

1st Mo 1874

rain, but in the renewal of the outward strength of the prophet so that he even outran the charriot 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 fruits which become a life of holiness, I have felt averse to writing, respecting these things, without feeling the immediate promptings thereto, lest, like those spoken of by the prophet who in declaring "The Lord hath"