons.

Rev. Charles E. Brown.

When twenty-nine years of age, after preaching for a time in New York, this brother asked an appointment of the Home Mission Society for "Iowa Territory," and with his wife and two children started in May, 1842, for the "Forks of the Maquoketa river, Jackson county, Iowa," as designated in his commission. He was to receive $100 salary and $75 for moving expenses. After a twenty-four days' journey by flat boat and steamer to Chicago, and lumber wagon from Chicago to near where the town of Maquoketa now stands, at that time the western point of white settlements, he found his field of labor. There was no church organization to receive him or provide for his support. His first sermon was in John Shaw's unfinished log house. In August he organized a church of fourteen members. That winter he became pastor at Davenport and Rock Island, Ills. He spent forty-four years in the ministry, most of which was in Iowa, and endured all kinds of hardships traveling about He organized a number of churches and was called the father of the Turkey River Association. Father Brown, as we called him, was born in New York the same year the Home Mission Society was organized, 1832. He attended Hamilton Literary and Theological Institute. He was a modest man of quiet demeanor, never excitable, always manifesting a kind gentle spirit. He was a wise counsellor, much beloved by his brethren, and always espe-

cially interested in the little churches. He lived to a good old age, surrounded by his children and grandchildren, supplied with all the comforts of life that could be desired.

Rev. Dexter P. Smith.

In 1845 this brother came to Iowa City, then the western boundary of civilization, as an appointee of the Home Mission Society to labor as pastor. While returning that fall from the Dubuque Association, he was met by a messenger who told him that his boy was dead, and his wife was dying. He said it required a strong faith to say "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord." His wife was graciously spared. Soon after this experience, in his next report to New York, he said: "The land is an exceeding good land; let us go up and possess it, for (in God's name) we are able to overcome it." At this time he wrote in his diary "Jehovah Jireh."

Later, acting as a financial agent of the State Convention, he started on horseback one very cold day to attend a board meeting in Dubuque about 100 miles distant. Anamosa was reached the first night. The next morning facing a terrible wind he started out against the protests of his friends. Frequently he was obliged to wheel his horse around in order to breathe. During the day he passed five miles over "Bowen's Prairie," a bleak and uninhabited place. Occasionally he would get off his horse and walk to keep from freezing, but that was hazardous as he would get so exhausted that he could hardly regain his seat in the saddle. He rode on to Cascade for the second night. The next day a man was frozen to death while going over this same route. Some have thought his life was miraculously preserved on this trip. On the third day he reached Dubuque in time for the board meeting. He expressed his great satisfaction, as one compensation for this hard trip, that they were able to provide for the accrued claims of the missionaries, thus forestalling embarrassment and suffering. How like Paul's words were the actions of these pioneers, "I hold

not my life as any account as dear to myself, so that I might acomplish my course and the ministry which I have received from the Lord Jesus."

Dr. Smith was one of God's noblemen, well educated, of genial, gentle spirit, modest and unassuming, strong in faith, a spiritual, godly man. It was a marvel that he could endure so much with his frail body and delicate health. He was five years pastor of Iowa City, eight years missionary of the Sunday-school Union, and a few years financial agent of the State Convention. I remember with great pleasure a visit in his home at Iowa City, after he had retired from active service in 1879-81. He lived to a serene old age, the latter part of which was spent in California.

If space would permit, I would like to enlarge upon the work of Dr. John A. Nash, who served the Des Moines First Church for several years as pastor and founded Des Moines College. The record would make a book.

Rev. J. F. Childs, for a number of years was the successful financial agent of the State Convention. He passed away in California a few years ago, after about eighty years of life.

Rev. S. H. Mitchell, who died some years ago in Ames, Iowa, served the Convention as financial agent, besides preaching in a number of churches as pastor. In 1876 he was called to act as financial agent of Des Moines College during the Centennial canvass. He prepared and published a history of Iowa Baptists in 1886. He lived to a ripe old age, beloved and honored by all that knew him.

