

derings in this wild and solitary land, but that I am not left comfortless in the wilderness.

After a very comfortable night's repose, I started early, and arrived at the Agency about ten o'clock, A. M. On the road this morning, access was obtained to the ever-wakeful ear of the Great Master, whom I desire to serve, far beyond what it is often my lot to experience; and I was enabled to pour forth the petitions of my heart in words, not only on my own behalf, but on behalf of my most precious family, as they individually came before the view of my mind, while the people among whom I live were also remembered, in a manner surprising even to myself. Tears of gratitude and love flowed unrestrained. This season of favor was succeeded by a comfortable calmness, in which my peace flowed as a river.

"Praise the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me, bless His holy name."

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOURNEY TO KIOWA CAMP. — NIGHT AT WHITE WOLF'S CAMP. — COMANCHES STEAL KICKING BIRD'S HORSES. — TOUR WITH THREE KIOWA BRAVES. — KILLING BUFFALO. — BREAKING THE WILD HORSE. — MOUNTAINS. — SOIL. — MESQUITE TIMBER. — RETURN TO CAMP. — COMANCHES. — WILD BEES.

4th Month, 27th. — I started alone for Kicking Bird's camp. Getting a late start, and the mules being poor and fatigued by use, I found I could not reach camp; and seeing an Indian camp a mile or two out of my course, though I knew not to what tribe it belonged, I found that I must of necessity spend the night not far from it. Knowing, however, that even were they hostile I should fare better as a guest than as a neighbor, I feared to be found occupying the latter position, as most likely I should be before morning, if I attempted it; since lariat-ed mules are not accustomed to keep silent. I resolved to throw myself upon their hospitality. This I effected without being observed by any of them, until rising out of the cañon through which the creek