Historical Notes of the First Decade of the Mennonite
Mission Work Among the Hopi of Arizona, 1893-1902.

By H.R. Voth

The actual beginning of our mission work among the Hopi of Arizona dates back to the fall of 1892, but the beginning of the preparation commenced several years before that. Sometime before 1892 Bro. P. Stauffer, who had been one of our mission workers among the Arapahoe in the then Indian Territory, had accepted a position in the government service among the Hopi of Arizona. Bro. Stauffer measured the needs of the Red Man as we all did—not only from the standpoint of civilization, but also from that of Christianization. He realized that those benighted people needed more than the white man's clothes, houses and education, that they needed the Gospel of Jesus Christ. So he tried for some time to interest the Mission Board (Foreign) of the General Mennonite Conference in the Hopi Indians and to get them to establish a mission work among them. The first was soon accomplished; but to do the latter was more difficult on account of the lack of funds and workers. But it soon became apparent that He, who had said: "go ye into all the world" was behind this movement and had paved the way toward its realization.

In 1891, the Mission Board had given the writer of this sketch a six month's leave of absence after he had labored ten years as a missionary among the Arapahoe in the Indian Territory. This leave carried with it the permission to visit his old home in Russia, the Holy Land etc. During his absence The Lord wrote further chapters in the introduction of the Mission Work among the Hopi. Owing to the opening of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservations to settlement, certain changes in the mission work in various ways seemed advisable and later became necessary. That made it possible to spare some of the older workers in Okla. This caused the Mission Board to consider the call from Arizona more seriously, and finally decided to take up the work if the churches would furnish the necessary funds, and as to the first worker, the Board sent an inquiry to the writer who was still in Europe, whether I would be willing to take up the new work upon my return. It is needless to say that I replied in the affirmative. On my return trip after having visited my old home in Russia, Palestine, and other countries and had
had the privilege to preach the gospel in many Mennonite churches in Southern Russia and also going to Switzerland. I stopped off in Dalton, Ohio. Here it was my privilege to receive from the Lord's hands in the person of Miss Martha Moser, a former mission worker in Darlington, a second help-mate for the one He had seen fit to take from my side in Darlington. Miss Moser knew from several years' practical experience in mission work what it meant to be a missionary. On Aug. 18th we were married, and a few days later we proceeded to Alexanderwohl, Mans., where I had left my daughter Frieda with relatives while I was abroad.

The Mission Board had in the meantime decided that its president, Bro. C. Krehbiel and myself should go to Arizona and investigate the new field and to size up and report on the whole situation. This we did. Upon our return Bro. Krehbiel laid the matter before the board and through our papers before the board and through our churches, the latter were asked to prayerfully consider the matter and to pledge the necessary funds if they wished the Board to take up this new work. The response was very encouraging. While these preliminary arrangements were made during the winter and the following spring, we stayed with my parents in Alexanderwohl and it was my privilege during this time to preach the Gospel and to lay the mission cause on the hearts of the people at many places, also to lecture on my travels abroad.

In the spring of 1893 the funds for the new undertaking had so far been pledged that at a meeting of the Mission Board in the home of Bro. H. Richert in Alexanderwohl definite plans for the work could be made and we were instructed to move to Arizona to erect a mission house, large enough for the mission family and for meetings for the present and to take up the work. On July 10th we left, stopped at Albuquerque, where we purchased some tools, a stove, utensils and other equipments and the proceeded to Gallup N.M. where we met Lt. Plummer, the agent for the Navajo and the Hopi, with whom we arranged various matters in connection with our work. On July 14th we arrived at Holtshock, then the railroad station for the Hopi Reservation, where we had to remain several days to arrange several matters in connection with our proposed work. A Mormon then took us and our freight with a double freight train to Keam's Canyon, where the Government School and the Sub. Agency for the Hopi was located. We had been travelling.
a whole day and the whole night, the trains having been changed in the evening. In the morning the road was quite sandy so that we had to walk part of the way.

