

2<sup>nd</sup> Mo 1873

even here, though endeavoring to live one day at a time, & to seek help, strength & wisdom from the true fountain of every blessing. I see but little improvement, & though I mostly feel calm & peaceful, yet it is not a sense of abounding, but rather a deep sense of spiritual <sup>though peaceful</sup> poverty.

And in remembering my most dear & precious family I feel that I have been blessed indeed, & far beyond my deserts, with bright intelligent children, & a good & sympathetic companion, though far separated from them, a wanderer in the wilderness, having no settled place of abode, dwelling among savages, far from civilized life & comforts, often in hunger & cold, many times exposed to the cold, with no canopy but the blue starry vault of heaven, with no bed but a blanket spread upon the ground, with my saddle, or boots for my pillow, snatching as it were a little repose in the intervals, between the howlings of wild animals. Though I write thus I am provided with a comfortable tent, & a comfortable bed in it, so that when in camp I am quite comfortable, indeed I feel that I am abundantly cared for & provided for, having no reason to complain, & if in the wisdom of him whom I desire to serve, he sees fit to keep me in the low

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places, neither abounding in fulness nor yet wholly destitute of divine favor. I am content so that his will concerning me be accomplished, whether I see the desire of my eyes as regards this wild & savage people yea or nay, knowing that they are equally with their more favored <sup>compassion</sup> brethren the objects of Divine regard, & that his hand is not shortened, & that it cannot save, even to the utmost, it must be entirely of his grace that they be changed, if changed they ever are from this savage <sup>heathen</sup> life to that of civilized christianity. Oh the fearful darkness of heathenism! May it please the Father of light & of mercy, to cause the beams of the Sun of righteousness to arise & to shine upon this people, who are indeed dwelling in the region & shadow of death, is the desire - may I not say prayer of my soul from day to day as I dwell among them, may the darkness of heathen superstitions be dispelled, & they redeemed from death into life.

School is a little better condition today.

After retiring for the night I was awakened by a fearful combination of noises, - drumming howlings of dogs, yellings of men, & laughter of women & children & soon after the voice of Trotting Wolf near my tent calling my name, & addressing me in Kiowa bidding me to "be quick, come & see." I got up dressed, & followed