Rev. Walter Ross was an appointee of the Home Mission Society at Osage and Mitchell in 1862-3. He and his wife passed away a few years ago at Webb, in the home of his daughter, Mrs. L. F. Wesche. He lived to be 80 years old and seems to have been the last connecting link with those pastors who lived before and during the civil war. So far as my memory goes and I can get facts of history, the most of those pioneers lived to the good old age of about eighty years and in their last days did not suffer for lack of the comforts of life.

The Civil War.

The war of the Rebellion in 1861-5 is modern history and its events have all been published and are so well known that I will not dwell upon its experinces. Sufficient to say that I enlisted August 14th, 1862, in the 19th Iowa Infantry and served until the end of the war, returning to my home the first week in August, 1865. I was wounded once at the battle of "Prairie Grove," near Fayetteville, Arkansas, and I was captured by the Confederates in Louisiana, Sept. 29th, 1863, and was a prisoner of war ten months lacking seven days at Camp Ford, Tyler, Texas.

During the first year after my return from the war, I was converted and joined the Harrisburg Baptist church. I was maried in September, 1866. I was ordained to the ministry in April, 1872, in Harrisburg church, Van Buren county, Iowa. I attended the old Theological Seminary at Chicago in 1873-5. My first pastorate was at Ames, Iowa, 1875-7. Then I went to Iowa Falls, where I was pastor nineteen months. Jan. 1st, 1879, I entered the service of the Baptist Publication Society as State Sunday-school Missionary for Iowa. The cares of the family seemed to require my presence at home, so I spent nine months of 1880 as pastor of the East Des Moines church. Again in 1881 I was called to take up the work of State Sunday-school Missionary for the Publication Society. May 12, 1882, I was appointed general missionary for the Baptist Home Mission Society, and the Iowa Baptist State Convention. I resigned after four years to become general missionary in Kansas, where I served three years. Following this period, I became pastor of the First Church in Atchison, Kansas. After nearly two years I was called to the general mission work in the state of Washington and British Columbia. After six and a half years' work there, I resigned on account of health conditions in the family, and removed to Denver, Colo., taking the general mission work of that state and New Mexico. After a year and three months I was called in 1898 to the "District Secretary" work for "Central District" for the Home Mission Society. This district comprised the states

of Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado. After a few months, Indian Territory and Oklahoma were added to the district. For fifteen years I served the Home Mission Society as district secretary. Changes were made in the district from time to time, one other district being formed out of part of these states, and other states were added to the Central District. Part of this time in connection with secretarial work, I served the Society as one of the General Superintendents. For three years I have been serving as Church Extension Secretary, field not limited.

The rest of these articles will be given to some personal reminiscences.

Sibley, Iowa.

In February, 1879, I visited this little town in northwest Iowa, on an exploring trip. I found the semblance of a church organization of about ten members, having neither pastor, place of meeting, nor Sunday-school. I engaged the Congregational meeting house for a week-day afternoon service and two evenings. Then I walked out into the country four miles to Mr. Bailey's home to get them to come to the afternoon meeting. He objected because he had no horses for a team. I had seen a good yoke of oxen, and I said, "Hitch up the oxen." He thought that would not do at all, but I argued him out of that notion. Then he said he did not have a wagon box. I saw the hay rack on the wagon, and I said, "Put on some hay and we can ride on that." He wanted to beg off, but I was persistent, and after dinner we loaded up men and women, as many as we could get between there and town. It was an unusual spectacle to see an ox team load of Baptists coming to church on a hay rack. As soon as he could get us unloaded, he hurriedly drove the team away from the meeting house. We made arrangements to go on with our services the best way we could. This was a small county seat town, and it was important to get our work started. I went to the public school and asked the children to tell their parents that I would preach in the Congregational church two evenings. As a result of timely work, a pastor was soon secured to preach here and

at another nearby town. Then the matter of a meeting house was agitated. We offered $200 from the church edifice gift fund if they would build. One man offered lots five blocks away on the outer edge of town. I refused to endorse the location for church edifice money, and went to a real estate firm and closed the bargain for a good corner lot in a good location for $187.50. The house was built and dedicated with enough pledges to free it from debt.