At about 10 A.M. we arrived at Kem's Canyon, and the very cordial reception we received from our old Darlington friends Mr. and Mrs. Collins, the Sup't., made up for all the hardships of the trip. At their invitation we stayed here about two weeks, during which I spent much of the time among the villages at the three mesas. We finally decided definitely to settle at Oraibi, a village about 35 miles west of Kem's Canyon, where we moved on the 3rd and 4th of August. There we were kindly received by the government day school teacher and his family and many of the Hopi. The next day we established ourselves in a Hopi house that we had rented. I got out my carpenter tools and my knowledge of carpenter work (for which I shall always be deeply indebted to my saintly father) and some shelves, a crude table, bench etc. were the result. My splendid practical wife soon had the stove in commission and in a few days the machinery of our simple, very simple, home life and household was in motion. The diary of my wife who finally was to find her final resting place in that desolate country—frequently says: "We had many visitors" or "our house swarmed with Indians" or "there were many Indians here". But that was what we were there for. From our trip of investigation the previous fall I had brought with me a small notebook filled with words and sentences in the Hopi language that Bro. Stauffer had given me and which I had memorized in Kansas. And however handy that little knowledge of Hopi came to us now! And between my tools and wood chips lay another notebook with pencil and while I was sawing and using hatchet I also used my tongue and pencil and it seemed to give our new friends no little delight thus to act as our teachers. We soon felt at home although we were 35 miles from the P.O. and the nearest store, (Kem's Canyon) 125 miles from our railroad station, 75 miles from the nearest telegraph office, drug store, hardware store, etc. This was at Winslow, to which place we opened up communications several years later.

We soon found that the people in Oraibi, among whom we went to labor, were divided into two factions: the liberals or friendly under Chief Lolulomai and the conservative or hostile, under Chief Lomahungwa. The first took kindly to the efforts of the government to civilize them, to the schools, mission worker. Lolulomai had been in Washington
and was ever ready to support any reasonable efforts of the white man. The other party was opposed to all this and serious trouble had been averted several times and arrests had been made of the leading men when the government had tried to force them to send their children to school. This deep-rooted divergence between these two factions had led to much bitterness and to many quarrels among themselves in their daily life, their close relationship, their religious societies and religious ceremonies, and made the position of the missionary a difficult one in many ways. We also found, that in a general way this tribe differed very much from the Cheyenne and the Arapaho. The Hopi lived in houses and villages, the latter in camps and tents. The Hopi supported themselves, the C. and A. were partly supported by the government. Moreover the religious conditions were very different. The religious systems among the Cheyenne and the Arapahoe, though yet very strong, were more or less disintegrated, much of their religious paraphernalia had been destroyed or lost during wars and migrations. Among the Hopi the various religious organizations and systems were more intact yet. The same ceremonies they held hundreds of years ago were essentially the same yet, the same altars, idols, symbols, etc., that they put up then, they unwrapped and erected now yet, the same songs they had chanted then, they sang now, though some partly, others entirely in an obsolete language. These are a few indications of the situations that met us, of course some of these details we discerned covered by and by. And to some extent these conditions still exist among the Hopi although material changes have taken place. The greatest difference that we found, however, was that Christianity had gained a much deeper foothold among our Oklahoma Indians than here. There we had many school children under the Christian influence, about twenty had been baptized in our mission, (some of these in Halstead, Bro. H.P. Krehbiel's "History of the Conf.," with its valuable information on our mission work and Rev. G. Harder's "Review" mention only one baptism during this period,) Others were saved but not baptized, while here mission work was in its infancy. There a number of our mission workers were at work on several stations, here the first had just arrived. But the Great Lord of all mission work had come with us with all his precious promises and that fact counter-balanced all the difficulties that confronted us.

The task that lay before us was twofold, at least for the beginning: 1, the erection of the mission station; 2, the mission work, i.e., to win, by God's help some of
these benighted people for the Kingdom through the redemption by Jesus Christ. To avoid confusion I shall describe briefly:

