

APPRECIATION BY REVEREND H. H. CLOUSE

Do you not know that a great man has been in Israel? One who has filled thirty-three years with faithful, consecrated service for our Master in the redemption of the American Indian. He was a child of the King, who loved his Lord and the souls of men. He believed the Word from Genesis to Revelation. He rested upon it, he preached it, and believed that the Holy Spirit would take it home to the hearts of men. Those he won to Christ are Bible Christians. Speaking to him in regard to modern looseness in regard to the Bible, he said, "The word of God is true and they can't change it."

Rev. Deyo with his beautiful and cultured wife were missionaries of great courage. It took courage to leave the refined society of Rochester, New York, to leave friends and loved ones, and all intellectual advantages, and go fifty miles from the railroad into the wilderness, among an uncivilized people whose chiefs were opposed to the Gospel and not a Christian among them. When they arrived what did they find? General Missionary J. L. Dyke had chosen a location for a church, a second choice place. The Indians would not let him build at the first choice location, which was near the homes of the Indians, although he had the lumber on the ground. They demanded that he take a location far away from the homes of the people. This has always made the work hard. When the Deyos came the chapel was under roof. They slept the first night on a bed of shavings on the floor of the new church. On the first Sunday two Indians came to church. He gave them a simple Bible story. The next Sunday twenty Indians came. When the time came to examine candidates for baptism, while fifty came, only one was willing to leave all the old ways.

The others wanted to unite the old ways with the New Way. Many moons passed before they were willing to come clear out for Jesus. Many times I took some of my Christian Kiowas down there and we helped the missionaries in meetings. But the Comanches were slow to take the important step.

Brother Deyo was a very patient man. I have known him for thirty years and have spent days in intimate relation with him during the early years, when work was hard, when there was so much opposition, and when there were many things to try his soul. But I never saw him impatient or angry. When the church tent at camp meeting blew down, he would smile and say, "When the storm is over we will mend it and put it up again." I saw him slip from the back of his hack, fall in the dusty road, when his team was running away. As I took him into my hack and we started after the run-away team his spirit was calm. When we finally came up with the team an Indian said, "If I owned that horse I would kill him and eat him." Mr. Deyo quietly remarked, "I will drive him many hundred miles yet." So kind and patient with his people. He would preach the plain way of salvation by the Word and Holy Spirit, pray and plead for them to come, but never an unkind word or the manifestation of an impatient spirit. Many times when about to close a service when none had come, he would say to the people, "the day will come when there will be a large Indian church at this place." He worked by faith and not by sight. Before he went from us, however, he saw this come true.

Brother Deyo loved his Indian people. I know of no missionary who ever loved his people more. His body, mind and soul were dedicated to their interests, and it was all genuine. Their material and financial problems were

his. He stood between them and the designing, evil white man, and with the help of the Superintendent of the Agency saved them many dollars. He helped them solve their intellectual problems. He entered with sympathy into their sicknesses and sorrows. He stayed with them through the scourge of smallpox, ministering to the dying and laying away their dead. It can be no surprise that his people trusted and loved him. His name will be revered as long as the tribe shall last.

Well done good and faithful servant, you have entered into the joy of your Lord.

APPRECIATION BY REVEREND G. W. HICKS

Rev. E. C. Deyo

He began work among the Comanches in 1893. Previous to his coming a site for Comanche Mission had been chosen, agreeable to the Chief—Quannah Parker. Lumber for a chapel was hauled. An unfortunate move, however, on the part of General Missionary Dyke, caused the giving up of this site, and the selection of another, six miles east where the mission is now located. Here, the chapel was practically completed when Bro. Deyo arrived on his field, but there was no dwelling. They went to work, however, and before many weeks had passed, built a comfortable place in which to make their home.

It was all new to the Indians, and naturally they did not begin coming to church. Months passed. Visits to their camps and heart to heart talk, wherever opportunity offered had to be done. Thus the Gospel Seed sowing went on taking effect where it could, until evidences of interest were showing in the lives of some. Timbo was the first convert, and stood alone for a long time. Eventually, others followed. And then others, when the

(Continued on Page 4)