

ms
M121C
(1)

Goodwater April 11-1860

I am in my new home tonight and as I write the voice of an Indian Girl in prayer comes to my ear from the room below, the Elder Girls have their prayer meeting at this hour 8 o'clock P.M. I have been depressed a good part of today the excitement of my long journey has passed away, and oh I do want to hear from home so badly. My work will be so different from what I expected. I do not know whether I shall be able to endure the fatigue I find too that I shall be deprived of the precious pulpit privileges I have so long enjoyed, that is the

dark side we will turn the leaf.
I have a comfortable room all
to myself comfortable now at least
what it will be when the hot days
come I will leave till then, plain
but palatable food and plenty of
it. I think I have not come to labor
in this field unbidden, I know
I have not come without asking
guidance and every thing has
seemed to point me here. I have
given up my life and health to
God, and ought to have more faith
that he will take care of his own
and should I not be willing to
risk a great deal for these poor
benighted ones who has been given
to him for an inheritance I thought

Today as I looked around on the Indian congregation and listened to the earnest prayer in Choctaw offered up by one of them altho I could not understand our word of it the earnest tones told it was from the heart. That such a sight was well worth years of privation, the labor I know will be under many discouragements and we shall probably have many missionary trials, yet I trust we shall realize ^{My} Grace is sufficient for thee, and be content to sow the seed which Gods grace alone can quicken, and which he has promised we shall reap if we faint not, Make me to sow

humbly content even if others
 should reap the fruit I may
 never see until it is gathered
 home into thy kingdom Apr 18
 This afternoon I moved into my
 my new home. I occupy it all alone.
 It is situated on the edge of a
 great forest, detached from all
 the rest and altho I hear a
 variety of sounds coming from
 woods I am not afraid but rest
 in faith ~~my~~ ⁱⁿ God my strength and
 my redeemer, 17 There is a
 whippoorwill singing in the
 forest at my door the first I have
 heard this season, I asked myself
 as I came in my door just now can
 this be Sue in this lone Cabin

in the wilderness, Surely my
 ideas of missionary life in one
 respect at least are realized, I
 am thankful for real glass
 windows instead of greased paper
 as some have. We had a very
 heavy thunder storm last night
 and thought at at dark I should
 seek shelter in some of the other
 houses, but no if I should do so
 this time would encourage my
 dread instead of conquering it.

20 Miss Hitchcock was down
 a few minutes ago to invite
 me up with her to spend the night
 but altho my heart is sinking now
 as I think of the hungry wolves
 all around ^{me} and imagine I hear them growling

I will not yield to my fears, 21st
I went to The little Church in the
woods today Mr A preached, oh how
I longed to hear Mr McCune for
an hour or a day. Mr A is no
doubt a good man but the natural
gifts are wanting, June 3 what
such extremely hot weather, here
shall I endure that in my log
house give me strength my
Father to perform well my mission
to these poor Children of the
forest June 8 we have such
dry hot weather and the poor Indians
are starving, if we do not have rain
soon the Crops to which the People
here been looking with longing
eyes will be destroyed, I had a long

Talk this afternoon with a Cherokee woman she said those that had stock left after the after the hard winter were selling them a good horse for a hundred lbs of flour, there is no corn in the Nation and did not know what they would do now if it were not for the Missionaries Mr A has been loaning them corn and rice to be repaid when they can, I pity them when they come looking so famished but we will have to be careful lest our own supplies should fail and our own hungry ones go unfed. 17 Miss H has been telling me stories of strange Indians being seen prowling around

my yard lately what does it mean
 but my Father can and will take
 care of me, 20 A drunken Indian
 passed along the road in front of
 my house today with a gun lying
 across the horse in front of him
 he stood by the Church and sang
 and swore, I heard an english
 oath oh whiteman will not the
 poor Indians rise up in judy-
 ment against you for putting
 the deadly weapen in their hands
 and the fire water to their lips,
 23rd Mr A has been awy all day
 trying to procure corn for winter
 well what is to be done if we cannot
 get it I ask, we will have to suspend
 School and try to keep ourselves

from starving. What are the prospects for the Nation dark dark indeed. I hear they have good crops in the States but the difficulty is in getting it here Gaines Landing the nearest point on the Mississippi is more than 200 miles away, and it would have to be brought in wagons almost an impossibility, the heat contracts the wood of the wheels so that the tires fall away from them even if man and beast could endure it. One of the Indians went to Texas for a load for Mr Kingsbury his wagon fell to pieces and he had to get it repaired which cost him 12 dollars one of his oxen

fell dead, 25 dollars more 37 dollars beside his time labor and money for the corn, Aug 1st What is the matter what are all these Indians coming for I asked as I went up to dinner, they had been riding past my door until there was more than 40 on the grounds, two of them just now walked thro my yard startling me a little for they seldom come so close to the house, I was told this was election day and they were coming to the Mission house to vote, the polls are under that straw shed by the Church, will there be any trouble here they any fire water for I remembered

Election day at home, but they
 were very quiet I should scarcely
 have known they were there only
 for the dusky forms flitting
 around through the trees, and
 they dispersed as quietly as they
 came I have been told there is
 not nearly so many here as usual
 they have graver matters to occupy
 their attention, I have kept an
 account of the temperature ^{the month} and the
 average for 7 PM was 83 Monday
 it was 110 at 3 AM what a strange
 sensation when the thermometer
 stands above blood heat,
 Aug 8 We have had a delightful rain
 this afternoon the first for more
 than two months and the thirsty
 baked earth rejoices, the breadstuff

are past all hope. but it will at least start the grass to growing if the roots are not too badly burnt and the poor cattle may have a little longer reprieve from starving. A great many attended Church Sunday and I would have enjoyed it very much had it not been for the presence of 30 or 31 Texans they behaved very badly running out and in and talking loudly. I fear there is trouble brewing with them. They try in every way to injure the missionaries. they assert that we were sent here by Satan Seward to gain the confidence of the People and get the Country into their ^{own} hands. I read a most violent article ^{in the} Chickasaw Herald not long ago

I went over to the other house
 an hour ago and heard Mr J using
 the rod in the sitting room, could
 not imagine what was wrong, he
 tells me nine of the Girls went
 into my old Cabin through the
 window, ransacked Miss D's trunk
 cut up one of Miss H's dresses and
 part of my table cover for doll
 clothes and he punished them
 for it I am getting into what the
 Record calls the second stage
 of Missionary experience and
 and believe in the total depravity
 of heathen Children but even
 while I write the thought of
 Judith and Betsy and many more
 of my good Christian Girls comes

to me and I remember that they
were once like those that were
punished and am comforted by
the promise that in due time
ye shall reap if ye faint not.
She remained among the
Choctaws as long as it was safe
to do so, but was compelled to flee
for her life, along with all other
Missionaries at the breaking out
of the Civil War. She returned
to St Louis was appointed by the
Christian Commission to visit the
sick and wounded soldiers in
the hospitals and was the first
woman west of the Mississippi
ever to wear the Christian Com
mission badge. She came home

after the war, wrote a book
entitled *Seed Scattered broad
Cast* which was published in
America, and afterward by
permission in London. In
about a year she went to Idaho
and labored among the Nez Perce
Indians for 23 years died at
Mt Idaho in 1893 and was
the first white woman buried
in the Kamiah valley