I. The Building of the Mission House and Station.

As soon as we had arranged our simple household we commenced to plan the new Mission home. First of all we had to have a location. And right there we were confronted by a peculiar difficulty. The government allotting agent and a surveyor were on the reservation, surveying the land to allot it to the Hopi severalty. But the only land that anything could be raised on was in the valley and along the "washes." And as there was only a limited quantity of this tillable land the allotments had to be in 10 to 20 acre lots. And to make matters worse, all this land had long ago been carefully divided and allotted to the many different clans according to ancient Hopi customs and clan relationships. All this would be demoralized and broken up by these new plans of "Washington" to which all clans, villages and of both factions mentioned above, were desperately opposed. And now came a white man, a stranger to all of them and also asked for a piece of land for a home. And not only that, but if we wanted to have our own well we had to have our allotment near the wash where it would probably interfere with some clan's land. And the white agent, whom they disliked so much, would have to survey it and allot it to us. And it took much counselling with the chiefs, and the heads of the clans; also the assistance of the chiefs, Bro. Stauffer; the Sup't., the Agent and some correspondence with the Indian Dep't. in Washington before we finally secured a 20-acre tract west and one west of the wash. The first, on which the mission station now is located, was less sandy and less exposed to the sweeping sandstorms of the wash. The other was more sandy but gave the hope that we could raise something on it as the Indians did on the land just like it. And above all, the splendid government being close to this east tract, we had good reasons to believe that we could get good drinking water there. Wells were, and are to this day, very scarce around Oraibi and in order to find out the locations where we probably could get a good well, Bro. Stauffer and I planned to make tests at various places before we decided on a location. With this we commenced about ten days after we moved to Oraibi. An old well borer, which drilled a hole about two feet in diameter was placed at my disposal and the first place we tried was near if not on the exact spot where we about six months later selected
our 20 acres west of the wash. But the borer, a large heavy clumsy concern, broke down several times and proved entirely unfit for the hard ground like that. So finally after much counselling with Mr. Stauffer and others, we decided to build on the east 20, a piece in the wash. First of all, we tried to get a well. We dug down about 25 feet, found good water, put in a new pump but did not get any water. Upon investigation, we found that we had stuck water in a clay adobe that closed up the holes in the pump point airtight and would not let the water through. We lowered a bottomless perforated barrel and packed stones around the pump point, this helped it some but we were compelled later on to dig two other wells near the house which furnished us with the necessary water after we had driven in three points. In two wells I nearly lost my life through the carelessness of my Indian helpers in lowering rocks into the hole of one, lumber into the other. In the second case, Bro. Stauffer too might have lost his life.

In the meantime we had been hauling rock, some Indians made some adobes. The lumber and the hardware had to be freighted from Flagstaff, 100 miles away, partly through a desert country at the freight rate of $1.25 per 100 pounds. As I had been allowed only $650 for the mission house and barn, it may easily figured out that I had not much money to spend for labor. Except some occasional help by some government employees at the wells and the house and some Indian labor I had to do all the mason, carpenter and other work myself assisted by a young Hopi named Tabo and my faithful wife. Fortunately the Indians worked for cheap wages. We worked in good weather and in sand storms (when even the Indians stayed at home). Dr. Warnek speaks in one of his works about the "Building Distress of the Missionaries." We found out what that means. Our lumber freighters too! I read in my wife's diary of those days under April 26, 1894: "Mr. Stowell and Mr. Gardner at last came with the lumber. As the roads had been covered with sand they had several times lost their way. Were nine days on the road from Flagstaff and had to leave two loads behind although they had hitched up 20 horses and only brought two loads.

At last on July 10th, just one year after we had left Kansas, we could move into our own home. To be sure, this was not finished yet by a long way and my dear wife and I with some Indian help, have practically worked a whole year yet, finishing the house
building a small barn, etc. for which Board afterwards appropriated a small sum, $50 I think. Of course, we did not neglect our main work during this time—mission work—the language, meetings, visiting the sick etc.

On Sept. 26th 1896, during the night the wash broke through its banks in the bend near the station. There had been a heavy rain. In a comparatively short time the wash had formed a new wide bed, and for a while it looked as if our station would be destroyed. That was a dark, dreary night; but the dear Lord answered our prayers, the waters fell, but the barn had been built of palisades we thought best to tear down and rebuild at another location. In this work my brother Peter, who was visiting us rendered valuable assistance. But our first well, which already had proven to be very valuable for us and the Indians, was destroyed by the flood, also the splendid government well.

We have in the course of years, made many efforts to raise something, my wife vegetables, myself feed for our cow and two small mules; but almost without success. We did not have the time to go to so much trouble about these matters as the Indians did; to build windbreaks and to scratch away the accumulated sand from every plant; to replant and to try to save the plants. We had too much work of more importance to attend to. We purchased some of our feed from the Indians, some from the Mormons, and some from the traders. The baled alfalfa cost us from $39—$42 a ton, grain from 2 to 3 cents a pound.