Some years after, when the Baptist Anniversaries were held in Chicago, I met a Mrs. O'Keefe. She said: "Do you remember preaching in Sibley, Iowa?" I said I did. "Do you remember the text you preached from?" I said "No." She replied, "It was, 'Restore unto me the joys of thy salvation,' and it was the joys of salvation my soul wanted." Then she told me this story: When the children came home from school, they said a man was going to preach on the Bible at the Congregational church and wanted everybody to come. The family was Irish, the husband was a Catholic, and he did everything he could to prevent her going, except to say I should not, which she declared, "He did not dare say." She spoke of the Testament I had given them. They became interested in the Baptists, and after moving to Minnesota, united with the Baptist church. At the time of our conversation, the family were all members of the First Church of Chicago. Their two girls had gone to the Baptist Training School and one of them was in the employ of the Woman's Baptist Home Mission Society for a time.

In after years, I met the oldest daughter and son of the Bailey family, where I had found the ox team, out on the Pacific Coast, members and workers in the Centralia Baptist church.

The Sibley church is now self-supporting, has about 100 members, and has sent many of its members to the great west. The old meeting house has been replaced by a fine new and modern edifice, and the church is prospering. It is very important to cultivate the small churches. From them sometimes come some of our best general workers. In a large number of churches there

is a psychological period, when the destinies of the church are decided. If at the critical moment encouragement and help is extended, the church goes forward; but if they are withheld the church becomes extinct.

Snowbound at Dedication

I was called to Waterville in eastern Washington on the Sunday before Christmas in 1895 to dedicate the new Baptist meeting house. In order to get there I had to go to Spokane and on to Coulee City, the nearest railroad station. From this place I had to ride fifty miles in a stage, over a bleak and almost houseless prairie. The program of exercises was carried out and enough money was raised to dedicate free of debt. The members urged me to remain over Monday and Tuesday and preach evenings, which I readily consented to do. I had made an appointment to preach in the Seattle Norwegian-Danish church on Sunday, Christmas forenoon, and to have a Christmas dinner with my family, my son coming from Blaine to be with us, but I thought I would have plenty of time to get back to Seattle. During Tuesday night there came a heavy snow storm, which made traveling any considerable distance almost impossible. Wednesday morning we started in a big sled to make this fifty mile trip through the deep snow across the prairies, where neither houses, fences or roads could be seen. After going about two miles the stage driver decided he could not make the trip, and turning around drove back to Waterville. The Great Northern Railway company had just completed track-laying to Wenatchee, on the Columbia River about thirty-five miles couth of Waterville. Once a day an effort was made to run a train between Spokane and Wanatchee. A stage driver, carrying mail was also trying to make a trip once a day between Waterville and Wanatchee. This mail carrier thought he could get me down to Wanatchee on Thursday, using only the front bobs of his sled. We started out early that morning. It was about four miles to the mouth of the Canyon leading down into the Columbia River Valley, where the snow was not so deep. The first

two miles was through a lane where the snow had drifted until it was up to the sides of the horses in places so they could not get through. We would then have to shovel away the snow so they could get out. The driver would swear and I tried to pray that we might get through for that evening train. At noon we were not out of sight of Waterville and had gone about one and a half miles. The driver declared he would not go another step and turned around and drove back to Waterville. Thursday afternoon, thirty-five miles from the railway station and 575 miles from there to Seattle, did not give a flattering outlook for Christmas dinner at home.

That evening the other stage driver came in from Wenatchee, leaving his big sled at the mouth of the canyon. He told me that if I could ride one of the stage horses bareback to the canyon he could get me to Wenatchee the next evening. I was getting desperate and was ready to do anything to get out of that place, so the next morning I was on hand in due time. To ride on a stage horse bareback in those days was much like riding on a fence rail, but that was no matter of great concern. At the canyon, the four horses were hitched to the big sled, and we had a fairly comfortable trip to Wenatchee, arriving there before dark.

