

would do good, evil is present with me." Yet, since I truly desire to, and in some measure do, "delight in the law of God after the inward man," I mostly feel calm and peaceful, though not in a sense of abounding, but rather of deep spiritual, though peaceful poverty. Hence I have no reason to complain, if in the wisdom of Him whom I desire to serve, He sees it to be best for me to keep me in the low places, neither abounding in fullness, nor yet wholly destitute of Divine favor, so that His will concerning me be perfected, whether I see the desire of my eyes as regards this people, yea or nay. I know that they are equally with their more favored brothers the objects of Divine regard and compassion; that "His arm is not shortened that it cannot save" even to the uttermost; that His grace is sufficient even for their redemption, by which they must be changed, if changed they ever are, from this savage, heathen life to that of Christian civilization.

After retiring for the night, I was awakened by a fearful combination of noises, — drumming, howling of dogs, yelling of men, laughter of women and children, — and, soon after, the voice of Trotting Wolf near my tent, shouting my name, and, addressing me in Kiowa, bade me "be quick, come and see." I got up, dressed, and followed him to a place (only a few rods from my tent) near which all this jargon of boisterous, though perhaps not entirely inharmonious sounds had proceeded, and, sitting down in the grass, awaited the result.

A large fire was burning, the light of which illumi-

nated objects for some distance around, about which, at convenient distances, seated in groups, were some hundreds of these people, old and young, forming a kind of disconnected circle, while by themselves, near the fire, were the braves of this portion of the tribe. Among these the drum was beating continually, while their clear voices arose at intervals in a weird kind of wild harmony.

A couple of braves, nearly naked, but painted and with feathers in their hair, having long lances ornamented with feathers of various colors, left the others and advanced towards the fire in a series of fantastic jumpings, jerking up of one foot, and a variety of indescribable gestures and bodily contortions. These turning about near the fire, a number of others in similar habiliments, with uplifted tomahawks, hatchets, war-clubs, and one old cavalry sword, rushed upon them with the same indescribable gesticulation and jerking step, — bowing, jumping, striking, dodging, and yelling. In this latter exercise the whole assembled multitude, with one exception, joined their vocal powers. Ever and anon a dark figure or object flitted across the arena, which in the dim uncertain light had more the appearance of a demon than a human being. Perhaps the demoniac forms sometimes seen in pictures were real scenes in savage life. These hideous objects flew past in all possible attitudes. Sometimes suddenly dropping in the grass, they would for a time disappear from view; then bounding high in air, arms and legs distended wide, with