II—The Mission Work

If I am keeping the description of putting up the mission home and of the mission work proper separate, I hope that no one will infer that up to the time that we moved into our new home or completed the same, no actual mission work had been done. I have already stated that even while we were installing our things in our temporary home in an Indian house, I applied myself to the study of the language. And during the fall and winter of 1895 very many visits were made in the village and in the homes of the people and many people visited us. All this afforded as much opportunity to tell the people in the simple words as were at our command the story of the Gospel, the glad tidings of Jesus and His Love. Almost invariably we found the people deeply interested. Whenever I could get hold of one of the older school children, I held smaller or larger meetings.
which had to be done either in the streets or in the kivas (under ground rooms), in the village, or in our Indian house. In March 1894 we organized, with the family of the government day school teacher, a Sunday School in the day school which gave us the opportunity to somewhat acquaint the smaller children with the simple Gospel stories, some songs, etc.

Although I had just made that trip to Europe, and arrived in splendid health at the reservation, I was more or less a sick man during the fall and winter of 1893, probably owing to the change in the climate and the high altitude. Later I found in my wife’s diary how sick I really had been, how high the fever, how great sometimes her apprehension about my recovery had been. Fortunately the Lord gave me my health back when spring came with the many vexations and much hard work already mentioned.

Also during the entire "building period" we carried on our studies and our work as much as we could. In the second year already I was frequently requested by representatives of the government, at their counsels with the Indians, to assist their interpreters to get the right meaning of what they were to interpret and from the third year, for a number of years, I had to do most of the interpreter’s work. How imperfect it must have been I found out, the longer and the more I got better acquainted with the spirit and the intricacies of the language.

I have already stated that we began the study of the Hopi language in Kansas, from a small vocabulary that I had made with Bro. Stauffer’s help, on Bro. Krehbiel’s and my trip, and also that I took up this task even when we were unpacking our goods. The sentence, "Pem hin matschina," became my first key to unlock the secrets of the language that we knew we had to learn before we could fulfill our mission. If good interpreters had been at my disposal, our task would have been easier. But the children, who could have assisted us were all in school about 35 miles away and all had but an imperfect knowledge of the language. Of course, I made use of them when opportunities offered themselves. No writing existed in the Hopi except for a few phrases and words that I found in some ethnological writings somewhat later. So I was mostly thrown on my own resources. One I have already mentioned; the picking up, jotting down, and memorizing words and sentences obtained direct from the people. One other was, to make desperate
efforts to use what we knew, to talk with the people—correctly or incorrectly.

But while we could make ourselves fairly well understood in everyday life, I knew that much that we would need in our religious work was hidden in the songs, prayers, speeches and symbols of their secret religious ceremonies and performances. And in order to get it genuine I would have to get it where it was—in the religious ceremonies, in their underground kivas. What little I could "pump" out of the priests was, I soon found, misleading, distorted, unreliable. The priests were not very anxious to furnish me with anything that I wanted to use to undermine their religion, to supplant it with an entirely different religion. But they allowed me to attend their ceremonies, study their altars, idols and other religious paraphernalia, write down what I could get of their songs, prayers etc. To be sure, in the beginning I could get in to only some of these performances, but as the people got better acquainted with us, found out that we were willing to take care of their sick, could extract aching teeth better than their doctors, that their children and their poor could get pieces of clothing as gifts and many favors, and especially that I did not mock and sneer at their religion and kick their sacred objects with my feet as one of the early missionaries of another denomination is said to have done, they more and more opened their kivas (where the ceremonies took place) and their knowledge and their hearts to us. Then we learned of their myths and traditions concerning their origin, the creation of their conception of the hereafter, of their many, very many, deities, their duties toward them, their fears of them. In short, here we learned to understand the people among whom we were placed and their soul-life. What a pantheon, what a religious system, what a rich language, what traditions, what an organization! ... And yet, how utterly little to satisfy the yearnings of the soul, to give peace to the heart for this life and a hope for eternity. Stacks of straw and chaff with here and there a grain of truth as is the case in all religious systems, but, "For the bed is shorter than a man can stretch himself on it; and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." Isa. 28:20. How often have I thought of the Saviour's words when He stood in the temple surrounded by the pomp and splendor, the ritualism and superficial formalism of the Jewish worship and saw how the spiritualism of his people remained unsatisfied.
"If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink" John 7:37. Here I had splendid opportunities to have heart to heart talks with the priests and if space and time permitted I could tell of the gradual development of a new knowledge, of the doubts in that empty religion and how the light of Jesus Christ that slowly illuminated those benighted souls of some of the priests that passed into eternity with doubts in the old and outstretched hands to the new religion-seeking souls. Others finally accepted Jesus Christ as their Saviour, I tried as much as I could to imitate the method of Paul in Athens:

"For as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, 'to the unknown God'. Whom you therefore ignorantly worship, Him I declare unto you."