The first moving object I saw was a man being rolled over in the snow by his fellow workers to sober him after drinking too much whiskey. The railroad company was discharging some of the workmen and they were having a "rough house" that evening.

I found there would be a passenger train starting for Spokane sometime that evening, and I made sure of a seat in the coach by going to the train early. There were no sleepers; we had to sit up in the crowded cars all night. This was Friday night and Seattle 575 miles away.

It was 175 miles to Spokane over a new and rough track without regular schedule and it took about twenty hours to make the trip. After tedious delays we arrived at Spokane a little before 6:00 p. m. Saturday evening, and the Northern Pacific train left for Seattle about 6:20 p. m. Before the train had fully stopped I was off and running

with my grip in hand for the Northern Pacific depot about a half mile distant.

Meeting a boy in a buggy taking home some laundry, I persuaded him with a bright silver piece to get me to the depot in a hurry, which he did. I barely had time to get some lunch in a paper sack and get on the train before it started. Saturday night and Seattle 400 miles away. As I had very little for breakfast, and less for the mid-day meal that day, I thouroughly enjoyed my paper bag lunch. Arriving at Seattle the next morning just in time for the preaching service, I went directly to the church and held the service just as if nothing unusual had happened in getting there. After meeting I went to my home and found the Christmas dinner ready, with the children all there. Like Paul, I "thanked God and took courage."

I cannot say with Paul, "thrice was I beaten with rods," but I can say with him, "once was I stoned," when I tried to get a snap shot of those Penitentes in New Mexico, when they carried bunches of cactus on their bare backs. I had to retire in haste. I cannot say with Paul, "thrice I suffered shipwreck," but I can say "thrice was I snowbound," and about three days each time. During the winter of 1888 I was snowbound in Leoti, western Kansas, two days, and could get away only by going with the snow plow gang. There was one coach, where fire was kept up for the crew to come in and get warm from time to time. I was very glad to help keep up the fire all one night and part of the next day, for the privilege of getting through the blockade.

Sumas, Washington.

The first time I visited this new town of Sumas, on an exploring trip one Saturday afternoon, there was a lascivious dance in progress in the open air. Some printed hand bills were circulated advertising a prize fight on the next day, Sunday. The people were gathering here from many places to make new homes. I continued to visit the place and after a time I found a few Baptists

and organized a little church. I remember one elderly brother said at this organization, "I carried a church letter in my trunk for fourteen years until the mice ate it up, and now I have another one, which is several years old." I said, "Give us a little fresh experience and it will be all right." He was received and made a good, faithful helper in church work. Time and space would fail to tell of the struggles and trials of this little band of Baptists on the line between Washington and British Columbia. Because of adverses through removals and failures, I believe the church would have become extinct in the course of a year or two had it not been for a Sister Jones. May God bless the "Joneses," for they are a great multitude of royal workers. She stood by the Sunday-school faithfully when her husband and the other men were faint-hearted. Her loyal efforts were born of a heroic consecration to her Lord, and a desperate determination to provide religious instruction for the boys and girls in her home as well as those of her neighbors.

After a time I found an old store building in very bad condition, which could be bought for $125. The greater part of this amount came from the Home Mission Society, and the building was secured. Repairs were made, and plain board benches provided for seating the people. This served as a rallying place for the Sunday-school and church services and after a time a pastor was settled. The old rough structure has given way to a good house of worship, and the church goes on with the work.

North Yakima, Washington.

