

1st Mo 1874

As the husk is valueless except as enclosing the precious kernel so words of themselves are powerless except as they may contain that which is precious.

As a groan may be more powerful in giving an idea of ^{intense} pain than the best set form of words, so there is an exercise & travail of spirit too deep for words to express, or the carnal mind to comprehend.

Words can no more paint the colors of the rainbow in the cloud, to the conception of one born blind, than convey to the understanding of him who is dead in sin, the peace, the beauties, the glories, of holiness or the soul satisfying enjoyment of being filled with the love of God which passeth understanding.

Even true prayer & communion between the soul of man & its Maker may exist without words. We read that Elias was a man of like passions as we are, & that he prayed earnestly that it might not rain & it rained not on the earth for the space of three years & six months, & again that he prayed & the Lord sent abundance of rain, of this last prayer no word was uttered, but after the people of Israel had been brought to acknowledge "The Lord he is the God" & the prophets of Baal slain that "Elijah went up to the top of Carmel; & he cast himself down ^{upon} the earth, & put his face between his knees," but spake not except to bid his servant to look toward the sea, here was an exercise of spirit before the majesty ^{on high} of Heaven not

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rain, but in the renewal of the outward strength of the prophet so that he even outran the chariot of Ahab the King.

Today is ~~the~~ a day of wailing in our camp, news arriving of the death of two young Kiowa braves the one a son of Lone Wolf the other of Red Otter Lone Wolf's brother they were killed while on a raid in Mexico, Lone Wolf's son was wounded last summer a year ago in the knee while raiding in Texas, which it seems did not satisfy his thirst for blood, & the Kiowas determining to raid no more in Texas he this summer went into Mexico where it appears he has been killed. The camp resounded with the death wail, the war whoop, & the war song of those who return no more, all in - if not in concert - at one time the death wail continuing at intervals through the day.

Though I have written but little relating to my spiritual exercises & conflicts in these pages, it has not been because I have exempt from trials temptations, & many discouraging besetments of the enemy or that in all cases I have escaped without wounds, but seeing there are many who run without being sent, who talk of their experiences, of God, of Christ, & a spiritual life, who have not borne the fruit which become a life of holiness, I have felt averse to writing, respecting these things, without feeling the immediate prompt-