As I passed through and around their villages and kivas, I found altars and shrines, myths and traditions, indicating an unknown God. And Him and His Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, I tried to preach unto them in our home, on the streets, in their kivas and houses, and in our chapel when, after years of waiting we finally got one.

But during all this work, these experiences and studies, how often did I wish that I could see these words and sentences that I had learned in a primer, grammar, dictionary or could see these conceptions, traditions, religious ideas, illustrated. But almost absolutely nothing of that kind existed and that of little linguistic value. How often have I envied the missionaries that can consult their books to see whether they had what they had learned right, I had soon learned and discovered that many of the decorations on the pottery, altars, slabs, klits, masks, dolls, etc., were symbols of religious ideas, deities, forces of nature and the like. So I began to study them and found them a valuable source of information in various ways. To be sure, text books, a good dictionary or reliable teachers would have been more convenient and valuable. But I did not have them. So I began to collect these things as limited means permitted. This collection became in a certain sense my library. As others would study their books I would discuss with the Hopi, often with the priests, these symbols and hieroglyphics. The gain was manyfold; the practice in the use of the language, the obtaining of new words, phrases and ideas as one symbol would lead us into the botanical kingdom, another into the mineral, one into various phases of everyday life, another into the conception of the existence after death or into the many phases of the Hopi religion and last but not least, these studies, which by no means always took place "under four eyes" but often
in the presence of smaller or larger audiences, afforded many opportunities to compare their vague ideas with the positive clear revelations in the Word of God, to apply from the plan of salvation the answers to their question marks, to show them the remedy against their ills and the greatest of all—sin, to tell them of the God of Love which their pantheon with its hundreds of deities does not have, and of His Son Jesus Christ who died for their sins to save them and give them eternal life.

It is well known that practically all that we know, for instance, about ancient Egypt has been obtained in a similar manner from the hieroglyphics, symbols, pictures found on the papyri, pottery, temples and other objects of that strange country.

These are some of the resources and methods that we had to employ to prepare us for the human side of accomplishing our mission assigned to us; the spiritual preparation and equipment, that we certainly needed day after day we had to get in the schools of our Master through which He sent us, in the prayer closets when we could commune with Him at the Throne of Grace where He gave us daily what we needed: grace, strength, humility, faith and love.

Lest someone should, from this compact description, receive the idea that I spent most of my time in the ceremonies or in ethnological studies and linguistic and religious researches in my library; I wish to say that this was not the case at all. In Oraibi there were only seven of eight religious organizations. Most of these had their secret ceremonies only every other year, some once, some twice a year. So the interval was practically two years. And then often I could not be present even then on account of other duties. Furthermore, I did not get the permission to attend all of them right away. It took several years before I gained the confidence of the conservatives sufficiently to be permitted to their ceremonies. Of course, during the nine days that these religious performances were in progress, I often had to spend many a night hour in the kivas as most of the important and to them sacred ceremonies take place at night. As to the very important katsina cult, with its varied symbolism and significance this also only takes place mostly—say from December and during spring with many intervals. And as to my "library" referred to—it often took days, even weeks that I got any new specimens and many a one was simply put away for comparison or corroboration studies as the occasions required.
Had I not had these resources it would have been simply impossible with the means and interpreters at my disposal at that time to master the language sufficiently to do my mission work without an interpreter and to act as interpreter on many occasions myself. With a grammar and dictionary and teachers, that is not an unusual thing at all, but those I did not have.