During the summer of 1891, I visited this town of North Yakima, a place of some three or four thousand people, where a little Baptist church had been organized with a few members, but it was fast going to pieces. There was no pastor, no place of meeting and no Sunday-school. The only material assets were a few church papers in an old valise. I gathered a few of the members in the court house and held service. It was decided

to go forward, and after a time a pastor was secured, with services to be held in the court house. For a time the people alternated between hopes and fears for the little infant church. A permanent church home was needed. Well do I remember kneeling with Brother G. M. McKinney in his real estate office one day praying for that little, struggling church. On his knees he consecrated about $100, all he had in the bank at that time, toward paying for a lot. We went out and made a selection, taking an option on the property. Finally the lot was purchased, and he made the first payment on it with this $100. An appeal was made to the Home Mission Society and a church edifice gift and loan were secured. After most heroic work, this little band of Baptists succeeded in building and paying for a very respectable meeting house. This was the church home for many years and the work prospered.

Now after over twenty-five years, the little town has grown to be quite a city of over 20,000 inhabitants, and the church has passed the 500 member mark. A fine new house of worship, costing about $50,000 has been erected and the church pays a good salary for pastor. Different missions have been established in the surrounding country, and the church has supported a pastor on the foreign field part of the time. The annual missionary budget reaches about $800. It pays to care for and aid the weak, struggling churches, for through them the Kingdom is to be extended. Usually they make good returns on the money invested.

Snohomish, Washington.

In the year of 1894, I organized a church of seven or eight members in this town, then the county seat of Snohomish county. They had only a rented place for preaching service and Sunday-school. After a time Father Cairns was settled as pastor, but lack of meeting house was a great handicap to our work. Other churches were well established in good houses of worship. One day Brother Cairns came to see me in Seattle and said

that the Catholic hospital in Snohomish, built by the Sisters at a cost of over $4,000 could be purchased for $1,000 in cash. This was after the panic of 1893, when property values were greatly depreciated. I looked up the matter and found that by fixing over somewhat, the building would answer very well for an auditorium, Sunday-school rooms and plenty of rooms for a good home for the pastor. But where could we get the money? Surely not in the town nor the state. There was only one place to apply, and that was to the Home Mission Society. I made the application as General Missionary of the Society, sending information regarding the whole enterprise. In due time the money was sent as gift and loan from the church edifice fund, and the property was secured. Money was raised for remodeling the inside, and after a time we dedicated this combined meeting house and parsonage. This was the beginning of better days for that little church. It has had a continuous existence ever since, and now numbers about one hundred members and the property is estimated to be worth $6,000. In after years the removal of the county seat to Everett took away some members and prevented the town from growing as it otherwise would have done. Notwithstanding this the church has gone on saving souls and developing Christian character.

North Bend, Washington.

In one of my exploring missionary tours, while living in Seattle in 1896, I visited North Bend up in the mountains, near Snoqualmie Falls, having heard that there was a family or two of Baptists there. I asked Rev. W. C. Brown, the nearest Baptist pastor to the place, to accompany me on this trip. I preached that evening in the school house and at the close of the sermon five or six arose to manifest a desire to be Christians. Before we dismissed, the brethren asked for special meetings to be held, saying that there had not been a conversion there in about six years. I could not stay, but Bro. Brown remained nearly three weeks and twenty-three persons were

converted and baptized. We organized a church with twenty-six members. I secured a donation at once of lots on which to build a meeting house. A shingle firm offered to give the shingles to cover the house. The Home Mission Society helped from the church edifice fund, and the house was built. Pastor Brown remained and did a very heroic and self-sacrificing work for this people. As many as ten men donating their services, were working on the house at one time. Only $25 in wages was paid out for labor. Some members went without tea, coffee and sugar to get this church home. The pastor worked 200 days on the house. For the first six months his salary was only $15 per month, then it was $27.50, nearly one-half coming from the Mission Board. One week he worked until Saturday night, and went home to find out that the family was out of flour, tea, coffee, sugar, lard, butter, meat and had only a few potatoes on which to live. The family lived several miles from this place at that time. One old brother sixty-five years of age, found out the situation about 11 o'clock that night, and brought them a Sunday morning breakfast. But few of the great sacrifices of these pioneer missionary heroes and heroines have ever been recorded. In the course of a year or two, forty-nine persons had been baptized by this devoted servant. For twenty years this church has been a perennial fountain of blessing to that mountain community. At one time they had fifty-five members with one hundred enrolled in the Sunday-school. Not far away from this place, it was reliably reported to the Missionary that there were several school districts where the children and young people had never seen or heard a preacher.

Everett, Washington.

When the Great Northern Railway Co. started to build its transcontinental line to the Pacific Coast, the objective point for striking tide-water was Everett, and a new townsite was surveyed in 1891-3. It was a piece of cut-off timberland, covered with stumps, logs, etc., with here

and there a dim trail, for roads were not yet provided. While the place was being laid out for a town, I traveled over it several times to select the best possible location of lots for a Baptist church One of the surveyors was a Baptist young man, the son of Dr. Edwin Brown, and he assisted me very much. After a time the selection was made and the lots were reserved by the land company for our church, which we hoped to organize. In 1894 the church with five members and a "proxy" was organized. The proxy was the husband of a sick wife who was not able to come and yet desired to be one of the charter members.

After a short time a pastor was secured to preach for this and the Snohomish church about ten miles east of this place. It was not long until the lots were cleared of stumps and a plain frame meeting house was erected, by the liberal help received from the Home Mission Society. The people also responded liberally according to their means.

From nothing, the town has grown to more than 30,000 people. The church has grown from six to more than 600 members. The old meeting house served its day and generation well, and has now given place to a fine new structure costing over $30,000.

Before the new building was erected a thorough canvass was made to see if they could find a better location, but finding none, the new house was erected on the old lots which were selected when there was nothing but stumps and logs covering the ground.

This church is a live, aggressive working body, doing a splendid work for the Master. This experience shows the importance of the early occupancy of new fields, the value of Home Mission aid both in supporting a pastor and building a meeting house. Without liberal help from this society this result could not have been attained.

Palisades, Colorado.

In 1898, as general missionary, I visited the little village of Palisades, Colorado, looking after Baptist inter-

ests. I found a very few members, without a pastor or a meeting house. This church had been organized two years before with eleven members. I found a few very enterprising sisters who had enough faith in God and themselves to buy an acre or two of land and were preparing to set out peach trees the next spring, and thus make a start toward securing money for a meeting house. The house was erected in 1900 with Home Mission aid. After a time, the house was too small to accommodate the people and a large tent was put up to shelter the primary department of the Sunday-school.

A few years ago the building was moved to a better location and considerably enlarged. The entire property, including parsonage, is worth $12,000, and there are 230 members enrolled. The Sunday-school averages about 200. The Baptists were the first on the field, and this church is an illustration of the way pioneer work is done. The church edifice aid at the beginning was a great help in getting the work started. The church has long since become self-supporting, and is now doing a great work for God and the Baptists in that community.

A Railroad Wreck.

It will be thirty-nine years on January 1st, 1918, since I first began traveling in mission work, and with the exception of two and one-half years of that time given to pastoral work, I have traveled a very large part of the time. In the earlier years the average would be from twelve to fifteen thousand miles per year, while for the last twenty years the average has been from thirty-five to forty thousand miles per year. During all this time, I was only in a railroad wreck once, and then the car I was in did not leave the track.

Twelve years ago I started from Grand Junction, Colorado, on a Sunday night after services, on my vacation, going to California. I could not leave until after midnight, and finding the coaches crowded, I finally secured a berth in a sleeper. In the early morning, going through the level desert country of Utah, from some cause,

supposed to be the spreading of the rails, three coaches were thrown over an embankment, but the sleepers remained on the track. A few were bruised but there were no serious injuries. The most of the passengers in the coaches were Mormon immigrants coming to Utah, from the east, and foreign countries. It was rather a rough introduction to their new state home, but they were happy that it was no worse.