Our work was essentially a pioneer work, and my dear wife and myself were practically alone to do it. Many times villages on the other mesa’s were visited, very many visits to families were made. Many sick people were looked after and treated. One time I treated 80 cases of measles. A very good general knowledge of the Hopi religion, manners, and customs was obtained, and later published at great cost by the Field Museum of Chicago in eleven smaller or larger volumes, some profusely illustrated of which I was glad to furnish free of charge to those missionaries who wished to have them as long as my extra copies lasted. Of the language I had discovered and could give my successors many fundamental laws and rules that govern it and along which they might pursue further researches and studies. I have often regretted that I could not put more of my language studies in writing or even in print than I had done. But in the first place during the last years we had reasons to hope that we would receive help and it was my plan to do the compiling, sifting, systematizing in company with the new, so much hoped for, workers; as I had the privilege to do in the company of Bro. J. B. Epp for one year. And so I thought best to devote my time as much as possible to follow up as many clues that I had found in my various studies described in the preceding pages. I thought it best to check up, verify and sift my studies before I spent much time in writing down and perhaps preparing for print what afterwards might have proved to be full of errors. Secondly, it was the untimely death of my beloved wife that upset and changed many of my programs and plans.

On May 3rd, 1901, a little daughter was born to us and on May 6th the Lord, who always knows best, took my devoted wife who had so bravely stood by me in all our trials, labors, adversities, to Himself. She was getting along so well and was so happy and cheerful until she was suddenly seized by an attack of puerperal sepsis which continued with interruptions for about twelve hours, leaving her in an unconscious state with the exception of one time for about half a minute. The doctor was 35 miles away
and before a message could reach him and he could get there in a buggy—she was beyond help. We buried her the following day, near the station. A few government employees, my sister Marie and some Indians were present. When the men filled the grave, little Esther about 2 1/2 years old, tore herself from my hand, rushed to the nearly filled grave and began to scratch the sand back, crying "Those men must not put so much sand on Mama." Three weeks later I took sister Marie, with the baby, to the railroad 63 miles away through a desert country, leaving Frieda with the two little children, Albert and Esther in the care of a trusted Indian; the government teacher and his wife promised to look after them. They were one mile away, no one lived nearby. The promise was badly kept; when I returned the fifth day the three children came running through the sand and met me about 3/4 mile from the station. My sister Susie came with me and stayed with us for about five years; the first year in Oraibi, during which I assisted my successor Bro. J.B. Epp to somewhat get acquainted with the people, the language and the work. I then resigned my work to which the Lord had called me and had become very dear to me and in which I had hoped to spend my life. It seemed to be my first duty to care for and to educate my four motherless children. But to sever all those ties that had been formed in these ten years between us and the Hopi friends, that was the hardest task of all. How many hundreds of times had I talked to them about the one thing needful, and pleaded with them to accept Christ. I knew that the seed sown by myself and my sainted wife, in our simple way had taken root and was sprouting in some hearts, because we had the proofs. Would it continue to grow and bear fruit? Or would they slide back? Some have accepted Christ as their personal Saviour soon after, others have not done so to this day. And they were not far from the kingdom of God. One of the priests, for years the head man of one of the secret orders, had already renounced his "office" and it was a source of joy to me when a few months later the Mission Board wrote me that this man desired to be baptized by me and in case I should make a trip to Oraibi soon, to perform this service. But when I came there my old friend told me, "Ikwatchi (friend), you know our ways and rules. You know that So and So is our first chief, So and So is the first priest, So and So is our war chief and then come I. Now, ikwatchi, you know that I cannot go around or past them and be baptized first; but when they are ready I shall be ready too. But, if you will baptize me here in the Mission
upstairs, I am ready." Of course I could not do that. I knew at once that the other chiefs had discouraged him, perhaps accused him. But he was baptized not very long afterwards and is now a living witness for the power of the Gospel and the regenerating influence of the blood of Christ. And how well I remember observing for years the gradual breaking through of the light of a new knowledge in the hearts and the lives of several others who are now devoted Christians. "But where are the nine? Why so few?"

It was a source of great satisfaction to me that the mission got a chapel yet before I left and that I could take an active part in putting it up. If we had only had that chapel six or seven years sooner!

These ten years were probably the hardest of my life. May the dear Lord bless what was done in weakness, forgive what was done amiss, with regard to man's work here on earth the great divine principle will probably stand: "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." I Sam. 16:7. When He will separate the "gold, silver and precious stones" from the wood, hay and stubble."I Cor. 3:22, it will be done according to His great fundamental law: "Moreover it is required by stewards, that man be found faithful." II Cor. 4:2.

H. R. Voth

Goltry, Okla., January 29, 1923.