After several hours' delay we resumed our journey, and I thought of my traveling passage of Scripture, "The Lord preserveth the simple." This proved to be about the best vacation I ever had.

Dumped.

In May, 1906, I was traveling with Brother Brockway, south from Grundy Center, Iowa, to give a stereopticon lecture on Home Missions at the out-station chapel in his neighborhood, when I had the worst accident of my life, not excepting being wounded in battle in the Civil War. We were in a two-horse spring wagon, and had just passed a farmer with a large team of horses and a load of posts. He was walking behind the wagon driving his team. Just as we were nearly across a narrow passage way, between low, marshy places on either side, where there was water, I heard a loud call from our rear. Turning around I saw that the team had gotten away from the driver and was coming toward us as fast as they could run with that load of posts. I called the attention of Brother B. to this team coming and as we had now come to a wider place on one side, I said, "Let me get out and I will try to run them into the swamp on the other side of the road." He was a little hard of hearing and did not hear this, and just as I was in the act of lifting up the lap robe to get out, he struck his team with the whip and the jerk sent me whirling out of the wagon, my head striking the hub of the hind wheel and I fell to the ground with my right hip dislocated. I was just outside the tracks of the road, but helpless. I tried to crawl farther away but could not move at all. As I saw that team

coming toward me, it seemed that the margin between time and the Great Beyond was down to seconds. However, the team was shied to one side and into the marsh at the side of the road, where I started to make an effort to send them.

My trunk containing the stereopticon outfit was taken out of the spring wagon and I was lifted into the wagon and taken to a private house, the home of Brother Brockway's daughter, and in due time the doctor had the hip bone back in its place. I was under the doctor's care there for two weeks, and then went to my home in Des Moines. After three weeks more, I was able to go about as usual without any permanent injury. After this experience some of my friends said to me, "How about your traveling passage of Scripture now?" I said I have added the balance of the verse to it, viz: "I was brought low and He helped me."

A Down Stairs Tumble.

Seven years ago in a visit to Powell, Wyoming, I preached in a hall over a store on a Sunday evening. We had a real good service and three young men manifested a desire to be Christians. In going out after the services in the darkness, I miscalculated the distance from the door to the head of the stairway, and stepped off into space, instead of on the steps, and went tumbling heels over head down that long stairway. As my head struck posts and stairs en route, I saw stars "a plenty," but did not receive any permanent injury, not even a serious bruise. The momentum acquired on the trip carried me across the sidewalk into the street. I went back there the next morning to count the steps in that stairway and found that they numbered sixteen. Again I had recourse of my long appropriated traveling passage of scripture, "The Lord preserveth the simple." If he did not watch over some of his foolish ones, I do not know what would become of them.

The Penitentes.

Several years ago I had a great desire to see the "Penitentes," a secret religious order or sect among the Mexicans. This order was founded in Spain over 300 years ago and is sometimes called the "Third Order of Franciscans" and sometimes "The Penitente Brothers." They believe in self-inflicted torture of the body to expiate the sins of the soul.

In company with Rev. W. B. Pope, state missionary of Colorado, we visited Velarde, New Mexico, where our Baptist Mexican Mission School was located. On Thursday before Easter we visited Alcalde, an adobe village, where a number of these people lived, and where they usually went through their performances during the week before Easter. As we drove up to this place I saw a company of men with bodies bared to the waist marching with bunches of cactus thorns strapped to their backs to keep them from falling. They had made the trip from the Morada, or lodge house, out to Calvary, a place where a cross had been erected, and were returning, thus making one mile for the round trip, with thorns puncturing the skin at every step.

After this there was the "Cross Bearing" exercise. The poor victim of superstition was a man about forty years old. The cross was a hewed log about fifteen feet long, with a cross beam near the top. With one end on his back and the cross beam in front of his shoulder and the other end dragging on the ground he marched out to the place called Calvary, where I saw the attendants lift the cross from his back to give him a rest. After a time it was placed on his back and shoulder and slowly he dragged it back to the Morada. Then others came out with "whips" made from the fiber of the soap plant, whipping their bare backs at every step.

In past years there have been cases where persons were nailed to the cross for a time. In one town I went by a church house, where a poor victim is said to have died going through the operation. Many lives have thus been sacrificed. One lady missionary told me she had seen them walk barefooted over beds of cactus thorns.

It may be asked, "Why do they thus inflict these tortures upon themselves?" They are taught to believe that by these sufferings they can expiate their sins and so will not suffer for them in the future. After these exercises I witnessed, they went to the Catholic church and received the blessing of the Padre (priest).

It was reported that there were 6,000 of these Penitentes in New Mexico. This people need the gospel as much as the heathen in Africa and we ought to send it to them.

The Crow Indian Mission.

This mission on the Crow Reservation, in Montana, has been one of the most interesting and enjoyable places for mission work that I have labored in during these years. Rev. W. A. Petzoldt started this work nearly fifteen years ago and, with his efficient wife, has been in charge of the work ever since. In the beginning there was not a convert, nor a building, nothing but a consecrated minister of the Gospel and a tribe of pagan Indians.

The American Baptist Home Mission Society appointed Brother Petzoldt as its missionary, and secured a campus of eighty acres. I was present at the dedication of the first buildings erected at Lodge Grass, one for the home of the missionary with its "Council Room" for the Indians and a school house for the Indian children. It was a great occasion, long to be remembered by those present.

There are nearly two thousand belonging to this tribe and they are mostly sun worshippers, and are rated as among the lowest of all the tribes in North America in intelligence and morals. Until Brother Petzoldt went there very little spiritual work had been done among them. On one occasion I visited the Crow Indian Fair.

A regular program of exercises was printed and all the officers were Indians. Once a year the government allows them to come together in their Tepees and exhibit products of agriculture and to have horse races, of which

they are very fond. All the Indians with their families, except the sick, plan to be present at these annual fairs.

Scattered around on poles and tree tops were red cloths placed there as offerings to the sun. On this occasion it was cool and very rainy and they were not only prevented from having the regular exercises and horse races, but the exposure resulted in considerable sickness and there was great disappointment.

The medicine men of the tribe were solicited to appeal to their gods to stop the rain. The men went out upon the surrounding hills and applied their arts in compounding medicines and praying to their gods to stop the rain. It would quit raining and then it would begin again. After repeated efforts and failures the medicine men became discouraged. One Tepee, ownd by an abandoned squaw, had painted on it the moon and the stars. When the medicine men failed to stop the rain they thought that the answer to their prayers might be hindered by these emblems on her tent which were probably an insult to their gods, and the God of the Jesus people. So she was ordered to remove these emblems at once. They were so indelibly painted on the canvass that they could not be washed out and so the whole tepee was painted red. This was the only red tent among the hundreds there and they thought they had found the difficulty about the rains. But the clouds continued to gather and the rain came upon them as usual.

After this the medicine men became more discouraged and sent a delegation to the Christian Indians to pray to their God to stop the rain. When this request came to Mr. "Goes-a-head," the leader among them said: "Perhaps our God does not want to stop the rain, for you may have been doing something wicked, but we will pray, if it is God's will that the rains may cease." After this prayer meeting held by the Christian Indians there was no more rain. This made a profound impression upon these simple-minded people, and the leaders said to the Jesus people, "Our gods are no good; yours is the true God." They then went on with the Fair and it did not rain as I can testify. This experience made a strong im-

pression upon the minds of this people in favor of the Jesus religion.

One "Medicine Rock" from Pryor district was taken very sick with pneumonia during the rains and the doctor said he would not recover. I remember visiting his tent during this illness and praying for him as other Christians did. He recovered and in a few months afterwards came out openly as a Jesus man.

There are now three buildings at Lodge Grass, one at Wyola, one at Pryor, three schools for children and about 200 Indians openly confessing Jesus as their Savior.

[The End.]

Hodson, Kathryn J

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